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**THE**  
**CAMBRIDGE**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW,**  
**AND**  
**ACADEMICAL REGISTER.**

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**VOL. I.**

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**MARCH AND JULY.**

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THE  
CAMBRIDGE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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MARCH, 1824.

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ART. I. *The Book of the Church.* By Robert Southey, Esq.  
L. L. D. Poet Laureate, &c. &c. *Two Volumes Octavo.*  
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It has long been a source of sincere regret to all well-affected members of our venerable church establishment, that there existed no compendious record of those occurrences, which were the germ of her present predominance and purity—no accurate and authentic narrative of those worthies, who, in earlier and darker times, sealed the testimony of her excellence with their blood. By an unaccountable obliquity of perception, our more popular historians have been either indifferent to her merits, or hostile to her pretensions; by one she is coldly neglected—by another insidiously undermined. Though it is to the influence of a primitive and apostolic system of Christian faith that the present flourishing condition of our country is mainly attributable; though, since the Reformation, civil order, popular refinement, social and individual happiness, have advanced with a rapidity only to be accounted for by the parallel diffusion of religious light; yet, in attempting to trace back to their origin the mighty revolutions of the two last centuries, historians have blindly or perversely overlooked the only real and adequate cause. They have referred to the extension of commerce, or the progress of freedom, or even to the prevalence of civil discord, that grand result, to which, if these contributed at all, it was but in a very subordinate degree. For the position is capable of proof—and Dr. Southey, we think, has most satisfactorily



proved it—that to Christianity, and to Christianity alone, England owes all that it possesses of sound learning, social confidence, moral integrity. With Christianity they entered into these realms; they have ‘grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength;’ they have flourished in its purity, and languished in its decline.

It is not too much to assert, that during the darkest ages of papal superstition, solid and substantial benefits were derived by our ancestors from the very existence of Christianity, even in its most corrupted form. The light of truth might indeed be enveloped in the obscurity of ignorance and error; but a faint and indistinct glimmering was still perceptible, which preserved the world from relapsing into outer darkness. It was the twilight of that glorious day, which should hereafter dawn upon England at the Reformation. For whatever abominations might be perpetrated in religious houses; whatever pious frauds might be practised in order to perpetuate the ascendancy of a corrupt hierarchy; neither was every priest a designing hypocrite, nor every monastery a receptacle of sin. The monastic establishments were in many instances the schools of the ignorant, the retreat of the helpless, the asylum of the oppressed; and among the priesthood, in the most benighted age of ignorance and intolerance, Religion had either its ministers, or its martyrs. The gem of truth lay hid under an overwhelming mass of unmeaning or idolatrous ceremonies; but it was not utterly withdrawn. There were some who were enlightened by the Spirit of God to discern it in its obscurity; to retrieve it from its defilement; and exhibit it to mankind in all the renewed effulgence of its original purity and splendour.

That a correct and authentic record of the gradual progress of Christianity in these realms should have been drawn up—even had the ability of the execution been inadequate to the excellence of the materials—ought to afford in itself no mean subject of rejoicing to the conscientious Churchman; that it should have been drawn up by one so pre-eminently qualified in all respects as Dr. Southey, is, in our opinion, a source of peculiar congratulation. We are not indeed ignorant, that the self-constituted advocates of a liberal government and a rational Christianity, (which terms, in the vocabulary of our modern patriots, are synonymous with licentiousness and infidelity) will come forward on this occasion with that senseless clamour of tergiversation, which has so often been upraised against one of the most able writers, and most amiable men of the age which he adorns. But the very circumstance on which they will ground their principal objection, viz. that Dr. Southey was not *always* a true son of the Church

of England, will only tend, in the estimation of the judicious and unprejudiced, to give additional weight to the sentiments which he has, in the work before us, so decidedly and honourably expressed. It will certainly prove, that Dr. S. is not a Churchman by prepossession, or prejudice, or inheritance; that he has not addicted himself, without any examination, to a peculiar system of faith, merely because it was professed by his ancestors, and is established in his country. He is a Churchman from conviction, and on principle. It will be no discredit to him;—at least when the lucubrations of the Liberal are consigned to the oblivion which they merit, and to which they are hastening with rapid strides—we repeat, it will be no discredit to him, that, in the outset of his career, impelled by the unsuspecting ardour of youth, he should have been drawn aside, as many have been, by the plausible watchword of the ‘Age of Reason,’ and the ‘Rights of Man.’ He has now, in the exercise of sound judgment and mature experience, proved the fallacy of those objections, which are advanced by modern innovators, against all institutions that are consecrated by antiquity, or upheld by legitimate authority. It was said by one of the Bards of other days—who was at least as good a judge of mankind as Lord Byron or his plebeian coadjutor,

ἐπὶν δ' ἀμάρτην, κεινὸς οὐκ ἔτ' ἔστ' ἀνὴρ  
ἄβουλος οὐδ' ἀνολβος, ὅστις ἐς κακὸν  
πεσὼν ἀκῆται, μὴδ' ἀκύντος πέλει.  
ἀνδράδα τυ σκαύτης' ὀφλισκάνει.

and Dr. Southey's youthful indiscretions are far more than compensated by the candour with which they have been acknowledged, and the decision with which they have been redeemed. We consider the suffrage of such a man even more valuable, than that of one who has never wavered as to the goodness of the cause which he comes forward to defend. With respect to the party which Dr. S. has espoused, and the faction which he has deserted, the well-known lines of Dryden, though in a different relation, are justly applicable to the Author of “The Book of the Church.”

‘Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage,  
He chooses ATHENS in his riper age.’

Amplly verifying the assertion of the prefatory advertisement, ‘that, to the best of the Author's belief, there is not a single statement in these volumes which his collections would not enable him readily to authenticate,’ the “Book of the Church” is a record, to which the Churchman may appeal with confidence for a vindication of his faith. ‘Falsis vera remis-

cet,' the motto so appropriate to the majority of historians, whether ecclesiastical or profane, need not be inscribed on the portals of Dr. Southey's work; on the contrary, his correct and penetrating judgment is in no respect more advantageously displayed, than in discriminating between truth and falsehood. He neither rejects a legend as altogether fabulous, on account of its remote antiquity, nor does he run into the opposite extreme of admitting, without requisite scrutiny, such traditions as are generally believed. It may be added, that he has evinced no less judgment in selecting, than in discriminating. He introduces nothing that is superfluous; he omits nothing that is essential. He dwells with a delightful prolixity on the acts, sayings, sufferings, and deaths, of those venerable Fathers of our church, by whose blood that goodly tree was fostered, which has since taken root and filled the land. He exposes with becoming indignation the impostures of hypocrisy and the atrocities of persecution—not however withholding due praise from those Patrons of learning, who appeared at intervals, shining amidst the darkness of the times, like stars bursting through a clouded sky. But we must proceed to lay before our readers a sketch of this admirable work, interspersing such remarks as may be illustrative of the subject, or expressive of the peculiar merits of the Author.

Of all systems of idolatry, there is none more perniciously calculated to uphold the influence of the designing, and impose on the credulity of the ignorant, than that which existed among our ancestors prior to the introduction of Christianity. The Druids, however they might have retained that belief of one Supreme God, which is deducible from the faint glimmerings of traditional knowledge, abused their superior illumination to the vilest and most unworthy purposes. They were notorious, beyond the ministers of all other superstitions, for the practice of pretended magic. On the sickness of their chiefs—in the time of any public calamity, and on the breaking out of war, the blood of human victims polluted the altars of their idol; and at the period of their public executions as many as were condemned to suffer death for their offences were put into a huge wicker image, and if these did not suffice to fill it, the innocent were thrust in—while the ministers of a more sanguinary Moloch, surrounding the idol with straw and wood, set fire to it and consumed it, with all whom it contained.

It is obvious that so bloody and execrable a superstition could be succeeded by no abominations more barbarous and detestable than its own; and the introduction of the milder though not less corrupt system of Roman idolatry amply

counterbalanced all the disadvantages, which the Britons experienced from their subjection by the conquerors of the world. They might indeed be wrested from the bosom of their native forests, to shed their blood in the cause of a tyrannical and detested people—but they were no longer the crouching slaves of an arbitrary and remorseless order. Not that the superstition of the Druids was utterly extirpated when their ascendancy over the people was abolished. The Romans, with their accustomed complaisance for every religion but the true, even erected altars to the Gods of the Britons—and in the darkness which rose from this monstrous mixture of the wildest and most inconsistent systems, did our British ancestors bewilder themselves, till the light of Christianity appeared.

The original introduction of the Christian religion into Britain is replete with uncertainty. It is ascribed, with some shadow of probability, to Bran, the Father of Caractacus, who received the Gospel at Rome, and brought it to his native island. It is also asserted that Claudia, the wife of Pudens, who is spoken of by St. Paul, was a British lady; nor are there wanting even some who affirm that St. Paul himself visited Britain, an opinion, which is zealously and ably advocated by the present venerable Bishop of St. David's. But, however this be, 'the light of the word shone here, though we know not who kindled it.' It seems that the first man who bore testimony to the faith in Britain with his blood, was Alban, who was martyred at Verulamium. Being afterwards canonized, an abbey was erected to his memory on the spot where he had fallen, whence the town itself received its present appellation of St. Alban's.

During the latter ages of the Roman domination, it is probable that Christianity had made considerable advances in Britain, though its progress would be impeded as well by the survival of the ancient British heathenism, which was still preserved and propagated by the remnant of the Druids, as by the lingering influence of the Roman idolatry, which would remain, even after those who introduced it had withdrawn from the island. In this situation of affairs the Saxons, being invited to repel the Caledonian invaders, and afterwards settling in the country as conquerors, introduced a third system of idolatry, which bore no affinity either to that of the Britons or the Romans. The principal ceremonies of their religious worship—with the nature and attributes of the Deities whom they adored, are fully described in the *Germany* of Tacitus; cumbrous, however, and uncouth as the system was, it totally effaced all vestiges both of the Roman and Druidical super-

stitutions, as well as of yet unsettled Christianity. To this end the barbarous policy pursued by the Saxons in great measure contributed; the cultivated part of the population, unable to endure the tyranny of their new masters, either fled the country, or were swept away by oppression; and Christianity, as a public establishment,<sup>1</sup> disappeared from the Kingdoms of the Heptarchy for about a hundred and fifty years.

To Gregory, one of the very few Saints of the Romish Calendar on whom the appellation is not flagrantly misbestowed, is Britain indebted for the first permanent establishment of Christianity. Struck with the beauty of some English slaves, who were exposed to sale in the market place at Rome, he was also moved with pious compassion for their miserable and benighted condition; and though the people of Rome, by whom he was greatly and deservedly beloved, prevented his departure in person as a missionary to Britain, he dispatched forty monks out of a monastery which himself had founded, to effect the conversion of that remote and heathen island. Daunted and discouraged as the Missionaries were by the reports which reached them concerning the ferocity of the people, they persevered in their pious undertaking, and landed in the isle of Thanet with Augustine at their head. Ethelbert, then King of Kent, received them with a degree of courtesy that argued little of the Barbarian. To their first declarations he answered prudently and not unfavourably—he entertained them in Canterbury at his own expense, nor did a long interval elapse before he became their convert. Ethelbert was at this time an accession of peculiar importance, as he held that pre-eminence over the Heptarchy which carried with it the title of Brætwalda. Sebert, King of Essex, and Redwald of East Anglia, were soon after registered among the disciples of the cross; and though Christianity was at one time reduced to so low an ebb, that Mellitus, Bishop of London, actually left the kingdom in despair; yet Laurentius, the successor of Augustine in the See of Canterbury, remaining firm at his post, had the happiness of beholding the fruit of his labours in the recovery of Eadbald, King of Kent, with many of his subjects, to the faith. It is needless to follow the Christian religion through all the ebbs and flows of its progress during this critical period;—suffice it to remark, that in the space of eighty-two years from the arrival of Augustine and his fellow Missionaries in Kent, Christianity became the religion of all the Anglo-Saxon states.

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<sup>1</sup> It still continued to flourish among those of the Britons who preserved their independence among the mountains of Wales.

The church government established in this island by the first Missionaries, was that episcopal form which prevailed among the Britons, and was derived from the Apostles in uninterrupted descent. Long before the Kingdoms of the Hephtharchy were united into one, a perfect union had been effected among their several churches by the exertions of Theodore, seventh Archbishop of Canterbury—a native, like St. Paul, of Tarsus in Cilicia. That disinterested activity and earnest devotion to the cause, however, which were exemplified as well as inculcated by the first teachers of the Gospel, rapidly and fatally declined. With the increase of temporal prosperity came its usual if not inseparable attendant, a worldly and interested spirit, which, added to the confusion produced by the continual incursions of the Danes, and the hostility manifested by those marauders against the monasteries, which were the only schools of literature and religion—occasioned so melancholy a declension from primitive zeal and energy, that, on the accession of Alfred, there was not a single Priest, south of the Thames, who could construe the Latin prayers. However the inutility of human learning may be advocated by those, who consider an illiterate fanaticism and an undistinguishing zeal the only indispensable qualifications for a teacher of the Gospel, it will be proved from the history of our own country, as of all others, that learning and religion go hand in hand—and that an age of literary darkness is, invariably, an age also of moral and religious degradation.

The most conspicuous character who appears in the ecclesiastical history of Britain during the empire of the Saxons, was Dunstan—a name which has purchased a temporary veneration at the price of an indelible and eternal infamy, though it has still the unmerited honour of giving a distinctive appellation to more than one Christian temple in our own metropolis. The adventures of this arch-hypocrite with the Enemy of Mankind, who assailed him in sundry forms, and on whom he revenged himself by the instrumentality of a pair of red-hot pincers,<sup>2</sup> are too familiar to need repetition. But the nature of that religion which passed current in the days of Dunstan is so judiciously delineated by Dr. Southey, that we cannot refrain from presenting it to the reader in his own words:

‘Christianity, in the days of Dunstan, was as much a system of priestcraft as that which at this day prevails in Hindostan or Thibet; but with this mighty difference, that whereas inquiry can

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<sup>2</sup> For the gratification of the curious, it may be observed, that the identical pincers, with which Dunstan tweaked the nose of his infernal adversary, were formerly to be seen not far from Tunbridge Wells, where the ruins of his palace still remain. Whether this notable relic is yet in existence, we are unable to determine.

only shew the priest of a false religion, how every thing which he teaches and professes to believe is mere imposture or delusion, the Christian minister even in the darkest times of Popery might ascertain by strict investigation that the history of his religion is true, and that the divinity of its precepts is proved by their purity, and their perfect adaptation to the nature of man, in its strength and in its weakness. Such as the Romish Church then was, however defiled, it was the salt of the earth, the sole conservative principle by which Europe was saved from the lowest and most brutal barbarism; and they who exerted themselves to strengthen its power, may have easily believed that they were acting meritoriously, even when their motives were most selfish, and the means to which they resorted, most nefarious.'—Vol. i. p. 98.

The first preferment, which this ambitious man obtained, was the abbey of Glastonbury; from which he was ejected by King Edwy on account of his insolent behaviour to that Monarch; and, his property being confiscated, he was banished the kingdom. On this occasion, it is gravely related by his veracious biographer, 'that while the King's officers were making an inventory of his goods at Glastonbury, the Devil was heard laughing and rejoicing, and that the Saint, knowing his voice (which was not wonderful, as, it seems, they were old acquaintances) told him not to exult too much, for on a change of affairs he would be as much cast down.' This prediction, delivered, as Dr. S. justly observes, more in the spirit of a conspirator than a prophet, for the misfortune of humanity and the dishonour of religion, was fulfilled. On the death of Edwy, Dunstan returned in triumph—was successively promoted to the Bishoprics of Worcester and London, and, after several ineffectual attempts, to the primacy. Being, as might be supposed, a zealous advocate for the celibacy of the clergy, and a strenuous assertor of the privileges of the priesthood—two points most prolific in injury to the progress of true religion—he scrupled at no means, however iniquitous, to advance his designs. At a council, held at Calne, in Wiltshire, the former point was debated. Beornelm, a Scotch Bishop, pleaded the cause of the clergy in an able speech, which produced great effect, and which Dunstan did not attempt to answer. "You endeavour," he said, "to overcome me, who am now growing old, and disposed to silence rather than contention. I confess that I am willing to be overcome, and I commit the cause of his church to Christ himself, as judge." No sooner had these words been spoken than the beams and rafters gave way—that part of the floor on which the secular clergy and their friends were arranged fell with them—many being killed in the fall and others grievously hurt—but the part, where Dunstan and his party had taken

their seats, remained firm? He who cannot discover the machinery by which this *miracle* was effected must be wilfully and hopelessly blind.

When this arch-miraclemonger had lived ten years in full enjoyment of the success of his devices, he became ripe for immortality, and the Cherubim and Seraphim descended to escort him to the regions of the blest. This celestial guard of honour having injudiciously fixed upon Ascension day, a time inconvenient to the Saint, he desired a respite until Saturday, which was readily conceded. On the day appointed they returned, and Dunstan who was now fully prepared, accompanied them; his soul ascended triumphantly into heaven, while his mortal relics were deposited in the cathedral over which he had so long presided, there to work miracles, and attract devotees to his shrine.

Such was the life of Dunstan, which Dr. Southey has recorded at length, because, as he judiciously observes,

‘A more complete exemplar of the Monkish character, in its worst form, could not be found: because there is scarcely any other miraculous biography in which the machinery is so apparent; and because it rests upon such testimony, that the Romanists can neither by any subtlety rid themselves of the facts, nor escape from the inevitable inference. The most atrocious parts are matters of authentic history; others, which, though less notorious, authenticate themselves by their consistency, are related by a contemporary monk, who declares that he had witnessed much of what he records, and heard the rest from the disciples of the Saint. The miracles at his death are not described by this author, because the manuscript from which his work was printed was imperfect, and broke off at that point: they are found in a writer of the next century, who was Precentor of the church at Canterbury, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Lanfranc, the first Norman Archbishop. Whether, therefore, those miracles were actually performed by the monks, or only averred by them as having been wrought, either in their own sight, or in that of their predecessors, there is the same fraudulent purpose, the same audacity of imposture; and they remain irrefragable proofs of that system of deceit which the Romish Church carried on every where till the time of the reformation, and still pursues wherever it retains its temporal power or its influence.’—Vol. i. pp. 112, 113.

The conquest of England by William the Norman, though it transferred the power of the hierarchy into other hands, brought with it no alteration in the established forms of religion. The priesthood, in those times, considered less the interest of their country than the privileges of their order; and the same miraculous powers were pretended to, the same corrupt system of religious juggling was connived at and even sanctioned, whether the Primate were Dunstan the Saxon,



or Lanfranc the Norman. This latter personage, originally a Monk of Milan, having accepted the See of Canterbury after the violent and unjust deposition of Stigand, proceeded, in compliance with William's arbitrary ordinance, to deprive all the English Bishops, and, among the rest, Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, a man of exemplary habits, and against whom no charges could be brought but insufficiency of learning, and ignorance of the French tongue. The account of this transaction is memorable, and shall be given in the words of our author—

'The synod before which he was summoned was held in Westminster Abbey, and Lanfranc there called upon him to deliver up his pastoral staff. Upon this the old man rose, and holding the crosier firmly in his hand,' replied, "I know, my Lord Archbishop, that of a truth I am not worthy of this dignity, nor sufficient for its duties. I knew it when the clergy elected, when the Prelates compelled, when my master summoned me to the office. He, by the authority of the apostolic see, laid this burden upon my shoulders, and with this staff ordered me to be invested with the episcopal degree. You now require from me the pastoral staff which you did not deliver, and take from me the office which you did not confer: and I, who am not ignorant of my own insufficiency, obeying the decree of this holy Synod, resign them, not to you, but to him by whose authority I received them!" So saying, he advanced to the tomb of King Edward the Confessor, and addressed himself to the dead: "Master," said he, "thou knowest how unwillingly I took upon myself this charge, forced to it by thee! for although neither the choice of the brethren, nor the desire of the people, nor the consent of the prelates, nor the favour of the nobles, was wanting; thy pleasure predominated more than all, and especially compelled me. Behold a new King, a new law, a new Primate! they decree new rights, and promulgate new statutes. Thee they accuse of error in having so commanded; me of presumption in having obeyed. Then indeed thou wert liable to error, being mortal; but now, being with God, thou canst not err! Not therefore to these, who require what they did not give, and who, as men, may deceive and be deceived, but to thee who hast given, and who art beyond the reach of error or ignorance, I render up my staff! to thee I resign the care of those whom thou hast committed to my charge!" With that he laid his crosier upon the tomb, and took his seat as a simple monk among the monks.

'The solemnity of such an appeal, from a venerable old man, might well induce the Synod to desist from its injurious purpose; but it is affirmed, that where he deposited the crosier, there it remained, fast imbedded in the stone, and that, in deference to this miraculous manifestation, he was permitted to retain his see.'—Vol. i. pp. 119, 120.

It should however be added, in justice to Lanfranc, that, though he was too prone to abet those pious frauds which

were continually practised under the mask of religion, his administration was, on the whole, beneficial to the church and the country. During his primacy two alterations of considerable importance took place; one was the translation of episcopal sees from places, which had fallen into decay, into prosperous and growing towns; the other was the establishment of one uniform liturgy throughout the kingdom.

During the three subsequent reigns, the encroachments of the church upon the liberties of the nation increased to a frightful excess. Stephen in particular, conscious of the defect in his title, had, in order to secure his tottering throne, made so many and such important concessions to the church, that, on the accession of Henry II., the flagrant abuses of ecclesiastical power imperiously demanded an instant and effectual curb. The Prelates were intent only on upholding the immunities of the clergy, while they were permitted to wallow with impunity in every kind of vice; an ecclesiastic not being amenable to any secular jurisdiction, however enormous his crime. In hope, therefore, of procuring a hearty or, at least, a pliable coadjutor in his projected reformation, Henry, on a vacancy in the see of Canterbury, raised to that dignity Thomas à Becket, his chancellor; a man of unquestionable talents, but, as the King was doomed to experience, of unbounded haughtiness and unbending resolution. This Minister, at the time of his election only in Deacons' orders, was ordained Priest on one day, and consecrated Archbishop on the next. No sooner had he attained this elevated station, than an instantaneous and total change took place in his conduct and demeanour. He had before been remarkable for the affectation of extraordinary magnificence; but now, though the costliest splendour was still visible in his apparel, he wore beneath it the Benedictine habit, and, under that, sackcloth well stocked with vermin (for vermin were among the accompaniments of monastic sanctity). His food was of the coarsest kind; bitter herbs were boiled in water to render his drink nauseous; he washed the feet of the poor; he visited the sick; and the large sum which his predecessor had annually disbursed in alms, was doubled by his munificent charity.

His first act was the resignation of the chancellorship, on the plea that he was unable conscientiously to discharge its duties. He then devoted himself more immediately to ecclesiastical concerns, and, to the Monarch's utter consternation, stood resolutely forth against him as the vindicator of the privileges of the Clergy. To a representation of the Prelates on the propriety of making some concessions to the King's demands, which were most moderate and equitable, he replied with characteristic haughtiness, 'that if an Angel were to de-

scend from Heaven, and advise him to make the acknowledgment which the King required without that saving clause (as to the privileges of his order,) he would anathematize the Angel.' He afterwards relaxed his resolution—again returned to it—and though he had solemnly promised that he would assent to the Constitutions of Clarendon (a code of regulations for the better management of the church, than which nothing could be more just and temperate) he acted in this instance with a deceitfulness, for which an excuse can be found only in the convenient casuistry of his own church. He then attempted, but without success, to leave the Kingdom; and continuing pertinaciously to withstand the execution of the laws, was summoned before the Great Council at Northampton to answer for his conduct. Instead however of arraigning him for disregarding the Constitutions of Clarendon, and the Customs of the Realm, which he had solemnly sworn to observe, the King proceeded against him on other grounds, equally impolitic, unjust, and ungenerous. After a long conflict between compunction at the remembrance of their former friendship, and an ambitious—or, it may be, a conscientious attachment to the church—he finally decided on a resolute and unshrinking opposition. He intruded, bearing the crosier, into the very presence of the King; he endured in silence the ebullitions of rage, which burst from the Monarch and the Lords of the Council; and when Leicester, as Chief Justiciary, called upon him to come before the King, and discharge the balance of his accounts (which alternative was still allowed him) or else to hear his sentence, Becket rising from his seat indignantly rejoined, ' My sentence !

“ Nay, Sir Earl, hear you first ! You are not ignorant, how faithfully, according to the things of this world, I served my Lord the King, in consideration of which service it pleased him to raise me to the primacy; God knows against my will ! for I knew my own unfitness, and rather for love of him than of God, consented, which is this day sufficiently made evident, seeing that God withdraws from me both himself, and the King also. It was asked at my election, in presence of Prince Henry, unto whom that charge had been committed, in what manner I was given to the Church ? And the answer was, Free and discharged from all bonds of the court. Being, therefore, thus free and discharged, I am not bound to answer concerning these things ; nor will I.”

‘ The Earl here observed that this reply was very different from what had before been given. “ Listen, my son ! Becket pursued. In as much as the soul is of more worth than the body, by so much more are you bound to obey God and me, rather than an earthly King. Neither by law or reason is it allowed that children should judge or condemn their father. Wherefore I disclaim the King’s judgment, and yours, and all the other peers’, being only to be

judged under God by our Lord the Pope, to whom I here appeal before you all, committing the church of Canterbury, my order and dignity, with all thereunto appertaining, to God's protection and to his. In like manner, my brethren, and fellow-bishops, you who have chosen to obey man rather than God, I cite you before the presence of our Lord the Pope! And thus, relying on the authority of the Catholic Church, and of the Apostolic See, I depart hence." As he was leaving the hall, a clamour was raised against him, and some there were who reproached him as a perjured traitor: upon which he looked fiercely round, and said with a loud voice, that were it not forbidden by his holy orders, he would defend himself by arms against those who dared thus to accuse him.—pp. 173, 174.

An evasive answer being given to his request of permission to leave the kingdom, he quitted Northampton by night; and, flying by a circuitous route, effected his escape to the coast of France. He was there kindly received by Louis of France, who sacrificed the common cause of Kings in granting protection to a rebel and a traitor.

To attempt even an abstract of that spirited and masterly description which is given by Dr. Southey of this second Dunstan; to pursue him through his career of unbounded and undaunted ambition, and observe the inflexible haughtiness of his soul in those instances where it was most conspicuously evinced, is an undertaking that would far exceed our circumscribed limits. Suffice it to remark, that after an absence of seven years from his see, during which period he had been unremitting in his attempts to destroy the King's peace both of body and soul; after having forced the Monarch to a submission, equally degrading to his moral firmness and his regal dignity, Becket returned to his diocese in triumph—a triumph as insulting as it was destined to be transitory. Four of the King's retainers, taking advantage of some ungarded expressions which dropped from their irritated Master, inflicted on the haughty Prelate that death, which changed the Rebel into a Martyr, and exalted the Traitor into a Saint. Within less than two years St. Thomas of Canterbury, like his worthy predecessor Dunstan, was canonized in due form; the 29th of December was dedicated to him in the calendar; the cathedral of Canterbury was known by the name of St. Thomas, and his shrine was set up by those of Christ and the Virgin. So great was the influx of pilgrims to his tomb, that upwards of 100,000 persons are known to have been present there at one time; and in a single year it appeared, that while nothing had been offered at the altar of Christ, and not more than 4*l.* at that of the Virgin, upwards of 600*l.* had been presented at the shrine of St. Thomas. This shrine however

was destined in after times to be pillaged by one who stood as little upon religious and moral restraints as the Saint himself. Henry the Eighth, at the dissolution of monasteries, avenged the quarrel of his Ancestor, ordering the name of St. Thomas to be struck out of the calendar, and his bones to be burnt, and converting to his own use the offerings accumulated at the shrine—the gold alone of which filled two chests, which were a load for eight strong men. The homely proverb of “A Saint abroad and a Devil at home” is literally exemplified in this ambitious character, whose memory is now held, among English Protestants, in merited execration, though he doubtless continues to maintain a conspicuous figure among the rabble of the Romish calendar.

The ascendancy which had been procured for the church by the inflexible hardihood and devoted sacrifice of Becket, was augmented and consummated by the imbecility of John. This weak and wicked prince, whose reign, though the most disgraceful in the annals of England, yet by the mysterious operation of Providence, which educes good from evil, became one of the most beneficial—after a violent and unavailing struggle against papal tyranny, degenerated into its servile and submissive vassal. Langton, who in opposition to the King’s wishes had been raised by the intrigues of the Court of Rome to the primacy, though bred and beneficed in France, proved contrary to expectation and example, a real benefactor to the English. He sought the welfare of his adopted country beyond either the humiliation of the King, or the interest of the Pope; and deserves the honourable character which is recorded of him by Dr. Southey.

‘No man is entitled to a higher place in English history, for having contributed to the liberties of England, than Stephen Langton. It is no disparagement to him, that he was devoted to the Church of Rome, more than was consistent with the interests of his country; for while, under a sense of professional and religious duty, he was ready to suffer any thing in submission to its authority, he resolutely refused to act in obedience to its orders, when he believed them to be unjust, affording thus the surest proof of integrity, and bequeathing to his successors the most beneficial of all examples.’—Vol. i. p. 281.

Were it not attested by competent and irrefragable evidence—the evidence of those very persons who little expected that the secret machinery of their most iniquitous system would ever be laid open to the execration of mankind—the ignorance into which men were plunged during these ages of gross darkness would almost exceed credibility—and were it not so deeply interwoven with the guilt and miseries of humanity, would excite a smile of derision and contempt.

Out of the reverence which was paid to the memory of departed Saints had arisen the most scandalous system of creature-worship. Virtue was imputed even to the rags of the Martyr's apparel, and the instruments of his suffering. The veneration paid to these relics was only equalled by the impudence of the clergy in exacting it. Not only were skeletons and skulls and bones and teeth deposited in costly shrines and enriched with the most precious gems—'portions were even produced of the burning bush, of the Manna which fell in the wilderness, of Moses's rod and Sampson's honeycomb, of Tobit's fish, of the blessed Virgin's milk, and of our Saviour's blood.' Sovereign princes condescended to carry on the trade in relics. Baldwin, the Byzantine Emperor, being in want of money, sold to Lewis of France the crown of thorns which our Lord was pretended to have worn, for 10,000 marks of silver: and was so well pleased with his bargain, as, (no doubt upon considerations equally valuable) to dispose of his remaining treasures, among which were a large portion of the *true* cross, the baby-linen of the infant Saviour, the lance, the sponge, and chain of his passion, the rod of Moses, and the skull of John the Baptist.

It can hardly be imagined that these abominations could have prevailed to so wide and pernicious an extent, had the pure word of God been allowed free circulation among the people. To withhold from them the Scriptures was drying up the fountain of life at its very source; tearing up the tree of knowledge by its very root. It was hardly to be expected—it could not have happened but by the special intervention of an over-ruling Providence—that a Reformer should first arise from among that very order, which was most interested in the maintenance of the deception. Yet even thus was it ordained by Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. It must gratify every true lover of our Protestant Universities to know, that from Oxford emanated the first sparks of that flame which, in the expressive words of a venerable Martyr, 'was destined to light such a candle in England, as we trust, by God's grace, shall never be extinguished.' John Wicliffe—a name which will be regarded with veneration and gratitude while there is any virtue and while there is any praise—having been first a Commoner at Queen's college, and afterwards a Probationer at Merton, was at length appointed Master of Balliol. He commenced his career by disputing with the Friars on those scholastic subtleties, which merely exercise the intellect—but the reputation thus acquired was available for a better purpose, when, feeling his own strength, and that the opinion of the University was in his favour, he afterwards charged them with maintaining false doctrine. In

the mean time, he was appointed Warden of Canterbury Hall, from which however, on the death of Archbishop Islip, the founder, he was ejected by the Monks; a measure which was confirmed by the court of Rome. But this hostility of the Pope and the Friars did not impede his preferment. Edward the third, a prince of a gallant and chivalrous spirit, having refused that homage to the see of Rome which had been conceded by the miserable John, Wicliffe was employed to argue against the Papal claims, and executed his task with so much ability, that in requital for his services he was made Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, and presented to the Rectory of Lutterworth.

Having been selected with two other ambassadors to meet the Pope's representatives at Bruges, and resist his pretensions to the presentation of benefices in England, it is probable Wicliffe discovered some radical corruptions in the Papal system—for, on his return, he attacked it in the boldest manner—denied the authority of the Pope in temporal matters, and even denounced him as Antichrist. He was summoned before the Archbishop of Canterbury; but, owing to the powerful protection of John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster and his popularity in the University, he escaped with impunity. Twice was he again cited before the Bishop of London, and twice rescued by the same effectual intervention—on the latter occasion Sir Lewis Clifford<sup>3</sup> suddenly entered with authoritative orders forbidding them to proceed to sentence. Thus supported, Wicliffe proceeded fearlessly in his labours: but the measure which contributed more than all to diffuse spiritual light throughout England, was the Translation of the Old and New Testaments into the English tongue. He next proceeded to attack the doctrine of Transubstantiation—but the minds of the people were not ripe for so important a change, and he was admonished by his Patron to desist. Several attempts made by Courtney, Bishop of London, and afterwards Primate, to apprehend him as a heretic, were rendered ineffectual by his own intrepidity and the favour of the people; and the utmost that could be obtained was his dismissal to his rectory of Lutterworth, where he died unmolested in the sixtieth year of his age. 'It is a shame,' says Dr. Southey, 'that no statue should ever have been erected to his memory'—but a fame like his requires no such perishable

<sup>3</sup> The following extract from Sir Lewis Clifford's will proves that he relapsed again into popery—and was, doubtless, sincere in his recantation. 'The seventeenth day of September, the yer of our Lord Jesu Christ 1404. I. Lowys Clifford, fals and traytor to my Lord God, and to alle the blessed company of Hevene, and unworthi to be yclepd a Christen man, make and ordeya my testament and my last wille in this mannere.

At the begiashing, I, most unworthi, and God's traytor, &c.

memorial. It shall descend with increasing honours from one generation to another, till the glorious day dawn upon the world, when all nations shall arise and call him blessed.

But the seed had been sown, and the harvest was to follow. Wicliffe had not long rested in his grave; when the fruits of his labours appeared; and those fires of persecution were kindled, which were destined to burn with such immitigable severity. The Clergy had rendered themselves traitors to their lawful King by favouring the usurpation of Henry the fourth, and the new Monarch was willing to repay their treason by indulging their rancour against the disciples of Wicliffe to its full extent. William Sautre, Parish Priest of St. Osithe's, London, was the first martyr to the Reformation in England. Having replied to the ensnaring questions of the Bishops respecting transubstantiation, that 'the bread after consecration remained very bread as it was before,' he was condemned as a relapsed heretic, to be degraded, deposed, and delivered over to the secular arm. The ceremony of degradation, with all its mimicry of justice, was performed in St. Paul's by Arundel the Primate and six other Bishops; and being then delivered, as a secular person, to the court of the High Constable and Marshal of England, Sautre was burnt to ashes at the stake. A more illustrious victim was Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. Henry the Fifth, by whom he was greatly esteemed, used all his influence to persuade this nobleman to submission, but in vain. The firmness of Lord Cobham converted the King's former friendship into inflexibility; and Henry, not less bigoted in religion than brave in the field, rejecting the paper which contained a declaration of his sentiments, allowed him to be committed to the Tower. After a solemn mockery of trial, the issue of which had been so clearly foreseen that the Archbishop came *with the sentence written*, Cobham was condemned to die as a heretic. He nevertheless escaped and eluded his persecutors for four years, when, having been taken in Wales, he was carried to London,—and there 'being hung by the middle in chains, was consumed in the flames, praising God with his latest breath.'

Though various circumstances had conspired, prior to the accession of Henry VIII., to pave the way for a reformation in religion, the character of that Monarch seemed to afford little hope that so desirable a measure could be effected. Persecution raged in all its horrors. Thomas Bilney and James Bainham—names to be remembered and revered by the latest posterity—expired triumphantly in the flames; each bearing testimony with his departing breath to the efficacy of the Scriptures, and both making more converts by the constancy of their deaths than the holiness of their lives. About this



time appeared the translation of the Scriptures by Tindal; and, imminent as were the dangers which attended the perusal and possession of this work, it was sought after with irrepressible avidity. Nothing can more strikingly evince the remorseless bigotry of the Romish system, and its inevitable tendency to harden the heart, than the appearance of a Man, so excellent in all other respects as Sir Thomas More, in the character of a merciless and sanguinary Persecutor. Frith, a disciple of Tindal's, having been discovered by the activity of this Minister, died with a constancy and courage remarkable even in that age; and Tindal himself, 'being betrayed into the hands of the Emperor's court at Brussels, was put to death at Vilvorde by a more merciful martyrdom than would have been his lot in England—being strangled at the stake before he was burnt!'

Yet, in the midst of persecution and opposition, the work of God was silently proceeding. The decree had gone forth, and man could not reverse it. Cranmer, now raised to the primacy on the death of Warham, and one of the most ardent promoters of that Reformation of which he was afterwards to be the most illustrious Martyr—procured an order from the King that the whole Bible, Latin and English, should be placed in the choir of every parish church. This measure tended, beyond any other, to the advancement of the Reformation. The preaching also of Latimer, now Bishop of Worcester, contributed to the same result in no inconsiderable degree; nor should it be forgotten, that, about this time, the detection of an impudent imposture, framed for political purposes, brought much discredit on the Papal party. Both Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, two of the most violent enemies and persecutors of the Reformers, were accused of being implicated in this affair; and though they succeeded for the present in clearing themselves, they were soon after brought to the block, notwithstanding the intercession of Cromwell and Cranmer, for denying the King's supremacy. In both cases, remarks Dr. S. "the work of retribution may be acknowledged;—as persecutors both sufferers had sinned, and both died as unjustly as they had brought others to death. The consideration is important in a Christian's views, but it affords no excuse—no palliation for the crime."

In the dissolution of monasteries, which took place shortly after these transactions, there can be little doubt, that the King was actuated solely by the desire of replenishing his exhausted coffers—and obtaining new funds for the gratification of his licentious passions. Yet the sensuality and rapacity of this tyrannical Monarch were overruled to the production of

an invaluable benefit to the cause of truth. Of the numbers who were thus let loose upon society, many were ripe for reformation; some, in the seclusion of their cells, had studied the *Book of Life*, and proved it to be the 'power of God unto Salvation;' while others, who had witnessed the arcana of the Popish mysteries, however they might be indifferent to the religion which was true, could not but be unfriendly to that which they knew from experience to be false. For every day unfolded some new sleight of these Catholic jugglers. More pieces of the real cross were produced than would have made a whole one, and the teeth of St. Apollonia, which were amulets against the tooth ache, had been so multiplied for the convenience of the faithful, that they actually filled a tun. These frauds, and others equally abominable, accelerated the downfall of the Romish hierarchy more than they had ever promoted its rise. At this period too the translation of the Bible, which had been commenced by Tindal, was completed by Miles Coverdale, and ordered to be provided in all parish churches for the use of the Parishioners. This privilege was indeed shortly revoked; but no act of arbitrary power could eradicate from the minds of the people that impression, which had already been made by the influence of divine truth. And though, till the death of Henry, there was a continual struggle between the Popish and Protestant parties, the scale now inclining to the one, and now to the other; though Papists and Protestants were dragged to execution on the same hurdles, and consumed in the same flames; yet, through the influence of Cranmer, who alone of all the King's Ministers preserved his Master's confidence unbroken to the last, the glorious fabric of the Reformation advanced with a progress not the less promising, because its foundations were steeped in the blood of its Martyrs. But it would be unjust to withhold from our readers Dr. Southey's luminous and most candid view of the progress of the Reformation during this reign.

'With regard to the Church of England, its foundations rest upon the rock of Scripture, not upon the character of the King by whom they were laid. This, however, must be affirmed in justice to Henry, that mixed as the motives were which first induced him to disclaim the Pope's authority, in all the subsequent measures he acted sincerely, knowing the importance of the work in which he had engaged, and prosecuting it sedulously and conscientiously, even when most erroneous. That religion should have had so little influence upon his moral conduct will not appear strange, if we consider what the religion was wherein he was trained up;—nor if we look at the generality of men even now, under circumstances immeasurably more fortunate than those in which he was placed. Undeniable proofs remain of the learning, ability, and diligence, with which he applied himself to the great business of

weeding out superstition, and yet preserving what he believed to be the essentials of Christianity untouched. This praise (and it is no light one) is his due: and it is our part to be thankful to that all-ruling Providence, which rendered even his passions and his vices subservient to this important end.'—Vol. ii. p. 104.

Edward VI., who succeeded to the throne at the age of nine years, was one of those amiable and almost angelic spirits, who are shewn to mankind merely to be snatched away. Bred up from infancy in the principles of the Reformation, this great work proceeded under his auspices without impediment. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who had at length, after long and serious reflection, given up the untenable point of transubstantiation, guided ecclesiastical affairs, and were actuated by motives as upright and disinterested, as those of the King's lay counsellors were mercenary and insincere. Images were every where demolished—the Sacrament was administered to the Laity in both kinds—private masses were abolished—a liturgy—from which all that was erroneous in the former service had been expunged and in which all that was truly excellent had been retained, was circulated throughout the Kingdom, and the act which enjoined the celibacy of the clergy was repealed. Gardiner and Bonner, Bishops of London and Winchester, were dispossessed of their sees, and imprisoned, but treated with no rigour. It is ever to be lamented that the rapacious courtiers who divided the spoil, should by their extreme avidity have brought a reproach upon reformation itself. Somerset the Protector seemed to consider nothing gained while any thing remained to be acquired; and his Brother, the Lord Admiral, "a bold, bad man, represented, that Bishops ought not to be troubled with temporal concerns; and that it would be right to make them surrender all their royalties and temporalities to his Majesty, and receive an honest pension of money, yearly allowed to them, for hospitality. But he received for this a memorable rebuke. The King told him, that he knew his purpose: 'You have had among you,' said he, 'the commodities of the Abbeyes, which you have consumed,—some with superfluous apparel, some at dice and cards, and other ungracious rule. And now, you would have the Bishops' lands and revenues to abuse likewise! Set your hearts at rest: there shall no such alteration be made while I live!'"—Vol. ii. p. 123.

Notwithstanding the piety and integrity of those eminent men, who had been the principal instruments in these mighty revolutions, a stain had darkened on the Reformation in its progress, which required to be washed out in blood. It was to be proved, that they who had risen on the ruins of a cor-

rupt church, were actuated by principles worthy of the faith which they had preached ; and were ready not to be bound only, but to die, if need required, for the name of the Lord Jesus. Mary indeed began her reign, like Nero—with the affectation of clemency—but together with her Father's stern and pitiless spirit she inherited her Mother's blind and bigoted attachment to the Romish church, and the appointment of Stephen Gardiner to the Chancellorship was a melancholy and too faithful presage of the atrocities which were about to ensue. The first open acts of hostility were the ejection of the Protestant Prelates from their sees, to which the Romish Bishops were restored—and a public declaration that the marriages of the Clergy were unlawful. Cambridge had the honour of affording the first martyrs in the cause of Reformation and of truth. John Rogers—who had been educated in that University, and was afterwards associated with Tindal and Coverdale in the translation of the Bible—was condemned for denying transubstantiation, and maintaining that the Church of Rome was Antichrist. His wife, with ten children, one hanging on the breast, met him as he went to Smithfield ; but even that sight, affecting as it must have been, did not shake the steadiness of his resolution—he refused a pardon which was offered him, on condition of recanting, at the stake, and died with invincible and immoveable fortitude. Laurence Saunders, formerly of King's College, was the next to suffer in the same cause—and suffered with equal constancy. Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, who had ever looked to martyrdom as the probable termination of his career, was condemned to be executed at his Episcopal city. The malice of his enemies, with a subtlety truly diabolical, had previously spread a report of his recantation, which the Martyr energetically refuted : ‘ I have taught the truth with my tongue and with my pen heretofore, and hereafter shortly shall confirm the same, by God's grace, with my blood.’ In a like spirit was the dying declaration of Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered on the same day at Hadley in Suffolk, of which parish he had been incumbent. But the effect of these executions was such as the sufferers trusted it would be, not what the persecutors intended and expected. ‘ I thought,’ said Bradford, in a letter to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who were then fellow prisoners at Oxford, ‘ I thought your staves had stood next the door ; but now it is otherwise perceived. Our dear brother Rogers hath broken the ice valiantly, and this day, or I think to-morrow at the uttermost, hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor, end their course and receive their crown. The next am I, which hourly look for the porter to open me the gates after them, to enter into the

desired rest.' This excellent man was able, had he thought fit, to have escaped from prison, but he felt the truth of his own declaration—'Of all deaths it is most to be desired to die for God's sake.' He died, as he most desired, for God's sake; and his last audible words were, 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it'—'words,' adds Dr. Southey, 'uttered with the feeling of one who had trod in that way, and was then even on the threshold of his heavenly home.'

Farrer, Bishop of St. David's, suffered at Carmarthen, in his own diocese, it being a part of the execrable policy of the Romanists to render the spot of the Martyrs' execution as near as possible to the scene of their former preferment. Nicholas Ridley, who had been successively Master of Pembroke Hall, Bishop of Rochester, and of London—and Latimer, formerly Bishop of Worcester, who had both been long in confinement, were brought to trial—if the name be not a mockery—at Oxford. The event of this trial Ridley had foreseen, and had taken by letter a solemn leave of all his relatives and friends, in which, as the recollection of his happier days arose, he passed, as Dr. S. truly observes, into a strain of beautiful feeling: "Farewell, Cambridge, my loving Mother and tender Nurse! If I should not acknowledge thy manifold benefits, yea, if I should not, for thy benefits, at the least love thee again, truly I were to be accounted too ungrate and unkind. What benefits hadst thou ever, that thou usest to give and bestow upon thy best beloved children, that thou thoughtest too good for me?—and of thy private commodities and emoluments in Colleges, what was it that thou madest me not partaker of?—I thank thee, my loving mother, for all this thy kindness; and I pray God, that his laws, and the sincere Gospel of Christ, may ever be truly taught, and faithfully learned, in thee!"—Vol. ii. p. 192, 193. These venerable Martyrs suffered in a ditch opposite Balliol College, comforting and encouraging one another to the last. But the retributive justice of Heaven was to be signally executed on one of the most remorseless of their Persecutors.

'On the day when Ridley and Latimer suffered at Oxford, the Duke of Norfolk dined with Gardiner, and the dinner was delayed some hours till the Bishop's servant arrived from Oxford post-haste, with tidings that he had seen fire set to them. Gardiner went exultingly to the Duke with the news, and said, Now let us go to dinner! Before he rose from table he was stricken with a painful disease; and being carried to his bed, lay there in intolerable torment fifteen days. His faculties remained unimpaired, for when the Bishop of Chichester spoke to him of free justification through the merits of our Saviour, he exclaimed, "What, my

Lord, will you open that gap? To me, and such as are in my case, you may speak it; but open this window to the people, and farewell altogether!" Some of his last words were, "I have sinned with Peter, but I have not wept with Peter."—Vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.

There was however another and a more memorable victim to the fury of persecution than any who had preceded him; he too had sinned with Peter, but with Peter he wept, and with Peter was he forgiven. This was Cranmer. He, like Ridley and Latimer, had been brought forward at Oxford in a public disputation—that the Romanists might adjudge the victory to themselves. His temper, naturally timid, had been afterwards worked upon by designing and insidious artifices, till he was prevailed upon to sign a recantation of his former opinions. 'The probability is, that he signed an *equivocal* recantation; and that the other papers, five in number, wherein he was made to acknowledge in the most explicit terms, the doctrines which he had repeatedly confuted, and to vilify himself as a mischief-maker and blasphemer, were fabricated by Bonner's directions.' It only seems certain that he submitted on condition that his life should be spared; a promise which the Romanists were base enough to break, and, as if this were not sufficient, to keep him in ignorance of his doom till the very morning when he was about to suffer. But the wicked were taken in their own net. Repentance in the meantime had done its silent and secret work; and Cranmer, knowing the vindictive implacability of his enemies, had prepared, as became his former profession, and present penitence, for the last fearful extremity. The scene that ensued is so inimitably delineated in the work before us, that we will not impair its beauties by an imperfect abridgment. Cranmer suffered on the same spot where Ridley and Latimer had been executed, with a piety and resignation equal to theirs, and a penitence peculiarly his own. No martyrdom was so irreparably injurious to the Roman cause, or shed so much lustre on the cause of truth. Nor was it long before this infamous persecution, which had raged with unrelenting fury during the Queen's whole reign, was terminated by her death—an event not regretted even by the Catholics, except such as Story and Bonner.

From the accession of Elizabeth may be dated the triumph of Protestantism. The Queen, though she had suffered severely from the intolerance of the Romanists in the former reign, and at one period her life itself was menaced—acted with an admirable union of forbearance and resolution. She encouraged the Protestants, without adopting severer measures towards the Catholics; nor could even their refractory spirit and calumnious hostility excite her to pass the bounds

of caution. Her views were ably seconded by Parker, whose constancy had been tried during the Marian persecution, and who was now consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury by Barlow, Scory, and good old Miles Coverdale, three of the Protestant bishops who had returned from exile. Under the wise and prudent administration of this Prelate, and his two immediate successors Grindal and Whitgift, the Church of England acquired progressive and increasing stability, though assaulted on one side by the open hostility of the Papists, and undermined on the other by the secret machinations of the Puritans.

An unhappy dispute had arisen, during Mary's reign, among the emigrants at Frankfort, respecting the continuance of such ceremonies as were in themselves immaterial or unexceptionable. Some, and these the better and wiser part, were disposed to conciliate as far as conscience would allow—others, root and branch men, could not endure to tolerate what Calvin himself had pronounced to be tolerable fooleries. They declared inextinguishable war against the square cap, the tippet, and the surplice, which they called conjuring garments of popery. It was their object to eradicate every vestige of the Romish church, and substitute such a platform of discipline as Calvin had erected at Geneva. The inconsistencies of these men were long connived at, regard being had to their exemplary lives, their former sufferings, and the signal services which some of them had rendered to the Protestant cause. But when it became evident that their tenets struck at the root of all civil and religious obedience, Elizabeth had recourse to a severer mode of proceeding, and continued it to her death. Men are ever prone to run into extremes, and it is less to be wondered at than lamented, that, as an effectual preservative against the returning infection of Popery, the true friends of religion should have inoculated themselves and others with the virus from Geneva.

Calculating upon the support of James, the Puritans remained tolerably quiet during the latter years of Elizabeth; but that Prince had already witnessed in his own kingdom the result of their principles, and it was a favourite aphorism with him, No Bishop, No King. He gratified them however in appointing a conference before the Privy Council at Hampton Court, himself presiding as Moderator, and four of the Puritan clergy acting as the representatives of the *Thousand Ministers*, who were said to have presented the petition—though they fell short of that number by some hundreds. The objections urged by these advocates of Puritanism against the liturgy and ceremonies of the church were frivolous and captious in the extreme; yet, to satisfy their weak consciences, a few

trivial alterations were made; and, (which was the only real benefit resulting from the conference) order was taken for a new translation of the Bible. The Puritans, nevertheless, were not satisfied; the rag worn by the Priests of Isis, the execrable tippet, and the no less execrable hood, together with the abomination of the cross in baptism, still remained; and, since there was no further innovation to be hoped for while James was alive, they reserved their grand attack upon the church till the accession of his successor.

If ever England was blessed with a Monarch, who was heartily and unfeignedly attached to our venerable Church Establishment; it was the amiable and unfortunate Charles. All the stories which have been retailed respecting this Monarch's inclination to the errors of Popery, are a tissue of infamous and unfounded calumnies, invented by the Puritans to palliate the enormity of that guilt, which they are unable to excuse. Laud, who occupied the primacy during a considerable part of this reign, has, like his Master, laboured under an unmerited load of obloquy, from which his character is generously, and, we think, triumphantly retrieved by Dr. Southey. It must in candour be acknowledged that Laud's temper was arbitrary; that his measures were carried into effect with an undue exercise of authority; and that he affixed too much importance to ceremonies not in themselves essential; but with all his faults he was a man of unimpeachable integrity and virtue, a munificent patron of learning, a liberal benefactor to the University in which he was educated, and where his name is still held in grateful veneration—and a most sincere and conscientious member of the Church of England. Yet such was the abominable bigotry of the times, that his very excellencies were imputed to him as errors; and he was accused of Popery upon no other grounds, than because, in the feeling of Christian Charity and humanity, he had interfered to mitigate the sufferings of the imprisoned Papists.—The spirit of faction arose to such virulence, that even the softer sex opened upon him the battery of vulgar and insolent invective. An instance is related by Heylyn, the biographer of this great man, in which the Primate adroitly foiled an antagonist of this description with her own weapons. Lady Davies, the widow of the Attorney-General of Ireland, took upon herself, in the true spirit of fanaticism, to prophesy against Laud, shortly before his advancement to the archiepiscopal see; believing that the spirit of Daniel had passed into her, because out of the letters of her name, ELEANOR DAVIES, she could form the anagram, REVEAL, O, DANIEL; though, by the way, it had too much by an L, and too little by an S. While the other Bishops and Clergy



were gravely endeavouring to confute this wretched fanatic by arguments deduced from Scripture, Laud went a readier way to work. Taking a pen he wrote this anagram, **DAME ELEANOR DAVIES—NEVER SO MAD A LADIE.** and presented it to her, saying, 'Madam, I see you build much on anagrams, and I have found one which I hope will suit you.' This threw the whole court into laughter; and either the poor woman grew wiser, or was less regarded.

But Laud, and the Church over which he presided, had enemies who were not to be overcome by methods so easy and innocuous. A regular party had been organized among the Puritans, who now commenced a series of systematic attacks upon the church. The first step was the introduction of a bill for taking away the Bishops' votes in Parliament, which passed the Commons, but was not even committed by the Lords; the second was the abolition of the High Commission court, an unquestionable abuse, but which had become so during the administration of Archbishop Abbot, who was, it is to be feared, a Puritan in his heart;—and to crown all, the Puritans, in direct violation of all parliamentary rules, took advantage of a thin house to pass a series of resolutions; "that the communion-table should be removed from its appointed place, the rails which enclosed it pulled down, and the Chancel levelled, and that no man should presume to bow at the name of Jesus. Sir Edward Dering, who now on all occasions stood forward in defence of the Church, opposed this last infamous decree with great feeling."—Vol. ii. p. 384.

Affairs were now drawing to a crisis. The Puritans, grown insolent by success, made no secret of their design, and their language was, 'Vex the Midianites—Abolish the Amalekites—Leave not a rag that belongs to popery—Away with it, head and tail, hip and thigh—Down with Baal's altars—Down with Baal's priests.' Laud, whom these incendiaries regarded as the High Priest of Baal, and whom Sir Harbottle Gumston called in the House of Commons the sty of all pestilential filth that infected the state, was brought before the house, and having been detained ten weeks in custody of the black rod, was committed to the Tower. When his trial seemed likely to be procrastinated—his enemies doubtless hoping that death might spare them the crime of imbruing their hands in his blood—he resigned the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford in a dignified and pathetic letter to that learned body, of which he had been so munificent a Patron. Like Cranmer, he might have escaped—nor would such a step have been unwelcome to his persecutors—but like Cranmer he remained firm—'I am resolved,' he intrepidly declared, 'not to think of flight, but patiently to expect and bear what a good and

wise Providence hath provided for me, of what kind soever it be. When at length brought to trial, he vindicated himself with a resolution worthy of his station and character. Utterly disclaiming all bias towards popery, he exclaimed, with a noble confidence, "I do here challenge whatever is between Heaven and Hell to say three words against me in point of my religion, in which, by God's grace, I have ever hated dissimulation; and had I not hated it, it might perhaps have been better with me for worldly safety than now it is—But it can no way become a Christian Bishop to halt with God."

The spirit in which he met his fate is evident from his dying declaration to the people. "I am now to come to the end of my Race, and here I find the Cross, a death of shame; but the shame must be despised, or no coming to the right hand of God. Jesus despised the shame for me, and God forbid but that I should despise the shame for him. I forgive all the world, all and every of those bitter enemies which have persecuted me, and humbly desire to be forgiven of God first, and then of every Man, whether I have offended him or not; if he do but conceive that I have, Lord, do thou forgive me, and I beg forgiveness of him." His last words were "Lord, receive my soul!"

The Liturgy was abolished on the day Laud died, and it is some consolation to reflect that he was spared the pain of witnessing those scenes of havoc and plunder, which would have wounded him much more deeply than any personal sufferings and humiliations. The leaders of the Puritans hastened to glut their avarice with the spoils of Episcopacy;—Sir Arthur Hazlerigg in particular secured so large a portion, that he was called the Bishop of Durham. Dr. Cornelius Burges also, one of the most active of the Puritan divines in kindling the rebellion, became a large purchaser, though he had formerly maintained that it was utterly unlawful to convert such endowments to any private person's profit. '*Tanta vis avaritiæ in animos eorum, veluti tabes, invaserat.*' In perfect consistency with that spirit of persecution, which dragged Laud to the block, and imbrued their scaffold in the blood of the Sovereign himself—these bigots passed an ordinance, by which eight heresies were punishable with death, and sixteen with imprisonment. Their laws for the suppression of immorality were written in blood; and it was well for the country that Cromwell, discovering when too late the beauty and necessity and utility of those establishments civil and ecclesiastical, which he had been the prime agent in subverting—'curbed those Fanatics who were for proclaiming King Jesus, that, as his Saints, they might divide the land among them.'

But the reign of anarchy and disorder was to have an end.

Charles II. returned, and brought back with him those civil and religious institutions, which have since been the glory and stability of our land. Equally removed from the extremes of popish superstition on the one hand, and puritanical austerity on the other, our venerable church establishment has ever since continued to diffuse its benignant influence throughout the realm; and may the Supreme Director of human affairs in his mercy forbid, that it should be ever again exchanged for either of those systems, one of which dragged Charles to the scaffold, and the other led Cranmer to the stake. Both have been tried in the balances, and found wanting. It may be said that the spirit of Popery as well as of Puritanism is very different in the present day from the spirit of former times. We trust that it is; but past experience renders it a precaution imperatively due to our own safety, that we should preclude, as far as possible, a repetition of the experiment. The Catholic and the Puritan enjoy a liberty and security under the shadow of the established church, which, in the plenitude of their power, each had withheld from her, and may they long continue to enjoy both in their fullest extent;—but never may the Church of England tamely relinquish that political pre-eminence which was purchased by the blood of her venerated founders; and which she has ever employed for the noblest and most useful purposes—for promoting the glory of God, and advancing the real interests of mankind.

Respecting the manner in which Dr. Southey has executed his task, little need be added. To one who ranks so highly among the master spirits of the age—whose writings will be coeval with the language in which they are composed—and whose fame is as pure as it will be permanent—the tribute of our humble approbation can be attended with no increase of renown. We would indeed, were it in our power, vindicate our critical sagacity by the detection of some blemish in the work; we would fain have discovered some want of elegance in the style, or of fidelity in the statements; but we are foiled in both; for the more intimately we examine the work, the more forcibly are we struck with the unaffected beauty of the diction, and the undeviating authenticity of the narrative. When we entered upon the volumes, we flattered ourselves that we had discovered a certain stiffness of style resulting from that rust of antiquity, which might naturally be expected to adhere to an inspector of old records. We were disposed to remark on the too frequent recurrence of such antiquated terms as *whereas*, *whereof*, *wherein*, &c. particularly when we remembered Mr. Hume's antipathy to the whole family, of which he humorously says, "I think the only tolerably decent gentleman of them is *wherein*, and I should not choose to be

often seen in his company." We had not however read many pages, before we forgot our objections, and every thing else but the delightful work before us—nor can we express our feelings better, than by comparing them to the meeting with an old and dear friend, from whom we had long been separated, and the stiffness of whose first salutation is rubbed off by the cordiality of returning affection. We have rarely met with a work possessed of equal interest, or calculated to produce equal benefit. It is indeed neither designed, nor adapted, to please all parties indiscriminately—the disciples of Popery and Puritanism will complain—and not without reason—for instead of attacking them, as others have done, with indiscreet vehemence or unfounded calumny, Dr. Southey has used no weapon but a candid, manly, unaffected exhibition of the truth. But he, who possesses the approbation of the wiser and better part of the community, may well be contented to encounter the misrepresentations of the prejudiced and the ignorant; and whatever opinions may be pronounced upon Dr. Southey's work by the factious in politics, and bigoted in religion, he may enjoy the consciousness of having deserved well of the church which he has defended, and the country which he has adorned.

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ART. II. *An Examination of the Primary Argument of the Iliad.* By Granville Penn, Esq. London. Ogle, Duncan, and Co. 1821.

To the mind, imbued with a taste for research, there arises peculiar satisfaction from the perusal of any publication, calculated to illumine the obscurity, in which some literary topic is involved. More especially is such pleasure derived from an ingenious discussion of those interesting questions, which respect the magnificent bard of ancient Greece. Venerable from extreme antiquity—fraught with intelligence of the manners, and opinions, and prejudices of ages that are past,—sublime in description, and exact in detail—astonishing by their grandeur, yet captivating by their beauty—the compositions of Homer may, with propriety, be exhibited as possessing more than ordinary pretensions to the serious investigation of mankind. These writings, which gave to the scholar a companionship in his youth, will not be divested of their attractions at any subsequent period of life: their beauties will occupy his attention in manhood, and will gratify him in old age.—“*Nam cætera neque temporum sunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum. Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium*

ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.”—Cic. *pro. Arch.* 7.

But perhaps there is no question of greater interest, or involved in more uncertainty, than that, which respects the *Primary Argument* of the *Iliad*. More than one *Primary Argument* has, indeed, been proposed and adopted; in our opinion, we confess, with greater celerity than discrimination: and few there are, we should conceive, amongst the supporters of those hypotheses, who do not experience considerable scepticism respecting the infallibility of their decisions.

It is from a conviction, that this question still remains to be determined, that Mr. Penn has given to the world the result of his inquiries. In following our author from his premises to his conclusion, we shall be strictly attentive to a request contained in the Preface of his work:—“I have to solicit the reader to abstain from anticipating me in the progress of the argument, by breaking in upon its course; and to exercise the patience of pursuing it in the order in which it is presented to him:” nor shall we deem it necessary to apologize, if our extracts are found to be considerable, both in number, and in length.

Respecting the merits and properties of the *Iliad*, Aristotle and modern critics are diametrically at variance. The same rule is applied by all; namely, the primary and governing argument:—the results are different. Hence, then, will arise these most important questions:—“*Did Aristotle and the Moderns assume the same thing for the primary argument of the Iliad, or very different things?*” If the latter, “*Which of the two assumed the true argument?*” And lastly, “*What was that true argument?*”—p. 7.

In pursuing these inquiries, it will be necessary to exhibit the opinions, first of Aristotle, and then of the critics of modern times. We shall do so in the words of our author. With respect to the *Iliad*, Aristotle pronounces it a perfect model for epic poetry.

‘In the first place: He affirms, that *the main subject*, or fable which he contemplated in it, that is, *the primary or general argument*, is *simple*, or *single*, whereas that which he contemplated in the *Odyssey* is *complicated*. From hence it will follow, that no variety of incidents combine to constitute the primary argument of the *Iliad*; but that all its incidents are subordinate to *the simplicity* of its argument, which comprehends and combines them all.

‘In the next place: He affirms, that this simple argument is engaged with *one action*, which is, in itself, a *one, entire, and perfect whole*; exhibiting all the proper and essential qualities of unity and entireness, viz., *a beginning, ἀρχή—a middle, μέσος—and*

as end, τέλος, each correlative to the other, and all articulated intimately together.'—p. 9.

After some further observations upon the improbability that Aristotle should have fallen into any error with respect to these opinions, and the means which he employed in obtaining his rules and deductions, we find these words:—"I shall conclude definitively, from the foregoing discussion, *that Aristotle certainly recognized in the Iliad a primary and governing argument, agreeing strictly with his rules, and yielding all the results which he has declared.*"—p. 19.

We now proceed briefly to exhibit the opinions of modern critics; recommending such of our readers, as are desirous of a further acquaintance with this subject, to peruse with attention the third chapter of Mr. Penn's work.

'It is agreed by all these critics, that *the primary argument constitutes the rule* by which the poem of the Iliad must be tried, and by which it was tried by Aristotle; but in stating what they conceive that primary argument to be, they immediately betray great uncertainty, and are divided among themselves; some assuming *the anger of Achilles*, and some his prayer incorporated in *the prayer of Thetis*. These are the *only subjects*, which their judgments have been able to take hold of as constituting the primary argument. The consequence of either of those assumptions was, however, obvious and inevitable. Those who assumed *the anger of Achilles*, found that argument fail them at the opening of the eighteenth book, leaving *an excess* of the poem of nearly *seven* books. Those who assumed *the prayer of Thetis*, found that argument fail them after the twenty-second book; leaving thus an *excess* of *two* books. All immediately hastened to draw this precipitate and illogical conclusion; 'that the poem, *therefore*, exceeds the measure of *its true and proper primary argument*, in those different proportions;' and they proceeded to deduce this further corollary, 'that Aristotle had, *therefore*, not sufficient sagacity to discern that excess.'

'But has Aristotle any where signified that he regarded either *the anger of Achilles* or *the prayer of Thetis*, as the primary argument of the Iliad? or as that by which he measured the poem? He has nowhere said, or implied any such thing. As, therefore, neither of those subjects form an argument possessing the properties which he ascribed to the main argument and action of the Iliad, the only inference that reason ought to have drawn, or which it can legitimately draw from those premises, is simply this, "*that Aristotle did not regard either of those subjects as constituting its primary argument.*"—pp. 21—23.

The remainder of the chapter, whence this passage is extracted, contains a statement and examination of the respective opinions of Pope, Lord Kaimes, Blair, Pye, Wolfe, and Heyne. At the close, we find a recapitulation of those inferences, which have been obtained; and which, to render every

possible justice to our Author's argument, we shall here produce:—

‘ We have now found reasons for coming to these two conclusions:—First, that Aristotle certainly recognized in the Iliad a primary and governing argument, agreeing strictly with his rules, and yielding all the results which he has declared. Secondly, that Aristotle and the moderns did not assume the same thing for the primary argument. It therefore now remains for us to inquire *which of the two assumed the true argument, and what that true argument was.*

‘ Since Aristotle has not stated the primary argument by which he formed his judgment of the Iliad, but has left his readers to collect it from the poem, because he thought it must be obvious to the attentive reader of the entire narrative, we have no means of discovering it, except by *a new survey of the whole poem.* If, in taking such a survey, we shall happen to discover an argument answering, in every particular, to the standard of the *poetics*; yielding the same results; co-extensive with the actual extent of the poem; and over-ruling all the objections opposed by the moderns to the judgment of Aristotle; I shall then think myself justly authorized to conclude, that *we have at length succeeded in recovering the argument which was contemplated by Aristotle, and, at the same time, the true and proper argument originally intended by Homer.*”—pp. 66—67.

From this general review we discover, that it was determined by Jupiter, that Troy should be overthrown, and the whole race of Priam destroyed, by the associated armies of offended Greece. But, previously to this catastrophe, Hector was to meet an honourable death in the field of combat, conformably to that desire, which, with such intenseness of feeling, he expresses;

ἀλλὰ με τεθνηῖστα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα κεύεσθαι,

πρὶν γε τι σῆς τε βοῆς, σὺ θ' ἔλκηθμοῖο, τυθείσθαι.—Il. vi. 464.

Achilles is the predestinated instrument of this chieftain's dissolution:<sup>1</sup> and from his destroyer is Hector to receive those rites of sepulture, which, in all ages, and in every clime, have been regarded as decent and necessary attentions to the dead.<sup>2</sup>

Such were the events, which were to precede the downfall of Troy; and the time of that downfall was nearly arrived, when we find an occurrence, apparently calculated to defeat the designs of omnipotence itself.

The destined period of warfare was fast approaching to its

<sup>1</sup> Il. xv. 68.

<sup>2</sup> Il. xxiv. 422. 425. 749.

close ; and Greece was anxiously awaiting that moment, which should substitute triumphant exultation for incessant conflict and employment ; when an animosity, as furious as it was unforeseen, between Agamemnon and Achilles, was productive of consequences, to all human calculation, at once destructive and unavoidable. Achilles retires from the conflict ; and determines in stern ferocity to withdraw with all his forces to his native land. And yet, notwithstanding the apparent inflexibility of his resolution, he “ slays Hector in the field, *which he had determined not to enter*, and delivers up for honourable burial his body, *which he had determined to consign to the dogs and vultures of Troy.*”—p. 87.

The means, by which this extraordinary revolution was effected, ought to be examined and developed with considerable attention ; as being the source, whence much information may be derived in support of our author's hypothesis respecting the primary argument of the Iliad. We shall, therefore, carefully follow Mr. Penn through this investigation.

On the twelfth day after that contention between Agamemnon and Achilles, to which allusion has been made, Thetis applies to Jupiter for the performance of a boon in behalf of her son.—*Il.* i. 495. Her object was, to obtain retaliation upon Agamemnon for that insult, which her offspring had experienced. For this purpose, Achilles was to receive gratification from the continual reverses of the Greeks ; that their generalissimo might practically experience his own insufficiency, when forsaken by *him*, whose valour had constituted the chief bulwark of the war. The answer to this celebrated petition, on which several critics have established an hypothesis, is at once reserved, and indefinite, and vague.<sup>3</sup> Whoever will diligently and impartially investigate the passage ; will reflect upon those circumstances, which accompany the reply of Jupiter, and the manner in which that reply is delivered ;<sup>4</sup> and will remember that the request of the goddess, so far from receiving a *complete* accomplishment, was in two memo-

<sup>3</sup> Particularly the expression, *ἐμὸν δὲ καὶ ταῦτα ΜΕΛΗΖΕΤΑΙ, ὅρα τελέσσω.*—*l.* 523.

<sup>4</sup> The answer is not readily given. On the contrary, we read,

τὴν δ' αὖτις προσέφη νεφεληγέρτα Ζεὺς,  
ἀλλ' ἄκερὸν ἄην' ἦτοιο.—*l.* 511.

When at length Jupiter replies, it is in a manner which denotes something more than common :

τὴν δὲ ΜΕΤ' ΟΧΘΗΣΙΑΣ προσέφη νεφεληγέρτα Ζεὺς.—*l.* 517.

We do not indeed wish to be understood, that the words *μέγ' ἐχθήσας* are not elsewhere to be found in a reply ; but we would have this whole passage examined in its connection.



rable instances denied—must, we imagine, be satisfactorily convinced, that there is little evidence to establish the prayer of Thetis as the primary argument of the *Iliad*. There is a sufficient degree of equivocation to allow Thetis to suppose, that her request is answered: and uncertainty and mystery enough to indicate, that much more is intended, than is anticipated by the mother of Achilles. Indeed, that Thetis was unacquainted with the full extent of Jupiter's design seems sufficiently manifest from a passage immediately succeeding.—*Il. i. 545*. Juno, ever characterized by jealousy and suspicion, endeavours to ascertain the nature of that grant, which had been made to Thetis. In the reply of Jupiter, a rebuke for presuming to investigate his hidden resolutions is accompanied by an assurance;—

“What may be known, *thyself the first* shalt know;  
The first of Gods above, and men below.”

Here then is a declaration, that Thetis was not acquainted with his design; and also a promise, that Juno should be informed of it before Thetis.

Accordingly, in the eighth book, Jupiter partially discloses to her his intention; namely, that he will not discontinue the successes of Hector, until the death of Patroclus shall once more summon Achilles into action.—*Il. viii. 473*.

But it is in the fifteenth book, that we discover the whole of his design. He there informs Juno, not only that Achilles shall resume his arms in consequence of the death of Patroclus; but also that he shall meet and slay Hector; after which every obstacle to the fall of Troy shall be removed.—*Il. xv. 59—71*.

Here then we find that ambiguous declaration, which was made to Thetis, brought to its final accomplishment; an accomplishment, neither designed by Achilles, nor imagined by his mother.

‘All the several great and splendid achievements of the first five days, with which the first fifteen books so richly abound, are working progressively, under the guidance of the supreme agent, to the ends revealed to Juno in these successive disclosures of his final plan; yet, at the same time, in apparent concord with the desires

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<sup>5</sup> The full design of this prayer will be discovered by comparing the request of Achilles to Thetis, *Il. i. 407—412*; the words of Thetis to Jupiter, *Il. i. 503—510*; and the subsequent declaration of Achilles to Patroclus, *Il. xvi. 97—100*. It will hence appear, that the wish of Achilles was, that himself and Patroclus should remain inactive at their ships, until the Greeks and Trojans had exterminated each other; and that then their forces might take possession of Troy. Whereas, Patroclus was slain, and Achilles in consequence called into action. Accordingly, upon this latter event, we find Thetis most bitterly bewailing her evil destiny.—*Il. xviii. 94*.

of Achilles, conveyed in the prayer of Thetis. The calamities of war multiply upon the Greeks, with but little fluctuation; and the superiority of the Trojans increases every day, with circumstances calculated to sting the heart of Achilles, had not every sensibility to honour, to shame, and even to common humanity, been indurated and deadened by the exorbitancy of his passion. When the reflections of his own mind prove thus unavailing for softening his obduracy, and calling him forth again into action; a well selected embassy is appointed to press and enforce those considerations upon his feelings, in the persons of Ulysses, Ajax, and Phoenix. But although he receives these illustrious chiefs with a frank and courteous friendship, he only avails himself of the occasion, which they afford him, to confirm with increased tenacity the declaration of his unaltered purpose. In consequence of the entire failure of the embassy, the disasters and perils of the Greeks continue still to increase; the Trojans force their entrenchments, and reach the Grecian navy at its moorings: while Achilles remains an unconcerned, or rather a gratified spectator of the whole. But the divine plan for *ultimately mastering his will*, now begins to unfold itself. He had resisted every natural and milder method of influence, and *one only* now remains, preternatural and severe, to which his obduracy compels Jupiter to resort, and by which it will infallibly be overcome. Accordingly, Patroclus, whom Achilles had hitherto detained in the same inaction with himself, is sent by Achilles to ascertain the person of a chief, whom, from his ship, he had observed to be brought back wounded from the battle. Patroclus conceives the noble and gallant determination of exercising all the influence which he is conscious he possesses with his infuriated master, for extorting from him permission to lead his myrmidons into the field, in aid of his unhappy fellow-countrymen. Achilles yields to the solicitations of his personal favourite; though, with manifested reluctance and anxiety, endeavouring, at the same time, to restrain the excess of his intrepidity and ardour, by prescribing injunctions and limitations. Patroclus is urged into the heat and fury of the battle by an impulse divinely sent; is wounded by Euphorbus, and at length slain by Hector: who, insulting over him in the agony of death, and pronouncing a contemptuous defiance of Achilles, declares his resolution of casting his body to the birds and beasts of prey; and afterwards, strips his dead body of the armour of Achilles, which he appropriates as a trophy to himself.—pp. 116—131.

The design of Jupiter is now accomplished. After an ebullition of intense and frantic grief, Achilles is influenced by inveterate revenge; and enters once more the field, unalterably determined to relinquish his exertions, only when Hector has fallen beneath his arms.—*Il.* xviii. 90—93.

‘He at length finds him, encounters with him, and slays him; and, boiling with vindictive and ferocious exultation, he revels in the thought of retaliating upon him the destiny which he had

doomed for Patroclus, by depriving him of the consolation and honour of sepulture. But, that part of the divine plan being now accomplished, which had pre-ordained *the fall of Hector by his hand*, the completion of that plan remained still to be effected; namely, that Achilles should relinquish his ferocious purpose of exposing his body to be torn and devoured, and should co-operate, *with his own will*, in affording an honourable interment to his remains.'—p. 138.

To effect this purpose, at a period, when his revengeful feelings were somewhat satiated by the indignities, which he had already offered to Hector's corpse; and the finer sensibilities of nature had been called into exercise by an attendance on those sepulchral rites, which had been paid to his beloved Patroclus; Achilles receives a command from Jupiter, through the medium of Thetis, to deliver up to Priam the dead body of his son. The command, as soon as announced, is obeyed.

'It was thus, then, that Achilles consented to receive a ransom for the body of Hector; and he received it, from the hand of Priam. He spontaneously tendered his pledge, that the Greeks should cause no interruption to the funeral rite by which it was to be honoured; and he moreover conceded to Priam, an unlimited power, of fixing the period of inaction requisite for the perfect celebration of the rite. And thus, the full purpose of heaven, in the memorable *preliminary to the downfall of Troy*, was completed to its final article; through the instrumental agency of Achilles.

From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns;  
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilium burns.'—p. 153.

We have now taken a general survey of the poem. We have witnessed the retirement of Achilles; have observed the ambiguous reply to Thetis; and have gradually traced the fulfilment of Jupiter's designs, until their final accomplishment in the death and funeral of Hector, through the instrumentality of Achilles. We have uniformly seen the will of Achilles distinctly marked; and yet have perceived him act in direct violation of that will; whilst, at the same time, his conduct is in perfect consistency with those contrary determinations, which are stated by Jupiter himself. We find this conformity effected by an exertion of omnipotence on the part of Jupiter; yet accomplished by means, designed for that end. In a word, we discover,

'that *the will of Jupiter* prescribes the rule of the action of Achilles, and is the *efficient agency* of the main action of the poem; and that *the will of Achilles* is totally subordinate to that supreme will, and is rendered its chief *instrumental agent* in accomplishing that main action. For, Achilles is made to *act*—and to act *by the rule of that will*—when he had most resolutely determined *not to act*; and to *do*, in substance and circumstance—*by the same rule*—what he had with equal resolution determined *not to do*.

‘It is not difficult, therefore, now to perceive; that THE PRIMARY AND GOVERNING ARGUMENT OF THE ILIAD, co-extensive with its extent, running through all its length, and reaching to its extreme termination, is—the sure and irresistible power of the divine will, over the most resolute and determined will of man—exemplified in the death and burial of Hector, by the instrumentality of Achilles—as the immediate preliminary to the destruction of Troy.’—pp. 163-164.

Such is the primary argument, which our author deduces from the evidence, a brief and compressed view of which we have presented to our readers. According to this hypothesis, as Mr. Penn proceeds to observe, of the main action of the Iliad, “JUPITER is the *chief agent*; ACHILLES the *chief instrument*; and HECTOR the *chief object* :”—p. 170. “This primary argument constitutes *one simple action*—*πραξις μια και τελους*: a single action of the supreme efficient agent; prepared in the beginning of the poem, and completed only in its termination.”—p. 170. It is also strictly *ἓν*—an entire and perfect whole—consisting of a beginning, middle, and end: and these of such a nature, as the definitions of Aristotle demand. In the anger of Achilles towards Agamemnon will be found the true and legitimate beginning—*ἀρχή*; namely, “that which is not a necessary consequence of any thing that preceded, but which necessarily gives rise to effects, which ensue.” For the animosity, which was excited between these chiefs, was by no means an unavoidable result of that circumstance, whence it arose; namely, the declaration of the cause, and remedy, of the pestilence. The obvious and natural consequence would have been, an acquiescence on the part of Agamemnon in that measure, which Calchas declared necessary for the propitiation of Apollo. The contrary conduct was productive of the anger of Achilles, which was followed by his inaction, and all its calamitous effects. Again, the death of Hector, followed by sepulchral rites, constitutes the proper *τέλος*, or end; namely, “that which followed, necessarily or ordinarily, from that which preceded, but which is followed by nothing else.” Lastly, the death of Patroclus, preceded, as it is, by the *inaction*, and immediately succeeded by the *action* of Achilles, forms the true *μέσση*, or middle; namely, “that, which has one thing to precede it, and another thing to follow it.”

But there yet remains one part of the Iliad to be considered;—a part, we doubt not, which will here present itself to our readers, as conveying what they were taught, in earlier days of instruction, to regard as the Primary Argument. The opening lines of that poem will, in all probability, be adduced in opposition to the inference, which has been drawn. Let us

examine, therefore, in what manner our author meets this objection.

It is a matter of notoriety, that punctuation was introduced at a period long subsequent to the date of this poem. Freed, then, from punctuation, the seven commencing lines will stand thus :

μήνιν αἶδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος  
οὐλομένην ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγεα θήκε  
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν  
ἡρώων αὐτοῦς δὲ ἐλάρια τεύχε κίνεσσι  
οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι Διὸς δὲ τελέετο βουλὴ  
εἰς ὃ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε  
Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.

' If we would now punctuate these lines, with a view to their direct and most obvious sense, by applying the common principles of language to their matter, and without any prepossession on the mind; we shall perceive, that they naturally divide themselves into *two paragraphs*, each depending upon the agent or noun by which they are severally introduced, viz. 1. *the wrath of Achilles*, &c., and, 2. *the will of Jupiter*, &c. We shall further perceive, that these two paragraphs are distinguished, in a relation of opposition, by the disjunctive particle *δε*, which is equivalent to *but, yet, nevertheless*. This distinction of opposition, marks the pre-eminence of the latter paragraph; and we are sensible, that although the *μηνις*, or *infuriated will of Achilles*, and its disastrous effects upon the Greeks, meets us immediately on the threshold of the poem, yet it is as immediately succeeded, and superseded, by the *will of Jupiter*, as paramount, and controlling that infuriated will '*from the time of its first incensement*." It will thus be found that the proëm, far from being sparing in its communication, as Wolfe and Heyne pretend, contains the essence of all that is diffused throughout the narrative, from thence unto the end; and that, to those who possess a previous general knowledge of the subject which the poet proposes to celebrate; as was the case of the first auditors; it contains, as Quintilian affirms, a compendious notification of the sum of the whole. Those lines, therefore, if attentively and critically read, will thus, in a manner, punctuate themselves :—

ΜΗΝΙΝ αἶδε, θεὰ, ΠΗΛΗΙΑΔΕΩ ΑΧΙΑΗΟΣ  
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγεα θήκε,  
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς αἶδι προΐαψεν  
ἡρώων, αὐτοῦς δὲ ἐλάρια τεύχε κίνεσσι  
οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι ΔΙΟΣ ΔΕ ΤΕΛΕΙΕΤΟ ΒΟΥΛΗ,  
Εἰς ὅτ' ἈΗ τα πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε

Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.'—pp. 188—190.

According, then, to this punctuation, the latter clause will

stand thus : — Διὸς τελεῖετο βουλὴ (ἐν τοῦ χρόνου) ἐξ οὗ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἰρῆσσαν Ἀτρείδης τε καὶ Ἀχιλλεύς : — “ the will of Jove was accomplishing from the time, when Atrides and Achilles were first divided by contention.”

With this opinion Aristarchus concurs ; and in a similar manner did the unknown writer of the *Epitome Iliados* understand the passage ;

Iram pande mini Pelidæ, diva, superbi,  
 Tristia-quæ miseris injecit funera Græcis,  
 Atque animos fortes heroûm tradidit orco ;  
 Latrantumque dedit rostris volucrumque trahendos  
 Illorum exangues inhumatis ossibus artus :  
*Confiebat enim Summi sententia Regis,*  
*Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas*  
 Sceptiger Atrides et bello clarus Achilles.

The proëm, therefore, suggests to us *the continual superiority of the will of Jupiter* : so that an examination either of the opening lines, or of the general narrative, produces one and the same result.

Here we might close this part of our subject ; but we are unwilling totally to omit some further observations of our author. Whilst treating of the nature of the Efficient Agent, Mr. Penn judiciously remarks, that in Homer “ we find an established recognition of the divine supremacy, omnipotence, and omniscience ; of the inscrutability of the divine counsels ; of the divine justice in punishing, mercy in pardoning, and power in delivering.”—p. 221. In a word, “ Jupiter, invested with the perfections of deity, yet, at the same time, degraded by many and great imperfections of humanity, is the efficient agent in the main action of the Iliad.”—p. 232.

With regard to the *instrumental agent*, in Achilles we discover an individual, exactly calculated for exhibiting the irresistible power of the divine will over every determination of man, however inflexible in appearance :—“ Irritable, irascible, in the most extreme degree ; susceptible of instantaneous, yet fixed and permanent revenge ; and relaxing the resolves of his will, while incensed, to no human influence whatever, either of honour, of pity, or of shame :”—and yet, by a singular combination, no stranger to ingenuousness, and generosity, and submission to the divine commands.

The mode, in which this *instrumental* is influenced by the *efficient agent*, receives no inconsiderable degree of illustration from a narrative, with which we are all from earliest childhood familiar. Resolute, and apparently unalterable, Pharaoh refused “ to let the people go.” Various efforts were made, and manifest miracles were performed, to persuade this unbending monarch to an acquiescence in Jehovah’s will. Each

successively failed. Then “the Lord said unto Moses; yet will I bring *one plague more*, and after that *he will let you depart*.” This final method, the death of his first-born, was adopted:—the result was instantaneous. “Pharaoh rose up in the night, and called for Moses, and said: Rise ye up, and get forth from among my people, as ye have said; and *get ye gone*.”

So was it with Achilles. The agonizing disasters of the Greeks—the concessions of Agamemnon—the eloquent reasoning of Ulysses—the galling reproaches of Ajax—the affectionate expostulations of Phoenix—all were unavailing to subdue his obduracy, and hostility, and pride. One only method remained:—the result of which was inevitable. Patroclus fell:—and the resolution of Achilles was instantly declared;

νῦν δ' εἴμ', ὅφρα φίλης κεφαλῆς ἐλετῆρα κυχέω.—*Il.* xviii. 114.

In one more instance was the will of Achilles to be subdued. Irritated by the threats of Hector respecting his beloved Patroclus, Achilles had resolved to expose the dead body of his enemy,

ἀπλავστον, ἄταφον, ἀντιῶς γλυκύν  
θησαυρὸν, εἰσορμῶσι πρὸς χάρις βοῶς.

To effect the desired alteration of his will no violent process was required. A command from Jupiter, to resign the corpse of Hector to his distracted parent, was delivered, as we have already observed, at a period, when some finer sensibilities of nature had been awakened in Achilles: and was in consequence immediately and readily obeyed.

We have now seen the result of our author's inquiries; and have arrived at that Primary Argument of the Iliad, which he regards as the true and legitimate Argument, originally intended by Homer, and afterwards recognised by Aristotle. And, if this hypothesis be adopted, those various speculations, which destroy at once the reputation, and even the identity of Homer, may be for ever consigned to the darkness and silence of oblivion. There is no scholar, we should imagine, who has not witnessed with mingled sensations of sorrow and indignation those processes, which have been adopted with regard to the writings of his favourite bard. The peremptory decision of some expunges from the text all such passages, as to *them* appear false, or inappropriate, or interpolated:—others would demonstrate, that the detached portions of the Iliad have been separate productions of different authors, which, by a fortuitousness little less than miraculous, have met, and formed one harmonious whole:—whilst an annotator possessed of bolder imagination, and more than usual intrepidity, would attribute the poem to various blind and peripatetic

individuals. But, if a primary argument can be discovered, justifying at once its length and various incidents, the Iliad becomes one grand and comprehensive whole: the unity of design evinced throughout demonstrates the unity of the writer: and those mists and obscurities, which darkened his reputation, are dissipated and destroyed.

For a general statement of those opinions, to which allusion is made, we must refer our readers to the last chapter of Mr. Penn's work; whilst we confine ourselves to an examination of two positions, which Wolfe has endeavoured to establish:—namely, first, that Homer did not commit his poems to writing; and secondly, that those compositions which are attributed to Homer were first committed to writing by Pisistratus, who flourished four hundred years after Homer.

That writing was unknown in the age of Homer is an assertion, in which Wolfe is not destitute of support. The only passages, respecting which an inquiry can be instituted on this point, are two, which are found in the Iliad. In the one, the Grecian chieftains are represented as inscribing their respective lots, for the purpose of determining, who should be selected to contend with Hector: in the other is mentioned that celebrated *πίναξ πτυκτή*, or folded tablet, sent from Proetus, king of Corinth, to Iobates, king of Lycia, by Bellerophon; in which were depicted *πολλὰ λυγρὰ θυμοφθόρα σήματα*, 'many sad and fatal characters.' The former of these passages, whilst it by no means disproves the existence of alphabetical writing, conveys no evidence of a contrary hypothesis; since any mode of inscription would have been equally calculated for the purpose, which was intended. The obvious and natural interpretation of the latter passage appears to us to require alphabetical writing. Wolfe, however, explains these *σήματα*, as "certain symbolical marks used among kindred." Such also is the supposition of Wood. Heyne regards them, as "certain particular signs, agreed upon by the parties, by which it might be intimated, in what estimation the messenger or bearer was to be held." In this last opinion Mr. Knight concurs.

Now, Cadmus brought letters into Greece, at least two centuries before Homer was known. We find, therefore, very considerable difficulty in imagining, that writing should be totally unpractised at a period, so long subsequent to the introduction of an alphabet; although we are aware, that some explanation has been attempted by a learned and accomplished author. (See *Mitford's Greece*. vol. i. p. 144. *Oct. Edit.*) But, waiving this consideration, upon what authority, we would inquire, is the hypothesis founded, that symbolical writing was ever employed in Greece? Upon literally none.



For, as our author justly observes, "it is no evidence that the characters were symbolical, that the words used by Homer will bear such an interpretation: for it is scarcely possible to speak poetically of alphabetical characters, otherwise than by a figure or periphrasis, that shall be equally applicable to symbolical."—(p. 299.) In illustration of this remark, the following passage from Ovid is adduced;

Ite hinc difficiles, funebria ligna, tabellæ,

Tuque negaturis cera referta notis:

*Amor. Lib. 1. Eleg. 12.*

which might equally be regarded as alluding to symbolical, were we not acquainted with the fact, that alphabetical characters are intended. And these observations we consider as a satisfactory reply to an assertion of Wood, that there are no terms in Homer, by which the art of writing is expressed.<sup>6</sup>

But Wolfe and Heyne seem rather to be of opinion, not that alphabetical writing was totally unknown in the age of Homer, but that it was confined to public inscriptions, and not introduced into private use. The supposition of the former, 'that it would have required at least six centuries to pass from the practice of engraving alphabetic characters on stone, to that of letter-writing in its ordinary practice, is too fanciful, and betrays much too partial an attachment to his own hypothesis, to demand a grave attention; even if it were as certain as he assumes it to be, that the former practice preceded the latter in the order of time: which is far from being the case. For a knowledge of, and familiarity with letters, must have been acquired by the eye of an artist on some plain surface, before he could have been able to proceed to the mechanical process of insculping them on stone.'—p. 301.

But, independently of these considerations, Mr. Penn produces evidence, that alphabetical writing was used in the age of Bellerophon; and that too for private purposes. For, in the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, Deianira employs the following terms;

ὁ δὲν γὰρ ἤμος τὴν τελευταίαν ἀναξ  
 ὀρμῶντι ἀπ' οἴκου ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ, τίς ἐν δόμοις  
 λέγει ΠΑΛΑΙΑΝ ΔΕΛΤΟΝ ΕΓΓΕΓΡΑΜΜΕΝΗΝ  
 ΕΥΝΟΗΜΑΘ', ἃ μοι πρόσθεν οὐκ ἔτλη ποτὲ,  
 πολλοὺς ἀγῶνας ἐξίων, οὕτω φράσαι.—<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Essay on the Original Genius of Homer.

<sup>7</sup> This line is printed πολλὰς ἀγῶνας κ. τ. λ. in Mr. Penn's work. So also Il. i. 3. is there,

πολλοῖς δ' ἰσθμούςας ψυχὰς κ. τ. λ.

We have in both instances made the necessary alterations; as these readings manifestly arise from typographical errors.

οὐδ' ὥς ἔτ' οὐκ ἂν, εἴπε μοι λέχους ἔτι  
 χρεὶ μ' ἐλέσθαι κτῆσιν εἴπε δ' ἦ τέκνους  
 μίραν πατρίδας γῆς διαίρετον νέμει.—line 155.

Upon this passage we find the following observations.

'This notable record proves undeniably, that Sophocles believed alphabetical writing to have been in common civil use in Greece in the age of Hercules, and that there were interests at that time in private life, which were worthy of being written; and therefore, that the requisite materials and implements were at hand for writing them. The δελτος εγγεγραμμενη can admit of no other interpretation in the nomenclature of Sophocles, than that of a *written document* in its most ordinary sense; and we thus find him speaking of a *written will* in that age, with the same familiarity and confidence that we do at the present day. We have no ground whatever for impeaching Sophocles of anachronical error in the date, which he here assigns to the current use of writing; or for supposing, that he failed in observance of that obvious rule of reason, which enjoins—"aut famam sequi, aut sibi convenientia fingere."—p. 303.

In the age of Hercules, therefore, which is coincident with that of Bellerophon, alphabetical writing was employed for the purposes of ordinary life. So, then, there is no evidence, that the σήματα λυγρὰ θυμοφθόρα were necessarily symbolical; that the πίναξ επικτὸς was not an ordinary epistle; and consequently it cannot be demonstrated, that there is no reference to alphabetical characters in the writings of Homer.

In addition to that passage already produced, we would suggest to our readers another, equally consistent with our Author's reasoning.

In the Hippolytus of Euripides, Phædra, unable to obtain from her step-son the gratification of an unlawful desire, destroys herself; having previously attached to her person a tablet (δέλτος), containing an accusation against the innocent Hippolytus. Theseus, upon approaching his deceased wife, perceives this tablet; and utters his feelings and resolutions in language, exquisitely pathetic.

ἔα, ἔα.

τί δὴ ποῦ ἦδε δέλτος ἐκ φίλης χειρὸς

ἡρτημένη; θέλει τι σημῆσαι νέω;

ΑΛΛ' Ἡ ΔΕΧΟΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΕΚΝΩΝ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΑΣ

ΕΓΡΑΨΕΝ 'Η ΔΥΣΤΗΝΟΣ ΕΞΑΙΤΟΤΜΕΝΗ;

θάρσει, τάλαίνα! λέκτρα γὰρ τὰ Θησέως

οὐκ ἔστι, δῶμά θ', ἥτις εἴσεισιν γυνή.

καὶ μὴν τύποι γε σφειδάνης χρυσηλάτου

τῆς οὐκέτ' οἴσης τῆσδε προσσάλνουςι με.

φέρ' ἐξελίξας περιβολὰς σφραγισμάτων,  
 ἴδω, τί λέξαι δέλτος ᾗδε μοι θέλει.—line 858—868. Edit-  
 Monk.

Upon unfolding the tablet, Theseus perceives the charge against his son, and immediately utters this bitter exclamation;

βαρὴ βοᾷ δέλτος ἄλαστα' πᾶ φέρων  
 βάρος κακῶν; ἀπὸ γὰρ ἐλόμενος οἴχομαι.  
 ΟΊΟΝ, ΟΊΟΝ ΕΙΔΟΝ ΕΝ ΓΡΑΦΑΙΣ ΜΕΛΟΣ  
 φθεγγόμενον τλάμων—l. 881—884.

ὦ πόλις, πόλις,

ἸΠΠΟΛΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΥΝΗΣ ΤΗΣ ἙΜΗΣ ΕΤΑΗ ΘΙΓΕΙΝ  
 βίᾳ, τὸ σεμνὸν Ζητὸς ἔμμ' ἀτιμάσας.—l. 888—890.

There is no way of rationally and satisfactorily explaining these lines, but by acknowledging, that they refer to alphabetical writing. Such therefore—since there is no greater authority for supposing, that Euripides is guilty of an anachronism, than there was, in the former instance, for advancing this accusation against Sophocles—was in use during the time of Theseus, who flourished about eighty years before the Trojan war: and consequently was both known and practised in the age of Homer.

In illustration of this same remark may be adduced two passages from Virgil, which are cited by Wolfe, although for a different purpose; namely, *Æn.* iii. 443, and vi. 74.

In addition to these, our Author produces a *third*, which is clearly indicative that, in the opinion of Virgil, alphabetical writing was commonly employed during the Trojan War. *Æneas*, speaking of himself, when he was returning to his ship from the shore of Actium, where he had landed, gives *Dido* the following relation;

*Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,  
 Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo:*  
 “*ÆNEAS HÆC DE DANAIS VICTORIBUS ARMA.*”

*Æn.* iii. 286.

So far, therefore, from authorizing that conclusion, which has been adopted by some learned commentators, the evidence, which can be adduced, satisfactorily determines, that alphabetical writing was commonly employed during the Trojan war: and consequently that Homer committed his poems to writing, and not to oral tradition.

But there yet remain some objections, not examined by our Author; which present more difficulty, than any hitherto

considered.<sup>6</sup> The first of these is ;—that all treaties, contracts, and truces, are verbal, accompanied with solemn invocation to the Gods. Now the only deduction, that can fairly be obtained from this circumstance, must be this ;—that alphabetical writing was not in common use during the Trojan war. That it demonstrates a complete ignorance of that art, we deny. For there is no difficulty in imagining, that, in those days of simplicity, when even every private undertaking of a momentous nature was preceded by prayer and sacrifice ; such observances should accompany the ratification of a covenant, involving the interests of more than an individual. If it be still urged that the contract was uniformly *verbal* ; wherein, we would ask, consists the impossibility, that alphabetical writing should be little practised amongst men, trained from earliest boyhood to martial achievements, and probably instructed by their warlike sires to regard every attainment of learning as unworthy of the soldier ; and yet that it should be known, and constantly employed by men of comparative education—by the prophet and the bard ? But, from the general nature of contracts, and some other characteristics of that period, discoverable in the Old Testament, it may as legitimately be inferred, that writing was unknown in the age of patriarchal simplicity. And yet, as we shall presently perceive, the conclusion would be erroneous.

With regard to an objection, that no written laws are mentioned by Homer ; we reply, that it proceeds upon a gratuitous assumption, which we are but little inclined to admit ; namely, that *public* is always anterior to *private* writing. The very reverse is likely to be true ; as we have already observed, in the words of our Author.

The last objection, which we have to notice, is this ;—that no prose writers existed till more than two centuries after Homer ; and that it is impossible, that poetry should so long precede narratives in prose. And why impossible ? If there be any reason for believing, that the earliest dictates of wisdom were derived from those, who delivered their instructions in verse—from Priests, or Druids, or Bards—why might not the use, or even the subsequent introduction, of writing give existence to poetical compositions, previously to prose ? But let us appeal to facts. That the book of Job is a poem, will be denied by none. Now the latest date, which has been assigned to this production, is, the age of Moses. Here then is an instance, in which poetry is at least contemporary with prose. But more than this. There is strong internal evidence, that this work was written at a far earlier

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<sup>6</sup> They are stated in Wood's Essay on the Original Genius of Homer.

period, than the age of Moses: and astronomical calculations have fixed the time of Job's afflictions to one hundred and eighty-four years before the birth of Abraham.\* Here then is a decisive proof, that poetry may be anterior to prose. If, as it is most rational to suppose, the book was written by Job himself, the period of two hundred years, by which Wood pronounces it impossible that poetry should precede prose, is trebled. If Job be pronounced a fictitious character, still, from internal evidence, the poem must have been written by some person, at least contemporary with the Patriarchs; and consequently the objection of Wood is equally destroyed.

But let us return to Wolfe; and examine some testimony, which he adduces from historical facts. It is a circumstance somewhat extraordinary, that the only evidence is that of Josephus; who flourished in the first century of the Christian æra. Now, independently of his suspicious character, from a natural disposition to support the antiquity of the Jewish Scriptures by diminishing that of all other compositions, the testimony of Josephus is far from positive and distinct. "It goes no further than to allege, that there was *much doubt and inquiry*—πολλὴ ἀπορία καὶ ζητήσις, among some persons, whom he does not specify, whether the generation of the Trojan war was acquainted with letters; and that *they say*, (i. e. one of the parties in this late dispute,) that Homer did not leave his poems in writing—*φασιν, οὐδὲ ἐν γραμμασι τῶν αὐτῶν ποιῆσαι καταλιπεῖν*. The fascination of system, and a strong sense of the want of some historical countenance and support, could alone have given to this species of testimony the weight, which it acquired in the mind of this learned dissertator."—p. 308.

We now proceed to the second position contended for by the German critic; namely, that those compositions, which are attributed to Homer, were first committed to writing by Pisistratus, who flourished four hundred years after Homer. The proof is divided into two parts:—namely, 1. that the poems attributed to Homer were committed to writing for the first time; and 2. that they were first reduced into their present form, by Pisistratus. To establish these assertions, he appeals to the suffrages of antiquity. And yet, if any one will carefully examine that evidence, which Wolfe has collected,<sup>10</sup> he will without difficulty discover, that the only writer, whose evidence will support the former of these declarations, is Josephus; concerning whom we have already spoken. "The rest only testify to the second simple and probable fact, that

\* Hales's Analysis, vol. i. pp. 183—187. See also, respecting the antiquity of this poem, Bishop Lush's Lectures, vol. ii. p. 333. and Magee's Discourses, vol. ii. p. 81.

<sup>10</sup> Proleg. ad Hom. pp. 142. 143.

Pisistratus collected the several portions of Homer's poems dispersed in European Greece, and first digested them into their present form; *i. e. at Athens.*"—p. 309.

Finally, from a careful investigation of the subject, we conclude, that Homer committed his poems to writing, and not to oral tradition:—

'That the Iliad was originally composed by its great Author in Ionia, to illustrate the sublime truth which it propounds, by means of a narrative of the deepest interest to his contemporary auditors: That, in a succeeding age, different portions of his extensive poem were introduced into European Greece, where they were occasionally recited, in the public assemblies, for the gratification of the people: That those who first recited them came from Ionia, and were denominated *rhapsodists*; as is to be inferred from the *Liv* of Plato, in which *the Ionian* and *the rhapsodist* is the same person: and that the portions which they recited, were called *rhapsodies*: That those rhapsodies acquired, from this cause, detached and separate existences, and became dispersed in European Greece: While the entire poem, too long for any single recitation, was not introduced there, until Hipparchus, son of Pisistratus, procured a complete copy, which he brought to Athens: By means of which standard, he was enabled to determine the just order, relation, and connexion, of the separate and scattered parts, which he called in and collected: And to which standard, it is very possible, that we may owe the Iliad and Odyssey, as we now possess them.'—p. 324—327.

We must here bring our observations to a close. To enable our readers to form a just estimate of Mr. Penn's reasoning, we have followed with attention from his premises to his conclusion; carefully avoiding either anticipation, or digression; and allowing the writer, in as many instances as possible, to speak for himself. From a careful examination, we confess ourselves converts to that primary argument, which has been exhibited as the result of our Author's investigation. The idea is novel; and well calculated to extricate from obscurity and difficulty all those passages, which a vexatious criticism has either pronounced, or would summarily expunge, as interpolations of some more modern and injudicious hand. Admit its truth: and all those systems, which would deny the unity of the writer; deprecate the length; and condemn some incidents of the poem; must be relinquished, and will disappear,

δνειράτων

ἀλλήλων μορφαῖσι.

But, in addition to the principal design, there will be found many valuable remarks upon various questions respecting Homer; and several most interesting comparisons of his theo-

logical tenets with those, discoverable in that volume, which is alone anterior in date, or more beautiful in its contents. There is in the work before us neither that triumphant exultation which characterizes, nor that bitter acrimony which disgraces, the publications of some profound critics and annotators, who are the irresistible advocates of those causes, which they respectively defend. In a word, the production seems to be that of a scholar and a gentleman; one in which adverse opinions are combated without unjustifiable ridicule, and novel ideas are stated with that modesty, which is uniformly indicative of genius and erudition. With regard to the style, it is both striking and entertaining. In a few instances it is careless; and, where reasoning is required, somewhat too diffuse. We would also condemn so frequent an employment of italic type. But these are very trivial imperfections, when compared with the merits of this publication. Without hesitation, we recommend it to the attentive perusal of every lover of that immortal poem, which should be examined alike by the scholar, the antiquarian, and the divine.

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ART. III. 1. *Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A. A Cento of Criticism. Eighth Edition. London. Brain. 1823.*

2. *The Life and Writings of the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A. By James Fleming, Esq. M. A. London. Knight and Lacey. 1823.*

THERE is a fashion in every thing—in coats, carriages, and compliments; in the style of a dinner-party, and the manner of its guests. There is a fashion, moreover, where that goddess of the *beau monde* might be supposed to have the least influence—in intellectual and literary matters; and he who scorns to measure his elevation or depression by this worldly barometer, can have no right to look for that success, which attends the diligent observer of the variable elements of modern society. The conceit of the self-exalted genius only lays its possessor open to the attacks of ridicule; and the want of a proper confidence meets with deserved contempt. The golden mean, which lies between arrogance and bashfulness, must be the standard and the goal for all, who aspire to a permanent and praise-worthy estimation in the eyes of their fellow-men: and, whether the bar or the pulpit be the theatre of action, the part must neither be overdone by bombast, nor executed in a slovenly and careless manner. He, who comes forward to please, or to instruct a world, must make the feel-

ings and the fancies of that world subservient to his purposes; for "he is," saith Shakspeare,

"A bastard to the times,  
Who doth not smack of observation."

We know of no instance so illustrative of the truth of these remarks, as the subject of our present consideration; for no one in these latter days has laid stronger claims to the merit of originality and genius, and no one has met with fewer thanks or acknowledgments of his success, than the Reverend Edward Irving of Hatton Garden, Master of Arts, or "Merry Andrew," ad libitum. Had we time to investigate the merits or demerits of this genius of the North, considered as an original, we should have but an unprofitable job of it; since he is so perfectly unique in his kind, that we should find more difficulty, than would be agreeable, in discovering to what genus or species of exotics he belongs; his connection with the others of the race, who beat "the pulpit, drum ecclesiastick," being so encumbered with links hitherto unknown in the chain of popular affections, that he may be said to appertain to no race or kind of preachers but himself. Doubtless Mr. Irving is a man of talent; but that glorious flower is overgrown by the weeds of vanity, pride, and conceit, to such a degree, as to be nearly lost to the observer of his mental powers;—a soil fruitful in promise, but barren in produce. When he first made his appearance in the Gaelic Chapel in Cross Street, all the world ran out to gaze upon him, as they would upon the new comet, or the Diorama:—young and old, men and women, flocked to his synagogue with greater devotion than to the new pantomime, or the opening of Parliament; and all went away amused or delighted: some with his bushy whiskers and apostolic curls, some with his beautiful *Stræbean* vision, and others with his wonderful skill in posture-making—figures of rhetoric hitherto unknown, except upon the stage of a country show-man. And, while Mr. Irving had yet no nobler audience than dandy apprentices, and beaux enamoured of the tragic start and pantomimic gesture; while Grosvenor-Square had not yet sent out its shoals of dukes and duchesses, and the Inns of Court their legions of briefless barristers; "all went happy as a marriage-bell." The new preacher was lauded to the sixtieth heaven of invention, and exalted to a place beside the brightest constellations in the firmament of fame. But fame, like physic, sometimes cures, and sometimes kills; and Mr. Irving should have known that glitter without warmth may dazzle, but cannot cheer. For a while, indeed, his tinsel oratory pleased even the Western wanderers; and the Scotchman was not held to be a 'Cale-



donian Bore.' Even Brougham, "that tremendous speaker," condescended to commend; and Lady Jersey volunteered her influence to canvass for admirers. Down came the plumed and belted warrior; the flounce-sworn peeress; and the lisping 'damosel;' and, rushing in like the mountain-torrent of his native wilds, the astonished preacher saw beneath him specimens of every character that walks the streets, or inhabits the palaces, of the mighty city. Some came to see, and others to be seen; such squeezing, pressing, and blustering, was never known nor heard of: Mrs. Siddons, or Miss O'Neill, never attracted such a crowded audience. The poor Gael was driven out by these invaders; and the steam of a thousand fashionables went up in his only chapel as incense to the vanity of this Northern candidate for popularity. But with this flock of idle and curious personages from the West came also some few wise men of the East, laden with pen and pencil, Bristol-board and Bath-post. Cruikshanks was there with his profundity of caricature; and the Reporters of the periodical presses formed his body-guard. Instantly the fame of the preacher was upon the ferment; and, borrowing wings from the chroniclers of the day, his renown was wafted to the four winds of heaven. From the Land's End to Johnny Groat's, every tongue was taught to utter praise, or echo laughter; and in a few brief days the Minister of the Caledonian Chapel was elevated to a height, which, if it raised him to the notice of the world, also exposed him to the assailments of every wind that blew. Some of these winds were boisterous, and spared him not, whilst they spread his name and character far and near. Newspapers and Magazines were loquacious about him, and for weeks his name was the shuttlecock of every place and party. It was not to be wondered at, that even Satire should find scope to discharge its arrows at him; since he came, the herald of his own praise, and patented by his own authority, to erect in the midst of all the wealth, power, and intellect of England, a new shrine for men to bow at, and to overthrow all the venerable institutions of all the pulpit orators of the time; borrowing the language and the style of days gone by to give to him a dignity, which he otherwise would not possess.<sup>1</sup> Now, what would men

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<sup>1</sup> The peculiar characteristic of Mr. Irving's style is a straining after originality of ideas, and the expressing them in the language of the time of Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and the other wonderful divines of those distant days; but what in them was allowed and reckoned ornamental, in Mr. Irving is perfect absurdity. Jeremy Taylor and Milton were consummate reasoners; and the strange and beautiful metaphors, which we meet with in the perusal of their writings, are admired and dwelt on, because they spring up naturally around the paths of the argument; besides, it was the custom of the age to employ such language. Had Mr. Irving

say, to see a raw Scotch dominie strutting up Bond-street in a bag-wig, and "three-niukt hat," with laced coat and vest, and all the ancestral splendour of his great grand-father's wardrobe? They would laugh, as well they might. "But, an' if" the said raw Scotch youth should, as he walked, denounce the present race of draperies as ridiculous and useless, what would the gazers say then? The turnkey at St. Luke's would answer for us. Just thus is it with Mr. Irving;—for, to borrow from the Trial, (which we must soon look over) he

'Claims to be like no other living preacher on this side of the Tweed at least; he has come to set *'an example'* to the whole body of the English clergy, of all denominations; for so exceedingly deficient have they all been in the performance of their sacred functions, that, according to him, there are *nine-tenths* of every class who know *nothing at all* about the truths of revelation. Our popular leaders, he tells us, "finding no necessity for strenuous endeavours and high science in the ways of God, but having a gathering host to follow them, deviate from the ways of deep and penetrating thought—refuse the contest with the literary and accomplished enemies of the faith—bring a contempt upon the cause in which mighty men did formerly gird themselves to the combat—and so cast the stumbling-block of a mistaken paltriness between enlightened men and the cross of Christ!"'—Trial, p. 35.

Such a man as this was a fair mark for the literary sportsmen of the metropolis; and accordingly their pens were put in requisition to bring him down. The result of these free discussions we have in the little work before us; which is certainly the most original piece of patch-work ever stitched in sheets. The writer of it (who, we understand, is one of the Smiths, celebrated for the work called '*Rejected Addresses*,') deserves to make a fortune by it; and we have good authority for saying he "will take no harm." This

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shewn himself as good a logician as his great prototypes, we could have borne with his overstrained, inflated diction; but, as it is, his *arguments and orations* remind us of those wooden figures on which dress-makers are accustomed to exhibit their newest and most splendid paraphernalia. Were it worth our while to pursue this branch of the subject, and point out in what respects Mr. Irving has laid himself open to the attacks of the critics on the score of affectation in language, we should have no occasion to look further than to the passages we have quoted in this article. But, as these must be evident to every one who opens Mr. Irving's work, we shall conclude this note with a passage from one of the authors of the age, the peculiarities of which Mr. Irving has so fantastically and servilely copied. "Beg of God a chastised imagination. A working fancy, how much soever it is extolled among men, is a great snare to the soul, except it work in fellowship with right reason, and a sanctified heart. Oh what a sad thing it is, that thy noble soul must follow up and down after a roving fancy! that such a beggar should ride on horseback, and such a prince run after on foot! that it should call off the soul from attendance upon God, when it is most sweetly engaged in communion with Him, to prosecute such vanities as it will start, at such times, before it!"---*Flavel's Saint Indeed*.

honest "bit of foolery," is worth all the foolishness of the great man it ridicules. It is drawn up in the form of a trial in the court of Common Sense, at the instance of Jacob Oldstyle, Clerk; the King versus the Reverend Edward Irving, M.A. The pleaders for the defendant are himself and Counselor Phillips; to whose turgid declamations the Orations of Mr. Irving bear some kind of affinity; being both attempts at a new and eccentric style. Mr. Macvicar, Mr. Serjeant Bishop, and Mr. Parsons are the counsel for the prosecution; and the preacher is indicted on the following counts:

' *First*, For being ugly.

*Second*, For being a merry-andrew.

*Third*, For being a common quack.

*Fourth*, For being a common brawler.

*Fifth*, For being a common swearer.

*Sixth*, For being of a very common understanding.

And, *Seventh*, For following divisive courses, subversive of the discipline of the order to which he belongs, and contrary to the principles of Christian fellowship and charity.'—Trial, pp. 3, 4.

The witnesses are the Editors of the works which have noticed Mr. Irving; and their evidence is extracted from the works themselves. All are represented in Masks, except Cobbett and Wooller; who do without them, because, as Dr. Dreghorn observes, "Brazen faces need none." The manner in which the book is written, proves, that personal pique has nothing to do with it; and we may therefore venture to speak of it, and to quote from it, without being supposed to be influenced by any considerations more particular than those, which we would give to any remarkably witty *jeu d'esprit*. Mr. Irving, to be sure, is handled roughly in it; and so are several of the witnesses, who afford a vast field for harmless satire and playful wit; but ample justice is done to him in the Defence, which, as an imitative piece of composition, fully sustains the fame of its author.

It is quite impossible for us to give even a summary of the matter in this interesting little work; but we shall extract certain parts, calculated to throw light upon the subject in hand, which is an endeavour to represent to our readers the *manner* of Mr. Irving's pulpit oratory. Of his doctrines we have nothing to say—in this place such a theme would be out of character.

It appears that Mr. Irving was Assistant to the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, and that he came to London, invited or not invited,—no matter—with the idea, that he was destined to convert the fashionable world from the error of their ways; a being raised up on purpose to evangelize the aristocracy of Britain. Be it so; we doubt not the vanity of Mr. Irving.

might suggest this to him : but how has he gone to work, and what has been hitherto the success of his undertaking ? We will answer the latter question first. The success of the enterprize has been, that Cross Street Chapel has become " quite a Vanity fair." Crowds came upon crowds, and " not one half of the assembled multitude could force their way into the Sanctum Sanctorum." " The chapel was crowded to suffocation—the heat was so intolerable, that some stout-hearted men fainted."—Trial p. 14. Mr. Irving too has been abused by almost every body ; the matter of his discourses burlesqued ; and his person caricatured. But we should be glad to hear that one convert has been brought over to practical Christianity—that one Sunday Evening *conversazione* has been dropped—that one pack of cards the less has been soiled at the Sunday card-table—that one Duke the less has travelled on the Sabbath—that one shilling the more has been given to the poor,—or that one single instance has occurred, wherein the power of religion has been felt more sincerely or more deeply, than it had hitherto been experienced. Mr. Irving has been called another " Paul preaching at Athens ;" but where is the Agrippa whom he has convinced, or the Felix whom he has made to tremble, except at the elevated tone of his own vociferation ? He has preached to be sure—preached much, and vehemently ; but his language has been " full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"—*Vox, et præterea nihil*. He had better, he may take our word for it, have adhered closely to Dr. Chalmers, and the good men of Glasgow—and have made himself a light, to enlighten the poor, instead of setting himself up as a beacon in the world of wealth, for weak men to flock to, and witty men to laugh at.

We regret that we are constrained to speak thus severely of a minister of the Gospel ; but when that minister forgets his high and dignified profession ; when he forgets that he is " sent to preach the Gospel to the *poor* ;"—when he forgets that he must adorn his life with humility, and his doctrine with " a form of sound words ;" that St. Paul has warned him to avoid " questions that minister not unto edifying ;"—and that he must " be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to *convince* the gainsayers ;"—no wonder that his hearers should accuse the preacher, and call in question his doctrine. The object of the Christian minister is, to " win souls to Christ ;" not to exalt himself in the eyes of his hearers, but to preach " the truth, as it is in Jesus." He must be all things, in innocence, to all men, that he may save some. Our Saviour himself came not to denounce the terrors of the Lord, so much as to preach Peace on Earth, and good will to Men. How did He convince the disbelieving Jews, but by the mildness

of his precepts, and the simplicity of his language? Nor did St. Paul, that masterly orator, before whom the declamations of Grecian and Roman eloquence are as the words of an infant, use any but the arts of reason to convince and to convert. But it is time to hear what Mr. Irving's accusers have to advance.

He is indicted first "for being ugly." But this is of no consequence in a preacher. Be he as beautiful as a statue, we are convinced his 'arguments' may still be crude, feeble, and unsatisfactory. Conviction hangs not on the hook of a nose, nor is sense expressed by the turn of the eye. If the chapel be 'every Sunday, a gallery of beauty and fashion,' Mr. Irving has the less need of personal Adonism. And there is also authority for this absence of the '*color decorus*.' Look over a volume of portraits or profiles of illustrious characters, and we doubt whether one beauty can be found amongst them. The present day, too, affords many excellent examples of the truth of this remark; two only we shall name,—Lawyer Brougham, and the Writer of this article,—a pair of as unsightly scribes, as ever scrawled quarterly criticism. Yet we feel happy in our innocence, seeing that neither can be guilty of winning love at first sight. Mr. Irving moreover makes up by art what nature has left undone: and we sadly suspect, that though "Love" be not "in those eyes," the blind God may "walk the mazes of his hair," and lie ambushed in those warlike appendages to his cheeks, to which the whiskers of the most bearded Dragoon are but a vanishing fraction—an absolute non-entity.

"Qui nondum Stygias descendere quærit ad undas,  
Tonsorem fugiat, si sapit."

We have heard much of the apostolic appearance of this gentleman. One literary nobleman, a close attendant on his ministry, but a heretic as to all but his person, did, we know, say that Mr. Irving's forehead was the finest extant; "bold as the Grecian-sculptured forehead of a hero or a demi-god, and magnificently Raffaellesque!" Yet he also stated, that he went to see him "precisely on the same principle, that one would wish to see a Rhinoceros, or a pig with five legs." We hope the Phrenological Society will examine the specimen at Cross Street, and publish the result in their Magazine of bumps—the organ of preaching we presume to be extraordinarily developed.

We have heard Mr. Irving called a barbarian orator, and "an accomplished barbarian:" and the director of the Liberal is made to say (Trial, p. 90), that he put him in mind of Adam, who was just such a man except that he was no Scotchman,

and had not black-hair!" "His features are hardened and have a barbaric crust on them; they are not steeped in the expression of Titian or Raphael, but they would do for Spagnoletti to paint; and his dark profile and matted locks have something of the grave commanding appearance of Leonardo da Vinci's massive portraits."—Trial, p. 90.

Dismissing the first count, we proceed to the charge against his manners. The trial-minutes say he is a "Merry-andrew;" and the Editor of the Album gives his evidence on this count.

'When he delivered the prayer, his eyes were forcibly closed; his mouth was drawn into an expression so pompous as almost to be farcical; the enunciation was studied and stilted to the last degree; the gesture was ungraceful throughout, and often vehement, and the matter was a succession of scriptural phrases linked together by language, aiming not very happily at the same style. Mr. Irving, I said to myself, means to make his prayer impressive by this manner: it is a pity he does not know that it is impossible to be impressive and unnatural at the same time. The prayer was concluded by the Lord's prayer, and the way in which he gave this, was perfectly sufficient, I thought, to decide his taste and manner.'

'It was mouthed, I might almost say, ranted, in the manner in which we are accustomed to hear the mock invocation in the *Critic* spouted upon the stage—the face was more than usually contorted—the voice was more than usually violent and unequal—and the gesture! Oh heavens! such gesture! During the preceding prayer, Mr. I. had stood chiefly with the arms slightly protruded from the body, and crossed by the right hand clasping the left arm about half way between the wrist and the elbow: but this curious and somewhat awkward posture, was changed when he commenced the Lord's Prayer, into one still more curious, and far more awkward. The arms were placed close by the sides, but raised perpendicularly from the elbow, with the hands erect.'

'How did he deliver the sermon?'

'The manner of delivery, Sir, displeased me as much as the composition. The Lord's Prayer had prepared me for a good deal, but I had no conception that it was possible any thing like the violence of enunciation and gesture which Mr. Irving displayed could have been used in the pulpit; or, indeed, anywhere else. Mr. Irving's solemnity, is vehemence; Mr. Irving's passion, is fury; and he is not guided in these bursts of convulsive frenzy by the matter which he is delivering. He throws himself into all the variations of attitude, which are consistent with every one of them being ungraceful—his hands are clenched—the sweat starts from his brow—his whole frame shakes—and his voice comes forth with a quivering sound from the extremity of his agitation; and all this, at a passage where manly earnestness was all that was needed, or indeed, admissible.'—Trial, pp. 27—29.

Really we think Mr. Irving must have studied postures from

one of those wooden harlequins sold to children at a fair ; for " though his action is redundant, his attitudes never exhibit any thing but sharp angles. Never, by any chance, is an easy graceful curve formed by his body. We may imagine the distressing effect produced by a preacher, who, whilst ranting and mouthing an inflated sermon from a book, indulges himself in cutting capers, like a dancing-master, and in throwing his legs and arms about in all directions, as though he were learning to swim or to fly." This is not an extract from the work before us, but from the letter of a person very capable of judging on the point in question, who went among the crowd to hear the Orator, and who had no interest to serve in giving his opinion. We are confident, that no one, thinking correctly upon subjects so momentous as those upon which Mr. Irving has treated, can tolerate such action, or such utterance, as this,

It would be well for all those, who aspire to fame as pulpit orators, if they would remember that *conviction* must ever take place of all appeals to the passions—the " still small voice" of reason will be heard, when the thunder and the earthquake and the whirlwind of the tongue have passed away unnoticed.

But the Hatton-garden gentleman " is a quack" also ! If not, there is no meaning in the preface to his " *Orations*," as complete a puff as ever was fathered on the compounders of Day and Martin's blacking.

In some passages, although we are fully convinced that it was little intended, there are expressions which savour of blasphemy itself. What apology can be given for these ? " The God of natural religion is like a great desert—dry, disagreeable, comfortless, deadly—where no one wishes to dwell !" " The God of Mercy is like Alsatia, *where the scum of mankind took refuge* !" Once Mr. Irving told his auditors, that he could denounce withering sentences, and call blasts from the desert ; a mode of speech, which not a little resembles the style and language of a conjuror upon cards.

Asto the charges of " brawling," and " swearing," we might easily bring forward whole sentences from his published sermons, and from his orations as he delivered them, (worse than those we have already produced), which would render any of his readers or auditors obnoxious to the stocks and tread-mill. " To call things by their right names, he is a mere scold," (p. 25). But " he does not confine himself to attacking the higher classes in the abstract ; he singles out individual characters—he thus takes advantage of that weakness of human nature, the love of scandal" (p. 24); and abuses with little discrimination all, who differ from him in sentiments or situation. His language, as applied to the army, is

false and loathsomely disgusting; as applied to literary subjects, perfectly ridiculous;—for what had the writings of Mr. Wordsworth, or of Dr. Southey, or of Lord Byron to do, mingled up with the doctrines of human responsibility and future judgment, in a sermon from the pulpit?—Or what can a minister of the Gospel have to do with Pythagoras and Plato, unless, like him who offered up a cock to *Æsculapius* on the Castle-hill at Norwich, he intends to preach the doctrine of Deism in the words of Antiquity?—which, we presume, is as far from his thoughts, as the delivering of a plain useful discourse in intelligible and modest English.

As to his brawling, we want no fairer instance than the following, in which one sweeping condemnation is unhesitatingly pronounced upon the morals of the whole population South of the Tweed.

‘He tells you “their holidays are days of dissipation, their cups crowned with licentious and blasphemous talk, their raptures intoxication and brutal excess, our fairs scenes of iniquity scandalous to be looked upon, our intemperance proverbial over the world, our prize fights a cruel game elsewhere never played at, our forgeries, our thefts, our murders, not surpassed if equalled in the most barbarous lands.” “The innocent sports of our villages for which weary labour was wont to relax himself, the cheer and contentment which blessed the interior of our cottages, and the plenty and beauty which beamed around their walls, the home-bred comfort and cleanliness, with all the Arcadian features of old English life, live,” he assures us, “no longer, save in the tales of ancestry;” and much he bewaileth, that “hard and well earned labour, broken with fierce gleams of jollity and debauch, poor-house dependance and poor-house discontent, nocturnal adventures of the poacher and the smuggler, and the depredator; Sabbath breakings, Sabbath sports, and Sabbath dissipations, are now become the characteristics of our city and our rustic people.”’—T. pp. 39, 40.

As to his swearing, we have a most inexcusable example in the following extract put into the mouth of one of the imaginary witnesses in ‘the Trial,’ the expressions of which in italics are quotations from the pulpit.

‘The egotism of Mr. Irving is unhappily not limited to a supreme disdain of other men’s powers and attainments; it dares even to ascend beyond this mortal sphere. He thinks so much of himself as to be to all appearance habitually divested of every thing like true Christian humility. When he speaks of the Almighty, the familiarity and levity of the language he employs is at times shudderingly revolting. In one place we are told that “God might be a *pattern* to all lawgivers;” in another, that the laws of God, of Him who is the source of all things, differ from all others in *the originality* of their principles; further on, that God is all perfect “like the Apollo Belvidere!!!” (a thrill of horror



through the court). In short, such is Mr. Irving's high opinion of his Maker, that he does "not doubt of the ALMIGHTY's force of character to carry any thing into effect." Then we have every now and then such expressions as "Oh Heavens!" "Oh my God!" "In the holy name of Christ, and the three times holy name of God!" "God send repentance, or else blast the powers they have abused so terribly?"—Trial, pp. 44, 45.

Then again we are disgusted with another horrible announcement, the offspring of a heated and vain imagination, which we quote to show that our strictures on him are well-founded. It is an offer to make a hell for his hearers;—a proposition certainly original, and altogether inimitable.

"Bring me all the classes of men upon the earth, and LET ME have the sorting and the placing of them upon this earth, and I shall make hells for each one of them without further ado. I would send the poets to bear burthens, and the porters to indite tuneful songs. The musicians I would appoint over the kennels, and the roving libertines I would station over the watch and ward of streets. I would banish the sentimentalists to the fens, and send the labourers of the fens to seek their food among the mountains; each wily politician I would transplant into a colony of honest men, and your stupid clown I would set at the helm of state. But lest it may be thought I sport with a subject which I strive to make plain, I shall stop short, and give no farther proof of this wicked ingenuity; for sure I am, I could set society into such a hot warfare and confusion, as should, in one day, make half the world slay themselves, or slay each other, and the other half run up and down in wild distraction."—Trial, p. 46.

*And this is what Mr. Irving calls preaching the Gospel!!*

After this, we think that even his brethren of the Scottish Kirk, if sitting on his trial as a jury, would find no difficulty in bringing him in guilty of "being of a very common understanding," the sixth count in his indictment; or, what is worse, of converting a very good understanding to exceedingly childish purposes. The following passage is excellent in its criticism.

"No man who hears him, or who reads his works, can remain without a conviction that he is a man of more than ordinary talents; but for my own part, I am not disposed to rate those talents half so highly as the author does himself. The self-sufficiency which Mr. Irving displays, is, of itself, an evidence of a mind not wonderfully elevated above the common level. He overrates himself as much from narrowness of intellect as from ignorance. He is not at all deeply read either in men or books; yet, for a person of his years, and with the opportunities he has had, he ought to know more than he does. His novelties are, for the most part, common places; his projects, revivals of things which have never ceased. He has imagination, but little judgment—Jacob's dream, without the ladder. He is all sail, without

ballast. His views want depth, steadiness, uniformity, consistency. He is an imaginer of premises, and jumper to conclusions. He is one of those who flatter themselves that they have such an intuitive knowledge of things, that they may spare themselves all the vulgar fatigue of inquiry; a single glance serves their purpose, and it is on single facts accordingly that all their reasoning turns. He would be a meteor in literature; for there is nothing, he tells you, like books, but places his chief dependance for attracting the gaze of the multitude, not on writing better in the style of the age in which he lives, but on strutting in the antiquated robes of his great grandfather. We have read of a Bishop in the olden time, who played at shuttlecock in the pulpit in order to fix all eyes upon him: Mr. Irving would do the same if there were no other way of bringing a "gathering host" around him.—Trial, pp. 46, 47.

The cause of all this is egregious, unequalled vanity.

'His censoriousness, his ostentation, his boastings, his denunciations, breathe all of something very different from the pure Christian spirit. It is not strong writing occasionally in favour of the tenets of the Gospel, that will mark the sincere believer; the greatest infidel that lives may do the same. The faith of a man must be evidenced by all his habitual modes of expression and habitual modes of acting; and more especially by meekness, by charity, by loving-kindness, before I, for one, can believe for one moment, that its home is seated in the heart.'—Trial, pp. 47, 48.

'Mr. Irving is ignorant, not so much for want of opportunities of knowing better, but from a vanity and self-sufficiency which have prevented him from availing himself of those opportunities he has had. He thinks he has nothing to learn, and that nobody knows more; he goes on expatiating, when his first step should be to inquire.'—Trial, p. 36.

Accordingly in his sermons, as we have already seen, he tells us, that

"Our popular leaders, finding no necessity for strenuous endeavours and high science in the ways of God, but having a gathering host to follow them, deviate from the ways of deep and penetrating thought—refuse the contest with the literary and accomplished enemies of the faith—bring a contempt upon the cause in which mighty men did formerly gird themselves to the combat—and so cast the stumbling-block of a mistaken paltriness between enlightened men and the cross of Christ!"—Trial, p. 35.

One specimen of his method of exhortation we take, as it is quoted, from the Trial, p. 8.

"Obey the Scriptures, or you perish. You may despise the honour done you by the Majesty above; you may spurn the sovereignty of Almighty God; you may revolt from Creation's universal rule, to bow before its Creator, and stand in momentary rebellion against its ordinances;" and so forth. "But come at

length it will, when revenge shall array herself to go forth, and anguish shall attend her, and from the wheels of their chariot ruin and dismay shall shoot far and wide among the enemies of the king, whose desolation shall not tarry, and whose destruction, as the wings of the whirlwind, shall be swift, hopeless as the conclusion of eternity, and the reversion of doom. Then around the fiery conclave of the wasteful pit *the clang of grief shall ring*, and the *flinty heart*, which repelled tender mercy, *shall strike its fangs into its proper bosom*;" and so on. "All, all shall pass away! And instead shall come the level lake that burneth, and the solitary dungeon, and the desolate bosom, and the throes and tossings of horror and hopelessness, and the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. 'Tis written, 'tis written, 'tis sealed of heaven, and a few years shall reveal it all. Be assured, it is even so to happen to the despisers of holy writ: with this in arrear, what boots liberty, pleasure, enjoyment—all within the hour-glass of time, on the round earth's continent, all the sensibilities of life, all the powers of man, all the attractions of woman!"—T. pp. 8, 9.

The readers of this extract will surely agree with the author of the Trial, that

' His orations bear the stamp of a mind perfectly bewildered; we have a jargon of words with an utter barrenness of ideas: there is no coming at his meaning, for he addresses himself neither to the head nor to the heart, and contributes nothing either to enlighten the one, or improve the other. He delivers himself in a dialect so studiously quaint and affected, as to be for the most part wholly unintelligible. He rolls his sentences one over another, with an utter disregard to any thing like logical order or consecutive arrangement. If the reader passes them over rapidly, it is so far well; but if he pauses over any one of them, to discover its tendency, or examine its truth, he will find that it is either so indefinite as to lead to nothing, or that when understood it leads to conclusions which no sound mind can admit. He delights not merely in rhetorical exaggeration of matters of fact; his discourses are full of idiotic trash, that any man of decent understanding would be ashamed of. He appears as if he sat down to write (to use a proverbial phrase of his country) with a *bee in his bonnet*. What man, for example, unless the faculties of his mind were disturbed, could run on in such a strain as the following:—"Masterful men, or the masterful current of opinion, hath ploughed with the word of God, and the fruit has been to *ineingle* the mind into the exclusive admiration of some few truths, which being *planted* in the belief, and *sacrificed* to in all religious expositions and discourses, have become popular idols, which *frown heresy and excommunication* upon all who dare stand for the unadulterated, uncurtailed testimony. *Such Shibboleths every age hath been trained to mouth*; and it is as much as one's religious character is worth, to think that the doctrinal Shibboleths of the present day may not include the whole contents and capacity of the written word. But,

truly, there are higher fears than the fear even of the religious world; and greater loss than the loss of religious fame. Therefore, craving indulgence of you to hear us to an end, and asking the credit of good intention upon what you have already heard, we summon *your whole unconstrained man* to the engagement of reading the word;—not to authenticate a meagre outline of opinions elsewhere derived, but to prove and purify all the sentiments *which bind the confederations of life*; to prove and purify all the feelings which instigate the actions of life; *many to annihilate; many to implant; all to regulate and reform:—to bridle the tongue till its words come forth* in unison with the word of God, and to *people the whole soul with the population* of new thoughts, which that word reveals of God and man—of the present and the future."

'Voilà un chef-d'œuvre digne de notre siècle !'

'And this is the orator of Hatton-garden, who can only be heard with admission tickets !'—Trial, pp. 32—34.

And thus we dismiss the charge against Mr. Irving's understanding; which, be it common, or uncommon, shows but little evidence of having reached maturity.

As to the seventh charge brought against him by his witty antagonist, "for following divisive courses, subversive of the discipline of the order to which he belongs, and contrary to the principles of Christian fellowship and charity," we grieve whilst we confess, that "many a true word may be—and often is, spoken in jest." We are enjoined in the Gospel "to judge not, lest we be judged;" and sorry should we be to impute to Mr. Irving a single motive which may not have actuated him; but whilst we have nothing to look to, but the Orations which he has published, and the sermons which he has preached, we have full authority for imputing to him most extraordinary attempts at excitement, in the course which he has pursued. We would readily acknowledge the zeal of Mr. Irving. Doubtless it has done much in raising him to popularity; but it has been grossly misplaced; and whilst it ought to have prompted him to a warm, yet scriptural strain of admonition, it has been leading him on in a strain of overcharged and sickly sentiment, and intolerable bombast, about almost every thing but the doctrines of Christ. He has said that his profession is neither apostolic, nor philosophical:—we answer, that it ought to be both. There is Paul to follow, and Jesus to obey; and *their* doctrines are purely philosophical, not indeed according to the philosophy of worldly men, but according to the philosophy of truth and nature. He has said, that almost all Christians (of course himself not included) have set forth nothing tangible upon the subject of future condition; that their heaven is the heaven of a metaphysician or a devotee,

not of a man; and that their hell is only a bug-bear with which to frighten children. But we forbear to enlarge upon this topic, lest we should forget our original intention, which was not to examine the theology, but the style of preaching of this new minister: regarding him principally as to his pretensions to oratory.

We may, however, slightly notice, *en passant*, Mr. Irving's system of *universal* attack. He is not satisfied with frightening his congregation by enumerating and denouncing their sins; he sets himself up as Censor over all the world, and impeaches the poets, lawyers, and divines of high crimes and misdemeanours against his better judgment. One would suppose the Satirist had him in his eye, when he described his hero:

“ For his RELIGION, it was fit  
To match his learning and his wit;  
’Twas Presbyterian, true blue;  
For he was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true Church Militant:  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss.”

But we cannot permit Mr. Irving, or any one else, to level with impunity his invectives against the clergy of our venerable Establishment, whose conduct, it appears, is not satisfactory to our Caledonian divine. The following words will exhibit his accusations, and their refutation.

‘ The charge of negligence and imbecility against the Clergy is one of the common topics of declamation in the mouths of certain orators and writers, with whom we should be sorry to con-found Mr. Irving. But how stands the fact? Look at the Establishment of the Church of England. Does it not boast of learned men, and able men, and eloquent men, and zealous men? Can-not any person, acquainted with the religious world, count you up various names distinguished as popular preachers, and will any other man than Mr. Irving (we mean with the same claims to be attended to) assert that, as a body, they are chargeable with neglect? Are not our Churches regularly served, and when did the press of the country teem more abundantly with religious works of all descriptions, from the sermon and the disquisition down to the simplest form of writing that can be made intelligible to the infant mind? Indeed, Mr. Irving admits this himself in another place, though he objects to the manner in which it is done. He would have the Clergy address themselves to imaginative men—to lawyers, physicians, and so forth. We have no objection that they should—not the least. Let them in the name of

God, and in the prosecution of his holy work, address themselves to all classes, in the manner most likely to reach the hearts and understandings of all; but we much doubt, whether those very imaginative men of whom he speaks, would not be the last in the world to give up the calm and simple eloquence of our established Clergy, for any glittering, glaring, model that could be submitted to their choice. Cowper, the poet, was an imaginative man, it will be granted; and we can all say what his decision would have been. As to what the particular taste of lawyers is, with reference to religious discussions, we confess ourselves incompetent even to venture a guess; for though the head of that grave body is a church-going man, and has been to Hatton Garden among the rest, it seems that he has his doubts, and has not yet been able to make up his mind, so as to give judgment in the case. There is many a poor curate now living upon fifty or seventy pounds a year, with no other earthly reward for his laborious duties and exemplary life, than the testimony which his parishioners bear to his virtues and abilities. If such a one should cast his calm eye over this sweeping attack of Mr. Irving, are there not some sparks of anger in the mildest of all breasts, and would he be chargeable with too great a portion of human infirmity, who, under such circumstances, complained before he could forgive?

This extract is from a pamphlet which has been put into our hands, entitled "The Life and Writings of the Reverend Edward Irving, M. A., by J. Fleming, M. A."\* Who Mr. Fleming may be, we neither know, nor feel desirous of knowing; but his "memoir, or criticism, or whatever it may be called," is very fairly drawn up, and does credit to his discrimination. He has canvassed the causes of Mr. Irving's popularity, and successfully proved, that it is owing to adventitious circumstances entirely; one of which is given in the Trial (p. 24); namely, that "no inconsiderable portion of his auditors are collected in the hopes of seeing some Royal Duke or Princess, some Minister of State, the famed Lady A., or the beauteous Miss B." We agree *in toto* with Mr. Fleming;

' That Mr. Irving, though a man of abilities, has been greatly overrated; that many circumstances have conspired to produce that popularity which his volume could never have obtained for him, and which it is even likely to overthrow: that as a preacher he has the advantage of an impressive delivery; that though his gorgeous and declaratory diction is sometimes sustained by genuine elevation of thought, it is more frequently exercised in overloading with common place decorations, which are themselves too often at variance with the plainest principles of taste; that he has made the worst use of some of our best writers; that he has made the most mistaken estimate of his own powers, which, if ever they

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\* See pp. 23---25.

enable him to stand a fair comparison with the distinguished men of his time, must undergo much preparatory discipline; and that, though his confidence may appear to indicate superior genius, and therefore to challenge praise there is a magnanimity in the moderation of a great mind, surrounded by applause, which is a thousand times more consonant with real dignity of character than the loudest boasting, though accompanied by the most indisputable pretensions.'—*Life*, pp. 37, 38.

We have drawn out this article to an unusual length; but we cannot conclude without one more quotation from 'the Trial'—the imaginary summing up of the Chief-Justice; which places the subject matter of our disquisition in a tangible shape, and cannot fail, we think, to amuse and convince our readers.

'The Chief Justice charged the Jury in his usual plain and perspicuous manner. He described the case to the jury as one of unprecedented importance. Well might the Reverend Defendant tell them all to look to their own souls; for the question at issue was, neither more nor less, than whether they were not one and all in the broad road to perdition, notwithstanding the many thousand guides whom they employed and paid well, to prevent them from straying from the right path. The jury were in fact sitting in judgment on the whole clergy of the united empire; for if the Rev. Defendant were really no mere pretender, as he is charged to be—if one half of all he says be true, then are all the rest of his clerical brethren (with such exceptions only as Mr. I. may be pleased to point out) a set of the most unfaithful stewards that ever lived. In proportion to the magnitude of these pretensions was, however, the difficulty of coming to the consideration of them, with minds as free and unbiassed as they ought to be. We were apt to start back from the claim of any man to be so much better and more enlightened than his fellows, and without admitting for a moment the possibility of the thing, were very likely to set him down at once, as that quack and brawler which Mr. I. was here alleged to be. When he looked, however, to the high respectability, intelligence and discrimination of the gentlemen he addressed, he felt confident, that from their minds every prejudice of this kind must have been dismissed, and that they had come to this inquiry, as open to a conviction that the clergy deserve all the opprobrium heaped upon them, as that Mr. Irving is entitled to the extraordinary precedence which he demands. The indictment, he was sorry to observe, was very carelessly and loosely drawn. The first count, touching the defendant's personal appearance, could not go to the jury at all. It was not laid on any rule of common sense: no punishment could possibly follow a conviction upon it. If a charge lay any where on this score, it was against nature, for casting so intellectually-gifted a gentleman as Mr. I. in so coarse a corporeal mould. Neither could the sixth count, which imputed to Mr. I. a commonness of understanding,

as a fault, be at all entertained; he liked men of common understanding, and only wished we had more of them; it was by pretending to a more than common share that there were so many knaves and dupes in the world. The remaining five counts certainly contained fair enough matters for human judgment, and these he would send to the jury. At the same time it was easy to perceive from the loose manner in which they were worded, from the width of the meshes of which the net was constructed, that they might, after all, catch nothing. The Rev. EDWARD IRVING might be a Mr. Merryman, but he would, at all events, be no merry-Andrew; he might be a quack, but no "common" one; a brawler, but no "common" one; a swearer, but no "common" one. Now, if the Jury thought that in any one of these respects the defendant was *something more than common*, they could not, though thus superlatively guilty, convict him on this indictment, but must give him the benefit of their verdict. The seventh and last count seemed to be the only one drawn up with any distinctness and comprehensiveness; and, perhaps, the Jury would direct their chief attention to the bearing of the evidence upon it. Much be wished to have been able to assist them by a digest of that evidence; but the task was one from which he shrunk in dismay. It was obviously a matter of no ordinary nicety and difficulty to balance such a mass of conflicting authorities, to say how much one was entitled to respect, and how little another. It might be a perilous thing too, to say all one thought of such and such—their corrupt leanings, their base subserviency, their low abuse, their habitual lying, their matter-of-business praise, and censure. He preferred, on all these accounts, leaving the Jury to judge for themselves on which side the evidence preponderated, not doubting that they would bring in such a verdict as would fully meet the justice of the case.—Trial, pp. 93—95.

Our last observations shall be directed to a more useful purpose, than that of pointing out Mr. Irving's defects. If his eye should ever meet these pages, he shall not have it in his power to say, that we joined idly in the outcry against him, without offering one word of advice to teach him how it may in future be avoided.

We would charge him, then, as he values the reputation of his name, to give up the chief features of his present style of preaching. He possesses a commanding person, a noble utterance, and a mind calculated to achieve things worthy of his high and holy calling. Let him, therefore, be content to do the duties of that calling, humbly and seriously; not regarding his own character a feather's weight, when the spiritual interests of his hearers are thrown into the scale. Let him send back to their own chapels and churches the thoughtless sycophants that now flutter about him; or endeavour to impress upon their minds by sensible and Christian arguments,



that they are not a whit nearer salvation, because they come in crowds to hear *him*, rather than the doctrines which he preaches. Let him open the Bible, and teach the Gospel to the rich, with a spirit of love, and not a spirit of terror. He has boldness enough to speak the truth in some things ;—let him preach it in others. One single sentence delivered in a pure and simple style, aiming at the amendment, not the abuse, of the opinions of his hearers, will be of more service, he may be assured, to their souls, than all the gaudy nonsense which he may talk for hours about subjects, the mention of which in his flowery and idle bombast falls but little short of blasphemy. Let him be contented to preach Christ, and not himself : to labour diligently in his calling ; a calling, that requires all the modesty, humility, and zeal, which any man can give to it :

“ For never any thing can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.”

He has gained a sickly and feeble popularity. Let him aim to strengthen and to keep it ; not by the artifices of a heartless effrontery, and obstinate ambition of novelty, but by the slow yet sure workings of a diligent and quiet labour. He must argue, not declaim ; convince, not abuse ; exhort, not denounce ; and gain by lowly, yet persevering admonition, all whom he can to God. Let him give up his vain and ridiculous exaltation of his own opinions ; and make his pulpit the place of teaching, not of virulent attack. Let him remember that

“ It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection ;”

and that men do not measure merit by pretension, but by proof. Lastly, let him reflect upon the responsibility of his holy office ; and that he, who sets himself as a teacher of men, must “ not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient ; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.”

It is within Mr. Irving’s grasp to become one of the lights of the age, and to acquire a character amongst the worthies of his time, which it will be the pleasure of future generations to admire, and their pride to imitate. This, we affirm, is within his reach : and, whenever we shall perceive any endeavour on his part to attain so enviable an exaltation, with the sincerest gratification shall we hail that endeavour, and with the most heart-felt satisfaction acknowledge his improvement. But if he perseveres in his present eccentricities, he will be as easily forgotten as he has been elevated ; and will have no right to expect a nobler niche in the temple of Fame, than is filled by a Southcott, or a Barclay ; a Hunt, or a Grimaldi.

**ART. IV. *Hulsean Lectures for 1823. On the Apostolical Preaching and Vindication of the Gospel to the Jews, Samaritans, and devout Gentiles, as exhibited in the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Peter, and the Epistle to the Hebrews.*** By James Clarke Franks, M.A. Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Vicar of Huddersfield, Yorkshire. Cambridge. Deighton, Stevenson, &c. London. Rivington. 1823.

THE Scriptures of the New Testament, which contain the Sum and Substance of the Religion of Jesus Christ, are also sufficient to supply the Christian Inquirer with a "Reason of the Hope that is in him." They have an irresistible claim upon our attention, not only as a faithful and unerring guide in every matter both of faith and practice, but also as the repository of the facts and arguments, by which their divine authority is established. In the discourses which were delivered by our Lord himself during his ministry; and in the exhortations subsequently addressed by the Apostles to their converts and opponents, during their labours in the cause of the Gospel as recorded in the Acts, and likewise in their Epistolary writings, the Evidences of Christianity are continually advanced. They are not indeed fully and connectedly discussed: but the materials, upon which the Advocates of our Religion have in all ages grounded its defence, are drawn from this source: and the wisdom and judgment, with which they were originally adapted to particular circumstances and occasions, form an additional proof of their heavenly Origin. Assuming therefore that the writings themselves are genuine and authentic,—which has been repeatedly and satisfactorily proved—a complete system of Christian Evidence is capable of being constructed, upon the exact model, and often in the very words, of our Lord and his Apostles. As far as relates to the former part of this Inquiry, Mr. Franks, in discharging the office of Hulsean Lecturer in our University in the year 1821, has considered the "Evidences of Christianity as stated and enforced in the discourses of our Lord." In the present volume, which is the result of his re-appointment to the same office, he continues the subject to the period of the Apostolic labours in the conversion of the *Idolatrous Gentiles*.

'Resuming the subject,' says our Author, 'at the point where it was left at the close of a former year, we shall be occupied in considering the early *history* of our holy Religion, when fully preached by the Apostles after the Ascension of Jesus—the gradual *advances* which it made—the *arguments* by which, as we read in the former part of the *Acts of the Apostles*, their converts

were first persuaded to receive the Gospel; and lastly, those fuller instructions, and more extended arguments, of certain portions of the *Apostolical Epistles*, which were written in order to establish the converts in the truth of the Gospel, and to fortify them against the Apostacy, to which, in that age, they were so variously tempted.—Lect. i. p. 92.

The knowledge of divine truth, which was necessary to enable the Apostles to discharge the important duties which devolved upon them after the death of Christ, was acquired *progressively*. It is true indeed that the Holy Ghost, with which they were to be filled on the day of Pentecost, was to be their permanent guide, and “to direct them into all truth.” But that this promise was not accomplished to its full extent on that eventful day, is evident, among other reasons, from the necessity of a further revelation to prepare Peter for the conversion of the *devout* Gentiles resident in Judea (Acts, x.); and subsequently, to set apart Paul and Barnabas, for the admission of the *idolatrous* Heathen into the privileges of the Church. In fact, the knowledge of the Christian Scheme, to that extent which was necessary for their *earliest* labours, appears to have been *gradually* conferred upon the Apostles *before* the day of Pentecost, at their several meetings with their Master, in the interval between his Resurrection and Ascension. Nor was any additional information, except the necessary effect arising from the completion of an important prophecy, derived to them from the spiritual gifts diffused by the Holy Ghost; which gifts were essentially designed as the signal for the commencement of their Apostolic exertions, and as the means of attracting the attention, and engaging the conviction of their hearers. That their views were previously settled, and properly directed, may be collected from the whole tenor of their conduct during the ten days immediately following our Lord’s Ascension; and more especially from the circumstance of their solemnly proceeding to elect a twelfth Apostle in the room of the traitor Judas. The Ascension itself was the event, which was to prepare them *finally* for entering upon their duties; since, by removing Christ from their view, it would dispel the wrong ideas which they entertained respecting the establishment of a Temporal Kingdom; and thus complete that insight into divine Truth, which Christ had gradually opened to them since his resurrection, by unfolding the true nature of the Gospel system, and its agreement with the Types, and Prophecies, and Promises of the Old Testament. The reality of his Ascension they could not doubt, as he was removed slowly and perceptibly from their sight; and the fact was afterwards attested by those Angels, the information of whom respecting the Resurrection they had

already proved to be true. Nor could the Jews themselves reasonably doubt their Evidence of the event; for they believed the Translation of Elijah, upon a similar attestation of Elisha.

Respecting the Nature of those Spiritual gifts, with which the Apostles were endowed by the effusion of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, there exists a great difference of opinion:—and Mr. Franks judiciously cautions his hearers against the novel and almost irreverent speculations, which have lately been set on foot respecting them in foreign Universities. Novelty appears to be the prominent feature of German Theology; and its professors are ever ready to adopt the most crude and absurd Theories, if they have but the merit of Originality to recommend them; and to set aside, almost without inspection, the sound and learned Investigations of the old Divines. But it is not with Divinity, as it is with Science:—for while the latter is daily and hourly improving, the former will always draw its richest treasures from Antiquity; and the nearer we approach the age of Apostolic Inspiration, the more satisfactory will be the result of our inquiries. With regard to the subject before us, we agree with Mr. Franks, that the gifts in question were no other than those “which the words of St. Luke, (Acts, ii. 4.) according to the authorized version, naturally suggest:” and that the design of the gift of Tongues was to enable the Apostles to publish the glad tidings of the Gospel to those, who could not otherwise understand them. For, although the purpose is not directly specified, the conciseness of the narrative will easily account for the omission. At all events, the reality of the gift is satisfactorily proved from the circumstance, that the Apostles believed themselves possessed of it, which they could not have done, if it had not been really the case. And the insinuations of those, who scoffed at the miracle, evidently imply an alteration in the speech and behaviour of the Apostles.

The earnest inquiry into the meaning of the miracle, which immediately followed the amazement of those who witnessed the effusion of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, afforded St. Peter,—endowed as he was with sufficient knowledge, and the necessary qualifications for his ministry,—the means of opening his vindication of the Gospel by an appeal to Prophecy. The occurrences of the day had been clearly foretold by Joel, and the Apostle naturally commenced his address to the assembled multitudes by directing their attention to the accurate fulfilment of that prediction in the events, which they had themselves witnessed. The conviction thus presented to their senses, prepared them for the Evidence, which he immediately offered, of the Truth of the

Gospel, derived from the Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, which had also been the subject of Prophecy. The consequence of this first Apostolic discourse was an immediate addition to the Church of three thousand Souls.

Jesus Christ had promised that his disciples should be endowed with the gifts of Healing, and the power of working miracles. The fulfilment of this promise was first evinced in the cure of the lame man at the Gate of the Temple, in the presence of a vast concourse of Spectators, who were assembling at the hour of prayer. The reality of the miracle, which they never pretended to doubt, having excited the curiosity of the multitude, St. Peter again availed himself of their awakened attention, to forward the interests of the Gospel. In the discourse which he delivered on that occasion, after assuring them that it was not by their own strength, but by the operative energy of the name of Christ, that the cure was effected,—he took occasion, in the first place, to prove the divine origin of Christianity, by appealing to the Resurrection,—as witnesses of which the wonder just wrought was a proof of their veracity—and the guilt which they had incurred in opposing it during the ministry of its Author. For the further instruction however, and consolation of those, upon whose minds he had made some impression, he proceeds to inform them that, inasmuch as they had “done it ignorantly in unbelief,” if convinced by the agreement of antient prophecy with recent events, they would abjure their prejudices, and embrace the Gospel, Salvation was still open to them on condition of Repentance. And lastly, he enforces his exhortation, by the consideration of impending vengeance on the impenitent,—which would inevitably happen, as it was foretold in a prediction of Isaiah, (xxviii. 11—18.) already in part fulfilled—and by an offer of mercy to those who refused not to hear the words of Jesus, whom God had raised up among them, of the seed of David, and “a prophet like unto Moses,” agreeably to the declarations of the Prototypes themselves. The result of this discourse was another considerable addition to the Church of “such as should be saved.”

This first apostolic miracle, however, was the cause of the interference of the Jewish rulers, and of the commencement of those bitter persecutions, which, in strict conformity with the predictions of their master, they were doomed to suffer for the cross. Under all their hardships, however, they never shrunk from their appointed Task; but by their invincible firmness and resolution, approved their fidelity and sincerity in the cause in which they were engaged. Constantly appealing, in their defences before the rulers, to the resurrection of Jesus, they established the fact beyond the possibility of a doubt: as they were never contradicted by

those very persons, who had set on foot the report that the body had been stolen. Unrefuted also, because incapable of refutation, was the miracle on the day of Pentecost;—and unanswered were the various arguments, which the apostles repeatedly brought forward in favour of Christianity, from the miracles of its founder, and the completion of the prophecies of the Old Testament. The proceedings of the Apostles under persecution are therefore convincing proofs of the *sufficiency* of their Evidence, not only for the Resurrection of Jesus, but for the general truth of the Gospel: while the conduct of the rulers shews us the *propriety* of such Evidence.

‘ St. Peter afterwards observed in his discourse to Cornelius and his company, that Jesus ‘ did not shew himself to all the people, but to witnesses chosen before of God, even to his disciples, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead.’ Had he also shewed himself openly to the priests and rulers, who had condemned him, it would indeed have been an undeniable proof to them of the fact; but it could really have added nothing to the force of that evidence, which had already been afforded them by the testimony of the soldiers, and the absence of the body. Their subsequent conduct towards the Apostles, who asserted the fact, proves that the rulers believed it, and were as unable to deny it, as they were to deny the miracles which those Apostles continued to work in attestation of their Testimony. As, therefore, the raising of Lazarus from the dead by Jesus himself, had only operated as a motive to devise measures for effecting the speedy destruction both of Jesus and Lazarus; and as the evidence which they had of the resurrection of Jesus himself only induced them to endeavour to silence, and to oppose and persecute, those who attested and published it; no other conviction would have been impressed upon them by his actual appearance to them after his resurrection, except that it was expedient to seize him, and to put him to a second death, in order to prevent the same consequences which they dreaded before, and which their language to the Apostles shewed that they dreaded still. The evident and increasing disposition of the people to believe on Jesus had occasioned their fears; and, assuredly, the public manifestation of one, whom they had seen crucified, would have convinced the people that he was the Messiah:—yet in such a manner, as would have renewed, strengthened and called powerfully into action, all their mistaken prejudices respecting the nature of Messiah’s Kingdom. We cannot conceive any other result of such a procedure, than that both the disciples of Jesus, and the multitude, would have been more than ever disposed to take him by force and make him a King; and filled with ideas of temporal splendour, and national glory, would have been ready to revolt from the Romans, and to take up arms in favour of their Messiah. If such had been the effect upon the rulers also, the evil would have been greater and more general. Then, instead of the evidence which we now have, not merely of

the *resurrection* of Jesus, but,—because of his proceedings and instructions after it, his ascension into heaven, and the out-pouring of the Spirit,—of the *Spiritual nature of his Kingdom*; we should have had a national testimony, either to something very different, or, whatever were the object of it, it would have been far more suspicious than that full and varied testimony which we now have; and the whole might have appeared, both to the Romans at the time, and also to posterity, as being little more than a pretext for throwing off the Roman yoke.'—Lect. 5. pp. 110—114.

It has been observed, that no opposition of argument had as yet been offered to the reasonings and testimony of the Apostles, from which the only fair inference is the inability of their opponents either to deny or to refute. In the dispute with St. Stephen,—of which we have only the brief record that "they were unable to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake,"—we recognize the first opening of the controversy between Jews and Christians, which has ever since been maintained, and must still be maintained, until the Jews are brought to admit the truth of Christianity. Baffled in argument, however, they had recourse to violence, and hurried Stephen before the Jewish rulers; where their false accusations gave rise to his defence, which is recorded in the seventh chapter of the Acts. The defence itself appears at first sight confused and inconclusive; but an attentive consideration of the peculiar situation in which Stephen was placed, and of the charges brought against him;—the nature of which was such, that either a *direct* acknowledgment, or a *direct* denial of them in the teeth of so many witnesses, must have been followed by instant death—will show the necessity of an *indirect* reply, and evince the force and propriety of his discourse. The reverence which he expresses for the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and his servant Moses, at the same time that it abundantly disproved the accusation brought against him, that he had spoken "blasphemous words against Moses and against God;" was also artfully intended to refute their erroneous principles, and to vindicate the authority and doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth. But such were their prejudices and obstinacy, that as soon as he added his testimony to the resurrection and ascension of his Master, they would endure no longer; but "ran upon him with one accord and cast him out of the city and stoned him."

The death of this first Martyr was immediately followed by a persecution so severe, as to cause the dispersion of all the Teachers of Christianity, except the Apostles, whose presence the exigencies of the times required at Jerusalem. Their dispersion, however, happened for the furtherance of the Gospel; for, convinced by the preaching of Philip the

Deacon, and astonished at the miracles which he performed, the Samaritans embraced the faith, with a readiness truly remarkable. It is probable that the impressive teaching, and the miracles of Jesus, in the regions round about them, had already abated their prejudices; which however were more favourable to the admission of his claims, than those of the Jews. The reasonings of Philip, though they must have been grounded, in the first instance, upon the prophecies in the books of Moses, might afterwards have gained an additional strength from the later prophetic writers; whose authority his bearers might have been gradually induced to acknowledge. The intelligence of this happy extension of the Gospel caused the immediate deputation of Peter and John by the Apostles to visit the new converts; by means of whose prayers, and the imposition of hands, they received the Holy Ghost.

There was still one intermediate step between the publication of the Gospel to the Jews and Samaritans, and its extension to the *idolatrous* Gentiles; in order to effect which it was necessary that certain prejudices should be removed from the Apostles themselves. There were resident in Judea certain *devout* Gentiles, called *proselytes of the Gate*, who, at the same time that they embraced the worship of the One True God, and were allowed to attend the Temple Service, yet were not required to submit to the ordinances of Moses. To prepare St. Peter for their conversion, he received that remarkable vision, which was directly adapted to announce to him the abrogation of the external ceremonies and peculiarities of the Law, by its allusion to one of the most important of them; while Cornelius and his family were similarly prepared for the reception of his doctrine. The arguments, by which he led his hearers to embrace the faith of Christ, were exactly fitted to the situation of persons, who were well acquainted with the fundamentals of true Religion, though they did not conform to the Mosaic ritual. They had not to be instructed in the knowledge of God; and their acquaintance with the Scriptures of the Old Testament, and their attendance on public worship in the Temple would not admit of ignorance of the promises concerning the Messiah; so that the subject matter of the Apostle's address to them was very similar to that of his addresses to the Jews, with the addition of an assurance that it was the design of the Almighty to communicate the knowledge of His will and favour to every creature under heaven. At the conclusion, he briefly recapitulated the principal transactions of the Gospel history, and enlarged upon their design and certainty, the nature and sufficiency of the evidence of Christ's resurrection, his authority as the judge of quick and dead, and the testimony of the antient Jewish



Prophets "that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of Sins." The effusion of the Holy Ghost on the new converts was an additional proof to the Apostle, that it was the divine intention to extend the Gospel to the Gentiles; and the whole transaction is calculated to establish our faith, and call forth our admiration of the gradual, sure, and wonderful method of the propagation of our holy Religion.

We have now pursued the steps of the Apostles, and of St. Peter in particular, in their labours to extend the Gospel, from the first effusion of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, to the conversion of the devout Gentiles in the person of Cornelius, and his family. In their several addresses, whether before the Jewish rulers, or the multitude, we find them continually appealing to the prophecies of the Old Testament. In the two Epistles of Peter—which, though generally supposed to have been addressed to those Jews of the dispersion who had embraced the faith of Christ, in conjunction perhaps with their Gentile fellow Christians, are equally adapted to every kind of Christian converts, since their conversion implies an acknowledgment of the authority of the Scriptures both of the Old and New Testaments—are explained the nature of the Evidence derived from those prophecies, and the principles upon which they are applied to Christ. The Apostles, and especially Peter, James, and John, were well aware that they had "not followed cunningly devised fables," inasmuch as they had been eye-witnesses of the divine Majesty of Jesus at his Transfiguration, as well as ear-witnesses of the testimony of God himself, then delivered to the fact. At the same time, the express purpose of his mission was clearly indicated by his superiority over Moses and Elias, and by the tenor of their conversation respecting his death. Hence they were furnished with an infallible assurance that the birth, death, and resurrection of Jesus accurately corresponded with the word of prophecy; and though their predictions could not be fully understood, even by the Prophets themselves, previously to their fulfilment,—which alone can furnish any decisive means of Interpretation,—yet when once we have the opportunity of comparing the event with the prediction, their correspondence will afford to our faith that confirmation, which they were eventually destined to furnish!

The labours of St. Peter, as the Apostle of the Circumcision, were directed more immediately to the conversion and

<sup>1</sup> Such is the sense which Mr. F. properly affixes to 2 Peter, i. 20. Upon the authorized version of this Text, which is certainly incorrect, Collins grounded an objection against the Argument from Prophecy.

confirmation of the Jews ; those of St. Paul, to the call of the Gentiles. In conformity however with the counsels of Almighty wisdom, wherein it was ordained that the Gospel should be first preached to that chosen people, "of whom, according to the flesh, Christ came," it was necessary that the commencement of his exertions should be directed to that quarter : and it was not till their prejudices and their obstinacy rendered his endeavours hopeless, that he turned to the Gentiles. The line of argument which he adopted in his addresses to them, immediately after his conversion,<sup>2</sup> of some of which there is but a brief record, and of others a more enlarged account in the early chapters of the Acts—is the same as that which our Saviour pursued in his reasonings with the Apostles after his resurrection. "In the first place, the prophetic descriptions respecting the life, ministry, sufferings, and subsequent glories of Messiah, were produced and analyzed ; and secondly, it was shown that Jesus of Nazareth was that Messiah, because in him all those predictions found their accomplishment."—p. 243. The faith of the Jewish converts, however, unlike that of the Gentiles—who would not be easily induced to exchange the pure Christian doctrines, when once embraced, for the forsaken absurdities of Heathen superstition—was continually wavering, and particularly under persecution. Their own Religion confessedly proceeded from God, and their unconverted countrymen failed not incessantly to urge the divinity and obligation of the Law, and the sufficiency of its ritual sacrifices. St. Paul therefore addressed to them in after times a learned letter,—for to him the Epistle to the Hebrews is generally, and, both from internal and external evidence, justly ascribed—with a view to establish their faith on these important points. With an Analysis and Elucidation of the more prominent articles of this Epistle, the latter part of Mr. Franks's Lectures is occupied. It would be impossible within our limits to do justice to this portion of the work in an abstract ; but we earnestly recommend it to the serious attention of our readers. We must content ourselves with a general view of the subject of the Epistle ; and this we shall present in Mr. Franks's own words.

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<sup>2</sup> In his 10th Lecture, Mr. Franks again reprobates the speculations of the German Divines, who would account for the miracles, which produced the conversion of St. Paul, as ordinary occurrences. He also offers some brief, but judicious, remarks upon a certain infidel publication, which has just appeared under the title of "Not Paul, but Jesus ; by Gamaliel Smith, Esquire." We had intended to expose the unfairness and malignity of this *Gentleman*, (who, it seems, sometimes finds it convenient to adopt an *alias*), but we have deferred our intention to our second number ; as we hope to avail ourselves of the labours of our excellent Christian Advocate, who has at present published only the first part of his *Defence of St. Paul*.

‘The words of the Text (Heb. i. 1—4.) are not only an introduction to the Epistle, but a summary of its contents, and a preparatory statement of those several propositions, which are discussed in succeeding chapters. In them, the Apostle also brings forward such other arguments, as either tended to establish the truth and superior excellence of Christianity, or to fortify the Hebrew Converts against the objections which the Jews urged, to the exaltation of Moses and his Law, and to the disparagement of Jesus and his Gospel. It was necessary that the subject should be so stated, so handled, and so applied, for the sake of those who then lived; and also to justify the Gospel against any similar objections; and to clear it from similar difficulties; in order that the same important truths might be more perfectly and impressively taught to all succeeding generations. And accordingly, with respect to several of the topics enumerated in the text, the detail of argument and illustration is such, as we find in no other part of the sacred writings; particularly respecting the doctrine of the sacrifice, priesthood, and intercession of Christ.’

‘The particulars just mentioned, and some others, are fully argued. But it may appear, at first sight, that the Apostle has taken many things for granted in the announcement of his subject, upon the full investigation of which he has not entered. And this is at once accounted for by the circumstance, that he was writing primarily and specially for those who were *already Christians*; although the entire argument was also not unsuitable for the conviction of a Jew who still adhered to the law of Moses. The latter *knew* what were the principles and doctrines which the Apostles promulgated respecting Jesus of Nazareth; and the former had already *admitted* their truth. There was, therefore, no need, for the sake of either, to repeat those proofs and arguments, which were already known and familiar, but rather at once to meet the objections against them, and to supply what might yet be wanting. He therefore contented himself with such an enumeration, as introduced what he had further to offer respecting those particulars, for their more complete illustration and defence. That design occupies the first four chapters of the Epistle, and afterwards the writer enters upon the principal subject which he had in view, viz. the superiority of the sacrifice and priesthood of the Gospel to those of the Law.’—Lect. xi. pp. 255, 256.

In the perusal of the Lectures, of which we have now presented him with an outline, the reader will be forcibly struck with the nicety and judgment exhibited in tracing the propagation of the Gospel through the various stages of its progress. The gradual advances which Christianity made among the Jews, the Samaritans, and the *devout* Gentiles successively,—and the propriety of the peculiar tone of reasoning adopted with each particular class of converts—are not readily observable from a cursory examination of the Acts of the Apostles. The novel and satisfactory light, in which

these points have been placed by Mr. Franks, must render his work highly acceptable to the Theological Student; while his clear and comprehensive Analysis of the Epistle to the Hebrews will afford a valuable addition to the Library of the finished Divine. The only blemish in the performance, which it is necessary to notice, is, that the arguments of Mr. Franks are not always fully drawn out, and consequently do not appear perfectly conclusive; and it is with difficulty that we trace the connection between each succeeding Lecture. The Author sees his way clearly before him in his own mind, and thus unconsciously omits those intermediate steps, which are necessary for the more ready satisfaction of the reader. Yet even in this respect the present Lectures are greatly superior to the preceding; and we doubt not that in completing this subject, of which perhaps the most important part,—namely, that which relates to the conversion of the *idolatrous Gentiles*—remains untouched, the defect will wholly disappear.

Four courses of Lectures have now been delivered in conformity with the requisitions of Mr. Hulse's will; each of which bears ample testimony to the zeal, the talents, and Theological research of the two individuals, who have twice respectively filled the Preacher's chair. We are not surprised that each of them should have called the attention of the University to the exhausting labours of the office. To compose, to deliver, and publish within the year, *twenty Lectures*, of that stamp and character which will sustain the credit of one of the most learned Bodies in Europe, must indeed be an exertion of the mind almost overpowering. In similar institutions, by consulting the comfort of the Lecturer, and enjoining no extravagant conditions, the Founders have ensured to Society the continued fruits of their munificence:—for, while the terms are honourable without being discouraging, a regular succession of Candidates will always appear. But we foresee, and we lament, the consequence which will inevitably ensue in the present instance, unless some provision be made for alleviating the difficulties of the task. It cannot be expected that persons will always be found, who will readily embark with the zeal of Mr. Benson and Mr. Franks, in an undertaking, of which the emoluments are scarcely sufficient to indemnify them for their expences, and of which the toil will probably occasion—as we believe it actually did in the case of Mr. Benson—a serious and protracted illness. We cannot say where the authorities rest: but of this we are sure, that something *may* be done,—and that something *must* be done, and done *quickly*.

**ART. V. *Australasia*.** *A Poem, written for the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, July, 1823.* By W. C. Wentworth, an Australasian, Fellow-commoner of St. Peter's College. London. Whittaker.

*Australasia.* *A Poem, which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, July, 1823.* By W. M. Praed, Scholar of Trinity College.

IT is generally considered, that the publication of a production, which has been presented without success in any literary competition, is designed to operate as a tacit reflection on the impartiality of the umpires. With this view of the question, however, we cannot altogether coincide. Of all compositions, whether in poetry or in prose, which have been submitted to the judgment of individuals or of societies, in reference to the attainment of some specific prize, that only which is successful ceases to be the exclusive property of the author. When a number of competitors, induced by the public proposal of any premium or reward, send in their respective compositions to the appointed umpire or umpires, they enter into a virtual engagement, so far as concerns the successful candidate, that all interest in *his* production shall be transferred to the adjudicators of the prize. This engagement, nevertheless, does not affect those of the candidates, who may not be equally fortunate. *Their* productions—unless it be expressly stated otherwise in the terms of the contract—are still their own property, and at their own disposal. If therefore any individual should think himself aggrieved by the decision; or should imagine that his composition, though it may not have attained the highest degree of merit, is still possessed of sufficient attraction to gratify or interest the public; he has an undoubted right to do what he will with his own: and it would be both ungenerous and uncandid to ascribe its publication to the heat of resentment, or the malevolence of discontent.

For these reasons, we feel no hesitation in admitting the truth of Mr. Wentworth's assertion, that 'by this act,' (namely, of publishing his poem) 'he does not seek in any wise to impugn the decision of those learned and respectable judges, who have awarded, to Mr. Praed's poem the Chancellor's gold medal.' We think notwithstanding, that it would have been more ingenuous, as well as more judicious, to have refrained from the subsequent declaration;—'that although he can never be brought to consider mere music the first requisite of poetry—though he can never fall into the ranks of those who

‘By numbers judge a Poet’s song

And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;’

(thus insinuating, that the judges are incompetent to decide on the *real* merits of the compositions submitted to their inspection) ‘yet’—for sundry reasons assigned in his preface—‘he bows to their award with all due deference and humility:’—a mode of speech very conveniently equivocal. It is somewhat difficult, after this, to give Mr. Wentworth full credit for the rest of his disclaimer: if however he be not perfectly sincere, he will indeed merit the character, to which he makes allusion in his preface, of ‘a partial and incompetent judge.’ For, notwithstanding the ‘trivial alterations, corrections, and omissions which have been made in the poem originally sent in’ (which, it seems, are noticed *in justice to the umpires*)—if smoothness and melody of versification; if a judicious selection of topics; a correct delineation of scenery; a beautiful tone of moral sentiment and devotional feeling; if any, or all of these, are indications of poetical talent, and contribute to form an interesting composition;—then would it have been impossible for any competent and unbiassed judges to have awarded the palm to Mr. Wentworth, in preference to Mr. Praed.

We cannot dismiss this part of the subject, without assuring Mr. Wentworth,—and we speak from long experience and intimate knowledge of facts—that the utmost impartiality is manifested in the distribution of academic honours in the University of Cambridge. We say *Cambridge*; because our acquaintance with the internal polity of the sister University is not sufficient to warrant a similar assertion; though of the fact itself we entertain no doubt whatever. During our own academic career, we have repeatedly witnessed instances, in which, if the Umpires had been swayed by motives of private interest, or feelings of personal regard, their decisions would have been widely different. But there is, we repeat it, no feature in the character of our Alma Mater more worthy of unqualified eulogy—none more honourable to herself or more beneficial to her sons—than the rigid and impartial justice, with which, at least of late years, her literary rewards have been invariably conferred. There is no preference here conceded to rank, or opulence, or influence: honours are, as they ought to be, equally accessible to all. And however, in any particular instance, the decision of the adjudicators may have been contrary to public opinion—yet, from the high sense of honour which is acknowledged to exist among the senior members of the University in their capacity of Public Examiners, we are bound to believe it in strict accordance

with their own sentiments—unbiassed—unperverted—and unbribed.

Mr. Wentworth's poem, it must be admitted, is not destitute of merit, though it has not been judged worthy of the distinction, to which the author aspired. It derives additional interest from the circumstance, that the author is himself a native of that vast and improving country, which was—and we think with great propriety—assigned as the subject of poetical competition to the junior members of the University. There is indeed much to censure in this first effort of Australasian genius—but there is also, something to commend: nor would we nip the early blossom of poetical fruit by the chilling blasts of too severe criticism. We trust that Mr. Wentworth will take in good part such strictures, as may be deemed indispensable; and we hope, should he consider our remarks worthy of attention, that the observance of them will not render the more extended Poem which he announces in his preface, *less* worthy of popular acceptance and applause.

Were it not for the contradiction in the first couplet, where the Queen of Isles, who 'sits alone,' is said to be encircled by 'a host of bending vassals'—we should consider the following extract no bad specimen of Mr. Wentworth's powers—

'Proud Queen of Isles! Thou sittest vast, alone,  
A host of vassals bending round thy throne;  
Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide,  
Her silken cygnets strew'd on every side,  
So floatest thou, thy Polynesian brood  
Dispersed around thee on the ocean flood,  
While every surge, that *doth* thy bosom lave,  
Salutes thee, "Empress of the southern wave."'

We cannot compliment Mr. W. on his judgment in the selection of words: he even goes out of his way to introduce such singular and antiquated expressions as the following:

'He loom'd portentful of impending fate.'

'Loom'd' is a quaint and obsolete word—and 'portentful' is an epithet of Mr. Wentworth's own coinage, at least we cannot find it in Johnson.

So again,

'And thou, fair Port, whose triad sister coves  
*Peninsulate* these walls.'

'Fie—fie—this is affectations.'

Mr. Wentworth, it should seem, has not yet learned, that the introduction of a name—at least of a *modern* name—into

poetry, requires to be managed with considerable art and dexterity, lest its abrupt occurrence should be offensive to the musical ear. He might take an useful lesson in this respect from his rival Mr. Praed, who thus elegantly interweaves with his verse the name of the great French navigator, La Peyrouse:

‘ Still science mourns thee, and the grateful Muse  
Wreathes the green cypress for her own Perouse.’

Whereas, Mr. Wentworth’s line, punctuated as in the copy before us, runs thus;

‘ And thou, fam’d Gallic Captain la Perouse!’

On reading this, our thoughts involuntarily reverted to our old acquaintance G. C. in the ‘ Rejected Addresses;’

‘ John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire.’

It is certainly natural that Mr. W. who, as we have already learnt from the conspicuous blazonry of the title-page, is a native of Australasia, should be actuated by strong feelings of patriotic attachment towards his ‘ Father-land:’ yet, flourishing as the town of Sydney is acknowledged to be, we can hardly conceive that the following lines can be descriptive of a place, whose population amounts, at the highest computation, to barely seven thousand souls.

‘ Lo! thickly planted o’er the glassy bay  
Where Sydney loves her beauties to survey,  
And every morn delighted sees the gleam  
Of some fresh pennant dancing in her stream;  
A masty forest, stranger vessels moor,  
Charged with the fruits of every foreign shore,  
While, landward, the thronged quay—the creaking crane,  
The noisy workman, and the loaded wain;  
The lengthened street, wide square, and columned front  
Of stately mansion, and the gushing font,  
The solemn church, the busy market throng,  
And idle loungers sauntering slow among;—

among what?—

We think Mr. W. would have acted more judiciously, if, like Mr. Praed, he had directed his views rather to the future prospects, than the present prosperity, of Australasia. Whatever Mr. W. may suppose, the settlement is still in its infancy;—an infancy, it must be owned, vigorous, and predictive of a glorious maturity.

It is a prevailing defect throughout Mr. Wentworth’s composition, that he endeavours to clothe ordinary ideas in



magnificent language ; and thus detracts from their simplicity, without adding to their force. Take the following specimen—

‘ Their’s too the task, with skilful hand to rear  
The varied fruits, that gild the ripen’d year ;  
Whether the melting peach, or juicy pear,  
Or golden orange, most engage their care : —  
Their’s too round stakes, or trellis’d bow’rs to twine  
The pliant tendrils of the shooting vine :  
And, when beneath their blushing burdens bow  
The yielding stems,—the gen’rous juice to stow  
In copious jar, which drain’d on festive day  
May warm each heart, and chase its glooms away :—  
Their’s too on flow’ry mead, or thimby steep,  
To tend with watchful dog the timid sheep ;  
And, as their fleecy charge are lying round,  
To wake the woodlands with their pipes’ soft sound,  
While the charm’d Fauns, and Dryads skulking near,  
Leave their lone haunts, and list with raptur’d ear.’—

pp. 17—18.

Now, we have no doubt whatever, that ‘ melting peaches,’ ‘ juicy pears,’ and ‘ golden oranges,’ are produced in *Australasia* in great abundance ; that the vine is cultivated with tolerable success ; that the natives make very palatable wine, which they preserve, not in the ordinary receptacles of casks and bottles, but more classically in ‘ copious jars ;’—but why, in the names of all the Muses, does Mr. Wentworth introduce such topics into his poem, and then state, ‘ *in justice to the umpires*,’ that several ‘ trivial corrections, alterations, and omissions have been made in it ; by which it is conceived, that the texture of some few of its parts has been softened and improved ?’ We know not whether the passage above cited has undergone this softening and improving process : but this we do know, that the University, whose province it is ‘ to prune the luxuriances of genius,’ would do well to pluck up such specimens as this by the roots. Such sickly saplings may flourish in the soil of *Australasia*, but will not endure to be transplanted into the hardier region of a British University. The lines,

‘ Their’s too on flow’ry mead, or thimby steep,  
To tend with watchful dog the timid sheep ;

will, it is to be feared, excite the cavils of some wicked wag, who may remark, that so great a change can hardly be expected to take place in the habits of the lower orders, as that they should be set to tend the sheep, which some of them were sent thither for stealing—unless indeed the dog is to guard the shepherd, as well as the flock—

Quis enim custodiet ipsos  
Custodes ?

Perhaps, however, we may leave this task to the Fauns and Dryads, who, it seems, are to '*skulk*' near, ostensibly for the more poetical purpose of listening to the piping shepherds of this Australasian Arcadia.

Though Mr. Wentworth is not a little extravagant in his aspirations for the literary eminence of the new colony :

' And grant that yet an Austral Milton's song  
Pactolus-like flow deep and rich along ;—  
An Austral Shakspeare rise, whose living page  
To nature true may charm in every age ;—  
And that an Austral Pindar daring soar,  
Where not the Theban Eagle reached before : '—p. 21.

yet we cannot take leave of him without sincerely applauding the warm and, as we believe, unfeigned attachment, which he displays towards the land of his nativity, and giving him some credit for the fearless intrepidity which accounts as an honour, what weaker minds would conceal as a reproach. As Mr. W. is not ashamed of his country, neither has his country reason to be ashamed of him. We do not indeed conceive, that he is likely to confer any great benefit on her by the publication of his poetry—at least till some very material improvement has taken place—but we *do* think, that if some degree of his patriotic ardour, moderated and directed by sound judgment and discretion, could be communicated to his fellow-colonists, much might be effected for the melioration of society in Australasia. In justice, however, to Mr. W., we will conclude our citations from his work with an extract, which displays some vigour of conception, some power of language, and, we fervently, hope some spirit of prophecy :

' Land of my hope ! soon may this early blot,  
Amid thy growing honors, be forgot :—  
Soon may a freeman's soul, a freeman's blade,  
Nerve ev'ry arm, and gleam thro' ev'ry glade ;  
Nor more the outcast convicts' clanking chains  
Deform thy wilds, and stigmatize thy plains :—  
And tho' the fathers—these—of thy new race,  
From whom each glorious feat, each deathless grace,  
Must yet proceed, by whom each radiant gem  
Be won—to deck thy future diadem ;—  
Did not of old th' Imperial Eagle rise,  
Unfurl his pinions, and astound the skies ?  
Hatch'd in an aery fouler far than thine,  
Did he not dart from Tiber to the Rhine ?  
From Dacia's forests to fam'd Calpe's height,  
Fear'd not each cow'ring brood his circling flight ?

From Libya's sands to quiver'd Parthia's shore,  
 Mark'd not the scatter'd fowl his victor soar?  
 From swift Euphrates, to bleak Thule's rock,  
 Did not opposing Myriads feel the shock  
 Of his dread talons, and glad tribute pay,  
 To 'scape the havoc of his murd'rous way?' pp. 15, 16.

It is only in a particular case, like the present, that we should have deemed it consistent with the plan of our work to notice the Academic competitions of very young men. It would be unfair to estimate by these first flights of genius the extent or brilliancy of that track, which they are afterwards destined to pursue. Experience has repeatedly proved, that the most promising, as well as the most discouraging, appearances may be equally fallacious. One of our principal motives for examining Mr. Wentworth's production was the apprehension, that he is not a *very* young man; since, as many of our readers will recollect, some years have now elapsed since he first appeared before the public as the bold assertor of the claims of *Australasia*. That which his prose has been unable to effect, we shall be rejoiced, though somewhat surprised, to find, that his poetry has succeeded in accomplishing. But, having in our remarks incidentally alluded to Mr. Praed, who *does* appear to be a very young man, we feel bound to take some notice of his poem, which obtained the prize. If it does not attain to the highest eminence among those productions which have been honoured with the Chancellor's medal in former years, neither ought it to rank among the lowest. It is as much superior to 'Palmyra,' and 'Imperial and Papal Rome,' as it is inferior to 'Mahomet,' and 'Pompeii.' Mr. P.'s language is easy, elegant, and harmonious; his versification flowing and correct; his sentiments are always moral, often devout, occasionally sublime. It is difficult to peruse his poem without thinking highly of the author, as a man—a scholar—and a Christian. If, in the exercise of our critical office, we are bound to specify some of its defects, we should remark, that there is too great sameness in the construction of his verse. Witness the six following lines:—

'Of darker error, and of deeper crime.  
 On purer pleasures, and on brighter views.  
 Another being, and a fairer fame.  
 With softer motion, and with sweeter sound.  
 A fairer feeling, and a holier creed.  
 A happier votary at a holier fane.'

There is also a want of consistency in some of his descriptions. It is not very probable that the sister of a man, who tended his father's plough, would sing in a myrtle bower; or

that his grandame would tell him long stories at twilight, when she would be much more rationally employed in preparing his supper:—

‘Oh! you may guess from that unconscious gaze,  
His soul hath dreamed of those far fading days,  
When, rudely nurtured on the mountain’s brow,  
He tended day by day his father’s plough;  
Blest in his day of toil, his night of ease,  
His life of purity, his soul of peace,  
Oh yes! to day his soul hath backward been  
To many a tender face, and beauteous scene;  
The verdant valley, and the dark-brown hill,  
The small fair garden, and its tinkling rill,  
His grandame’s tale, believed at twilight hour,  
His sister singing in her myrtle bower,  
And she, the maid, of every hope bereft,  
So fondly loved, alas! so falsely left,  
The winding path, the dwelling in the grove,  
The look of welcome, and the kiss of love—  
These are his dreams;—but these are dreams of bliss!  
Why do they blend with such a lot as his?’

Such pictures may be very poetical—but every person, who is acquainted with the habits and customs of the English peasantry, knows, that they must be utterly untrue. It is not a little provoking for one who can translate the language of poetry into that of common sense, to reflect, that this ‘tinkling rill’ is in sober reality a muddy ditch; this ‘small fair garden’ a plot of ground planted with cabbages, cauliflowers, and potatoes; and ‘this maid,’ a blithe and buxom country lass, who stays at home to mend stockings, or goes out to pick hops. Mr. Praed should remember the canon of Horace,

SIBI CONVENIENTIA FINGE!

We dare not quote the exquisite description of the death of Duaterra, a new Zealand chief, which is founded on facts related in the interesting work of Mr. Nicholas; but we cannot withhold from our readers the gratification of perusing the following passage, referring to the efforts now making for the diffusion of Christianity through those barbarous regions; a topic which Mr. Wentworth has unaccountably—and, but for his apology, we should have said unpardonably—omitted. It is difficult to say whether such lines are more honourable to the Poet, who writes, or to the University, which sanctions and rewards them.

‘With furrow’d brow, and cheek serenely fair,  
The calm wind wandering o’er his silver hair,  
His arm uplifted, and his moisten’d eye  
Fix’d in deep rapture on the golden sky,—

Upon the shore, through many a billow driven,  
 He kneels at last, the Messenger of Heaven!  
 Long years, that rank the mighty with the weak,  
 Have dimm'd the flush upon his faded cheek,  
 And many a dew, and many a noxious damp,  
 The daily labor, and the nightly lamp,  
 Have reft away, for ever reft, from him,  
 The liquid accent, and the buoyant limb :  
 Yet still within him aspirations swell  
 Which time corrupts not, sorrow cannot quell—  
 The changeless zeal, which on, from land to land,  
 Speeds the faint foot, and nerves the wither'd hand,  
 And the mild charity, which, day by day,  
 Weeps every wound and every stain away,  
 Rears the young bud on every blighted stem  
 And longs to comfort, where she must condemn.  
 With these, through storms, and bitterness, and wrath,  
 In peace and power he holds his onward path ;  
 Curbs the fierce soul, and sheathes the murderous steel,  
 And calms the passions he hath ceased to feel.

Yes! he hath triumph'd!—while his lips relate  
 The sacred story of his Saviour's fate,  
 While to the search of that tumultuous horde  
 He opens wide the Everlasting Word,  
 And bids the soul drink deep of Wisdom there,  
 In fond devotion, and in fervent prayer,  
 In speechless awe the wonder-stricken throng  
 Check their rude feasting and their barbarous song ;  
 Around his steps the gathering myriads crowd,  
 The chief, the slave, the timid, and the proud ;  
 Of various features, and of various dress,  
 Like their own forest-leaves, confused and numberless.  
 Where shall your temples, where your worship be,  
 Gods of the air, and Rulers of the sea?  
 In the glad dawning of a kinder light,  
 Your blind adorer quits your gloomy rite,  
 And kneels in gladness on his native plain,  
 A happier votary at a holier fane.'

**ART. VI.** *Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs, discoverable in Modern Italy and Sicily.* By the Rev. James Blunt, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and late one of the Travelling Bachelors of that University. *London. Murray. 1823.*

IT was when Alma Mater had completed those studies, in which boyhood had previously been passed, that Mr. Blunt

visited that country, which is endeared to every scholar by the radiance of earlier and brighter days. He soon perceived, as he informs us, vestiges of ancient manners and customs amongst the inhabitants of Italy and Sicily. The observations, which presented themselves, were entered in his journal: a second visit enabled him to trace each resemblance with greater accuracy: and the result of his investigation is communicated in the work, which is now the subject of examination. He professes himself uninfluenced by any design of attacking the Church of Rome, whilst tracing coincidences between ancient and modern religious rites; yet, wherever he has observed such coincidences, he has fearlessly and unequivocally declared them. This topic, as our Author observes, has already been discussed by Dr. Middleton in his celebrated 'Letter.' Such resemblances, therefore, as are mentioned in that work, Mr. Blunt has omitted; except in those instances, where they might receive illustration from the increased discoveries of more recent times. Having so far premised the design, with which this work is written, we proceed to an examination of its contents.

It is well known to every one acquainted with Italy, that religion enters, amongst its inhabitants, into almost every circumstance of ordinary life. There will, therefore, be no cause for surprize, if a considerable number of coincidences be discovered between the ceremonies and observances of the Italians, and those of their predecessors, who were so conspicuous for the frequent performance of religious rites. Accordingly, we discover a remarkable resemblance between the Gods of ancient Rome, and the Saints of modern Italy:—a resemblance, which it will prove interesting to develope by enumerating several of its particulars. First then, they are coincident in their numbers:—and that profusion of temples and altars in towns, and of fanes for rural divinities in the country, is now succeeded by churches dedicated to a host of Saints, and chapels every where erected to the Madonna. In the same manner, that multiplicity of religious festivals and holidays, which Augustus found it necessary to abridge, is, at the present period, as destructive of industry, as it was in former times.

Again, if peculiar sanctity was attributed to the pellucid fountain, as the favourite retreat of a presiding divinity; so now does superstition consecrate each spot, where some canonized individual has established his empire over waters, which derive their salutary properties from his merciful intervention. Hills too were regarded as places, whither the gods delighted to resort. Nor are all vestiges of this opinion destroyed: since churches and chapels are frequently discovered in ele-

vated situations. Add to this a most singular fact;—that to a majority of the hills some sacred appellation is assigned.

A third parallel between the Gods of ancient Rome, and the Saints of modern Italy and Sicily, will be discovered in the supernatural powers attributed to both. Temples were not unfrequently raised, to celebrate the protection of some beneficent divinity. In the same manner, Mr. Blunt observed near the altar of Saint Rosalia at Palermo a prayer in monkish rhyme, imploring from her the preservation of that city from earthquake, pestilence, and war; couched in language, which forcibly reminded him of the words of Horace respecting Apollo;

Hic bellum lacrymosum, hic miseram famem,  
Pestemque à populo, et principe Cæsare, in  
Persas atque Britannos,  
Vestrâ motus aget prece.

*Carm. Lib. i. 21. 13.*

Having so far traced the resemblance, we may also perceive it in the manner, in which the figures of the Gods and Saints have been respectively employed by the inhabitants of ancient and modern Italy. There was amongst the Romans a division of the Lares, consisting of those placed in the streets, and more particularly at the intersection of roads. These were called Viales or Compitales; and, by a decree of Augustus, were annually decorated with flowers. So also in the streets of modern Italy and Sicily, and particularly at points where several ways meet, statues of a Madonna are frequently stationed, generally adorned with garlands. There is one circumstance, mentioned by our Author, not unworthy of attention;—namely, that in Sicily he saw a statue of a Madonna Vialis, in whose hand were placed some ears of corn, and around whose temples was entwined a chaplet of the same materials. Little does the present generation imagine, that the honour, thus bestowed upon the Virgin, is precisely that, which their ancestors regarded as peculiar to the tutelary Goddess of this Island.

Tum demum vultumque Ceres animumque reponit,  
Imposuitque suæ spicea sarta comæ.

*Ovid. Fast. iv. 616.*

But let us trace this resemblance somewhat further.—Around these objects of veneration is the vesper religiously sung; whilst, as Christmas approaches, the pipe contributes its simple melody in celebration of the Madonna, whose image consecrates the spot. Nor does extreme indigence offer a sufficient excuse to any householder for withholding from the minstrel some pecuniary acknowledgment for his strains. How forcibly does this remind us of ancient superstition!

*Ante Deam matrem cornu Tibicen adunco  
Cum canit, exiguæ quis stipis æra neget?'*

Again, the divinities who guarded the entrances of dwellings; the household gods; and the *Dii Cubiculares* of antiquity, are now succeeded in their respective occupations by images, or pictures; of a Madonna, or of Saints. Nor are maritime affairs destitute of their presiding divinities. The same superstition, which, amongst the Romans, ornamented each vessel with images of their gods, now furnishes even the boats of Italy and Sicily with representations of tutelary saints. Does the hardihood of Britons call forth the indignant interrogation,—for what purpose is this mummerly observed? We reply—for safety and protection:—and evil is *his* destiny, who has embarked with a mariner, whose presiding divinity experiences a mishap. Let one example suffice. A party was proceeding by water from Naples towards Rome.

'The head of the saint having been unfortunately knocked off by some operation in managing the boat, fell into the sea. Nothing could persuade the master to proceed till it was found; which, from the motion of the vessel, and the drifting of the head, was not soon done. Meanwhile a foul wind sprang up, which prevented them from making Ostia, till after a most tedious and troublesome delay.'—p. 33.

But these are not the only objects of veneration to Italian sailors. That meteoric appearance, formerly denominated *Castor* and *Pollux*,

*'Quorum simul alba nautis  
Stella refulsit,  
Concidit ventis agitatus humor;'*

is still regarded with equal veneration, under the name of *St. Peter* and *St. Nicholas*. One other circumstance respecting maritime affairs; and we have done.

'The boatmen of Italy and Sicily, instead of sitting and pulling the oar towards them, stand and push it forwards. Now I observed the same method of propelling a small vessel in one of the *Herculanean* pictures; and the expression '*incumbere remis*' seems particularly applicable to such a practice. At the same time, as notice is taken in Latin authors of the *transtra*, or benches for the rowers, it is certain that such a method was not adopted to the exclusion of that now generally in use amongst more northern nations. It may be further remarked, that in Sicily the old naval precaution of drawing the vessels ashore is still employed; and for this purpose, large iron hooks are fixed to the sides of the *latinas* and *sparonaras*.—p. 38.

But,—to return to the topic more immediately under discussion,—for whatever purpose, and in whatever situation, the *Lares* were anciently employed, are images of a Madonna, or of Saints, substituted in modern Italy and Sicily.



We must not, however, forget one subject, which is possessed of more than usual peculiarity;—the adoration so uniformly and conspicuously paid to the Virgin. In peril or accidents; in common asseverations; and in every occurrence of ordinary life; her name is that, which is spontaneously uttered. Whence then arises this singular phenomenon in a Christian country? To what origin are we to ascribe a practice, which may justly be denominated the worship of a Female Divinity? Our Author is of opinion, and we think with reason, that it is to be deduced from ancient times. That female divinities were worshipped in Rome is a fact, too well authenticated to admit contradiction. But this is not all. In *Ægypt* greater veneration was displayed towards such, than towards deities of the opposite sex: consequently, in those instances, in which the objects of adoration were brought from *Ægypt* to Italy, it is probable this same precedence would continue. Indeed such actually was the case, when Isis and Serapis were upited in one temple at Rome. Now Christianity afforded no countenance to such a practice; and yet the nature of Gentilism required the existence of some Goddess. There is, therefore, nothing very surprising, if, between the predisposition of new converts from Idolatry, and the temporising conduct of some early Christians, the worship, formerly paid to several female divinities, should be concentrated and exclusively bestowed upon the Virgin;—the only female object of adoration, in which Christianity could afford any shadow of support. There was yet another circumstance, calculated to confirm them in this practice;—the appellations, *Θεοτοκος* and ‘*Mater Dei*,’ bestowed by Christians on the Virgin Mary. Let these titles be compared with that of ‘*Mother of the Gods*,’ which was universally attributed to Cybele, one of the most venerable of Pagan divinities; and we shall be more forcibly convinced, that modern Italy has derived its distinguishing characteristic in religion from ancient Rome.

In following our Author, we next arrive at the festival of St. Agatha, the tutelary saint of Catania: for, as of old each town expected deliverance from some presiding divinity, so in modern Italy and Sicily every town has its protecting saint. Now, since holy Agatha has but succeeded ‘*alma Ceres*,’ as guardian of Catania, it is reasonable to imagine, that, in religious ceremonies paid to the former, there may be traced resemblances to those, anciently observed in honour of the latter. Accordingly, such our Author has distinctly developed. For the horse-race; the profusion of immense candles and more humble tapers; the procession of priests of various denominations, and of clubs or associations of tradesmen and artisans; the parade of the image, stationed on a ponderous car, and drawn by more than twenty yoke of oxen; the dress

of the attendant populace; and various other circumstances and observances; are all manifestly derived from antiquity, and principally, if not exclusively, from the worship of Ceres. But possibly our readers may be anxious for some account of these modern ceremonies and observances. We, therefore, select the following passage, which will probably excite their risibility; although it must also be perused with commiseration, when it is remembered, that it constitutes a portion of a religious festival. We allude to the horse-race.

'The course is the principal street, which in Catania, as in most other towns, is from this circumstance called the Corso. The ponies destined for the contest have no riders; but by means of wax, ribbons are firmly attached to their backs; and to these again are appended bladders, and weighted pieces of wood armed with sharp spikes; the noise of the one, and the pain inflicted by the other, being amply sufficient to urge to exertion animals much better qualified to resist the effects of either than the horse. At the firing of a signal gun they are turned loose from one extremity of the street; and amidst the shouts of the populace which lines it on both sides, they make what haste they can to the other. Here I discovered, to my great surprize, sitting in the open air, under a canopy of crimson, arrayed in robes of office a good deal resembling those of our barristers, the members of the Senate, with their Intendente or President. The business of these first magistrates of the city, decked out in all their paraphernalia, and attended by drummers and fifers and musketeers, was to declare the winner amongst half a dozen jades, the best of which was not worth ten pounds. It was difficult to suppress a smile on seeing one of the parties rise, discuss the matter with the rest of the bench, and, not without much action and emphasis and deliberation, deliver the *senatus consultum* to the expecting crowd. The mottos on the canopy might have been selected for the purposes of burlesque, '*In-victus supero*,' '*Catana Regum Tutrix*,' '*(astigo rebelles*.' p. 59, 60.

A strange mixture truly of pomp and poverty and superstition!

We also give the following Extract, as assigning a very probable origin for an article of papal ornament.

'Amongst the attendants of the Bishop of Catania were two persons who stood by his side holding fans of peacocks' tails. They were called '*Cacciamuschi*,' or fly-hunters. I have since also observed similar servants in waiting upon the Pope. Indeed when his holiness, from the balcony over the great entrance to St. Peter's, bestows his blessing on the multitude below him, two white peacocks' tails, forming a skreen, are raised and expanded at the back of his gorgeous chair. But as there is no reason for supposing that flies will be more vexatious on occasions of sacerdotal state, (and on those alone such officers are now employed,) than at other times; and moreover as the men never appear to make any practical use of these implements, it might have been conjec-

tured that they had their appointment at some period when their services were more necessary than at present, and have since been retained simply as ministers of parade. Certain it is, then, that in the wealthier families of old Rome such persons formed a part of the establishment. By Plautus they are called 'Flabelliferæ,' and are enumerated amongst the other domestics :

Familia tota

Vestispicæ, unctor, auri custos, flabelliferæ, sandaligeristæ, &c.

*Trin. 2. i. 22.*

'What then was their peculiar office? An epigram in Martial enables us to answer this inquiry. It was to chase the flies from the food upon the dinner table :

Lambere quæ turpes prohibet tua prandia muscas

Alitis eximix cauda superba fuit. 14. 67.

'But they were also in attendance upon the ancient sacrifices, as appears from a picture at Herculaneum: no doubt for the same purpose; to disperse the flies which would naturally collect round the flesh offerings prepared for the gods. This was an adequate reason for the institution of such officers. And, now, though the meat is no longer laid upon the altar, and therefore their assistance called for no more, still are they retained, either from unconsciousness of their origin, or from that reluctance so remarkable in the church of Rome to resign a particle of the pomp which distinguishes her services.' pp. 77—80.

But it is not merely in the ceremonies, but also in the religious edifices, of Italy and Sicily, that resemblances are discoverable to ancient times. The conversion of Heathen temples into churches, during the reign of Theodosius, and some succeeding Emperors, imperceptibly removed those barriers, behind which Christianity had previously intrenched itself in undiminished purity, and uncompromising firmness. Those utensils, which had been ornaments of the Temple, would in all probability be permitted to remain as the innocent furniture of the Church. What cause, then, is there for astonishment, if the traveller in Italy or Sicily finds within its houses of prayer relics of ancient Rome? But there are other points of coincidence. The number of Christian churches corresponds with that of Heathen edifices. Nay more: if of old several temples were dedicated to the same Divinity under different titles; so now are various churches erected to one Madonna, or one Saint, under diversified appellations. Again, each votive temple is succeeded by a church reared in grateful acknowledgment to some canonized protector. Some edifices commemorated important events; so now is the memory of fictitious occurrences perpetuated by similar monuments. Lastly, others were built for the reception of things pre-eminently sacred: so now within walls,

expressly consecrated to their use, are contained the chains of St. Peter, and a miraculous image of the Madonna. For many other interesting observations we must refer our readers to the fifth chapter of Mr. Blunt's work ; whilst we content ourselves with a single quotation.

'From earliest dawn till noon an Italian or Sicilian church stands 'with portals wide.' It is then closed for about three hours, after which it continues open till Ave Maria or sunset, and sometimes considerably later. Such too was the practice in ancient Italy. For as all the properties and habits of men were assigned by the Heathens to their gods, that of reposing at mid-day was amongst the number. Hence was it unlawful to enter the temples at that hour, lest their slumbers should be disturbed. (*Callimach. Lavacr. Pallad.* 72. Edit. *Spanhemii*.) Hence the goatherd in Theocritus ventures not to play upon his pipe at noon, from fear of awaking Pan. (*Idyl.* li. 15.) Hence too the peculiar force of the derision with which Elijah addressed the priests of Baal: "And it came to pass, that at noon Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud, for he is a god : either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened." Accordingly we read that those prophets did not despair of rousing their god, and inducing him to declare himself till 'the time of evening sacrifice.' At that hour the period allowed for repose had terminated ; and when he still continued deaf to their cries, then, and not till then, their cause became altogether hopeless.'—pp. 109, 110.

In pursuing this investigation, the inquirer will trace additional coincidences :—in the employment, for example, of boys in religious services ; in the sprinkling of water before the commencement of high mass ; and in various other circumstances, too numerous to detail. He will likewise be surprised at perceiving that familiarity towards the objects of national adoration, which was as characteristic of the Roman, as it now is of the modern Italian and Sicilian. "Nor is this all. When disappointed by his tutelary saints, an Italian or Sicilian will sometimes proceed so far, as to heap reproaches, curses, and even blows, on the wax, wood, or stone, which represents them."—p. 125. Some such ebullitions of resentment also marked the conduct of the Roman. Let one instance suffice. Upon the death of Germanicus, the temples of the gods were assailed by showers of stones ; altars were demolished ; and by some the Lares were cast into the streets.

But enough has been said respecting the Religion of modern Italy and Sicily, and its resemblance to that of ancient times. We will, therefore, pass onwards to those circumstances, which are more peculiarly illustrative of domestic and ordinary life.

In the chapter, devoted to an examination of agricultural affairs, will be discovered many most interesting observations ;

and some indulgence must be extended to us, if we are guilty of allowing our Author to speak for himself in several successive instances. Between the ploughs of ancient and modern agriculturists, as well as in their respective modes of tilling, will be found a considerable degree of resemblance. So likewise in their respective methods of treading out the corn. The coincidence is likewise visible in another respect; namely, the threshing floors of Italy, which are precisely of that character, which Virgil recommends:

Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro,  
Et vertenda manu, et cretâ solidanda tenaci,  
Ne subeant herbæ, neu pulvere victa fatiscat.

*Geo. i. 178.*

Again,

‘The manner of cultivating the vine in Italy, though differing from the more approved method of France, Switzerland, and Germany, is the very same as that which was in use amongst the Romans.’—p. 210.

The Italian, like his ancestors, still  
adultâ vitium propagine  
Altas maritat populos.

But this practice of permitting the vine to encircle the trunk and branches of trees, however beautiful and picturesque, is not so productive of good wine, as that adopted in other countries. How far, therefore, the admirers of this cordial, or even some of our worthy acquaintance in Cambridge, will assent to the following observation, we pretend not to determine.

‘Who would not willingly compromise for a wine of somewhat inferior flavour, to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the fantastic branches of the vine twisting themselves about the arms of the trees which sustain them, and hanging in graceful festoons along successive avenues?’—p. 211.

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

Be the decision, however, what it may, there is one advantageous circumstance, connected with this practice, well worthy of attention. The foliage of these trees provides a supply of green food for the cattle. “Persons mount into them, and pluck off the leaves when they are sufficiently expanded, into bags; a process which has the additional merit of laying open the clusters to the sun.”—p. 212.

‘It was not,’ says our Author, ‘until I observed this practice in Italy that I understood the exact meaning of several passages in the Eclogues of Virgil. That in the first, for instance,

Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras—

*Virg. Ec. 1. 57.*

While from the neighbouring rocks, with rural songs,  
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs.

*Dryden.*

or that in the ninth,

*Hic ubi densas*

*Agricolæ stringunt frondes—*

Where hinds are stripping the luxuriant leaves—  
where the husbandmen are described as employed, not merely  
in dressing the vine itself, but in stripping off the leaves of the elm  
upon which it rested. In the line

*Semiputata tibi frondosâ vitis in ulmo est—*

*Ec. ii. 70.*

Half pruned thy vine, and leafy is thy elm—

I had been accustomed to think, that the reproach of neglect was  
conveyed in the word, 'semiputata,' the plant had been left half-  
pruned; but it is no less implied in the expression 'frondosa,'  
which is not on this occasion an idle epithet connected with the  
elm, but is intended to signify that the operation of plucking the  
foliage from it had been disregarded, as well as that of dressing  
the vine.—p. 212.

Nor let it be forgotten, that the purpose, for which these  
leaves are now used, is precisely that, for which they were  
anciently employed. "Give to your oxen;" says Cato (*de*  
*Re Rustica*), "the leaves of the elm, the poplar, the oak,  
and the fig, as long as you have them:" and he recommends  
that sheep should be provided with the same food. (*Rei Rus-*  
*tica Auctores. Ed. Lugd. 1548. p. 33.*)

With regard to the propagation of the vine, it is effected  
by cuttings, that are planted in trenches of four feet deep,  
into which stones have been previously thrown for the pur-  
pose of encouraging moisture about the roots. It is evident  
how exactly this system accords with the recommendation of  
the poet:

*Quæcumque premes virgulta per agros,*

*Sparge fimo pingui, et multa memor occule terra:*

*Aut lapidem bibulum, aut squalentes infode conchas,*

*Inter enim labentur aquæ. (Geor. ii. 346.)—p. 214.*

Nor must we disregard the method of raising the olive, now  
prevalent in Italy.

'An old tree is hewn down, and the 'ceppo,' or stock, is cut  
into pieces of nearly the size and shape of a mushroom, and which  
from that circumstance are called 'novoli;' care at the same time  
is taken that a small portion of bark shall belong to each 'novolo.'  
These, after having been dipped in manure, are put into the earth,  
soon throw up shoots, are transplanted at the end of one year,  
and in three years are fit to form an olive-yard. This process

clears up satisfactorily, I think, a passage in the *Georgics* on which many comments have been made :

Quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu,  
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.—*Geor.* ii 30.

The stock in slices cut, and forth shall shoot,  
O passing strange ! from each dry slice a root.'—p. 215.

If from the agriculture we pass on to the towns and houses of modern Italy and Sicily, we shall continue to perceive distinct vestiges of ancient times. It is an occupation, fraught with more than ordinary interest, to trace this resemblance, as exhibited by the discovery of Pompeii. If the towns of modern Italy are distinguished by narrow streets, numerous piazzas, and a multiplicity of churches : so likewise are similar characteristics to be discovered in Pompeii. Its streets do not exceed thirteen feet in breadth, in which space two causeways are included ; and in that very small portion of the city, which has hitherto been examined, are three piazzas, and not less than five temples. From the excavation of this city some information may likewise be derived, relative to the question, whether glass was employed by the Romans for windows. The probability, which before existed, that such was the case, may now be deemed a certainty, from the discovery of some pieces of window glass in Pompeii, one of which measured about eighteen inches square. It appears, however, that it was not universally adopted ; since there have also been found some specimens, which were manifestly used for windows, of that transparent stone, (*lapis specularis*), which we know was anciently employed for that purpose. But we must return to the subject of coincidences. Amongst these would we notice one respecting the fire-places of the Italians. That social converse around an enlivening hearth, which to an Englishman is a source of so much gratification and delight, is in Italy altogether excluded by the use of brasiers, filled with charcoal, and placed in the centre of the room. So likewise in Pompeii not a chimney is discoverable :<sup>1</sup> whilst a multi-

<sup>1</sup> The absence of chimnies is sufficiently demonstrated by Horace ;

Nam vaga per veterem dilapeo flamma culinam  
Vulcano sumum properabat lambere tectum.      *Sat.* i. 5. 73.

and again

nisi nos vicina Trivici  
Villa recepisset, lacrymoso non sine fumo,  
Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.---line 79.

The same Satire also furnishes us with a most lamentable parallel between the state of things now and heretofore : we mean with respect to the wretched accommodation to be found in Italian Inns. The English traveller must frequently have been reminded of Horace's repast :

Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi Sedulus hospes  
Pene arsit, macros dum turdos versat in igne.---line 71.

plicity of brasiers, precisely similar to those now commonly employed, sufficiently designates the fire utensils of ancient times. In some of these also charcoal was found remaining; which was, therefore, in all probability, in a state of ignition, when the city was overwhelmed. Again, the trade or occupation of the inmate is in Italy very frequently declared by some characteristic picture, affixed over the door. A similar practice existed both at Pompeii and Herculaneum. But not only in their houses, but also in their ordinary habits, food, and dress, shall we perceive that the Italians and Sicilians retain resemblances to former times.

Passing over the 'jentaculum,' which appears to have been a very slight repast, we may pronounce the 'prandium' to have been that meal, to which the Roman first paid attention. This was taken at mid-day; after which some time was devoted to repose. So universal was this custom, that the streets of Rome were completely deserted: an assertion, which may receive corroboration from a curious fact;—that birds of prey ventured at noon to seek for food amongst the habitations of their enemy, man. So amongst the modern Italians and Sicilians, the 'caffè nero,' a very insufficient species of breakfast, has succeeded the 'jentaculum,' whilst the 'pranzo' corresponds precisely in time, and nearly in appellation, with the dinner of the Romans. After this repast, they retire to repose. Indeed so common is this practice, that, during the heat of summer, the shops are closed; and silence and tranquillity reign within each town to as great an extent, "as the presence of strangers, whose curiosity does not allow them to fall into the general fashion, will admit"—page 243. In the evening the Forum was anciently resorted to, as a place for conversation and amusement. So now, at the same hour, are the Piazzas and the Corso frequented. Along the Corso a dull parade of carriages continues until dark; a practice probably derived from some similar custom of 'olden time.' For as, at the present period, an equipage, however wretchedly attended, is deemed almost indispensable to existence; so, in earlier times, a 'lectica,' borne by as many slaves, as the owner's resources would permit, was an object of most insatiate ambition. In some parts of Italy, and more generally in Sicily, these 'lecticæ,' which appear to have resembled the Eastern palanquin, are succeeded by a species of sedans of comfortable dimensions, which are denominated 'lettige.' And, what is still more remarkable, some of these are appropriated, as of old, for carrying the dead.

*Invidiosa tibi quam sit lectica, requiris?*

*Non debes ferri mortuus hexaphoro.*

*Mart. vi. 77. 10.*



Again, it is needless to produce evidence respecting the estimation, in which the nurse was anciently regarded. Our classical readers will immediately recollect, that she was an indispensable character in every Grecian and Roman household; occupying a situation, at once domestic and confidential. So likewise is this same peculiarity now to be discovered; and the nurse, robed in her most splendid attire, is usually to be seen in tranquil possession of one seat in the family carriage. Indeed the general familiarity, which is observed towards servants, will remind every accomplished traveller of customs, which formerly prevailed. More especially, when he perceives a modern Italian gentleman attended by his lacquey, at so short a distance behind him, as barely to preserve an appearance of respect; and sees the master, without hesitation or reserve, addressing his servant on each passing occurrence; he will be forcibly reminded of Horace's expedient to disengage himself from a troublesome intruder:

Ire modo ocyus, interdum consistere, in aurem  
Dicere nescio quid puero.—*Sat. i. 9. 10.*

Such are a few of those instances, in which the ordinary habits of Italy and Sicily preserve vestiges of those of ancient Rome. Several more might be adduced,

extremo ni jam sub fine laborum  
Vela traham, et terris festinem advertere proram.

With respect to diet, it may be remarked, that the same propensity to herbs, which formerly prevailed, still exists amongst the Italians and Sicilians: and mallows, lupins, and wild asparagus, as commonly furnish a repast at the present, as they did at any earlier period. Nor are coincidences with regard to dress, or in some points of character, difficult to be ascertained. For these, however, and many others, which our limits have necessarily excluded, we must refer our readers to the work, an analysis of some part of which has been presented to them in the preceding pages.

We take our leave of Mr. Blunt by thanking him for the amusement, which has been afforded us by his interesting publication. We think the coincidences in general satisfactorily traced: in a few instances perhaps, they are trifling; if indeed they exist at all. The book appears to be written by one, who is neither a stranger to Roman antiquities, nor unacquainted with Roman poetry: and contains several valuable illustrations of passages, which occur in ancient writers. But is there no deduction to be made from our measure of applause? If there is, we would say, that the style is somewhat characterized by a degree of heaviness and monotony. But, notwithstanding this last observation, we can ho-

nestly assure Mr. Blunt, that we entertain a high opinion of his work ; and experience most sincere satisfaction in recommending it to the public.

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ART. VII. *St. Ronan's Well.* By the Author of *Waverly*,  
 Quentin Durward, &c. 3 vols. 1824. Constable, Edinburgh.  
 Hurst and Co. London.

WHAT will the grave readers of the Cambridge Quarterly say to the title of this article? We tremble *in limine*, for the credit of our characters, as 'theological, classical, and scientific critics.' But as novel-writing is amongst the '*literæ humaniores*' of the present age, we think there cannot be any impropriety in stretching our tether, so as to include it in our circle of sciences ; since graver heads than ours have puzzled themselves with unravelling a skein of romantic incidents by far more involved, and by far less interesting, than this least interesting of the *Waverly* novels. Besides, after having contributed so much to the instruction of the non-reading students, we may be pardoned for endeavouring to alleviate the solitary sufferings of the hard-reading patient in *Optics*, and *Increments*, by a little familiar chit-chat upon a subject which he will have scanty leisure to investigate, during his three years apprenticeship to the craft and cunning of angles and corollaries. This article, therefore, may be considered as written solely for the reading-men ; and we shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, well knowing the brief indulgences at breakfast and wine which their hard task-masters, the moderators of the coming year, will allow them. At the same time, we shall digress to observe how beautiful a sight it is to behold an emaciated figure bending under the accumulated weight of three years' undigested '*meditationes algebraicæ* ;' bound, as to its temples, with a towel steeped in vinegar, and covered, as to its strained and blood-shot eyes, with a shade of green silk,—that universal antidote to the fatiguing glare of a single rush-light—in the midst of problems, pamphlets, and proofs, like the Sibyl among her '*horrendas ambages*,' musing in stolen joy over the delicious portraiture of that *Diana*—whom Horace never sang—the '*decus*' '*et custos*' of Caledonian groves, or the lovely playfulness and plaintive melancholy of a Clara Mowbray!

Verily, we think the author of *Waverly* has much to answer for, as a seducer of modest youth from the pleasant paths of the more chaste *Mathesis* : and that the evil we have hinted at in the above sketch taken from the life—(for the original of

which we might ourselves have been taken some few years ago, when vibrating between the shocks of an intermittent fever and the visits of the Moderator's man with his awful summons and suppliant countenance,—the only learned beggar in the world!—will not be done away till the novels of the Great Unknown be made subjects for investigation in the Schools and Senate House: since arguments by myriads, drawn with syllogistic skill from Rob Roy or Quentin Durward, might serve the opponents in the former, and the enunciation of the characters with deductions therefrom, *More Cresswelliano*, might amuse the *ἰ πάλαι*, in the latter. Till such a Grace be passed *nem. con.*, it will be in vain to expect, that boys should become philosophers at eighteen, or that *men* should cease to commit actions worthy of a Professor's reprimand, or a private Tutor's oburgation. Knowing then, from experience, the sad effect of too close a devotion to the fascinations of Romance, when plain matter-of-fact amusements ought to have engrossed the faculties of the mind by night and day; and how prone the most inveterate *sap* is to deductions from his line of reading, as well as from the lines of Euclid; and how anxious the mathematical student is to evolve himself from the spirals of Cotes, in order to involve himself in the convolutions of that tender passion, which draws away the attention to beauty in petticoats; knowing all this, and nothing doubting, that we shall deserve, and receive, the meed of thanks from that body of men, whose attention we are very solicitous to engross, by the following *analysis* or *syllabus* of a work, which, like the fixed stars of which they read in Woodhouse and Newton, lies beyond their system;—we have brought ourselves to that degree of civility which shews true friendship, and given for once the reins to fancy, in order to prepare an article, which may be taken at 'early morning, or at dewy eve' with tea, coffee, or chocolate; without endangering the chance for a medal, or the honour of the spoon, or usurping that time and attention which the jealous genius of the Tripod—more awful than the Tripod of old—exacts from all who aspire, before Midlent Sunday, *actualiter esse Baccalaureos in Artibus*.

But we have danced down our preface quite far enough, and begin to need refreshment. Here then we have it, such as it is; and if it be dull, gentle reader, pack up thy displeasure, and send it by the mail to the author.<sup>1</sup>

The first volume commences with a description of the village of St. Ronan, "fast verging towards decay;" whose site is "on the southern side of the Forth; and not above thirty

<sup>1</sup> A pretty parenthesis truly!

<sup>2</sup> If thou canst discover him.---Ed.

miles distant from the English frontier." This distance is sufficient to make it a Scotch Novel, though, for any thing the writer has said to the contrary, the scene might have been laid behind the Blue Mountains in New Holland, or in the pleasure grounds of King Golbasto Mully-Ully Gul at Lilliput. St. Ronan's, from our author's description, is more like Gilsland Spa in Cumberland than any place beyond the border: but as a brawny Highlander, who talks English like a Welshman, is one of the gentry there assembled, we presume it must be in Caledonia, despite all that our memory can rake up of resemblance to the above mentioned spot. We will not detain our readers with the really poetical account which our author gives of this infant Cheltenham, because they have read many quite as good in his earlier works, and many better in works which have not the passport of a mighty name to gain them admittance, where humbler attempts would be excluded. There is only one passage worthy of notice in the whole of it. Speaking of the town of St. Ronan, the buildings of which are scattered up and down a precipitous hill, he says: "to a fanciful imagination it might seem as if they had been suddenly arrested in hurrying down, and fixed, as if by magic, in the whimsical arrangement which they now presented. It was like a sudden pause in one of Amphion's country dances, when the huts which were to form the future Thebes were jiggling it to his lute." This is not the only place in the world that has learnt dancing: as Robin Hood's Bay on the Yorkshire coast, and the episcopal town in Quentin Durward can attest.

There were, however, two good houses in St. Ronan's—the clergyman's manse and the village inn, the former inhabited by the Reverend Josiah Cargill, and the latter by Mrs. Margaret Dods, commonly called Meg Dods, an 'auld-world landlady,' and no mean character as far as regards volume the first. She appears a favourite with the author, if we may judge from the particularity with which he has described her.

'She had hair of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in elf-locks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard from the Kirk to the Castle of Saint Ronan's?'—Vol. i. p. 20.

Now this Castle of St. Ronan's, once the abode of the Mowbrays, a powerful family in ancient-times, by a harle-

quin trick of Fortune was metamorphosed into the Cleikum Inn, the residence of this fair creature, and known to travellers by the sign of St. Ronan—who was represented in the act of catching his Satanic Majesty by the game-leg with his Episcopal crook. This beautiful specimen of allegorical device had lately been retouched by the inimitable pencil of Dick Tinto, who had "*gilded the Bishop's crook*," (Bishops are more modest now-a-days)—"and augmented the horrors of the Devil's aspect," till it became a matter-of-fact illustration of the pulpit-painting of the Minister.

At this right reverend depository of whiskey and beef-steaks, attracted by the beauty of the scenery we presume, or by the singularity of honest Meg, it had been the custom, during several years, for numerous parties of young lawyers and old anglers to assemble. Amongst other stragglers from the more lordly hotels of the South, some few years before the opening of the story, had been one Mr. Francis Tyrrel, of whom no one in the place knew any thing, except that he was fond of grouse and a pretty damsel. These things are perfectly harmless in their way—and might have been so to him; but Love took him out shooting on the moors one day without a license, and the result was, that he got warned off the manor as a poacher by the father of a young lady, whom he afterwards found more noble game than curlew, ptarmigan, or black-cock. This young lady was Miss Clara Mowbray the heroine of the piece; which leads us to say, that she was of illustrious ancestry, having been nearly related to the Douglas' family, who made the Stuarts shake in their ermine some fifty years ago. Reduced by misfortune and mismanagement, their name had gradually descended the hill of fame; and at the time in question the honours of the family were vested in a single brace of Mowbrays, the lovely Clara, and her brother John, a determined gambler, and as head-strong a laird as ever reigned over an acre of moorland.

Tyrrel, as we learn from the second volume (p. 285,) was the son of Francis, fifth Earl of Etherington, by Marie de Martigny, a beautiful orphan, whom he met with in his travels through France, and whom he privately married. Ashamed of the match, this right honourable votary of Hymen wedded, on his return to England, Anne Bulmer of Bulmer-Hall, in the county of ———; from which union sprang another Francis Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel, as complete a rake and unfraternal a brother, as ever figured in novel or romance. All this, and much more, we learn by a letter which the latter, calling himself Earl of Etherington, on the death of his father, writes to a sworn friend in iniquity,

one Captain Jekyll of the Guards, whose warlike person in stays and lace gives heroic dignity to the fag end of the tale.

We can well spare our readers the narration of those amiable quarrels, which would naturally arise between such near and dear relatives as these Tyrrels; and shall therefore only state, that after many awkward dilemmas, in which their unhappy parent had involved himself by his disregard of the bigamy act, they were sent into Scotland to take sweet counsel together, and go hand in hand in helping the poachers to clear the country of game. Twisted out of one comfortable set of quarters by a gentleman armed with authority in the shape of a game-keeper's bludgeon, they betook themselves to St. Ronan's, then as obscure a village as was Aldborough in Suffolk, before Crabbe wrote his Borough; where they found solitude, and a lovely damsel of sixteen,

'as wild and beautiful a woodland nymph as the imagination can fancy—simple as a child in all that concerned the world and its ways, acute as a needle in every point of knowledge which she had found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with; fearing harm from no one, and with a lively and natural strain of wit, which brought amusement and gaiety wherever she came. Her motions were under no restraint, save that of her own inclination; for her father, though a cross, peevish, old man, was confined to his chair with the gout, and her only companion, a girl of somewhat inferior caste, bred up in the utmost deference to Miss Mowbray's fancies, served for company indeed in her strolls through the wild country on foot and on horseback, but never thought of controlling her will and pleasure.'—Vol. ii. p. 295.

Francis the first, that is, the Francis of France,—whom, by way of contra-distinction from the sinner of that name, we may call *Saint Francis*,—first sprang this 'pheasant in the wood.' What Valentine was about, we cannot guess; but our hero contrived to make her his *valentine*, and in a few weeks anchored his affections in her unsophisticated heart. But old Mowbray, the father, was as cross as the gout could make him: and in a very ungentlemanly manner forbade the match, at the same time describing the person of Tyrrel to his game-keepers, and desiring them to rid the neighbourhood of him.

Tyrrel, the sinner, now came in for his share in the exploit. He did not play first fiddle, but he made for awhile a most capital second. Thinking to get clear of his brother by causing him to marry, as he supposed, against his father's consent, he now lent all his assistance to bring the loves of Clara and Francis to a crisis; laid plans for them, and actually went so far as to make arrangements for their private marriage by night; which most delicious stratagem was as barba-

rously disappointed: for, in the course of his bush-fighting, the said young sinner, much to his surprise, discovered it to be his father's particular desire that he should marry into the Mowbray family, an estate of great value depending on such a step. The love of money is the fertile source of expedients and of crime. Accordingly, this Valentine Tyrrel resolved upon personating his brother, and actually presented himself at the altar, and was married to Clara Mowbray, as the real Francis. After this most valiant act, he drove off to spend the honey-moon; but Justice, though late yet sure, drove after him, and when about a mile from the church, he was stopped by his brother, who very quietly regained possession of the fair prize, by putting the unlucky bridegroom under the carriage-wheels. After this most credible of all credible *ruses de guerre*, the Tyrrels betook themselves to their separate avocations; the lover Francis went to gather grapes at Smyrna, and the married Francis to gather the honours of the title, which, by the death of his father, came to him undisputed.

About seven years after these occurrences, "on a fine summer's day a solitary traveller rode under the old-fashioned gateway and alighted in the court-yard of Meg Dods' inn." The following was his salutation.

'You are my old acquaintance, Mrs. Margaret Dods?' said the stranger.

'What for no—and wha are ye that speers?' said Meg, in the same breath, and began to rub a brass candlestick with more vehemence than before—the dry tone in which she spoke indicating plainly, how little concern she took in the conversation.

'A traveller, good Mistress Dods, who comes to take up his lodging here for a day or two.'

'I am thinking ye will be mista'en,' said Meg; 'there's nae room for bags and jaugs here—ye've mista'en your road, neighbour—ye maun e'en bundle yoursell a bit farther down hill.'

'I see you have not got the letter I sent you Mistress Dods?' said the guest.

'How should I, man?' answered the hostess; 'they have ta'en awa' the post-office from us—moved it down till the Spaw-well yonder, as they ca'd.'

'Why, that is but a step off,' observed the guest.

'Ye will get there the sooner,' answered the hostess.

'Nay, but,' said the guest, 'if you had sent there for my letter, you would have learned——'

'I'm no wanting to learn ony thing at my years,' said Meg. 'If folk have ony thing to write to me about, they may gie the letter to John Hislop, the carrier, that has used the road these forty years. As for the letters at the post-mistress's, as they ca' her, down by yonder, they may bide in her shop-window, wi' the

snaps and hawhee rows, till Beltane, or I loose them. I'll never file my fingers with them. Post-mistress, indeed!—Upsetting cutty! I mind her fou weel when she dreed penance for antenup—

'Laughing, but interrupting Meg in good time for the character of the post-mistress, the stranger assured her he had sent his fishing-rod and trunk to her confidential friend the carrier, and that he sincerely hoped she would not turn an old acquaintance out of her premises, especially as he believed he could not sleep in a bed within five miles of Saint Ronan's, if he knew that her Blue room was unengaged.

'Fishing-rod!—Auld acquaintance!—Blue room!' echoed Meg, in some surprise; and, facing round upon the stranger, and examining him with some interest and curiosity,—'Ye'll be nae bag-man, then, after a'?'

'No,' said the traveller; 'not since I have laid the saddle-bags out of my hand.'

'Weel, I canna say but I am glad of that—I canna bide their yanking way of knapping English at every word.—I have kent decent lads amang them too—What for no?—But that was when they stopped up here whiles, like other douce folk; but since they gaed down, the hail flight of them, like a string of wild-geese, to the new-fashioned bottle yonder, I am tauld there are as mony hellicate tricks played in the travellers' room, as they be-hove to call it, as if it were fou of drunken young lairds.'

'That is because they want you to keep good order among them, Mistress Margaret.'

'Ay, lad?' replied Meg, 'ye are a fine blaw-in-my-lug, to think to cuittle me off sae cleverly!' And, facing about upon her guest, she honoured him with a more close and curious investigation than she had at first deigned to bestow upon him.

'All that she remarked was in her opinion rather favourable to the stranger. He was a well-made man, rather above than under the middle size, and apparently betwixt five-and-twenty and thirty years of age—for, although he might, at first glance, have passed for one who had attained the latter period, yet, on a nearer examination, it seemed as if the burning sun of a warmer climate than Scotland, and perhaps some fatigue, both of body and mind, had imprinted the marks of care and of manhood upon his countenance, without abiding the course of years. His eyes and teeth were excellent, and his other features, though they could be scarce termed handsome, expressed sense and acuteness; he bore, in his aspect, that ease and composure of manner, equally void of awkwardness and affectation, which is said emphatically to mark the gentleman; and, although neither the plainness of his dress, nor the total want of the usual attendants, allowed Meg to suppose him a wealthy man, she had little doubt that he was above the rank of her lodgers in general. Amidst these observations, and while she was in the course of making them, the good landlady was embarrassed with various obscure recollections of having seen the object of them formerly; but when, or on what occasion,



she was quite unable to call to remembrance. She was particularly puzzled by the cold and sarcastic expression of a countenance, which she could not by any means reconcile with the recollections which it awakened. At length she said, with as much courtesy as she was capable of assuming,—‘ Either I have seen you before, sir, or some ane very like ye?—Ye ken the Blue room, too, and you a stranger in these parts?’

‘ Not so much a stranger as you may suppose, Meg,’ said the guest, assuming a more intimate tone, ‘ when I call myself Frank Tyrrel.’

‘ Tirl!’ exclaimed Meg, with a tone of wonder—‘ It’s impossible! You cannot be Francie Tirl, the wild callant that was fishing and bird’s-nesting here seven or eight years syne—it canna be—Francie was but a callant!’

‘ But add seven or eight years to that boy’s life, Meg,’ said the stranger gravely, ‘ and you will find you have the man who is now before you.’—Vol. i. pp. 33—38.

Now Time had not been idle in these seven years. For in the place of a little country village, Tyrrel found, on his return to St. Ronan’s, a fine dashing town sprung up, like a mushroom on a Yorkshire moor, or a crest on a tailor’s carriage. And there was an hotel y-clep’d the Fox, because, as Meg tells us, “ it carried off a’ her geese;” and a Spa, and a public room, and a world of genteel company; with whom Luckie Dods was in a most mortal rage, because they would not put up with her ante-diluvian cookery, for, like every other thing, in this sublunary globe, the art of cookery has its powers of improvement *ad infinitum*. We have no doubt whatever that if Lucullus could have been invited to Lord Mayor Waithman’s inaugural feast in November, he would have gone mad, to have seen how far the city shopkeeper’s boils and fries surpassed his consular roasts, and grills. Doctors and publicans, like scorpions, have an inveterate dislike to one another. Hear how elegantly the sweet Meg expatiates on the visitors at the Well! Tyrrel has been inquiring about the Mowbrays, and finds that Clara is her brother’s house-keeper, and that her father has been dead some years.

‘ Miss Clara will have but a dull time of it there during her brother’s absence?’ said the stranger.

‘ Out no!—he has her aften jinketting about, and back and forward, wi’ a’ the fine flichtering fools that come yonder; and clapping palms wi’ them, and linking at their dances and daffings. I wuss nae ill come o’t, but it’s a shame her father’s daughter should keep company wi’ a’ that scauff and raff of students, and writers’ prentices, and bagmen, and sic-like trash as are down at the Well yonder.’

‘ You are severe, Meg,’ replied the guest. ‘ No doubt Miss Clara’s conduct deserves all sort of freedom.’

'I am saying naething against her conduct,' said the dame; 'and there's nae ground to say ony thing that I ken of—But I wad hae like to draw to like, Mr. Francie.—I never quarrelled the ball that the gentry used to hae at my bit house a gude wheen years bygane—when they came, the auld folks in their coaches, wi' lang-tailed black horses, and a wheen gaillard gallants on their hunting horses, and mony a decent leddy behind her ain goodman, and mony a bonny smirking lassie on her pownie, and wha sae happy as they—And what for no? And then there was the farmers' ball, wi' the tight lads of yeomen with the brank new blues and buckskins—These were decent meetings—but then they were a' ae man's bairns that were at them, ilk ane ken'd ilk other—they danced farmers wi' farmers' daughters, at the tane, and gentles wi' gentle blood, at the t'other, unless may be when some of the gentlemen of the Kilnakelty club would give me a round of the floor mysel, in the way of daffing and fun, and me no able to flyte on them for laughing—I am sure I never grudged these innocent pleasures, although it has cost me may be a week's redding up, ere I got the better of the confusion.'—Vol. i. pp. 55—57.

It is time to introduce the good people who drew forth this fiery dialogue: and here we have them. First in the list stood Sir Bingo Binks, a blackguard and a Baronet, who made a Lady of Miss Rachel Bonnyrigg, "auld Lady Lou-pengirth's lang-legged daughter." Then came Lady Penelope Penfeather, a would-be blue-stocking, who, like Diana at her favourite fountain, held court amongst her attendant Naiads, Dryads, and Fauns. There were also a Doctor Quinbus Quackleben, who made, like other wise men of medicine, an indifferently good thing of visiting the watering-place, to kill or cure, as it might happen; a Mr. Winter-blossom "who wore his hair cued, dressed with powder, had buckles set with Bristol stones, and a seal as large as Falstaff's:" a Mr. Meredith who made fun, like a fool as he was, for the rest, who had not wit enough to be fools at all; a Mr. Simon Chatterley, who was spending his long Vacation very absurdly in talking Greek to the ladies, instead of reading the last Hulsean or Bampton Lectures (though, by the way, they were not then extant); a Mr. Micklewham, "whose nose projected from the front of his broad vulgar face, like the style of an old sun-dial, twisted all of one side," as became a gentleman like him, learned in the law of technicalities; and lastly, a Captain Mungo Mac Turk, on the brevet list, who could drink with a whale, and snuff a candle with a pistol-bullet. To this assembly young Mowbray not unfrequently united himself. Such was the coterie at the Well, and a precious coterie it was: quite unfit for St. Francis to associate with, and quite unworthy to be described by—may we venture to add?—Sir Walter of Waverley.

By chance, a drawing of Tyrrel's falls into their hands, and they are so pleased that he is invited to dine with them; but we will not disgrace our pages with re-printing the very silly invitations, and the more silly conversations that ensued on his delay at first, and acceptance of them afterwards. Tyrrel puzzles the company by his demeanour, his mysterious and gentlemanly air, and cool yet resolute conduct "on receiving an insult from Sir Bingo Binks." Lady Penelope names Clara Mowbray, and Tyrrel is all ear at her account.

' Quite sentimental cast of face, I think I saw an antique in the Louvre very like her—(I was there in 1800)—quite an antique countenance—eyes something hollowed—care has dug caves for them, but they are caves of the most beautiful marble, arched with jet—a straight nose, and absolutely the Grecian mouth and chin—a profusion of long straight black hair, with the whitest skin you ever saw—as white as the whitest parchment—and not a shade of colour in her cheek—none whatever—If she would be naughty, and borrow a prudent touch of complexion, she might be called beautiful. Even as it is, many think her so, although surely, Mr. Tyrrel, three colours are necessary to the female face. However, we used to call her the Melpomene of the Spring last season, as we called Lady Binks—who was not then Lady Binks—our Euphrosyne—Did we not my dear?—Vol. i. pp. 137, 138.

Tea comes in, and Clara makes her appearance, but Tyrrel was not present. He was engaged with the male part of the company, and after a good round quarrel about setters, and pointers, and poaching and painting, (for both of which they gave him credit); and with a few words of courteous contempt to Mr. Mowbray, and a fling which upset Sir Bingo, and which would have won him a belt at the Keswick wrestling match, he left the house: but, seeing the groom leading out a poney which he found to be Clara's, he took the road to Shaw's Castle.

' In a small peninsula, formed by a winding of the brook, was situated, on a rising hillock, a large rough-hewn pillar of stone, said by tradition to commemorate the fall of a stag of unusual speed, size, and strength, whose flight, after having lasted through a whole summer's day, had there terminated in death, to the honour and glory of some ancient Baron of St. Ronan's, and of his staunch hounds. During the periodical cuttings of the copse, which the necessities of the family of St. Ronan's brought round more frequently than Ponty would have recommended, some oaks had been spared in the neighbourhood of this massive obelisk, old enough perhaps to have heard the whoop and halloo, which followed the fall of the stag, and to have witnessed the raising of the rude monument, by which that great event was commemorated. These trees, with their broad spreading boughs, made a twilight even of noon-day; and, now that the sun was approaching its set-

ting point, their shade already anticipated night. This was especially the case where three or four of them stretched their arms over a deep gully, through which winded the horse-path to Shaws-Castle, at a point about a pistol-shot distant from the Back-stane. As the principal access to Mr. Mowbray's mansion was by a carriage-way, which passed in a different direction, the present path was left almost in a state of nature, full of large stones, and broken by gullies, delightful, from the varied character of its banks, to the picturesque traveller, and most inconvenient, nay dangerous, to him who had a stumbling horse.

The foot-path to the Buckstane, which here joined the bridle-road, had been constructed, at the expence of a subscription, under the direction of Mr. Winterblossom, who had taste enough to see the beauties of this secluded spot, which was exactly such as in earlier times might have harboured the ambush of some marauding chief. This recollection had not escaped Tyrrel, to whom the whole scenery was familiar, who now hastened to the spot, as one which peculiarly suited his present purpose. He sat down by one of the larger projecting trees, and, screened by its enormous branches from observation, was enabled to watch the road from the Hotel for a considerable part of its extent, while he was himself invisible to any who might travel upon it.—Vol. i. pp. 194—196.

Tyrrel soliloquizes; and Clara comes up. He places himself in the middle of the defile, about six yards from her.

‘She pulled up the reins, and stopped as if arrested by a thunderbolt.—‘Clara!’—‘Tyrrel!’ These were the only words which were exchanged between them, until Tyrrel, moving his feet as slowly as if they had been of lead, began gradually to diminish the distance which lay betwixt them. It was then that, observing his closer approach, Miss Mowbray called out with great eagerness,—‘No nearer—no nearer!—So long have I endured your pretence, but if you approach me more closely, I shall be mad indeed.’

‘What do you fear?’ said Tyrrel, in a hollow voice—‘What can you fear?’ and he continued to draw nearer, until they were within a pace of each other.

‘Clara, meanwhile, dropping her bridle, clasped her hands together, and held them up towards Heaven, muttering, in a voice scarce audible, ‘Great God!—if this apparition be formed by my heated fancy, let it pass away; if it be real, enable me to bear its presence!—Tell me, I conjure you, are you Francis Tyrrel in blood and body, or is this but one of those wandering visions, that have crossed my path and glared on me, but without daring to abide my steadfast glance?’

‘I am Francis Tyrrel,’ answered he, ‘in blood and body, as much as she to whom I speak is Clara Mowbray.’

‘Then God have mercy on us both!’ said Clara, in a tone of deep feeling.

‘Amen!’ said Tyrrel. ‘But what avails this excess of agitation?—You saw me but now, Miss Mowbray—your voice still

rings in my ears—You saw me but now—you spoke to me—and that when I was among strangers—Why not preserve your composure, when we are where no human eye can see—no human ear can hear?

'Is it so?' said Clara; 'and was it indeed yourself whom I saw even now?—I thought so, and something I said at the time—but my brain has been but ill-settled since we last met—But I am well now—quite well—I have invited all the people yonder to come up to Shaws-Castle—my brother desired me to do it—I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Tyrrel there—though I think there is some old grudge between my brother and you.'

'Alas! Clara, your mistake. Your brother I have scarce seen,' replied Tyrrel, much distressed, and apparently uncertain in what tone to address her, which might sooth, and not irritate her mental malady, of which he could now entertain no doubt.

'True—true,' she said, after a moment's reflection, 'my brother was then at college. It was my father, my poor father, whom you had some quarrel with.—But you will come to Shaws-Castle on Thursday, at two o'clock?—John will be glad to see you—he can be kind when he pleases—and then we will talk of old times—I must get on to have things ready—Good evening.'

She would have passed him, but he took gently hold of the rein of her bridle.—'I will walk with you, Clara,' he said; 'the road is rough and dangerous—you ought not to ride fast.—I will walk along with you, and we will talk of former times now, more conveniently than in company.'

'True—true—very true, Mr. Tyrrel—it shall be as you say. My brother obliges me sometimes to go into company at that hateful place down yonder; and I do so because he likes it, and because the folks let me have my own way, and come and go as I list. Do you know, Tyrrel, that very often when I am there, and John has his eye on me, I can carry it on as gaily as if you and I had never met?'

'I would to God we never had,' said Tyrrel, in a trembling voice, 'since this is to be the end of all!'

'And wherefore should not sorrow be the end of sin and of folly? And when did happiness come of disobedience?—And when did sound sleep visit a bloody pillow? That is what I say to myself, Tyrrel, and that is what you must learn to say too, and then you will bear your burthen as cheerfully as I endure mine. If we have no more than our deserts, why should we complain?—You are shedding tears, I think—Is not that childish?—They say it is a relief—if so, weep on, and I will look another way.'

'Tyrrel walked on by the pony's side, in vain endeavouring to compose himself so as to reply.

'Poor Tyrrel,' said Clara, after she had remained silent for some time—Poor Frank Tyrrel!—Perhaps you will say in your turn, Poor Clara—but I am not so poor in spirit as you—the blast may bend, but it shall never break me.'

'There was another long pause, for Tyrrel was unable to de-

termine with himself in what strain he could address the unfortunate young lady, without awakening recollections equally painful to her feelings, and dangerous, when her precarious state of health was considered. At length she herself proceeded :—

‘What needs all this, Tyrrel?—and indeed, why came you here?—Why did I find you but now brawling and quarrelling among the loudest of the brawlers and quarrellers of yonder idle and dissipated debauchees?—You were used to have more temper—more sense. Another person—ay, another that you and I once knew—he might have committed such a folly, and he would have acted perhaps in character—But you, who pretend to wisdom—for shame, for shame!—And indeed, when we talk of that, what wisdom was there in coming hither at all?—or what good purpose can your remaining here serve?—Surely you need not come, either to renew your own unhappiness or to augment mine.’

‘To augment yours—God forbid!’ answered Tyrrel. ‘No—I came hither only because, after so many years of wandering, I longed to revisit the spot where all my hopes lay buried.’

‘Ay—buried is the word,’ she replied, ‘crushed down and buried when they budded fairest. I often think of it, Tyrrel; and there are times when, Heaven help me! I can think of little else.—Look at me—you remember what I was—see what grief and solitude have made me.’

‘She flung back the veil which surrounded her riding-hat, and which had hitherto hid her face. It was the same countenance which he had formerly known in all the bloom of early beauty; but though the beauty remained, the bloom was fled for ever—Not the agitation of exercise—not that which arose from the pain and confusion of this unexpected interview, had called to poor Clara’s cheek even the momentary semblance of colour. Her complexion was marble-white, like that of the finest piece of statuary.

‘Is it possible?’ said Tyrrel; ‘can grief have made such ravages?’

‘Grief,’ replied Clara, ‘is the sickness of the mind, and its sister is the sickness of the body—they are twin-sisters, Tyrrel, and are seldom long separate. Sometimes the body’s disease comes first, and dims our eyes and palsies our hands, before the fire of our mind and of our intellect is quenched.—But mark me—soon after comes her cruel sister with her urn, and sprinkles cold dew on our hopes and our loves, our memory, our recollections, and our feelings, and shews us that they cannot survive the decay of our bodily powers.’

‘Alas!’ said Tyrrel, ‘is it come to this?’

‘To this,’ she replied, speaking from the rapid and irregular train of her own ideas, rather than comprehending the purport of his sorrowful exclamation,—‘to this it must ever come, while immortal souls are wedded to the perishable substance of which our bodies are composed. There is another state, Tyrrel, in which it will be otherwise—God grant our time of enjoying it were come!’

'She fell into a melancholy pause which Tyrrel was afraid to disturb. The quickness with which she spoke, marked but too plainly the irregular succession of thought, and he was obliged to restrain the agony of his own feelings, rendered more acute by a thousand painful recollections, lest, by giving way to his expressions of grief, he should throw her into a still more disturbed state of mind.

'I did not think,' she proceeded, 'that after so horrible a separation, and so many years, I could have met you thus calmly and reasonably. But although what we were formerly to each other can never be forgotten, it is now all over, and we are only friends. Is it not so?'

'Tyrrel was unable to reply.

'But I must not remain here,' she said, 'till the evening grows darker on me.—We shall meet again, Tyrrel—meet as friends—nothing more—You will come up to Shaws-Castle and see me?—no need of secrecy now—my poor father is in his grave, and his prejudices sleep with him—my brother John is kind, though he is stern and severe sometimes—Indeed, Tyrrel, I believe he loves me, though he has taught me to tremble at his frown when I am in spirits, and talk too much—But he loves me, at least I think so, for I am sure I love him; and I try to go down—amongst them yonder, and to endure their folly, and, all things considered, I do carry on the farce of life wonderfully well—We are but actors, you know, and the world but a stage.'

'And ours has been a sad and a tragic scene,' said Tyrrel, in the bitterness of his heart, unable any longer to refrain from speech.

'It has indeed—but, Tyrrel, when was it otherwise with engagements formed in youth and in folly? You and I would, you know, become men and women, while we were yet scarcely more than children—We have run, while yet in our nonage, through the passions and adventures of youth, and therefore we are now old before our day, and the winter of our life has come on ere its summer was well begun.—O Tyrrel! often and often have I thought of this—thought of it often?—Alas! when will the time come that I shall be able to think of any thing else!'

'The poor young lady sobbed bitterly, and her tears began to flow with a freedom which they had not probably enjoyed for a length of time. Tyrrel walked on by the side of her horse, which now prosecuted its road homewards, unable to devise a proper mode of addressing the unfortunate young lady, and fearing alike to awaken her passions and his own. Whatever he might have proposed to say, was disconcerted by the plain indications that her mind was clouded, more or less slightly, with a shade of insanity, which deranged, though it could not destroy, her powers of judgment.

'At length he asked her, with as much calmness as he could assume—if she was contented—if aught could be done to render her situation more easy—if there was aught of which she could

complain which he might be able to remedy? She answered gently, that she was calm and resigned, when her brother would permit her to stay at home; but that when she was brought into society, she experienced such a change as that which the water of the brook that slumbered in a crystalline pool of the rock might be supposed to feel, when gliding from its quiet bed, it becomes involved in the hurry of the cataract.

'But my brother Mowbray,' she said, 'thinks he is right,—and perhaps he is so. There are things on which we may ponder too long;—and were he mistaken, why should I not constrain myself in order to please him—there are so few left to whom I can now give either pleasure or pain?—I am a gay girl, too, in conversation, Tyrrel—still as gay for a moment, as when you used to chide me for my folly. So, now I have told you all,—I have one question to ask on my part—one question—if I had but breath to ask it—Is *he* still alive?'

'He lives,' answered Tyrrel, but in a tone so low, that nought but the eager attention which Miss Mowbray paid could possibly have caught such feeble sounds.

'Lives!' she exclaimed,—*'lives!—he lives, and the blood on your hand is not then indelibly imprinted—O Tyrrel, did you but know the joy which this assurance gives to me!'*

'Joy!' replied Tyrrel—*'joy that the wretch lives who has poisoned our happiness for ever?—lives, perhaps, to claim you for his own?'*

'Never, never shall he—dare he do so,' replied Clara, wildly, *'while water can drown, cords strangle, steel pierce—while there is a precipice on the hill, a pool in the river—never—never!'*

'Be not thus agitated, my dearest Clara,' said Tyrrel; *'I spoke I know not what—he lives indeed—but far distant, and, I trust, never again to re-visit Scotland.'*

'He would have said more, but that, agitated with fear or passion, she struck her horse impatiently with her riding whip. The spirited pony, thus stimulated and at the same time restrained, became intractable, and reared so much, that Tyrrel, fearful of the consequences, and trusting to Clara's skill as a horsewoman, thought he best consulted her safety in letting go the rein. The animal instantly sprung forwards on the broken and hilly path at a very rapid pace, and was soon lost to Tyrrel's anxious eyes.—Vol. i. pp. 208—220.

After this long quotation, we must return to our old friend Meg Dods. Whilst Tyrrel ruminated there upon his late adventure, the company at the Well were debating upon money-matters, and their late *rencontre* with him. Mowbray, who it seems has squandered away a good deal of money, is expecting to retrieve his ruined fortunes by his success in play with Lord Etherington, who has sent notice that he is coming to join the party. The object of this visit, by the way, is to get



at the estate of Nettlewood by marrying Miss Mowbray; which marriage Francis Tyrrel had come to intercept. The affairs of this novel are both unnatural, and too complicated to please; but we must persevere 'in threading the needle,' as we used to call a parallel case in our school-days. Mowbray goes home to his sister, tells his distress, borrows money of her, and leaves her in sorrow. The geniuses at the Well amuse themselves by drawing up a challenge for Sir Bingo Binks; and it is sent by the Captain, whose reception at Tyrrel's quarters is described in the true spirit of our author. But we cannot quote. The Captain and Tyrrel briefly discuss the object of the visit, and the latter accepts the challenge to the delight of Mac Turk.

Sir Bings comes at the hour—but Tyrrel comes not: so, after much trembling, the Baronet goes home with a safe skin to his beautiful, though slighted wife. A notice is affixed to the walls at the Hotel, and Tyrrel is voted a coward: and so ends the first volume of *St. Ronan's Well*.

The second volume introduces us to more interesting matter, and more interesting characters, than the first; but as we have said so much respecting the latter, our remarks here must necessarily be brief, though we shall not forget to speak a kind word for the only two personages in the novel, besides the hero and heroine, who are worthy of any attention.

Tyrrel, we have before said, failed to keep his engagement with the Baronet: of his city of refuge, (for he left the Cleikum Inn) no mention has been made. Meg Dods alarmed goes over to a neighbouring town to see her old friend and counsellor Mr. Bindloose the Sheriff's clerk; and her vehicle, as may be supposed, is, like herself, a curiosity; though, certainly not so ugly as the newly imported Cabriolet, which appears to have borrowed its head-gear from Luckie's 'tim-whiskey.' Fashion 'enacts wonders;' and we should not be surprised to see our dandies making morning calls in a coal-scuttle on castors, or a wheel-barrow on springs.

Whilst the fair visitor and her learned host are discussing sloe-leaves, and scandal, the party is augmented by the arrival of a stranger on a cash-errand. This stranger is a fine old fellow, who has returned from the East with a liver full of bile and a pocket full of guineas; and who on the strength of diseased viscera, and a long purse, thinks himself entitled to wear clothes of his own fashion, and take the wall of an emperor. But he is just the man we would have chosen for our God-father, if we had had a vote on our Christening-day. He is a right knowing customer, has taken his degree on 'Change, and gives his name with the air of a Senior Wrangler,

‘Certainly—reach me a pen—dy’e think I can write with my ratten?—What sort of ink is this?—yellow as curry sauce—never mind—there is my name—Peregrine Touchwood—I got it from the Willoughbies, my Christian name—Have I my full change here?’—Vol. ii. p. 30.

‘Mr. Touchwood; when surveyed more at leisure, was a short, stout, active man, who, though sixty years of age and upwards, retained in his sinews and frame the elasticity of an earlier period. His countenance expressed self-confidence, and something like a contempt for those who had neither seen nor endured so much as he had himself. His short black hair was mingled with grey, but not entirely whitened by it. His eyes were jet black, deep set, small, and sparkling, and contributed, with a short up-turned nose, to express an irritable and choleric habit. His complexion was burnt to a brick-colour by the vicissitudes of climate, to which it had been subjected; and his face, which, at the distance of a yard or two, seemed hale and smooth, appeared, when closely examined, to be seamed with a million of wrinkles, crossing each other in every direction possible, but as fine as if drawn by the point of a very small needle. His dress was a blue coat and buff waistcoat, half boots remarkably well blacked, and a silk handkerchief tied with military precision. The only antiquated part of his dress was a cocked hat of equilateral dimensions, in the button-hole of which he wore a very small cockade. Mrs. Dods, accustomed to judge of persons by their first appearance, said, that in the three steps which he made from the door to the tea-table, she recognized, without the possibility of mistake, the gait of a person who was well to pass in the world; ‘and that,’ she added with a wink, ‘is what we victuallers are seldom deceived in. If a gold-laced waistcoat has an empty pouch, the plain swan’s-down will be the braver of the twa.’—Vol. ii. pp. 31—33.

His love of originality may be gleaned from his account of the proceedings at the Well, where he, it seems, has been.

‘That may be very true, sir,’ replied the dame; ‘but I will venture to say that Mr. Bindloose’s tea is mickle better than you had at the Spaw-waal yonder.’

‘Tea, madam!—I saw none—Ash leaves and black-thorn leaves were brought in in painted canisters, and handed about by powder-monkeys in livery, and consumed by those who liked it, amidst the chattering of parrots, and the squalling of kittens. I longed for the days of the Spectator, when I might have laid my penny on the bar, and retired without ceremony—But no—this blessed decoction was circulated under the auspices of some half-crazed blue-stocking, or other, and we were saddled with all the formality of an entertainment, for this miserable allowance of a cockle-shell full of cat-lap per head.’—Vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

So much for taste; we, who have known the luxury of tea, whether really Souchong, Bohea, or mere Sloe-whang-

qua, such as is sold by certain Tea-dealers of ever-blessed memory, cannot tamely sit still and hear this railing against that immortal beverage, for a cup of which Jupiter would have thrown away his nectar, and would have transformed Ganymede into a kettle-scourer. Peregrine Touchwood should never touch tea in our breakfast parlour. We are anxious to evince this affection for the insulted genius of the caddy, as we know how many prayers are daily and hourly put up in the neighbourhood of the new Iron Bridge, for the welfare and health of the celestial Hong-Gong, "Brother to the Sun," and great grand-father to the planet Saturn. But to return, Meg Dods gets Mr. Touchwood into a most amicable tête-a-tête about the Mowbrays and "other small deer:" and it turns out, that Tyrrel on his way to meet Sir Bingo Binks fell in with the Earl of Etherington, who saluted him with ball and powder, instead of a friendly and fraternal squeeze. The result of it all is, that Touchwood and the old lady drove home to the Inn in a post-chaise, to the no small annoyance of the latter, who had scruples about entering "ane o' the hurley-hackets" of the "Fox Inn and Hotel, St. Ronan's Well." Touchwood who had been accustomed to dooly, litter, cart and palanquin, lighted his sheroot, and smoked the auld-wife to quiet.

In a few days he becomes reconciled to her antique style of decorating his dinner-table, and is so much at home as to invite the minister to partake his pudding. This minister is the identical divine who made so bad a job of his midnight riveting, in the case of Clara and Tyrrel. In his early days he had been tutor to a young nobleman, whose sister he fell in love with, and who afterwards sent him down to the humble manse of St. Ronan's, as a reward for past services and tried honour. Since his residence, he had become a recluse; and when Touchwood called, he was up to his ears in folios of antiquated literature.

'Amid a heap of books and other literary lumber, which had accumulated around him, sat, in his well-worn leathern elbow-chair, the learned minister of St. Ronan's; a thin, spare man, beyond the middle age, of a dark complexion, but with eyes which, though now obscured and vacant, had been once bright, soft, and expressive, and whose features seemed interesting, the rather that, notwithstanding the carelessness of his dress, he was in the habit of performing his ablutions with eastern precision; for he had forgot neatness, but not cleanliness. His hair might have appeared much more disorderly, had it not been thinned by time, and disposed chiefly around the sides of his countenance and the back part of his head; black stockings, ungartered, marked his professional dress, and his feet were thrust into the old slip-shod shoes, which served him instead of slippers. The rest of his garments,

so far as visible, consisted in a plaid night-gown wrapt in long folds round his stooping and emaciated length of body, and reaching down to the slippers aforesaid. He was so intently engaged in studying the book before him, a folio of no ordinary bulk, that he totally disregarded the noise which Mr. Touchwood made in entering the room, as well as the coughs and hems with which he thought proper to announce his presence.

'No notice being taken of these inarticulate signals, Mr. Touchwood, however great an enemy he was to ceremony, saw the necessity of introducing his business, as an apology for his intrusion.'

'Hem! sir—Ha, hem!—you see before you a person in some distress for want of society, who has taken the liberty to call on you as a good pastor, who may be, in Christian charity, willing to afford him a little of your company, since he is tired of his own.'

'Of this speech Mr. Cargill only understood the words 'distress' and 'charity,' sounds with which he was well acquainted, and which never failed to produce some effect on him. He looked at his visitor with lack-lustre eye, and, without correcting the first opinion which he had formed, although the stranger's plump and sturdy frame, as well as his nicely-brushed coat, glancing cane, and, above all, his upright and self-satisfied manner, resembled in no respect the dress, form, or bearing of a mendicant, he quietly thrust a shilling into his hand, and relapsed into the studious contemplation which the entrance of Mr. Touchwood had interrupted.

'Upon my word, my good sir,' said his visitor, surprised at a degree of absence of mind which he could hardly have conceived possible, 'you have entirely mistaken my object.'

'I am sorry my mite is insufficient, my friend,' said the clergyman, without again raising his eyes, 'it is all I have at present to bestow.'

'If you will have the kindness to look up for a moment, my good sir,' said the traveller, 'you may possibly perceive that you labour under a considerable mistake.'

'Mr. Cargill raised his head, recalled his attention, and, seeing that he had a well-dressed, respectable looking person before him, he exclaimed in much confusion, 'Ha!—yes—on my word, I was so immersed in my book—I believe—I think I have the pleasure to see my worthy friend, Mr. Lavender?'

'No such thing, Mr. Cargill,' replied Mr. Touchwood. 'I will save you the trouble of trying to recollect me—you never saw me before.—But do not let me disturb your studies—I am in no hurry, and my business can wait your leisure.'

'I am much obliged,' said Mr. Cargill; 'have the goodness to take a chair, if you can find one—I have a train of thought to recover—a slight calculation to finish—and then I am at your command.'

'The visitor found among the broken furniture, not without difficulty, a seat strong enough to support his weight, and sat down,

resting upon his cane, and looking attentively at his host, who very soon became totally insensible of his presence. A long pause of total silence ensued, only disturbed by the rustling leaves of the folio from which Mr. Cargill seemed to be making extracts, and now and then by a little exclamation of surprise and impatience, when he dipped his pen, as happened once or twice, into his snuff-box, instead of the ink-standish which stood beside it. At length, just as Mr. Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke as if in soliloquy, 'From Acon, Accor, or St. John D'Acre, to Jerusalem, how far?'

'Twenty-three miles north north-west,' answered his visitor, without hesitation.

'Mr. Cargill expressed no more surprise than if he had found the distance on the map, and, indeed, was not probably aware of the medium through which his question had been solved; and it was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply.—'Twenty-three miles—Ingulphus,' laying his hand on the volume, 'and Jeffrey Winesauf do not agree in this.'

'They may both be d—d, then, for blockheads,' answered the traveller.

'You might have contradicted their authority without using such an expression,' said the divine gravely.

'I cry you mercy, Doctor,' said Mr. Touchwood; but would you compare these parchment fellows with me, that have made my legs my compasses over great part of the inhabited world?'

'You have been in Palestine, then?' said Mr. Cargill, drawing himself upright in his chair, and speaking with eagerness and with interest.

'You may swear that, Doctor, and at Acre too. Why, I was there the month after Boney had found it too hard a nut to crack.—I dined with Sir Sydney's chum, old Djezzar Pacha, and an excellent dinner we had, but for a dessert of noses and ears brought on after the last remove, which spoiled my digestion. Old Djezzar thought it so good a joke, that you hardly saw a man in Acre whose face was not as flat as the palm of my hand—Gad, I respect my olfactory organ, and set off the next morning as fast as the most cursed hard-trotting dromedary that ever fell to poor pilgrim's lot could contrive to tramp.'

'If you have really been in the Holy Land, sir,' said Mr. Cargill, whom the reckless gaiety of Mr. Touchwood's manner rendered somewhat suspicious of a trick, 'you will be able materially to enlighten me on the subject of the Crusades.'

'They happened before my time, Doctor,' replied the traveller.

'You are to understand that my curiosity refers to the geography of the countries where these events took place,' answered Mr. Cargill.

'O! as to that matter, you are lighted on your feet,' said Mr.

Touchwood ; ' for the time present I can fit. Turk, Arab, Copt, and Druse, I know every one of them, and can make you as well acquainted with them as myself. Without stirring a step beyond your threshold, you shall know Syria as well as I do.—But one good turn deserves another—in that case, you must have the goodness to dine with me.'

' I go seldom abroad, sir,' said the minister, with a good deal of hesitation, for his habits of solitude and seclusion could not be entirely overcome, even by the expectation raised by the traveller's discourse ; ' yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of waiting on a gentleman possessed of so much experience.'

' Well then,' said Mr. Touchwood, ' three be the hour—I never dine later, and always to a minute—and the place, the Cleikum Inn, up the way ; where Mrs. Dods is at this moment busy in making ready such a dinner as your learning has seldom seen, Doctor, for I brought the receipts from the four different quarters of the globe.'

Upon this treaty they parted ; and Mr. Cargill, after musing for a short while upon the singular chance which had sent a living man to answer those doubts for which he was in vain consulting ancient authorities, at length resumed, by degrees, the train of reflection and investigation which Mr. Touchwood's visit had interrupted, and in a short time lost all recollection of his episodical visitor, and of the engagement which he had formed.—Vol. ii. pp. 83—90.

Josiah Cargill, you should have been a professor !

The intercourse between these good creatures is the best part of the book ; it is written with spirit, power, and feeling, and is strictly original.

A grand masked ball is given at Mowbray's : Cargill is one of the party—makes many odd mistakes—recognizes the Earl—then denies him, gets himself affronted—and goes home to his divinity.

Mowbray and the Earl sit down to cards, and by a slight mistake the former wins ; he begs his adversary to take his revenge, but the conversation turns on a different subject.

' What say you ?' he said, taking up and shuffling the cards, ' will you do yourself more justice in another game ?—Revenge, they say, is sweet.'

' I have no appetite for it this evening,' said the Earl, gravely : ' if I had, Mowbray, you might come by the worse. I do not *always* call a point without shewing it.'

' Your lordship is out of humour with yourself for a blunder that might happen to any man—it was as much my good luck as a good hand would have been, and so Fortune be praised.'

' But what if with this Fortune had nought to do ?' replied Lord Etherington.—' What if, sitting down with an honest fellow and a friend like yourself, Mowbray, a man should rather choose to lose his own money, which he could afford, than to win what it might distress his friend to part with ?'

'Supposing a case so far out of supposition, my lord—for, with submission, the allegation is easily made, and is totally incapable of proof—I should say, no one had a right to think for me in such a particular, or to suppose that I played for a higher stake than was convenient.'

'And thus your friend, poor devil,' replied Lord Etherington, 'would lose his money, and run the risk of a quarrel into the boot! We will try it another way—Suppose this good-humoured and simple-minded gamester had a favour of the deepest import to ask of his friend, and judged it better to prefer his request to a winner than to a loser?'

'If this applies to me, my lord,' replied Mowbray, 'it is necessary I should learn how I can oblige your lordship.'

'That is a word soon spoken, but so difficult to be recalled, that I am almost tempted to pause—but yet it must be said.—Mowbray, you have a sister.'

'Mowbray started.—'I have indeed a sister, my lord; but I can conceive no case in which her name can enter with propriety into our present discussion.'

'Again in the menacing mood!' said Lord Etherington, in his former tone; 'now, here is a pretty fellow—he would first cut my throat for having won a thousand pounds from me, and then for offering to make his sister a countess.'

'A countess, my lord?' said Mowbray; 'you are but jesting—you have never even seen Clara Mowbray.'

'Perhaps not—but what then?—I may have seen her picture, as Puff says in the Critic, or fallen in love with her from rumour—or, to save farther suppositions, as I see they render you impatient, I may be satisfied with knowing that she is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, with a large fortune.'

'What fortune do you mean, my lord?' said Mowbray, recollecting with alarm some claims, which, according to Mickleham's view of the subject, his sister might form upon his property.—'What estate?—there is nothing belongs to our family, save these lands of St. Ronan's, or what is left of them; and of these I am, my lord, an undoubted heir of entail in possession.'

'Be it so,' said the Earl, 'for I have no claim on your mountain realms here, which are, doubtless,

----- renown'd of old

For knights, and squires, and barons bold;

my views respect a much richer, though less romantic domain—a large manor, high Nettlewood-House, old, but standing in the midst of such glorious oaks---three thousand acres of land, arable, pasture, and woodland, exclusive of the two closes, occupied by Widow Hodge and Goodman Trampclod---manorial rights---mines and minerals---and the devil knows how many good things beside, all lying in the vale of Bever.'

'And what has my sister to do with all this?' asked Mowbray, in great surprise.

'Nothing; but that it belongs to her when she becomes Countess of Etherington.'

'It is, then, your lordship's property already?'

'No, by Jove! nor can it, unless your sister honours me with her approbation of my suit,' replied the Earl.

'This is a sorer puzzle than one of Lady Penelope's charades, my lord,' said Mr. Mowbray; 'I must call in the assistance of the Reverend Mr. Chatterley.'

'You shall not need,' said Lord Etherington; 'I will give you the key, but listen to me with patience.—You know that we nobles of England, less jealous of our sixteen quarters than those on the continent, do not take scorn to line our decayed ermines with a little cloth of gold from the city; and my grandfather was lucky enough to get a wealthy wife, with a halting pedigree,—rather a singular circumstance, considering that her father was a countryman of yours. She had a brother, however, still more wealthy than herself, and who increased his fortune by continuing to carry on the trade which had first enriched his family. At length he summed up his books, washed his hands of commerce, and retired to Nettlewood, to become a gentleman; and here my much respected grand-uncle was seized with a rage of making himself a man of consequence. He tried what marrying a woman of family would do; but he soon found that whatever advantage his family might derive from his doing so, his own condition was but little illustrated. He next resolved to become a man of family himself. His father had left Scotland when very young, and bore, I blush to say, the vulgar name of Scrogie. This hapless dissyllable my uncle carried in person to the herald office in Scotland; but neither Lyon, nor Marchmont, nor Islay, nor Snadoun, neither herald nor pursuivant, would patronize Scrogie.—Scrogie!—there could nothing be made out of it—so that my worthy relative had recourse to the surer side of the house, and began to found his dignity on his mother's name of Mowbray. In this he was much more successful, and I believe some sly fellow stole for him a slip from your own family tree, Mr. Mowbray of St. Ronan's, which, I dare say, you have never missed. At any rate, for his *argent* and *or*, he got a handsome piece of parchment, blazoned with a white lion for Mowbray, to be borne quarterly, with three stunted or scrog-bushes for Scrogie, and became thenceforth Mr. Scrogie Mowbray, or rather, as he subscribed himself, Reginald (his former Christian name was Ronald,) S. Mowbray. He had a son who most undutifully laughed at all this, refused the honours of the high name of Mowbray, and insisted on retaining his father's original appellation of Scrogie, to the great annoyance of his said father's ears, and damage of his temper.'

'Proceed, my lord,' said Mr. Mowbray; 'there is no denying the singularity of your story, and I presume you are quite serious in giving me such an extraordinary detail.'

'Entirely so, upon my honour—and a most serious matter it is, you will presently find. When my worthy uncle, Mr. S. Mowbray, (for I will not call him Scrogie even in the grave), paid his debt to nature, every body concluded he would be found to have



disinherited his son, the unfilial Scrogie, and so far everybody was right—But it was also generally believed that he would settle the estate on my father, Lord Etherington, the son of his sister, and therein every one was wrong. For my excellent grand-uncle had pondered with himself, that the favoured name of Mowbray would take no advantage, and attain no additional elevation, if his estate of Nettlewood, (otherwise called Mowbray-Park), should descend to our family without any condition; and with the assistance of a sharp attorney, he settled it on me, then a school-boy, *on condition* that I should, before attaining the age of twenty-five complete, take upon myself in holy wedlock a young lady of good fame, of the name of Mowbray, and, by preference, of the house of Saint Ronan's, should a damsel of that house exist.—Now my riddle is read.'

'And a very extraordinary one it is,' replied Mowbray thoughtfully.—Vol. ii. pp. 122—130.

After some further palaver, Mowbray is left alone to think upon the past; and the Earl proceeds to lay his siege with all skill and cunning to the heart of his sister; assisted by Mowbray, who debates the match with Clara, to her evident disgust.

'I tell you I will not see Lord Etherington,' said Clara, 'or any one else, upon such preliminaries as you have stated—I cannot—I will not—and I ought not.—Had you meant me to receive him, which can be a matter of no consequence whatever, you should have left him on the footing of an ordinary visitor—as it is, I will not see him.'

'You *shall* see and hear him both,' said Mowbray; 'you shall find me as obstinate as you are—as willing to forget I am a brother, as you to forget that you have one.'

'It is time then,' replied Clara, 'that this house, once our father's, should no longer hold us both. I can provide for myself, and may God bless you!'

'You take it coolly, madam,' said her brother, stepping through the apartment with much anxiety both of look and gesture.

'I do,' she answered; 'for it is what I have often foreseen—Yes, brother, I have often foreseen that you would make your sister the subject of your plots and schemes, so soon as other stakes failed you. That hour is come, and I am, as you see, prepared to meet it.'—Vol. ii. pp. 251, 252.

Poor Clara is considered by all her acquaintances as somewhat deranged; her brother unfeelingly alludes to it:

'Say you did not mean what you said, my dearest brother!' exclaimed Clara; 'O say you did not mean it!—Do not take my liberty from me—it is all I have left, and, God knows, it is a poor comfort in the sorrows I undergo. I will put a fair face on everything—will go down to the Well—will wear what you please, and say what you please—but O! leave me the liberty of my solitude here—let me weep alone in the house of my father—and do not

force a broken-hearted sister to lay her death at your door—My span must be a brief one, but do not you shake the sand-glass!—Disturb me not—let me pass quietly—I do not ask this so much for my sake as for your own. I would have you think of me sometimes, Mowbray, after I am gone, and without the bitter reflections which the recollection of harsh usage will assuredly bring with it. Pity me, were it but for your own sake—I have deserved nothing but compassion at your hand—There are but two of us on earth, why should we make each other miserable?—Vol. ii. pp. 254, 255.

At length tranquillity is restored; but as Mowbray departs, a note is put into his hand, warning him against all connection with the pretended Earl, and telling him that the alliance would bring disgrace upon the family. The messenger was off in the cracking of a seal. Mowbray called after him, no answer was returned; he ran after him, but the countryman had the loan of Mercury's old slippers, and got clean out of sight. Whilst this chase was going on, Etherington makes his appearance, and presents himself before Clara. He sues, threatens, and reminds her of her marriage with him. The scene is good; the Earl is haughty, Clara invincible, and holds him at arms length.

'Clara, extricating herself, and retreating from him, only replied, 'There is a heaven above us, and *THESE* shall be judged our actions towards each other! You abuse a power most treacherously obtained—you break a heart that never did you wrong—you seek an alliance with a wretch who only wishes to be wedded to her grave.—If my brother brings you hither, I cannot help it—and if your coming prevents bloody and unnatural violence, it is so far well.—But by my consent you come *not*; and were the choice mine, I would rather be struck with life-long blindness, than that my eyes should again open on your person—rather that my ears were stuffed with the earth of the grave, than that they should again hear your voice!'—Vol. ii. pp. 271, 272.

The Earl slinks off discomfited, meets Mowbray who probes him about Tyrrel; and confesses that he fought with his brother.

'A cool fellow,' said Mowbray, as he looked after him, 'd—d cool fellow, this brother-in-law of mine, that is to be—takes a shot at his father's son with as little remorse as at a black cock—what would he do with me, were we to quarrel?—Well, I can snuff a candle and strike out the ace of hearts; and so, should things go wrong, he has no Jack Raw to deal with, but Jack Mowbray.'—Vol. ii. pp. 281, 282.

Etherington writes for Jekyl, who first replies, and then comes from Harrogate. Whilst all this is going on, honest Mr. Touchwood is playing sad havoc with Meg Dods' pickles

and pies: he eats, drinks, and makes merry, occasionally helping his appetite by a walk to the Well. In returning one night, he slips into a filthy sewer, and gets bemired. We, who know the bottom of St. Rhadegund's ditch, can pity him. He is extricated by Tyrrel, and arrives safe at his inn; where his companion is taken for a ghost by boots, chambermaid, and waiter. A curious explanation ensues. Meg Dods thinks Tyrrel has been murdered, and accuses him of disturbing her by his ghostly appearance. All this while, poor Touchwood is trembling with cold, and covered with mud; till menacing his hostess with the fracture of a China plate, which she thinks he might have resigned for the 'delf-ware,' as that would make as loud a jingle, he is assisted in his purification, and made fit to share supper with Tyrrel, whom he now recognizes as an old acquaintance. They are full of 'auld lang syne.'

'You are a conceited old woman,' said Mr. Touchwood; 'how the devil should any one know to mix spices so well as one that has been where they grow?—I have seen the sun ripening nutmegs and cloves, and here, it can hardly fill a peascod, by Jupiter! Ah, Tyrrel, the merry nights we have had at Smyrna!—Gad, I think the gammon and the good wine taste all the better in a land where folks hold them to be sinful indulgences—Gad, I believe many a good Moslem is of the same opinion—that same prohibition of their prophets gives a flavour to the ham, and a relish to the Cyprus. Do you remember old Cogia Hassein, with his green turban?—I once played him a trick, and put a pint of brandy into his sherbet. Egad, the old fellow took care never to discover the cheat until he had got to the bottom of the flagon, and then he strokes his long white beard, and says, 'Ullah Kerim,'—that is, 'Heaven is merciful,' Mrs. Dods, Mr. Tyrrel knows the meaning of it.—Ullah Kerim, says he, after he had drunk about a gallon of brandy punch!—Ullah Kerim, says the hypocritical old rogue, as if he had done the finest thing in the world!—Vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

Tyrrel no sooner snuffs the morning air, than Captain Jekyl presents himself as mediator between our hero and the Earl, and a conference is held, at which Tyrrel produces his register of baptism, and other parish papers; establishes his right to the title assumed by the Captain's friend; proves the Earl's vile imposition in substituting himself for Tyrrel; and finally, to ensure Clara Mowbray's peace of mind, promises to resign his claims to the Earldom, if that lady is relinquished by his brother: all which is done to the satisfaction of the Captain, who informs Tyrrel that he had, in order to authorize the present step, removed the stigma

attached to his name at the Well by the round robin of the disappointed duellists.

‘ It was now far advanced in autumn. The dew lay thick on the long grass, where it was touched by the sun; but where the sward lay in shadow, it was covered with hoar frost, and crisped under Jekyl’s foot, as he returned through the woods of St. Ronan’s. The leaves of the ash trees detached themselves from the branches, and without an air of wind fell spontaneously on the path. The mists still lay lazily upon the heights, and the huge old tower of St. Ronan’s was entirely shrouded with vapour, excepting where a sunbeam, struggling with the mist, penetrated into its wreath so far as to shew a projecting turret upon one of the angles of the old fortress, which, long a favourite haunt of the raven, was popularly called the Corbie’s Tower. Beneath, the scene was open and lightsome, and the robin-redbreast was chirping his best, to atone for the absence of all other choristers. The fine foliage of autumn was seen in many a glade, running up the sides of each little ravine, russet-hued and golden-specked, and tinged frequently with the red hues of the mountain-ash: while here and there a huge old fir, the native growth of the soil, flung his broad shadow over the rest of the trees, and seemed to exult in the permanence of his dusky livery over the more showy, but transitory brilliance by which he was surrounded.—Vol. iii. pp. 83, 84.

Jekyl was musing on this beautiful scene, when Touchwood accosted him. We have been copious in our extracts, but we cannot refuse to give the following dialogue at large; It is most excellent.

‘ A beautiful morning, sir, for such a foggy, d—d climate as this?’ said a voice close by Jekyl’s ear, which made him at once start out of his contemplation. He turned half round, and beside him stood our honest friend Touchwood, his throat muffled in his large Indian handkerchief, huge gouty shoes thrust upon his feet, his bob wig well powdered, and his gold-headed cane in his hand, carried upright as a serjeant’s halbert. One glance of contemptuous survey entitled Jekyl, according to his modish ideas, to rank the old gentleman as a regular-built Quiz, and to treat him as gentlemen of his Majesty’s Guards think themselves entitled to use every unfashionable variety of the human species. A slight inclination of a bow, and a very cold ‘ You have the advantage of me, sir,’ dropped as it were unconsciously from his tongue, were meant to repress the old gentleman’s advances, and moderate his ambition to be hail fellow well met with his betters. But Mr. Touchwood was callous to the intended rebuke; he had lived too much at large upon the world, and was far too confident of his own merits to take a repulse easily, or to permit his modesty to interfere with any purpose which he had formed.

‘ Advantage of you, sir?’ he replied; ‘ I have lived too long in the world not to keep all the advantages I have, and get all I

can—and I reckon it one that I have overtaken you; and shall have the pleasure of your company to the well.'

'I should but interrupt your worthier meditations, sir,' said the other; 'besides, I am a modest young man, and think myself fit for no better company than my own—moreover I walk slow—very slow.—Good morning to you, Mr. A—A—I believe my treacherous memory has let slip your name, sir.'

'My name!—Why your memory must have been like Pat Murtough's greyhound, that let the hare go before he caught it. You never heard my name in your life. Touchwood is my name. What d'ye think of it, now you know it?'

'I am really no connoisseur in surnames,' answered Jekyl; 'and it is quite the same to me whether you call yourself Touchwood or Touchstone. Don't let me keep you from walking on, sir. You will find breakfast far advanced at the Well, sir, and your walk has probably given you an appetite.'

'Which will serve me to luncheon-time, I promise you,' said Touchwood; 'I always drink my coffee so soon as my feet are in my pabouches—it's the way all over the East. Never trust my breakfast to their scalding milk and water at the Well, I assure you; and for walking slow, I have had a touch of the gout.'

'Have, you?' said Jekyl; 'I am sorry for that; because, if you have no mind to breakfast, I have—and so, Mr. Touchstone, good morrow to you.'

'But, although the young soldier went off at double quick time, his pertinacious attendant kept close by his side, displaying an activity which seemed inconsistent with his make and his years, and talking away the whole time, so as to shew that his lungs were not in the least degree incommoded by the unusual rapidity of motion.

'Nay, young gentleman, if you are for a good smart walk, I am for you, and the gout may be d—d. You are a lucky fellow to have youth on your side; but yet so far as between the Aul-toun and the Well, I think I could walk you for your sum, barring running—all heel and toe—equal weight, and I would match Barclay himself for a mile.'

'Upon my word, you are a gay old gentleman!' said Jekyl, relaxing his pace; 'and if we must be fellow-travellers, though I can see no great occasion for it, I must even shorten sail for you.'

'So saying, and as if another means of deliverance had occurred to him, he slackened his pace, took out an ivory case of segars, and lighting one with his *briquet*, said, while he walked on, and bestowed as much of its fragrance as he could upon the face of his intrusive companion, 'Vergeben sie mein herr—ich bin erzogen in kaiserlicher dienst—muss rauchen ein kleine wenig.'

'Rauchen sie immer fort,' said Touchwood, producing a huge meerschauum, which suspended by a chain from his neck, lurked in the bosom of his coat, 'habe auch mein pfeichen—Sehen sie den lieben topf; and he began to return the smoke, if not the fire of his companion in full volumes, and with interest.

'The devil take the twaddle,' said Jekyl to himself, 'he is too old and too fat to be treated after the manner of Professor Jackson; and, on my life, I cannot tell what to make of him.—He is a resister too—I must tip him the cold shoulder, or he will be pestering me eternally.'

'Accordingly, he walked on, sucking his segar, and apparently in as abstracted a mood as Mr. Cargill himself, without paying the least attention to Touchwood, who, nevertheless continued talking, as if he had been addressing the most attentive listener in Scotland, whether it were the favourite nephew of a cross, old, rich bachelor, or the aid-de-camp of some old, rusty, firelock of a general, who tells stories of the American war.

'And so, sir, I can put up with any companion at a pinch, for I have travelled in all sort of ways, from a caravan down to a carrier's cart; but the best society is the best every where; and I am happy I have fallen in with a gentleman who suits me so well as you.—That grave, steady attention reminds me of Elfi Bey—you might talk to him in English, or any thing he understood least of—you might have read Aristotle to Elfi, and not a muscle would he stir—give him his pipe, and he would sit on his cushion as if he took in every word of what you said.'

'Captain Jekyl threw away the remnant of his segar with a little movement of pettishness, and began to whistle an opera air.

'There again, now!—That is just so like the Marquis, another dear friend of mine, that whistles all the time you talk to him.—He says he learned it in the reign of terror, when a man was glad to whistle to shew his throat was whole.—And, talking of great folks, what do you think of this affair between Lord Etherington and his brother, or cousin, as some folks call him?'

'Jekyl absolutely started at the question; a degree of emotion, which had it been witnessed by any of his fashionable friends, would for ever have ruined his pretensions to rank in their first order.

'What affair?' he asked, so soon as he could command a certain degree of composure.

'Why you know the news surely? Francis Tyrrel whom all the company voted a coward the other day, turns out as brave a fellow as any of us; for, instead of having run away to avoid having his own throat cut by Sir Bingo Binks, he was at the very moment engaged in a gallant attempt to murder his elder brother, or his more lawful brother, or his cousin, or some such near relation.'

'I believe you are misinformed, sir,' said Jekyl drily, and then resumed as deftly as he could, his proper character of pococurante.

'I am told,' continued Touchwood, 'one Jekyl acted as a second to them both on the occasion—a proper fellow, sir—one of those fine gentlemen whom we pay for polishing the pavement in Bond Street, and looking at a thick shoe and a pair of worsted stockings, as if the wearer were none of their paymasters. However, I believe the Commander-in-Chief is like to discard him when he hears what has happened.'

'Sir!' said Jekyl fiercely—then, recollecting the folly of being angry with an original of his companion's description, he proceeded more coolly, 'You are misinformed—Captain Jekyl knew nothing of any such matter as you refer to—you talk of a person you know nothing of—Captain Jekyl is——' (Here he stopped a little, scandalized, perhaps, at the very idea of vindicating himself to such a personage from such a charge.)

'Ay, ay,' said the traveller, filling up the chasm in his own way, 'he is not worth our talking of, certainly—but I believe he knew as much of the matter as either you or I do, for all that.'

'Sir, this is either a very great mistake, or wilful impertinence. However absurd or intrusive you may be, I cannot allow you either in ignorance or incivility, to use the name of Captain Jekyl with disrespect.—I am Captain Jekyl, sir.'

'Very like, very like,' said Touchwood, with the most provoking indifference; 'I guessed as much before.'

'Then, sir, you may guess what is likely to follow when a gentleman hears himself unwarrantably and unjustly slandered,' replied Captain Jekyl, surprised and provoked that his annunciation of name and rank seemed to be treated so lightly. 'I advise you, sir, not to proceed too far upon the immunity of your age and insignificance.'

'I never presume farther than I have good reason to think necessary, Captain Jekyl,' answered Touchwood with great composure. 'I am too old, as you say, for any such idiotical business as a duel, which no nation I know of practises but our silly fools of Europe—and then, as for your switch, which you are grasping with so much dignity, that is totally out of the question. Look you, young gentleman; four-fifths of my life have been spent among men who do not set a man's life at the value of a button on his collar—every man learns, in such cases, to protect himself as he can; and whoever strikes me must stand to the consequences, I have always a brace of bull-dogs about me, which put age and youth on a level.'

'So saying, he exhibited a very handsome, highly-finished, and richly-mounted pair of pistols.'

'Catch me without my tools,' said he, significantly buttoning his coat over the arms, which were concealed in a side-pocket, ingeniously contrived for that purpose. 'I see you do not know what to make of me,' he continued, in a familiar and confidential tone; 'but, to tell you the truth, everybody that has meddled in this St. Ronan's business is a little off the hooks—something of a *tête exaltée*, in plain words, a little crazy, or so; and I do not affect to be much wiser than other people.'

'Sir,' said Jekyl, 'your manners and discourse are so unprecedented, that I must ask your meaning plainly and decidedly—Do you mean to insult me, or no?'

'No insult at all, young gentleman—all fair meaning, and above board—I only wished to let you know what the world may say, that is all.'

'Sir,' said Jekyl, hastily, 'the world may tell what lies it

pleases; but I was not present at the rencontre between Etherington and Mr. Tyrrel—I was some hundred miles off.

‘There now,’ said Touchwood, ‘there was a rencontre between them—the very thing I wanted to know.’

‘Sir,’ said Jekyl, aware too late that, in his haste to vindicate himself, he had committed his friend, ‘I desire you will found nothing on an expression hastily used to vindicate myself from a false aspersion—I only meant to say, if there was an affair such as you talk of, I knew nothing of it.’

‘Never mind—never mind—I shall make no bad use of what I have learned,’ said Touchwood; ‘were you to eat your words with the best fish-sauce, (and that is Burgess’s,) I have got all the information from them I wanted.’

‘You are strangely pertinacious, sir,’ replied Jekyl.

‘O, a rock, a piece of flint for that—What I have learned, I have learned, but I will make no bad use of it.—Hark ye, Captain, I have no malice against your friend—perhaps the contrary—but he is in a bad course, sir—has kept a false reckoning, for as deep as he thinks himself: and I tell you so, because I hold you (your finery out of the question) to be, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest; but, if you were not, why, necessity is necessity; and a man will take a Bedouin for his guide in the desert, whom he would not trust with an aspar in the cultivated field; so I think of reposing some confidence in you—have not made up my mind yet, though.’

‘On my word, sir, I am greatly flattered, sir, both by your intentions and your hesitation,’ said Captain Jekyl. ‘You were pleased to say just now, that every one concerned with these matters was something particular.’

‘Ay, ay—something crazy—a little mad, or so. That was what I said, and I can prove it.’

‘I should be glad to hear the proof,’ said Jekyl—‘I hope you do not except yourself?’

‘Oh! by no means,’ answered Touchwood; ‘I am one of the maddest old boys ever slept out of straw, or went loose. But you can put fishing questions in your turn, Captain, I see that—you would fain know how much, or how little, I am in all these secrets. Well, that is as hereafter may be. In the meantime, here are my proofs.—Old Scroggie Mowbray was mad, to like the sound of Mowbray better than that of Scroggie; young Scroggie was mad, not to like it as well. The old Earl of Etherington was not sane when he married a French wife in secret, and devilish mad indeed when he married an English one in public. Then for the good folks here, Mowbray of St. Ronan’s is cracked, when he wishes to give his sister to he knows not precisely whom: She is a fool not to take him, because she *does* know who he is, and what has been between them; and your friend is maddest of all, that seeks her under such a heavy penalty;—and you and I, Captain, go mad gratis, for company’s sake, when we mix ourselves with such a mess of folly and frenzy.’



‘Really, sir, all that you have said is an absolute riddle to me.’

‘Riddles may be read,’ said Touchwood, nodding; ‘if you have any desire to read mine, pray, take notice, that this being our first interview, I have exerted myself *faire les frais de conversation*, as Jack Frenchman says; if you want another, you may come to Mrs. Dods’s, at the Cleikum Inn, any day before Saturday, at four precisely, when you will find none of your half-starved, long-limbed bundles of bones, which you call poultry at the table d’hôte, but a right Chitty-gong fowl—I got Mrs. Dods the breed from old Ben Vandewash, the Dutch broker—stewed to a minute, with rice and mushrooms.—If you can eat without a silver fork, and your appetite serves you, you shall be welcome—that’s all.—So, good morning to you, good master lieutenant, for a captain of the Guards is but a lieutenant after all.’—Vol. iii. pp. 86—100.

We must finish in a canter. Jekyl reports progress: Etherington intercepts a letter of Tyrrel’s: attends the death-bed of a poor woman, who turns out to be the person who assisted at the wedding of Clara: goes home, reads the intercepted letter, finds that it does not contain the documents which he wanted: and meets Mowbray at cards, whom he ruins. At a tea-party, Lady Penelope Penfeather and the rest of the company make free with the character of Clara Mowbray; and it coming to the brother’s ears, who was absent from the room, he gallops off for Shaws-Castle, like Tam O’Shanter. If he rode as fast as is reported, his horse must have been of the stud of Phaeton, for mortal steed could never have reached home by such a road, and in such a night. He sees his sister, and debates with her till midnight. He accuses her of evil fame. The poor girl bears it like an angel. Mowbray is maddened, and makes an attempt at throat-cutting. So far, so well. But the window is thrown open, and he thrusts himself out. Clara asks what he looks for.

‘After the devil!’ he answered, fiercely; then drawing in his head, and taking her hand, ‘By my soul, Clara—it is true, if ever there was truth in such a tale!—He stood by me just now, and urged me to murder thee!—What else could have put my hunting-knife into my thought?—Ay, by God, and into my very hand—at such a moment?—Yonder I could almost fancy I see him fly, the wood, and the rock, and the water, gleaming back the dark-red furnace-light, that is shed on them by his dragon wings!’—Vol. iii. pp. 229, 230.

He was mad indeed! If this ridiculous bombast were left out, the whole chapter would be inimitable: as it is, it spoils it. But the wrath of the brother, and the meek yet noble bearing of the sister, are boldly and successfully depicted. Clara is resigned, and when they separate, the brother and the sister

part affectionately, Clara having consented to an immediate marriage with the pretended Earl. Mowbray led Clara to her room; as he himself retires, a knocking is heard at the outer gate, and from the rain and the wind comes in old Touchwood; who, armed with means of mutual satisfaction, like a ministering spirit, offers himself—though too late—to develope and to reconcile. He and Mowbray sit up through the night conversing. He explains his relationship to the Mowbray family—the connection of the Earl of Etherington and Tyrrel—the possibility of uniting the latter with Clara, so as to secure the estate to both—the means of retrieving Mowbray's shattered fortune in conformity with the rules of honour and justice—and finally, shews that he is in possession of all the papers necessary to establish the right of Tyrrel to the Earldom of Etherington and the hand of Clara. After this discussion, old Touchwood takes advantage of Mowbray's offer of a stable and a bed.

The slumbers of Mowbray, as may be supposed, were far from sound. His life of late had been too much perplexed for ease: and as he reclined upon his pillow, he ruminated upon the events of the past, and the promise of the future. His sister too was a more than usual object of solicitude with him, for her mind was evidently disturbed, and he had but too much reason to tax his own unfeeling conduct as one cause of her distraction. He feared that she might be driven to desperation, and with a mind overwrought by frightful fancies, he sought her early on the following morning. But no answer was returned to his knock, or calling.

'Clara, dear Clara!—Answer me but one word—say but you are well. I frightened you last night—I had been drinking wine—I was violent—forgive me!—Come, do not be sulky—speak but a single word—say but you are well.'—Vol. iii. p. 475.

But Clara was not within. Her chamber was entered by a private stair-case from the garden, (a most convenient appendage to a lady's chamber—but known to few but novelists)—and no vestige of her was found, save the gate-key in the lock.

'It was then plain that she must have passed that way; but at what hour, or for what purpose, Mowbray dared not conjecture. The path, after running a quarter of a mile or more through an open grove of oaks and sycamores, attained the verge of the large brook, and became there steep and rocky, difficult to the infirm, and alarming to the nervous; often approaching the brink of a precipitous ledge of rock, which in this place overhung the stream; in some places brawling and foaming in hasty current, and in others seeming to slumber in deep and circular eddies. The temptations which this dangerous scene must have offered an excited

and desperate spirit, came on Mowbray like the blight of the Simoom, and he stood a moment to gather breath and overcome these horrible anticipations, ere he was able to proceed.—Vol. iii. pp. 280, 281.

She was sought in her usual walks ; by the river's brink, and in the summer-house, where she was accustomed to pass many solitary hours—but nothing told of her presence, but a glove. Mowbray rode like a madman through the woods, and through the brooks then swollen with the night-rains, and sought her every where—in vain. The penultimate chapter in the book explains the mystery—and that chapter is a fearful one. It is too long to transcribe ; but we must abridge it.

Terrified by the idea that her secret marriage had been discovered, and overcome with a sensation, which, to a virtuous mind like her's, seemed like conscious guilt, at the moment when she left her brother she planned and put into force the desperate scheme of flying from a house, which, by the recent conduct of Mowbray, had become no resting-place for her exhausted spirit. Inured to mountain walks, and wanderings, she took her fearful flight into the roaring woods ; and, by dint of a courage more than human, escaped all the mingled horrors of the wintry storm, which was raging round her. Attracted by a light, she made her way to the Manse, where the poor wretch, whom we mentioned above, was dying ; and just as the penitent sobbed forth a hope for Clara's pardon—like a spirit sent by the powers above, that unfortunate maiden stood before her, in all the wretchedness of her despairing and melancholy fate.

‘The dying woman sat upright, her eyes starting from their sockets, her lips quivering, her face pale, her emaciated hands grasping the bed-clothes, as if to support herself, and looking as much aghast as if her confession had called up an apparition of her betrayed friend.

‘Hannah Irwin,’ said Clara, with her usual sweetness of tone, ‘my early friend—my unprovoked enemy!—Betake thee to Him who hath pardon for us all, and betake thee with confidence—for I pardon you as freely as if you had never wronged me—as freely as I desire my own pardon.—Farewell—Farewell!’—Vol. iii. p. 304.

This woman had been the chief assistant of the Earl of Etherington in the nefarious transaction of poor Clara's marriage, and had come with a repentant heart to unbosom to Mowbray the real truth of the case, when she was seized with that illness, which terminated her existence. After having pronounced the above-mentioned pardon, Clara quitted the room, to the utter surprise of the astonished Mr. Cargill, who was in attendance by the sick bed of the unhappy Hannah Irwin.

This event, added to the other melancholy trials of the

past day, gave wings to the distracted soul of Clara; and we next find her by the side of her lover Tyrrel,

'then deeply engaged in writing, when something suddenly gleamed on a large, old-fashioned mirror, which hung on the wall opposite. He looked up, and saw the figure of Clara, holding a light (which she had taken from the passage) in her extended hand. He stood for an instant with his eyes fixed on this fearful shadow, ere he dared turn round on the substance which was thus reflected. When he did so, the fixed and pallid countenance almost impressed him with the belief that he saw a vision, and he shuddered when, stooping beside him, she took his hand. 'Come away!' she said, in a hurried voice—'come away, my brother follows to kill us both. Come, Tyrrel, let us fly—we shall easily escape him.—Hannah Irwin is on before—but, if we are overtaken, I will have no more fighting—you shall promise me that we shall not—we have had but too much of that—but you will be wise in future.'

'Clara Mowbray!' exclaimed Tyrrel, 'Alas! is it thus?—Stay—do not go,' for she turned to make her escape—'stay—stay—sit down.'

'I must go,' she replied, 'I must go—I am called—Hannah Irwin is gone before to tell all, and I must follow. Will you not let me go?—Nay, if you will hold me by force, I know I must sit down—but you will not be able to keep me for all that.'

'A convulsive fit followed, and seemed, by its violence, to explain that she was indeed bound for the last and darksome journey.'—Vol. iii. pp. 306, 307.

Help is called in, but it is too late; for Clara's spirit has already fled, with the assurance from the medical attendant, that, had her life been spared, she would have remained a living monument of misery and insanity. Tyrrel rushes out, but learns that Mowbray has just met and killed Bulmer in a duel, which is explained in a supernumerary chapter, neither wanted, nor wished for, affording amongst other matters this most edifying information, that Captain Mac Turk was soon placed on full pay; and that Dr. Quackleben married a Mrs. Blower, a fat, vulgar, old jade, widow of Captain Blower a trading cruiser—whose pardon we most humbly beg for forgetting her many charms, although the best part of at least three chapters is filled with her love fancies for the Doctor, whom she christened Cocklehen, Kickerben, Kickinben, and Kittlepin, and sundry other elegant appellatives too numerous to mention here, as we have omitted them elsewhere. Mowbray becomes a Lieutenant in the army—and a regular miser. Tyrrel, poor fellow, scorning to claim his title after its late disgrace, goes out as a Missionary among the Moravians: and "Mr. Touchwood is still alive, forming plans which have no object, and accumulating a fortune, for which he has apparently no heir." For this last piece of information we

heartily thank our author. In our course through the lanes and streets of this wicked world, we may perchance meet with the old Nabob; and, from what we know of him, we are sure his heart is too much alive to the miseries of his fellow-creatures to allow him to behold unmoved a healthy young fellow, who should be scouring hedge and wall after a pack of foxhounds, freezing, like his ink, over a novel, which has little to recommend it except the acquired fame of its reputed Author.

Thanks to Minerva! we are through this tissue of inconsistencies and nonsense. How the author of *Waverley* can take credit to himself for this wishy-washy collection of foolish incidents, and foolish prating, we will not presume to determine. Sufficient unto us is the labour of the perusal. We are speaking generally. For there are, notwithstanding the many great drawbacks to the popularity and merit of this work, several passages of rich and excellent beauty—many signs of the genius which has planned, and the talents which have perfected, so many volumes of dramatic interest for the instruction and the amusement of our countrymen. But, if we except the characters of Clara Mowbray, Josiah Cargill, Peregrine Touchwood, and old Margaret Dods, there is not one of the assembled wise-acres at the Well, whom we would care to recognise, unless we saw them in the pillory, or the stocks. There is, indeed, a redeeming touch of pathos and simplicity about the unfortunate heroine, which might buoy up these volumes against the waves of conflicting opinions; but they are ballasted with such a weight of heavy and uninteresting matter, that, if they float down the stream of Time, the success of the voyage must be attributed to chance, rather than to the skill of the pilot. Of the hero we can by no means speak in terms of praise—at least, of praise heroic. He is too much in the back ground; and when he does come forward, it is to fill up a gap in the narrative. We consider him moreover as at least Cousin-German to a fool, for losing a title and a wife so quietly. But, we suppose, he was intended as a counterpart to his namesake and prototype, St. Francis, who, according to Zimmerman, relinquished his best hopes for a naked skin and a life of penury. There is no act of Parliament to enforce the style of character, to which a Romance-hero should aspire; and the readers of "*St. Ronan's Well*" must therefore be content with the insipid Lady Penelopes, and stupid Sir Bingsos, which caprice or fancy may prepare for them.

Contemporary scribes—or *critics*, as the phrase is—are wont on the appearance of a *Waverley* Novel to ransack its predecessors, in order to discover from what characters in the

old works the Author has copied the characters in the new one. This may be very learned, mighty facetious, and vastly proper; but it would ill become us to weaken the slender reputation of this flimsy work by such paltry pretensions to the appearance of erudition. That we have seen the characters of "St. Ronan's Well" before, and often too, we do not hesitate to say. But we will not reject them on that account. On the contrary, we hailed them as old friends, and had they kept to their former vein entirely, we should have found no fault with them. As it is, we chide 'more in sorrow than in anger;' humbly hoping that the mighty wizard, whose fairy wand holds them in subjection, will shortly introduce them to us, freed from the absurdities of unnatural connection, and improved both in conduct, elegance, and *grammar*. On this last point we would suggest to the Rev. Josiah Cargill, whose treatise on the siege of Ptolemais is advertised on the fly-leaf of volume the third, the great propriety of his compiling an introduction to the rudiments of English Syntax, for the use of the dandy Baronets and poetical Dowagers at St. Ronan's, after the manner of Lowth, Murray, or Cobbett. Such a work would doubtless meet with the patronage which it would deserve; and, if dedicated to the Author of 'St. Ronan's Well,' might not miss its reward. But we forget—as Mr. John Mowbray gave positive orders to Mr. Micklewham to "demolish Hotel, lodging houses and all," except honest Meg Dods's sober residence, Mr. Cargill's list of subscriptions would stand a chance of being very slowly completed. Let him, therefore, write, instead, a glossary of terms not in common use with any but the Grammarians round Abbotsford; and he will do an equal service to the expectant public.

In the above hasty sketch, we have doubtless omitted many things which were worthy of remark, but for which we could find no room. By way of appendix, we subjoin the following questions and answers, which some of our readers, if they are as poor as ourselves, may find useful in these days of paupers and pretence.

'Harkye, brother, do you know how much of a horse's furniture belongs to a ship?'

'Come, none of your quizzing, my old buck,' said Sir Bingo—'What the devil has a ship to do with horse's furniture?—Do you think we belong to the horse-marines—ha! ha! I think you're matched, brother.'

'Why, you son of a fresh-water gudgeon, that never in your life sailed farther than the Isle of Dogs, do you pretend to play a sailor, and not know the bridle of the bowline, and the saddle of the boltsprit, and the bitt for the cable, and the girth to hoist the

rigging, and the whip to serve for small tackle?—There is a trick for you to find out an Abram-man, and save sixpence when he begs of you as a disbanded seaman.’—Vol. ii. p. 197.

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**ART. VIII.** *Catiline, a Tragedy, in five Acts, with other Poems.* By the Rev. George Croly, A.M. Author of *Paris in 1815, the Angel of the World, &c.* London. Hurst and Robinson. 1822.

**THERE** are, it may be presumed, but two primary motives, by which men can be induced to come forward as the avowed apologists of characters, whom the concurrent testimony of contemporary historians has branded with extraordinary turpitude. These are, the love of paradox, and the love of truth. That a noble, though somewhat whimsical author, in his endeavour to redeem the character of Richard the Third from the obloquy which has rested upon it through so many ages, was actuated rather by the former than the latter of these motives, we are strongly inclined to suspect. Towards Mr. Croly, however, we are disposed to cherish a more favourable sentiment; though his attempted vindication of Catiline is an undertaking equally arduous, and, as we shall proceed to demonstrate, equally unsuccessful.

Having adverted to Lord Orford's chivalrous interposition in behalf of the blood-stained Richard, as a parallel instance to Mr. Croly's more recent exertions in favour of Catiline, we cannot but turn a moment from the apologists themselves, to notice the striking coincidence in the characters, circumstances, and ultimate destiny of the 'bold bad men,' whom they have undertaken to defend. The one was descended from kings—the other from Romans, greater than kings—both were possessed, in an eminent degree, of military conduct, and undaunted courage; each, if tradition be correct, was stained with the blood of his nearest kindred; and if Richard was more successful in usurping a crown, than Catiline in aspiring to the ensigns of the Consulship, yet the closing scene of human ambition was alike in both. The usurper and the rebel each found that death in the field of battle, which would have been more fitly inflicted in the dungeon of the captive, or on the scaffold of the criminal. It is time, however, to prove, that the character of Catiline is no more susceptible of vindication, than was that of Richard—and that it may be affirmed of the Roman traitor, not less truly than of the British tyrant,

“ He left a warrior's name to other times,  
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.”

"It is not," observes Mr. Croly, "the purpose of these remarks to prove Catiline blameless, but to ascertain the degree of his guilt." And this purpose is aided by a quotation from the 'Oratio pro M. Cœlio,' which, according to the translation given by Mr. C., might appear to favour his opinions, however extraordinary it may seem to find Cicero quoted by the apologist of Catiline: 'He had, as I suppose you all remember, a multitude, not so much of virtues, as of *approaches* to virtues.' The term here rendered '*approaches* to virtues,' is capable of conveying, and was, we think, intended to convey, a very different signification. The word in the original is '*adumbrata*' which may denote '*shadowed forth*,' '*counterfeited*;' and the whole passage, viewed in this aspect, only tends to prove, that Catiline was no less an adept in dissimulation, than in every other species of perfidy and fraud. That 'he was the most extraordinary contradiction on earth, a compound of opposite propensities,' we are very willing to admit; but that the 'Catiline of Cicero is a daring man, of eminent capacity, *who for a while presents a doubtful aspect of good or evil*,' we utterly deny. The only aspect which he presents is that of the most desperate and decided evil. Hear the indignant philippic of Cicero, delivered in full Senate, as though the charges contained in it were matters of universal notoriety. 'Quæ nota domesticæ turpitudinis non inusta vitæ tuæ est? quod privatarum rerum dedecus non hæret infamæ? quæ libido ab oculis, quod facinus a manibus unquam tuis, quod flagitium a tota corpore abfuit? Cui tu adolescentulo, quem corruptelarum illecebris irretivisses, non aut ad audaciam ferrum, aut ad libidinem faciem prætulisti? Quid vero? nuper, cum morte superioris uxoris, nonne etiam *alio incredibili scelere hoc scelus cumulasti?* quod ego prætermitto, et facile patiar sileri, ne in hac civitate tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitisse, aut non vindicata esse videatur?' It can hardly weaken the force of a positive assertion like this, that Sallust should advert to the same fact with some degree of '*suspicious hesitation*.' It is very obvious that Sallust himself believed the charge, or it is not probable that he would have enumerated the restlessness of remorse, inseparable from a crime so atrocious, among Catiline's motives for accelerating the insurrection. But no '*suspicious hesitation*' is perceptible in the historian when he affirms, '*Jamprimum adolescens Catilina multa nefanda stupra FECERAT.*' And again, '*ne per otium torpescerent manus aut animus, GRATUITO potius malus atque crudelis erat.*' Surely this cannot be called '*a doubtful aspect of good or evil.*'

Another and scarcely less convincing testimony to the unqualified infamy, and unmitigated turpitude of Catiline, may



be deduced from the description of his associates, in which Cicero and Sallust singularly coincide. If the orator demands ' *Quis totâ Italiâ veneficus, quis gladiator, quis latro, quis sicarius, quis parricida, quis testamentorum subjector, quis circumscriptor, quis ganeo, quis nepos, quis adulter, quæ mulier infamis, quis corruptor juventutis, quis corruptus, quis perditus inveniri potest, qui se cum Catilinâ non familiarissimè vixisse fateatur?*—the historian no less explicitly affirms, *Quicumque impudicus, adulter, ganeo;—omnes undique parricidæ, sacrilegi, convicti judiciis, aut pro factis judicium timentes; postremo omnes, quos flagitium, egestas, conscius animus exagitabat, hi Catilinæ proximi familiaresque erant.*' We know not whether Mr. Croly will be disposed to pay a greater deference to poetical authority; but the terms in which Catiline is alluded to by the most distinguished writers may at least evince the opinion, which the Romans themselves entertained, of that unrivalled ruffian. Virgil introduces him in hell, suffering the punishment of his crime,

Te, Catilina, minaci

Pendentem scopulo, Furiarumque ora timentem :

*Æn.* viii. 668.

and by Juvenal he is cited as an example of all that is flagitious and abandoned,

dociles imitandis

Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus—et Catilinam

Quocumque in populo videas, quocumque sub axe.

*Juv.* xiv. 41.

In short, the only rational conclusion, at which we can arrive, is, to credit the united testimony of all antiquity, and to recognise the character given by Sallust (who, whatever deficiencies Mr. Croly may discover in his style, is by no means destitute of fidelity as a historian) whose Catiline, as Mr. C. expressively affirms, is a VAST, EMBODIED INIQUITY.

If Mr. Croly had thus cast a veil over the atrocities of Catiline merely for poetical purposes, we should have considered it unnecessary to enter into so serious a refutation of his opinion; but when, in a long and laboured preface, it is gravely attempted to controvert the concurring evidence of antiquity, in reference to one of the most profligate and abandoned villains who ever disgraced mankind, a full and explicit examination seems imperatively demanded at our hands. The exhibition of splendid villainy is but too much in unison with the prevailing taste of the age in which we live; and though the high estimation, in which we hold Mr. Croly's principles, precludes even the suspicion, that he would *intentionally* undermine the barriers of virtue, by palliating the

enormity of vice ; yet we are firmly persuaded that it is a practice from which much injury has arisen, and will yet arise, to the cause of morality, and the true interests of mankind. Consequently, we have done our utmost to prevent Catiline from being ranked with the Corsairs and Giaours, ' *et hoc genus omne*,' who, when stripped of their poetical disguise, are as desperate and disgusting a set of villains, as any who figure in the " *Newgate Calendar*," or the " *History of the Buccaneers*."

We now proceed to an examination of the Poem itself. Catiline, as is well known, was baffled by the vigilance of Cicero in his design upon the consulship. The first Act opens with an assemblage of his ' *boon*' companions, drawn together to celebrate the anticipated triumph of their ambitious leader ; concerning whose ultimate success they seem to entertain no doubt whatever. But the ' *angry gods*' have willed it otherwise, and the harangues of the ' *smooth-tongued Cicero*' obviate all the influence of Catiline's oratory, though endowed with the power of keeping the restless Roman mob, from noon to evening, still as

' the marble sea,

Sleeping, without a wave ;'

so still, that ' *you could have heard*,' not only, according to the popular illustration, a pin drop, but even, ' *mirabile dictu*,'

' The beating of your pulses, while he spoke !'

Meantime the faction adjourns to the banquet in Catiline's palace, whom, on his appearance, they receive with acclamations of ' *The Consul*.' The Consul in expectancy, however, to their great consternation, advances hastily and moodily to the front, and answers their premature gratulations by the following impassioned diatribe. The picture which it presents of Rome, though highly coloured and deeply shaded, can hardly be reprehended as overcharged :

' Are there not times, Patricians, when great states  
Rush to their ruin ? Rome is no more like Rome  
Than a foul dungeon's like the glorious sky.  
What is she now ? Degenerate, gross, defiled ;  
The tainted haunt, the gorged receptacle  
Of every slave and vagabond of earth :  
A mighty grave, that luxury has dug  
To rid the other realms of pestilence ;  
And of the mountain of corruption there,  
Which once was human beings, procreate  
A buzzing, fluttering swarm ; or venom tooth'd,  
A viper brood : insects and reptiles only.'

The group, as well they may, draw back in surprise. Upon learning the repulse which Catiline had so unexpectedly experienced, they endeavour to soften the bitterness of his disappointment; but he indignantly rejects their proffered alleviations. The whole scene is executed with considerable spirit.

Hamilcar, a lineal descendant of the ancient kings of Africa, detained at Rome as a hostage, is among the guests assembled in the palace of Catiline. Insidious and revengeful as his father Jugurtha, he is ever on the watch for some opportunity of creating civil discord among the Romans: and Cethegus, who appears a tool fit for his purpose, having retired like himself from the banquet, he insinuates with what ease an insurrection might be excited in Rome. This daring scheme is well suited to the desperate circumstances of Cethegus, who forcibly, though somewhat coarsely, remarks,

*' My fortune's on my back—the usurers  
Have my last acre in their harpy hands.'*

Hamilcar having practised upon the credulity of this debauchee, who is 'senseless and brave as his own sword,' sends him back to the revel, to inflame the resentment of Catiline against his countrymen.

The scene now changes to the front of Cicero's palace, where Cethegus, who, it should seem, has profited by the instructions of the wily African, is exciting a rabble of drunken Patricians to an attack on Cicero.

*' Who's Cicero ?*

*A peasant—an Arpinian. No man knows  
Who was his grandfather? A talking slave  
That makes his bread by squabbles in the courts.'*

He does not harangue them in vain. They rush within the gates, and the scene closes.

Act the second introduces Catiline, alone in an apartment of his palace, perusing a letter which has been flung on his pillow by some of the conspirators, the wild mysterious contents of which are well calculated to awaken troubled and desperate thoughts. He at last decides upon abandoning Rome, when his wife Aurelia, (of whom, as Sallust observes, '*præter formam nihil unquam bonus laudavit*') enters in the moment of irresolution with that unanswerable argument, a pile of bills; at once informing him of the importunity of his creditors, and stating that she had already parted with all her jewels to satisfy their demands. The fiery daughter of Marius, inheriting her father's haughty and ambitious spirit, endeavours to inflame her husband to revenge. In justice to Mr. Croly, we give this scene entire.

AURELIA.

‘ Were I a thunderbolt—

Rome’s ship is rotten :

Has she not cast you out ; and would you sink  
 With her, when she can give you no gain else  
 Of her fierce fellowship ? Who’d seek the chain,  
 That linked him to his mortal enemy ?  
 Who’d face the pestilence in his foe’s house ?  
 Who, when the poisoner drinks by chance the cup,  
 That was to be his death, would squeeze the dregs,  
 To find a drop to bear him company ?

CATILINE.

It will not come to this. (*shrinking.*)AURELIA (*haughtily.*)

I’ll not be dragg’d

A show to all the city rabble ;—robb’d,—  
 Down to the very mantle on our backs,—  
 A pair of branded beggars ! doubtless Cicero—

CATILINE.

Cursed be the ground he treads ! Name him no more.

AURELIA.

Doubtless, *he’ll* see us to the city gates ;  
 ’Twill be the least respect that he can pay  
 To his *fallen rival*. Do you hear, my lord ?  
 (Deaf as the rock)—(*aside*). With all his lictors shout ing,  
 “ Room for the noble vagrants ; all caps off  
 For Catiline ! for him that *would* be Consul.”

CATILINE (*turning away*).

Thus to be, like the scorpion, ring’d with fire,  
 Till I sting mine own heart ! (*aside.*) There is no hope !

AURELIA.

One hope there is, worth all the rest—Revenge !  
 The time is harass’d, poor, and discontent ;  
 Your spirit practised, keen, and desperate,—  
 The senate full of feuds,—the city vex’d  
 With petty tyranny—the legions wrong’d—

CATILINE (*interrupting her*).

Yet, who has stirred ? Woman, you paint the air  
 With passion’s pencil.

AURELIA.

Were my will a sword !

CATILINE (*sternly*).

Hear me, bold heart ! The whole gross blood of Rome  
 Could not atone my wrongs ! I’m soul-shrunk, sick,  
 Weary of man ! And now my mind is fix’d  
 For Lybia : there to make companionship  
 Rather of bear and tiger,—of the snake,—  
 The lion in his hunger,—than of men !

AURELIA.

I had a father once, who would have plunged  
 Rome in the Tiber for an angry look !

You saw our entrance from the Gaulish war,  
When Sylla fled ?

CATILINE.

My legion was in Spain.

AURELIA.

We swept thro' Italy, a flood of fire,  
A living lava, rolling straight on Rome,  
For days, before we reach'd it, the whole road  
Was throng'd with suppliants—tribunes, consulars ;  
The mightiest names o' the state. Could gold have bribed,  
We might have pitch'd our tents, and slept on gold,  
But we had work to do ;—our swords were thirsty.  
We enter'd Rome, as conquerors, in arms :  
I by my father's side, cuirass'd and helm'd,  
Bellona beside Mars.

CATILINE (*with coldness*.)

The world was your's !

AURELIA.

Rome was all eyes ; the ancient totter'd forth  
The cripple propp'd his limbs beside the wall ;  
The dying left his bed to look—and die.  
The way before us was a sea of heads ;  
The way behind a torrent of brown spears :  
So on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,  
Through the long, living streets, that sank in gloom,  
As we, like Pluto and Proserpina,  
Enthroned, rode on—like twofold destiny !

CATILINE (*sternly—interrupting her*.)

Those triumphs are but gewgaws. All the earth,  
What is it ? Dust and smoke. I've done with life !

AURELIA (*coming closer, and looking steadily upon him*).

Before that eve—one hundred senators—  
And fifteen hundred knights, had paid—in blood,  
The price of taunts, and treachery, and rebellion !  
Were my tongue thunder—I would cry, Revenge !

CATILINE (*in sudden wildness*).

No more of this ! In to your chamber, wife !  
There is a whirling lightness in my brain,  
That will not now bear questioning.—Away !—pp. 35—40.

The plot now begins to thicken. Hamilcar first enters, informing Catiline that some of his friends had been arrested by the Consul's order ; Caius Valerius succeeds, who is the bearer of a letter from Manlius, inviting him to head the troops of the conspiracy. Hamilcar, who, it seems, is an adept in the occult sciences, and has drawn Catiline's horoscope, assures him that he is predestined to a throne ;—Aurelia returns with intelligence that war had already broken out, and that the banner of insurrection was inscribed with the name of Catiline ; and, to consummate the whole, tidings are brought by Cecina that Sulpicius, the son of Catiline, had been slain

at Baie, while defending his father's villa against the satellites of the Prætor. This blow pierces him to the heart.

'Cecina, who did this? I'll have revenge!  
Villains and murderers—what's the good of life,  
If we but live to look upon such sights?  
There lies the hope of all my Father's line!  
Our race extinguished! Here's a gaping wound,  
So wide, his life fled through it! Cicero,  
This blow has wither'd me! The world's your own,  
Your poniard, Sir! My grave must be that bier.'

But the cup of bitterness is not yet exhausted. A summons is now brought by a herald, directed to Lucius Sergius Catiline, who is required to 'appear in the temple of Jupiter Stator, at the second hour of the night, to answer solemnly before the Senate to attempts on the life of the Dictator, and other manifold treasons against the majesty of Rome.' The indignation of Catiline is fired by this last insult, beyond concealment or restraint. He rushes to a throne at the extremity of the Hall, brings out a legionary eagle (*aquilam illam argenteam, cui domi tuæ sacrarium scelerum constitutum fuit*) and after having, at Hamilcar's suggestion, consented to tamper with the Allobroges, resolves, with some degree of audacity, and confidence in his own dignity,

'By Mars, I'll meet these doting Senators,  
And stand within their prostrate ring like one  
More God than man—that, walking through the storm,  
Had homage of the lightnings—stood unblenched,  
Armed only in his grandeur. I will meet them.'

The next scene transports us to the 'Temple of the Allobroges, a cavern—in the centre an altar, with incense beneath the statue of a barbarian Goddess—Gaulish Priests standing before the altar, with warriors.' Arminius, the chief of the warriors, on the entrance of Catiline, meets him with a haughty menace, which the bold bearing of the intrepid Roman converts into admiration. Dumnorix, the Priest, perceiving that they are entering on 'subjects above their wisdom,' affirms 'we are free;' Arminius, however, dissents from the Priest—

'He speaks the truth. Sir, we are beaten slaves,  
Mere tribute-payers, cumberers of the earth;—  
Cradled in fetters, bred and buried in them;  
I heard a Roman say so once.

CATILINE.

And you—

Let him escape?

ARMINIUS.

Why ay!—into his grave!  
I drove a bondsman's dagger thro' his throat.'

This incident reminds us rather too forcibly of Othello :

‘ In Aleppo once,  
When a malignant and a turbaned Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,  
I took by th’ throat th’ uncircumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus.’

A hymn is then chanted to the Goddess, whom they consult whether Catiline shall be elected King of Gaul. The Priestess (whom we shall hereafter discover to have been a tool of Hamilcar) answering in the affirmative, lays the helmet on Catiline’s head, and places the axe in his hand ; while the chorus salutes him, ‘ Hail, King of Gaul!’

If ever the censure of Horace, ‘ modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis;’ was exemplified in any poem, it is in this. We are no advocates for the rigid observance of the unities, which operated with such unfavourable influence even on the mighty spirits of the Fathers of the dramatic art—but when license in these respects is conceded, it certainly ought to be ‘ licentia sumpta pudenter.’ Nothing less than the magical carpet of Prince Houssain can enable us to follow Mr. Croly’s personages through their various evolutions. Act the third brings us to a cottage in the suburbs of Rome, where Aspasia, the Greek Priestess, who made so conspicuous a figure in the Gaulish pageant, is anxiously awaiting her lover Hamilcar. He comes at last, full of wild and unwonted hopes: his agitated demeanour and extravagant promises excite the curiosity of his mistress, and, by a little female dexterity, she contrives, like another Dalilah, to wile from him a confession of the conspiracy. He leaves her, vowing that he will return, and confirming his vow by a true lover’s oath, which reminds us, not much to Mr. Croly’s advantage, of Shakespeare,

‘ By this white hand, thus shook (shaken?) with such sweet fear,

By the deliciousness of this drooped eye,  
By the red witchery of this trembling lip,  
By all the charm of woman’s weeping love.’

How delightful, after the verbose affectation of such a passage, to read in Shakespeare,

‘ By the simplicity of Venus’ doves ;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;—  
By all the vows that men have ever broke,  
In number more than women ever spoke ;’ &c.

No sooner has Hamilcar departed, than Aspasia hastens to the Dictator with the list of the conspirators, in the hope of saving her lover’s life, to whom,

‘ For all his wildness and proud fantasies.’

meaning, we presume, *notwithstanding all*—she is tenderly attached.

Much to our regret, we must pass over Catiline's appearance in the Senate. This is high ground—and Mr. Croly's verse is worthy of his subject, except in one passage, which we shall produce, merely to show into what extravagance a Poet may be seduced by extreme partiality for ornament.

' Look to your hearths, my Lords,  
For there henceforth shall sit, for household Gods,  
Shapes hot from Tartarus ! all shames and crimes !  
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;  
Suspicion, poisoning the brother's cup—  
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,  
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;  
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,  
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave !

Act the fourth introduces us once more to the Consul, or as Mr. C. calls him, though the title does not appear to be sanctioned by historical evidence, the Dictator. He is walking about in great agitation, when Hamilcar is brought in chained ; whom he immediately taxes with treasonable practices—

' Moor, you are arraigned  
Of Treason to the majesty of Rome !  
No frowning here—A Roman wastes his time  
In reasoning with barbarians.'

Cicero then calls for the Torturer, who is brought forward—and Hamilcar beholds Aspasia ! The subtle reasoning, which the Consul employs in order to wring forth the barbarian's confession, is rather inconsistent with his former haughty declaration. However, by showing a ' claim from Lentulus,' that Aspasia shall be thrown into his share of the spoil, Cicero so works upon the African, that, in the heat of revenge, he promises within an hour to bring the traitors in chains. He accordingly guides the emissaries of Cicero to the Marian vault, where the conspirators are assembled ; Catiline and Cethegus however fight their way to the portal, and fly

' Away ! away ! To Manlius ! To the Camp !'

Act the fifth is ushered in by the procession of the Conspirators to death, and the triumph of Cicero, who is hailed by the populace Father of his country. From Rome, by a touch of the Enchanter's wand, which possesses that power so modestly requested of the Deities by a despairing lover,

' Ye Gods, annihilate both time and space,'

we are transported from the streets of Rome to Catiline and



his army upon the Apennines. After in vain requesting his wife to seek a place of safety, and having received intelligence of the death of his friends at Rome, he resolves on a last desperate effort. The catastrophe is well contrived, and splendidly executed. We give the final scene.

‘ HAMILCAR comes in, speaking to an Officer.

HAMILCAR.

I think those shouts are nigh the westward trench.  
The Consul’s weakest there. (*Officer goes.*) And *here* I stand,  
Leaving to others the bold outward fight,  
To lurk behind a wall.—I should have faced  
The proudest sword on earth—but Catiline’s.—  
His eye would drink the spirit of my blood,  
And make my scymitar a reed.—Who’s here?

[*Shouts, “A prisoner!” CETHEGUS is brought in.*

Cethegus taken—*alive!*

[*In surprise.*

CETHEGUS (*to HAMILCAR*).

Dog of an African!

Betrayer!—perjurer!—felon! Give me breath!—  
Had not my charger fallen, that villain head  
Had been upon my spear.

HAMILCAR (*anxiously*).

Is Catiline slain?

CETHEGUS.

How *dare* you name him?

HAMILCAR (*with haughtiness*).

Is the *rebel* dead?

CETHEGUS.

Dead or alive, he’s glorious! In the rout  
That bore him backwards o’er the fatal trench,  
I saw him fighting, with a giant’s strength,  
Cover’d with wounds,—his corslet beaten off,—  
His unhelm’d brow mask’d with his spouting blood;—  
The battle’s soul,—knight, spearman, general, all;—  
Shouting to this man,—grasping t’ other’s robe,  
Slaying a third,—and ever turning back  
To charge the cow’d pursuers.—

HAMILCAR (*to the Soldiers*).

Let him free.

[*CETHEGUS is taken out; shouts and trumpets.*

My mind misgives me, or the battle’s turn’d!—  
Stand to your arms.—What ensign’s in the field?

SOLDIER (*from the Walls*).

The Marian Eagle,—and a column comes,  
Straight on the Consul’s centre. Now, they charge!—  
The trench is taken.

HAMILCAR (*hastily*).

To the ramparts, all!—

Quick, load the engines,—let the archers shoot,—  
Whirl slings,—rain lances,—give them steel i’ the teeth;

Fight all, as if, upon his single arm,  
Each bore the whole high fortunes of the night.

[*Shouts at the Gates. Trumpets.*]

CATILINE (*without*).

Once more!—and put your souls into your blows;

Be iron, like your lances,—fierce as fire,—

Strong as the whirlwind!—Charge!—The word's "Revenge!"

[*The Gates are beaten down, and the Works fired; CATILINE rushes in unhelmed and wounded; the Troops give way; HAMILCAR, after a struggle with himself, bends to the ground; CATILINE approaches; he stops before HAMILCAR, who strips his bosom.*]

HAMILCAR.

Strike here, and be revenged!

CATILINE.

Die!

[*He lifts his Sword, but turns away; HAMILCAR starts on his feet, and stabs himself; CATILINE stands, gazing at him.*]

CECINA (*coming in*).

Triumph, my general!—For the field's our own,

The Consul's flank is turn'd, and all his line

Are chaff before the wind.

CATILINE (*exclaims*).

Onwards!—To Rome!—

[*Voices of the Captains, in succession, without:*]

"Onwards!—Onwards!—Onwards!"

CATILINE.

To Rome!—(*His voice failing*.)—To Rome!

[*AURELIA and CETHEGUS support him.*]

Where is Aurelia?

[*Falling.*]

[*She bends over him.*]

I must die.—Farewell!—

[*He springs from the ground.*]

Is there no faith in Heaven? My hour shall come!

This brow shall wear the diadem, and this eye

Make monarchs stoop. My wrath shall have a voice

Strong as the thunder; and my trumpet's breath

Shall root up thrones. Your husband shall be King!—

Dictator!—King of the world!—

[*He falls suddenly, and dies.*]

pp. 153—157.

It only remains to offer a brief opinion of this tragedy, which, while it possesses powerful claims on our approbation, makes perhaps a still greater demand upon our censure. The characteristic of the Poem is *inequality*. There is much poetic elevation—much power of language—much dignity of sentiment—coupled with a great deal that is turgid, extravagant, and unnatural. Mr. Croly rises at one moment into complete bombast, and degenerates in the next into absolute

vulgarity. He is peculiarly fond of crowding together a number of similes, which are neither sufficiently indicative of the object intended, nor even consistent with one another. One instance may suffice :

‘ Wild as young stags ;  
 Bold as bay’d boars—haughty as battle-steeds,  
 Keen as fleshed hounds—fire-eyed as mounting hawks ;’—  
 Is not this ‘Ercles’ vein ?

Specimens of vulgarity are not unfrequent—witness the following.—

‘ Conspiracy ! he’s levell’d—on the earth !’

HAMILCAR.

The consulate was his by right.

CETHEGUS.

By right,  
 Aye, or by wrong ! had I been Catiline  
 I should have *knock’d out Cicero’s brains*.’

This last seems to be a favourite idea of Mr. Croly’s—we find it repeated p. 126, and by a Patrician ;

‘ What shall we have for *knocking out our brains* ?’

The answer is worthy of the question :

‘ *Just what they’re worth, fool !*’

If this be the language of Patricians, our modern heroes of the turf may, it seems, defend their peculiar dialect by classical authority !

Instances of the greatest metrical inaccuracy are frequent—

‘ Rush to their ruin ? Rome is no more like Rome—’

‘ Scattered my blood for her—laboured for—loved her ?’

Many passages are extremely obscure. The following would make a very pretty enigma for some of the *Literary Pocket-Books*, with which the town is inundated ;

‘ This emblem of all miseries and crimes ;  
 This robber’s love, that breaks the rich man’s lock ;  
 The murderer’s master-key to sleeping hearts ;  
 The orphan-maker—widower of brides—  
 The tyrant’s strength—the cruel pirate’s law—  
 The traitor’s passport to his sovereign’s throne—  
 This mighty desolator, that contains  
 In this brief bar of steel, more woe to the earth  
 Than lightning, earthquake, yellow pestilence,  
 Or the wild fury of the all-swallowing sea.’

Surely this cannot be the language of a bloody and desperate rebel, on the eve of that battle, which is to be the arbiter of his destiny !

Before however we part with Mr. Croly, there is another and a heavier charge than any involving a mere literary delinquency, which we are constrained to adduce against the Author of *Catiline*. His tragedy is altogether destitute of any *moral conclusion*. The rebel dies like a hero; on the field of glory, in the arms of victory. There is not a single point, on which the mind can rest with satisfaction, after the perusal of *Catiline*. There is not a single character which can be selected as a model for imitation, or a beacon to be avoided: by a kind of *levelling* process, if we may venture to adopt a favourite term of Mr. Croly's, the good are placed on an equality with the bad, or rather degraded below them. Who would not prefer the haughtiness and courage of the ambitious Patrician to the eloquence of that Orator, whom Cethegus terms

‘A prating, proud plebeian, whom those fools  
Palm’d on the consulship?’

It is far from our wish to call in question the correctness of Mr. Croly's intentions, nor will we accuse him of being wholly indifferent to the moral influence of his writings; but we cannot help suspecting that, in the work before us, all considerations of this nature have been sacrificed to the production of poetical effect. Even had this object been fully attained, it could not have justified the means; and the interest excited would have been of that equivocal nature, which is as little creditable to the Poet, as it can be beneficial to the Reader. We are nevertheless far from thinking that Mr. C. has succeeded in exciting even this interest—though we do not ascribe his failure to deficiency of powers, (for he has shewn himself capable of better things) but to an injudicious arrangement of his materials, and a perpetual affectation of originality. Why, instead of condescending to follow the eccentric course of that wandering star, which has sullied its earlier glories by the contamination of a grosser atmosphere; does not Mr. C. emulate the splendour of those purer, though less imposing, luminaries, which have never been dimmed by the vapours of libertinism, or obscured in the black darkness of infidelity? Why does he become a servile copyist of that noble Poet, whom we cannot advert to without sentiments of deep and unaffected regret, rather than aspire to be the rival (and he might be the not unsuccessful rival) of that Bard of Isis, whose laurels will wear well, as they have been honourably earned? Much would it grieve us to see a man so highly gifted, and, we believe, so highly principled, as Mr. Croly, sink into the ‘ignoble vulgus’ of those ephemeral bards, who are read by the frivolous, quoted by the gay, unnoticed by the wise, and forgotten by the virtuous.

ART. IX. ΕΥΡΗΙΑΟΤ ΗΑΕΚΤΡΑ. *Euripidis Electra*. *Ad optimarum editionum fidem emendavit, et annotationibus in usum juventutis instruxit*, Hastings Robinson, A. M. Collegii D. Johannis, et Societatis Philosophicæ Cantabrigiensis Socius. *Cantabrigiæ*. 1822.

THE range of the antient Drama, as might reasonably be expected from its intimate connexion with the national Religion, was confined within contracted limits. The Mythological traditions of the country, and more particularly the crimes and sorrows of the house of Atreus, formed the inexhaustible, though narrow, source of the subjects of all the Greek Tragedies. Hence it followed as a necessary result, that the early Dramatists repeatedly occupied the same ground; and if we cast our eyes over the titles of the plays and fragments which are still extant, we shall often find that the adventures of the same Hero have been successively dramatised by each of the three Tragedians, whose writings have come down to modern times. The only remaining instance, however, in which Euripides has followed precisely in the steps of *both* his predecessors, is the *Electra*; which seems therefore almost to challenge a comparison of its merits with those of its illustrious prototypes.

It has been conjectured indeed, that this piece was written expressly for the purpose of disputing the palm with the *Choephoræ* of Æschylus, and the Tragedy of the same name by Sophocles. If there be any truth in this—though the identity of the subject is the only ground of the conjecture, and is therefore equally applicable to all his other dramas, which, though no longer in existence, were composed on subjects which had been already handled by his rivals—it must be allowed, even by his most partial admirers, that his failure is complete. In this Play, the peculiar defect of Euripides—his inattention to that dignity of character, which is essential to Tragedy—is eminently conspicuous. The distress of *Electra* is very nearly allied to the ludicrous, when she laments the tattered state of her garments; and addresses a piteous complaint to the Night, as she totters beneath the weight of a pitcher of water. Nor is it altogether the tone of a Tragic Heroine, in which she sagely remarks, that the foot of a male will in all probability be somewhat larger than that of a female—that there is no physical law by which the hair of a brother and sister is necessarily of the same colour—and that a man of full growth would find some difficulty in creeping into the garments of a child<sup>1</sup>. The play, moreover, is greatly deficient in interest and probability; and the *dig-nus vindice nodus*, for the solution of which the Dioscuri are

<sup>1</sup> These observations, however, apply also in some degree to the *Choephoræ*.

wholly and solely introduced, is neither more nor less than a patched-up marriage between Pylades and the sister of his friend. In the management of the plot, however, it must be allowed that the Choephoræ is yet more essentially defective; but at the same time its inartificial arrangement is amply compensated by the rude, yet expressive eloquence of the Poet, and by the dread solemnity of purpose, and fearful air of destiny, which pervade the whole. But to Sophocles we cannot hesitate to adjudge the palm. He has softened down the rough, but energetic sketch of his mighty master into a finished picture of the most perfect beauty. In the artful conduct of the plot, in the elevated tone of the dialogue, and in the uniform interest of the situations, that nicety of judgment, and felicity of execution, which form the characteristic excellence of Sophocles, are readily discernible.

In addition to these considerations, there are *specific* beauties in the Choephoræ of Æschylus, and in the Electra of Sophocles, for parallels to which we shall search in vain in the Electra of Euripides. Although the celebrated Trilogy, of which the first is a portion, was one of the latest productions of its author, and received the prize only a short time before his death, yet it contains abundant proofs—among which we may instance the noble scene in which Electra animates her brother to the fatal deed, by recounting the atrocities which attended her father's murder, and the ode in which the chorus, sing the ferocious deeds of men, and the fatal effects of female passion—that the vigour of the poet's genius was still unsubdued. And what can be more beautiful than the description of the chariot-race in Sophocles, in which Orestes is reported to have been killed—what more noble than the indignation which Electra expresses at the hesitation of Chrysothemis—or more affecting than her lamentation over the urn which is supposed to contain the ashes of her Brother? These are flights which Euripides could scarcely hope to equal, and which he could not possibly surpass.

But, with all its imperfections on its head, there is still enough in the Electra of Euripides, to discover the hand of a master. Were it only for the delightful choral ode, in which they record with such elegant simplicity the treachery of Thyestes in defrauding his brother of the crown, and the valuable information respecting the sacrifices of the antients, contained in the narrative of the death of Ægisthus, it deserves a share of that attention which has of late been so successfully bestowed upon the antient Drama. There are few, perhaps none, of the Greek plays, which have stood more in need of critical aid. Pierson, in his *Verisim*, (p. 237.) calls it a nest of corruptions, (*corruptelarum nidulum*;) and though

Musgrave, in preparing his Edition of Euripides, enriched it with the Collations of three MSS. and a store of conjectural Emendations,—in which he was always fertile, and frequently fortunate,—it was still left in a very imperfect state. In the Edition, which has given rise to the foregoing observations, Mr. Robinson professes to follow in the steps of Dr. Monk, and Mr. Elmsley, by giving a corrected text, together with such philological and illustrative remarks, as may be useful to younger Students. We proceed to consider the manner in which he has executed the task.

Verse, 1. The form of expression pointed out in the note from Seidler is not uncommon in the Tragic writers. The opening of the *Alcestis* is directly parallel, where Dr. Monk compares Eurip. Hipp. vv. 749. 1124. Soph. Elect. 201.

V. 2. Instead of the common reading Ἀρη Mr. Robinson tacitly admits Ἀρη in conformity with Porson's rule; Phæn. 134. We could wish that he had also received into the text Mr. Elmsley's Emendation, ἐν Ἰδαίᾳ χθονί, in v. 4., which is confirmed by Soph. Aj. 434. τοῦ πατὴρ μὲν τῆσδ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίας χθονός. Although the admission of an Anapæst in *quartâ sede* of an Iambic Senarius is allowable in the case of a proper name, it is nevertheless of rare occurrence. In v. 313. the correction of Hermann—πρὸς δ' ἔδραισιν Ἀσίδες—is absolutely necessary, as the vulgar reading involves a false quantity. See Blomfield, ad Æsch. Pers. 275. Mr. Robinson, we observe, has noticed both these Emendations in his Addenda.

V. 6. The note on this Verse refers to the use of the verb ἀφικνεῖσθαι, in the sense of *redire*, followed by an accusative both with or without a preposition. We do not recollect that the preposition is ever omitted in the Attic Prose Writers.

V. 9. ἐκ Κλυταιμνήστρας δόλφ. “Vulgo legitur πρὸς, cujus vice ἐκ rescribi monuit Porsonus.” H. R.

V. 14. οὐς δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἔλιψ', ὅτ' εἰς Τροίαν ἔπλει. This reading proposed by Seidler, after Orest. 64. is more musical than the common οὐς δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔλυπεν, and very properly admitted into the Text.

V. 22. δέισας δὲ, μὴ τῷ παῖδι ἀρίστεων τέκοι,

Ἀγαμέμνονος ποινάτορ, εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις.

These lines are printed according to the Emendation of Porson ad Med. 5. As they are usually read, the first contains a violation of the sense, and the second of the Metre, having an Anapæst in the 4th place. It is not improbable that the corruption sprung out of v. 266. infra.

V. 27. κτανεῖν σφε βουλεύσαντος ὁμόφρων ὅμως Μήτηρ κ. τ. λ.  
This is Seidler's elegant Emendation of a passage palpably cor-

rupt, with which the ingenuity of the Critics has contended in vain. Mr. R. is perfectly justified in giving it a place in the Text. We had once thought of

Κτανειν σφ' ἐβούλευσ' αἰὲν ὠμόφρων δ' ἄμως κ. τ. λ. which is certainly better than Musgrave's ἐβουλεύσ' αἰτίς, but conjecture on this passage is no longer necessary.

V. 34. Mr. Robinson understands the present *δίδωσιν* in the sense of the perfect. We should rather understand it of the Aorist, which usually represents a past action, of which the effect still continues. Eurip. Supp. 891. 'ΕΛΘΩΝ δ' ἐπ' Ἰνᾶ-  
χου ρόας, ΠΑΙΔΕΤΕΤΑΙ κατ' Ἄργος. Thucyd. vii. 83. καὶ ΑΝΑΛΑΜΒΑ-  
ΝΟΤΕΙ τε τὰ ὄπλα, καὶ εἰ Συρακούσιοι Αἰσθανόνται καὶ ἐπαιονίσαν.  
As another Example take the additional instance given by Mr. R. himself at v. 414. infra. τὸ μὲν γενὸς πᾶν τὸ ἄρσεν ἀπέκτειναν, πλὴν ὅσοι τῆς πολέως ἀλίσκομένης ΕΚΔΙΔΡΑΣΚΟΤΕΙ. Pausan. in Achaicis. p. 399.

V. 52. Mr. R. tacitly adopts the reading of Musgrave, *γνώμης πονηρᾶς καὶ ὅτιν*, which we think unnecessary. It is true that Porson follows Musgrave, ad Hec. 600, where he misquotes *ἴστω τὸ σῶφρον*, citing from memory. The common reading is confirmed by a fragment of the Bellerophon, in which we find *δικαίους καὶ νόμους*.

V. 94. Mr. R. refers to Porson's admirable note, Orest 1437. on the transitive use of the Verb *βαίνω*. To the instances there cited, add Eurip. Helen. 35. τὰ δ' αὖ Διὸς Βουλευμάτ' ἄλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοῖς.

Vv. 115, 6, 7. In these lines Mr. R. follows the reading of all the Editions, without noticing the disagreement between the Strophe and Antistrophe. The passage is evidently corrupt, and we have little doubt that the corruption lies in the word *Κάρα*, which would scarcely be repeated in the following Verse. The whole may be thus corrected :

ἐγενόμαν Ἀγαμέμνωνος,  
καὶ τίκτειν με Κλυταιμνήστρα,  
στοιγνὰ Τυνδαρεὺ κάρα.

The repetition of the word *τλάμων* in the Antistrophe, as proposed by Hermann, is sanctioned by no authority, and is thus rendered unnecessary.

Vv. 121. 2. We prefer Seidler's punctuation and arrangement of these lines :

καὶ στοιγερᾶς ζωᾶς.  
δ' ἄτερ, σὺ δ' ἐν αἰᾷ δὴ  
κεῖσαι, κ. τ. λ.

"Cum subito sermonem ad alium ab alio convertimus, primo nomen ponimus, deinde pronomen, deinde particulam." Porson. ad Orest. 614.

123. The Construction explained in the note is not com-



mon. Add to the instances there cited, *Æsch. Agam.* 789.  
 τῇ δ' ἀναντίρ' αἵτει Ἑλλὰς προσχεῖ χεῖρὸς οὐ' πληρουμένην.

V. 142. ἐπορβοδάσω. "Vox, teste Maltbeio, lexicis ignota, neque alibi occurrens." Still we see no reason for the change which Reiske proposes; for although the antients were wont "lamenta edere per diluculum," which the word ἐπορβοδάσσω expresses, Analogy amply confirms the common reading. *Æsch. Pers.* 1051. Ἐπορβόλαζε νῦν γόους. *Choeph.* 269. κἀπορβόλαζον πολ-  
 λά. *Soph. Ant.* 1206. ὀρβίον κυκλωμάτων.

V. 148. κρατ' ἐπὶ κούρμῳ. This is the true reading, but the authority by which it is supported does not apply. The passage of the *Helen.* v. 377. ἐπὶ δὲ κρατὶ χέρας ἔθηκεν, is adduced by Musgrave in defence of another Emendation by Barnes, κρατ' ἐπὶ κούρμῳ, which he prefers. If this were admitted, it would furnish an instance of the Elision of the final ι from the dative singular, which Mr. Elmsley has fully proved to be inconsistent with the usage of the Tragic Poets, in his learned note to his Edition of the *Heraclidæ*, v. 693. Addend. The only exception which has escaped his notice, as far as we remember, is *Æsch. Pers.* 855. ὑπαντιάζειν παῖδ' ἐμῷ πειρασόμεναι, — where Dr. Blomfield corrects παῖδ' ἐμὸν, after Lobeck ad *Ajæc.* 801. and compares *Herod.* IV. 121. ὑπηγιάζον τὴν Δαρείου στρα-  
 τήν. A similar correction is applied to v. 839.

V. 159. Instead of the common reading ἰώ μοι, μοι, Mr. R. has ἰώ μοι, ἰώ μοι, after Seidler; by which means the Strophe and Antistrophe correspond. The transposition in v. 162. of the words μήτραις σὲ γυνὴ δέξαι', is also necessary to complete the verse.

V. 177. Mr. Robinson has this remark upon the epithet χρυσόις, which appears to us to be somewhat out of place. "Generale nomen est formositatis et præstantiæ." We would refer Mr. R. to his own note on v. 191. infra.

V. 180. ἐλκτὸν κρούσω ποδ' ἐμὸν. Thus Canter reads, instead of πόλεμον, which is perfectly unintelligible. The considerations by which Musgrave would defend the common reading, are totally inapplicable, and fanciful in the extreme. Mr. R. properly compares εἰλκεῖς πόδα. *Eur. Or.* 172.

V. 181. δάκρυσι χορεύω. This Emendation of Porson is necessary to the metre, and agreeable with the sense.

V. 185.

εἰ πρόποντ' Ἀγαμέμνονος  
 κούρῃ τᾷ βασιλείᾳ,  
 τᾷ Τριῷ θ', ᾧ μὲν πατέρος  
 μέμναι παῖδ' ἀλώσα.

This passage had baffled the attempts of all the commentators, and appeared in all the Editions replete with corruptions, till it was thus happily emended by Seidler, from a suggestion by Reiske. Mr. R. has adopted the emendation, but without

any notice of the common reading, or of the source of the amendment.

V. 232. Mr. R. would affix to *φθέρμας*, the sense of *male rem gero*, instead of *Vagor*, in which it is usually understood. We certainly think the latter signification equally applicable in the present instance, and the authorities are greatly in its favour. See the examples adduced by Dr. Blomfield in his Glossary to the *Persæ* of *Æschylus*, v. 457.

V. 238. *λύπας τε συντέτρηκας*, ἀπὲρ καὶ σπένω. We read, with Reiske, *συντετρηκίς*; which preserves the connexion between *ἡμᾶς* in the preceding line, and *κρῶται*, *πυλκαμένη* τ' in the following.

V. 246. This use of the Aorist by the Tragedians is differently explained by Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. §. 506.

V. 273. *ἤρην τὸδ' ; αἰσχρὸν γ' ἔπας* αἰ γὰρ τῇν ἄκμήν; Mr. Robinson points the line thus, with a note of interrogation after *ἔπας*, following Seidler and Heath. We think that the sense would be rendered still clearer by reading *οἶα ἔργον ἄκμης*; as in *Soph. Elect.* 22. *ὁκέτ' ὀκνεῖν καιρὸς*, ἀλλ' ἔργον ἄκμης. Blomfield has ably illustrated the use of *ἄκμη* in his Glossary to *Æsch.* *Theb.* v. 95.

V. 296. *ἄσπευς ἄσπευ*. Porson ad *Orest.* 393. says that *ἄσπευς* "aut spandeu esse, aut scribendum *ἄσπευς*," the former of which opinions Mr. R. has followed. We think with Mr. Elmsley, ad *Soph. CEd. T.* 762. that the Tragedians always wrote *ἄσπευς*, as a dissyllable, before a vowel, except by poetic License, as in *πῶλες ἐκβεβλημένους*. v. 410. infra. Thus we have, *ἄσπευς ἑλᾶς*. v. 244. supra; So also *Eurip. Orest.* 751. *ἄσπευς ἀγυῖας*. *Phoen.* 856. *ἄσπευς ἰδός*. So *πῶλες ἀνάστων*. v. 830. infra.

V. 322. *οἶπυ χάς ποτ'*, the reading adopted by Porson in his *Adversaria*, is received by Mr. R. into the Text.

V. 373. *πενία' διδάσκει δ' ἄνδρα τῇ χρεῖα κενόν*

*πενία' διδάσκει δ' ἄνδρα τῇ χρεῖα κενόν.*

We do not see the parallelism of the passage cited from Juvenal. Mr. Robinson retains the reading of the Editions, and does not even mention the elegant Emendation of Toup, which we should not hesitate to admit into the Text,—*διδάσκει δ' ἄνδρα χ' ἡ χρεῖα σοφόν*. Compare *Eurip. Med.* 297. *παῖδας περιπαῖς ἐπιδάσκουσθαι σοφοῦς*. *Herac.* 574. *διδασκέ μοι τοιούσδε τοιούδε παῖδας, εἰς τὸ πᾶν σοφοῦς*. On the expression *διδάσκει σοφόν*, See Matthiæ. Gr. Gr. §. 414. Toup. ad *Suid.* ii. p. 383. and Valcknær. *Diatrib.* p. 205.

Vv. 440. &c. In this passage, which has grievously puzzled the Commentators, we confess that we see no extraordinary difficulty. Mr. R. calls it "*Locus importunissimus, cuius sensum reperire nequeo.*" but very judiciously alters.

nothing. We had once conjectured *νυμφῶν τε σπουδῆς*, in v. 445, which is supported by Eurip. Helen. 1325.; but there is no necessity for any change.

V. 477. *δοριπύων ἔκτανεν ἀνδρῶν Τυνδαρίς*

*ἃ λέχεα. κ. τ. λ.*

We prefer the other Emendation of Seidler, which Mr. Robinson rejects. *Τυνδαρί, σὰ λέχεα*, agrees much better with what follows, and the alteration of *ἔκτανεν* into *ἔκτανες*, which the change requires, is confirmed by v. 740 infra *ὣν οὐ μνασθεῖσα πόσιν κτείνεις*.

V. 485. *ῥυσθ*. In this reading Mr. R. follows Porson ad Phæn. 861. By the same authority, joined with that of Musgrave and Markland, he reads *πολὺν* for *παλαιόν*, v. 492.

V. 508. *ὣν μελαγχχιμον πόκφ*. "Non compositum est," says Mr. R., "sed duntaxat παράγωγον α μελᾶς, teste Eustath. ad Hom. Il. x. 13." But Dr. Blomfield, (see his Gloss. ad Æsch. Pers. 573.) derives these adjectives from the old root *χλος*, *frigus*. To the instance adduced by Mr. R. we may add those cited by Dr. Blomfield ad Pers. 306. among which we find the present passage written *ὣν μελαγχχιμφ πόκφ*, which is unquestionably the correct reading.

V. 541. *σῶτος λαβῶν*. The vulgar reading is *σπουδῆς λαβῶν*. This correction, which is Seidler's, is sanctioned by no authority. The easy Emendation of Mr. Elmsley (Bacch. 959.) noticed by Mr. R. in his Addenda, and consisting merely of a slight transposition, is infinitely preferable.

V. 551 Mr. R. properly receives *ἐξέλεψε*, the Emendation of Pierson. (Veris. p. 241.) into the Text. Compare vv. 16. 284. supra. Also Soph. Elec. 11. Æsch. Choeph. 747.

V. 566 *ῥᾶν*. "Ita Seidl. a MS. pro vulgato ῥῶν."

V. 584. *τάλας ἀλαινῶν ἔβα*.

*Σὲ θεός, κ. τ. λ.*

Mr. Robinson reads the passage thus, after Seidler, instead of *ἀλαινῶν ἔβασε*. *Θεός κ. τ. λ.*, understanding *σὲ* of Orestes. The Emendation was first made by Reiske, who improperly referred the pronoun to *ἡμέρα*, v. 580.

V. 591. *ἔεν*. We prefer Dr. Monk's explanation of this formula, in his note to Hipp. 297. "Solennis exclamatio est, ubi missis iis, quæ jam dicta sint, ad alia se convertit oratio." The instances to which Mr. Robinson refers are not in Hermann's note, but in a tedious Annotation by Zeunè; and they are exclusively from Plato. Take the following:—Hec. 313. Orest. 764. Phæn. 863 1631. Med. 387. Hip. 297. Alc. 310. Iph. T. 467. Hel. 767. and vv. 613. 902. 945. infra.

598. "*πῶς* pro *τῷ* in hoc versu restituit Porsonus." H. R.

V. 636.—*παρέσται δ' ἐν πόσει βοήην ἔπι*. The words *ἐν πόσει* have exercised the ingenuity of the Critics. Mr. Robinson

very properly, as we think, rejects *ἐν πόνει*, which is the conjecture of Dr. Monk, ad *Alcest.* 755. The most probable correction appears to be that of Jacobs in his *Exercitationes* in Eurip.—*πάρεσι δ' ἐν πόνει*, which is almost suggested by the line immediately following;

*τί δ' οὐχ' ἄμ' ἐξωρμῶτ' ἐμὴ μήτηρ πόνει;*—

V. 649. *λέγ' ἥλιους, ἐν οἷσι ἀγρεύει λαχῶ.*

*Δεχ' ἥλιους*, the Emendation of Elmsley ad Heraclid. v. 602, which is noticed in the Addenda, should certainly be received into the text. The error of the copyists, in writing  $\Lambda$  for  $\Delta$  and  $\gamma$  for  $\chi$  is obvious. The children of the Romans were generally named on the ninth day from their birth, (See the passage of Macrobius cited in the note on this verse) but in earlier times the Ceremony took place on the tenth day, and was accompanied by the purification of the woman. This is evident from Arist. Aves 923. *οὐκ ἄρτι θύω τὴν δεκάτην ταύτης ἐγώ; καὶ ταύτῃ ὥσπερ παιδίῳ νῦν δὴ θέμην*, and also by a fragment of the *Ægeus*, where we find, *τίς σε μᾶτερ ἐν δεκάτῃ τόκον ἀνέμαζεν;* See also v. 1121. *infra.* where Mr. R. reads, after Musgrave, *δεκάτην σελήνην παιδὸς, ὡς νομίζεται* instead of *δεκάτῃ σελήνῃ*. The alteration is confirmed by the passage of the *Aves* cited above, and by v. 1127. *infra.* *παιδὸς ἀριθμὸν ὡς τελεσφόρον θύσω θεοῖσι.*

V, 654. *ἴσως πάλιν τοι μῦθον εἰς καμπὴν ἄγε.*

We see no reason for this change in the text. The vulgar reading, *ἄγε*, is more agreeable to the sense, which we thus interpret: *Perhaps she will come as you expect; I am satisfied with your answer, and therefore will make no further enquiry.*

V. 656. *εἰσὼ.* Vulgo *εἰσὼ.* By this simple change in the accentuation, Seidler has given a novel turn to the sense of the following line, which Mr. Robinson adopts; and we think justly. In v. 661. *ἔπειτ' ἀπαντῶν* is the easy and elegant emendation of Pierson. *Verisim.* p. 246. The old reading, *ἔπειτα πάντων* is perfectly unintelligible, which Barnes tamely altered into *ἔπειτα πάντα.*

Vv. 672. &c. The confusion which prevails in this passage, as it is usually printed, Mr. R. has removed, after Seidler, by an easy transposition of vv. 673, 674. and vv. 677, 678. We confess, that we are inclined to receive the emendation of Tyrwhitt on v. 674., where he proposes to read *ὅκη τ' ἀσπασα* for *καὶ γῆ τ' ἀσπασα.* cf. v. 766. *infra.*

V. 686. Mr. Robinson closes a long note on the word *ὀλολίζεν*, with the following quotation from Flor. Christ. in Arist. Pac. 96. “*Etiam pro eodem dicebant παιανίζειν, quamquam scio differre. Nam bellatrici Minervæ ὀλολίζουσι: cæteris Diis παιανίζουσι, quod est propriè vocem intendere et remittere.*” The truth is, that there is this difference between the words in question:—*ὀλολίζω* always applies to the joyful exclamations

of women, *παισιάζω* to those of men. Xenoph. Anab. IV. 3. 19. Ἐπαισιάζον πάντες οἱ στρατιῶται, καὶ ἀνηγάλαζον, ἐνωλελεύον δὲ καὶ αἱ γυναικες ἀπασαε. The import of the verb *ἀνολέζειν* is confirmed by Hemsterhuis. ad Lucian. I. 6. 59. cited in the addenda.<sup>1</sup>

V. 714. ἐστὶ λόγος. Vulgo *ἐκίλογος*. The correction is Seidler's, which Mr. Robinson is unquestionably right in inserting in the text. In v. 723. we have *μετέβας*, the conjecture of Musgrave:—in v. 730. *ἀπειρῶδρου*, after Bothé and Hermann, and in v. 732. Porson's correction of *τάδε* for *τάς*.

V. 767. *ποῖα τρόπῳ δὲ, καὶ τίνι ῥυθμῷ φέου.*

In his note to this line, Mr. Robinson declares in favour of the limitation, to which Mr. Elmsley and Dr. Monk have subjected the celebrated Canon of Dawes, concerning the "*vis extensiva*," as it called, of the initial *β*. This power, by which a final short vowel is made long before an inceptive *β* in the succeeding word, was stated by Dawes to be universal. Mr. E. and Dr. M. would confine this law to those cases in which the short vowel is in the second syllable of the foot, and consequently coincides with the *ictus metricus*; when the short vowel is in the first syllable of the foot it may, if necessary, remain short. We confess that we are not yet converts to this restriction. It is certain that Porson coincided in opinion with Dawes, and, of the instances which appear to militate against the Canon, the generality are either evidently corrupt, or may be made by a trifling alteration to fall in with the general rule. The whole number of them is but *τεν*, and they have been submitted to examination by Mr. Burges, with greater felicity than he is wont to possess in his critical conjectures, in a letter addressed to Mr. Kidd, who has subjoined it to a note in his Edition of the Miscel. Crit. p. 285. ad locum.

V. 775. *ποῖος παρέυσθ', ἔσπε τ' ἐκ ποῖος χθονός;*

The corruption of this passage has baffled all the commentators. The reading adopted by Mr. R. is that of Musgrave; but, as he observes, "*ποῖον παρέυσθαι paulo durius videtur.*" Perhaps the proper reading is *ποῖ ἔν παρέυσθ'*,—

V. 780. *θείη*. "Ita pro vulgato *θείην* restituit Seidlerus." H. R. The reading was restored by Dawes, (Misc. Crit. p. 590. Ed. Kidd.) who, however, has *θείη ἡγήνεσθαι*. The corruption evidently arose from the Copyist, who mistook the *ι* adscriptum for *ν*.

V. 800. In his note to this line Mr. R. has inadvertently written "*ὅς vel τοῖσιν*," for "*ὅτε vel τοῖσιν*."

V. 806. The information contained in this note is more fully supplied by Dr. Monk ad Alcest. 74.

V. 814. Mr. R. quotes Steph. Thes. for the use of *Δωρὶς* as a substantive. The fact is, that *μαχαίρα* or *κοπίς* is understood. Thus we have *Θηιάδ' ἀντὶ Δωρὶσὶ κοπίδ'*, infra. v. 831.

The expression is analogous to our own elliptic use of the words, *Bilboa*, and *Toledo*.

V. 819. ————— ἡ δρομέης

δισσὺς διαύλους ἱππίους δάμνσε.

All the Editions before Barnes read *ἱππίους*, which is not only *contra metrum*, but a form rarely, if ever, used in the Tragic Senarius. We are of opinion that the reading of this passage should either be *ἱππίος* or *ἱππικούς*. Thus we have *ἱππίου θεοῦ*. Phæn. 1721. *ἱππίων Ἀμαζόνα*. Hipp. 307.; and on the other hand we have *ἱππικαῖς ζυγαῖς*. Herac. 854. The fact is, the meaning of *ἱππίος* we take to be *skilled in horsemanship*; that of *ἱππικός*, *of, or belonging to a horse*. The Emendation of all the passages which appear to militate against this distinction is obvious.

V. 836. “ἡλάλαζε. *Confusum magnum sonum edit.*” H. R. We should rather understand this verb, with Seidler, in the sense of *manus pedesque jactare*, as expressing a convulsive motion of the body. Thus Lucret. III. 490.

————— torquetur, anhelat

Inconstanter, et in jactando membra fatigat.

V. 857.

νικᾷ, στεφανηφορίαν

κρίσσω παρ' Ἀλφειῷ βέθροις τέλσας

κασίγητος σέθεν' κ. τ. λ.

So these lines stand in Mr. Robinson's Edition: and to us they are perfectly unintelligible, unless the word *τᾷς* be restored before *Ἀλφειῷ*. Seidler, in order to reject *τᾷς*, reads *νικᾷς στεφανηφορίαν*. Perhaps a slight transposition will set the matter right: *κρίσσω στεφανηφορίαν νικᾷς παρ' Ἀλ.* κ. τ. λ. which may be rendered thus: “*Coronam Olympiacā victoriā præstantiorem adeptus est frater tuus.*”

V. 870. *χρηύσεται*. “*Ita pro vulgatâ lectione χωρήσεται ex Seidleri conjecturâ in textum recepi.*” H. R.

V. 897. ————— μὴ μέ τις φθόνῳ βάλῃ.

Mr. R. retains the vulgar reading. We have no doubt of the truth of Tyrwhitt's Emendation, *μὴ μέ τις βάλῃ φθόνος*, which is confirmed by *Æsch. Agam. 919. σὺν ταῖσδε μ', ἐμβαλὼνθ' ἀλουργέσιν* *κῆν Μή τις πρὸςθεν ὄμματος βάλῃ φθόνος*. Eur. Herc. Fur. 1210. *ὡς μὴ μῶς με σὺν βάλῃ προσθεγμάτων*.

V. 971. Instead of *καὶ μὴν γ'* Mr. Robinson has restored *καὶ μὴ γ'*, after Porson ad Phœn. 1638.

V. 993. Read *χερὲς δ' ἐμῆς*.

V. 1013. *ἡμᾶς δ' ἔδωκε Τυνδάρεως τῷ σὺ πατρὶ,*

*οὐχ' ὥστε θήσκειν, οὐδ' ἂ γειναίμην ἐγώ.*

This is the Emendation of Dawes, (Miscel. Crit. p. 591. Ed. Kidd.) Mr. R. has received it into the text, without any notice of the corruption which previously existed, or the source of Emendation.

V. 1017. Mr. R. adopts *τυρᾷς*, the emendation of Tyr-

whitt, who compares Iph. T. 26. ἐλθοῦσα δ' Ἀυλίδ' ἢ τάλαν' ὑπὲρ πυρᾶς Μεταρσία ληφθεῖσ' ἐκαινόμεν ξίφει. The common lection πύλαις is perfectly unintelligible.

V. 1022. οὐν δ' ὄνυχ' Ἑλένης μάργος ἦ—We should certainly read with Musgrave, after Heath and Tyrwhitt, Ἑλένη. As it now stands, we cannot see in what manner μάργος can refer to Agamemnon. μαργωτής, πορνεία. Schol. ad Androm. 941.

V. 1027. ἄλλ' ἦλθ' ἔχων μοι Μαινάδ' ἔνθεν κέρην,  
λέκτροις τ' ἐπεισέφηρσε, καὶ νύμφα δύο  
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς δώμασιν κατεῖχ' ὁμοῦ

This is the emendation of Dawes for ἐπεισέφηρσε, and κατείχομεν, and it is now very generally received. Musgrave approves the first part of the correction, but rejects the latter. It is true that κατέχω is sometimes used intransitively in the sense of *to dwell*, or *lodge*, (see Examples adduced by Kidd in his edition of the Miscel. Crit. ad. locum.) but that usage is less frequent. It has an active signification, in Hec. 79. *Æsch. Pers.* 43. 433. *Eumen.* 1006.

V. 1053. ἀρ' εὐ λέγουσα. Mr. R. has adopted this conjecture of Mr. Elmsley. Perhaps ἀρ' εὐ κλύουσα is more agreeable to the sense, and less removed from the common reading. In v. 1057, φέρειν, the reading of Porson mentioned in the note, should certainly have a place in the text. In v. 1060, we find ἀπφχετο, the correction of Pierson, *Veris.* p. 247; and in v. 1063, Porson's emendation, ἴσασι σ' εὐ for the usual reading ἴσασιν εὐ.

V. 1069. θύραιον. The vulgar reading is θύραισιν, which Porson, in his earlier papers, had corrected into θυραίοις. This emendation suggested to the Editors of his *Adversaria* the correction which Mr. Robinson adopts.

V. 1097. The use of the verb φῶω with an infinitive is not confined to the preterperfect tense: *Soph. Phil.* 89. ἔφην γὰρ διδέν ἐκ τέχνης πράσσειν κακῆς. *Æd. T.* 592. πῶς δὴτ' ἐμοὶ τυραννὶς ἡδίων ἔχειν Ἀρχῆς ἀλόπου καὶ δυναστείας ἔφν; This sense of the word is equivalent to the Latin *oportet*, and the English, *I ought, it ought, they ought*, &c. See Maltby, ad. v. φῶω.

V. 1112. Read καὶ σὺ γ'.

V. 1154. Mr. R. supposes that αὐτοχειρ in this passage is used in the sense of ἐκουσία, as it is in the *Orest.* v. 1038. The two places however are perfectly distinct, that in the *Orestes* speaking of *suicide*, whereas the word is here used, as Mr. R. observes, *de cæde* generally.

V. 1169. τρόπαια δέλματ' ἀθλίων προσφθεγμάτων.

We think the only interpretation of which this verse is capable very unsatisfactory. Musgrave conjectures ἀντίτων

προσφαγμάτων. We have little doubt that ἀθλίων προσφαγμάτων is the correct reading.

V. 1177. *μητρ.* Restore *ματρ.* We observe that Mr. R. has restored the Doric form in vv. 1205. 1213. and has retained the Attic here and v. 1189. That the Doric should be used throughout is evident from vv. 1179. 1216. 1220. where it appears in all the copies.

V. 1199. In this verse Mr. R. adopts ἄνω, the elegant correction of Porson for ἔων, and in v. 1202, *ἰάομαι*, for τὰν ἰμῶν, which was scarcely intelligible. This last is the emendation of Seidler.

V. 1216. Mr. R. receives ἔσω for εἰ, after Valcknær ad Phœn. 1570.

V. 1217. Porson ad Orest. 1234, connects ἐγὼ δὲ γ', which Mr. R. adopts; and refers to Blomfield's note to Æsch. Sept. Theb. 212.

V. 1225. ἰδοὺ, φίλαν τε, καὶ φίλαν,  
φάρεά σέ γ' ἀμφιβέβημεν.

"Vulgo φίλαι τε, καὶ φίλαι, et in versu proximo δὲ, pro quo Seidl. σέ." This emendation may possibly be correct.

V. 1294. *μῆραν ἀνάγκης ἦγεν τὸ χρεών.*

The corruption in this passage is thus corrected by Seidler. The common reading is *μολρας ἀνάγκης ἦγειτο χρεών*. We have no doubt that the true correction is, *μολρα σ' ἀνάγκης ἦν ἐπὶ τὸ χρεών*. The reading τ' ἄσσοι in the following line, for which Mr. Robinson proposes τε σόφοι, is confirmed by v. 1239, supra.

V. 1308. Mr. R. has properly restored *πατρίας* for *πατρφας*; and in v. 1316, *πατρίων* for *πατρώων*

V. 1312. θάρσει Παλλάδος ἤξεις ὁσίαν  
πύλιν

This transposition of the words ὁσίαν ἤξεις, as they are usually read, is the suggestion of Dr. Monk, ad Hipp. 1362. in order to avoid the succession of a Dactyl and Anapæst in a legitimate system of Anapæstic verses. But the verse still contains another irregularity, which Mr. Elmsley notices in his annotation on the *Medea*, v. 1410. (*Mus. Crit. T. 2, p. 43.*) "Rarissimè dactylum spondeo aut anapæsto in eadem carminis anapæstici depodiâ subicit Euripides." He proposes the following correction:—*θάρσει ζαθέαν Παλλάδος ἤξεις πύλιν*. But neither emendation is absolutely necessary.—*Troad.* 101. *μεταβαλλομένου δαίμονος ἀνέχου*. In *Soph. Ant.* 941. *τῇ βασίλειά τῇ μούνῃ λείπῃ*, we should certainly read with Triclinius, *τῇ βασιλείᾳ μούνῃ λείπῃ*. *Androm.* 1229. *λευκὴν αἰθέρα*. *Iph. A.* 101. *κυρὶ τῷ αἰθέρι*.



If we had set ourselves to the perusal of Mr. Robinson's book with the expectation of meeting with that sound criticism and apt illustration, which is the peculiar excellence of those Scholars who have lately been employed upon Euripides, we should have been most completely disappointed:—nor are we quite certain that the hopes which we had conceived after reading his Preface, have been fully realized. In an University, which can boast of the labours of the late Greek Professor and of Dr. Blomfield; and in which those of Mr. Elmsley are neither unknown nor unappreciated, something above mediocrity will naturally be expected in a work, published under the same auspices, and evidently intended as a companion to the *Hippolytus* and the *Alcestis*. We perfectly agree in opinion with Mr. Robinson, that the minuteness of verbal criticism is highly unpalatable to the majority of younger students; nor do we profess ourselves to be of that happy number, who devote a most laudable quantity of patience, time, and paper, to discuss the merits of a various reading, or the probability of a conjectural emendation: but we regret nevertheless the total absence, in his Edition of the *Electra*, of that concise, but judicious, reasoning, with which his predecessors in the Task of editing Euripides reject or defend an alteration in the Text. In several instances too, where the most happy corrections have been proposed, he has left the passage precisely *in statu quo*, without the slightest observation. In his Explanatory remarks, however, although there is nothing new, yet the selections are for the most part judicious. The reader will there find the little that is valuable in Barnes—illustrations adapted to the text from Dr. Monk and others—and a portion of useful matter from Seidler, whose Edition Mr. R. has also followed in his arrangement of the Choral Odes. We scarcely expect that we shall satisfy Mr. R. in expressing our opinion, that this part of his work will render it an useful addition to the higher order of School-books, and perhaps open its way into the College Lecture-room.

Mr. R. informs us in his Preface, that the principal motive which induced him to undertake an Edition of the *Electra*, was the improbability that Dr. Monk's original intention of proceeding with the remaining dramas of Euripides, on the same plan with the *Hippolytus* and the *Alcestis*, will ever be verified. We have received so much pleasure and satisfaction from the perusal of what the late Professor has already published, that we are constrained to admit the validity of this motive with sincere regret. Indeed, so long a period has elapsed since the publication of the *Alcestis*, that we look for the appearance even of another Drama with some degree of anxiety and doubt. And when are we to expect the long-

promised Choephoreæ of Æschylus from Dr. Blomfield? We know, and we appreciate, the persevering zeal and Christian solicitude with which these excellent men perform the duties of the important and dignified stations, which they fill in our venerable Church Establishment;—at the same time we earnestly hope, that the Archdeaconry of the one and the Deanery of the other will afford them time for the prosecution of those employments, which have rendered their names illustrious in the Literary Annals of their country.

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ART. X. *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.* Vol. I. Part I. University Press. Quarto, with Plates.

CAMBRIDGE is decidedly in an improving state. In our young days of academic pilgrimage we had neither Museum for the imprisonment of pictures; nor Philosophical Society for the propagation of knowledge. We knew nothing of Little Goes, nothing of the Classical Tripos. We lived in the dark ages of Cantabrigian fame, when a *wooden-spoon* was thought to be of as great importance as an ancestral dinner-service; and a *Wrangler* was stared at like a Titian Venus, or an Egyptian Mummy:—both are now so common as to be slighted. But we feel nevertheless a degree of veneration for the unpaved old Town of the fen country:—we appear quite old-fashioned amid the rising grandeur of our modern Granta. Nor is it without diffidence that we approach the adytum of the new Eleusinian Mysteries at the head of the well-known "*Via Jerusalem*." We will however open the splendidly typed volume before us, and venture, with such ability as we may, to fathom its learned pages.

To be serious, it is the Transactions of the new Philosophical Society, upon which we are about to enter; and we do so with reverence for the heads that planned, and the talents which have supported, that promising institution. It has been founded rather more than four years; and in that time has sent out a volume which may be ranked among the most scientific of the day; dreading no comparison with the Transactions of the National Societies themselves. We have time but for the first part of this Volume at present:—and even in this there is matter for a more elaborate discussion, than we are able to bestow.

The first Paper is by Professor Farish, well-known for his unrivalled proficiency in the knowledge of Mechanical Inventions:—at least if he is not well-known, he ought to be. We have often been surprised at the readiness displayed by the

Professor in putting together those various and beautiful models which he exhibits in his annual course of lectures: and no little credit is due to him and his attendants for their ability. To attempt a description of these is foreign to our purpose, and to our Academical readers would be useless. For the benefit of such as have not an opportunity of attending the Lectures, we would gladly, if our limits allowed, enter upon a description of the study which occasioned the present paper; but we must forbear. Suffice it to observe, that from a chaos of 'wheels, axles, bars, and clamps,' the Professor is enabled to call into being an infinity of most ingenious models, representing, with a precision and despatch almost wonderful, all 'the more important machines in use in the manufactures of Britain.' All instruments and engines of art and commerce, from the complex cotton-mill and steam-engine, to the lowly, but most useful, wheel-barrow, are built and set in motion within the walls and on the table of the Lecture-room; and no improvement takes place in any of them without the application of it to the models. By this means, at a vast expense, and an infinity of labour, by journeyings far and nigh, and unwearied perseverance and research, Mr. Farish has been enabled to exhibit to his pupils the sources of England's wealth,—her machines and mills,—which have justly made her the glory and the boast of the commercial world.

But as these models are not permanent, it must have required an accurate knowledge of the principles on which they are constructed, not only in himself, but in his assistants also, unless by drawings and diagrams he had been enabled to instruct them in their work. From these drawings the models are erected. And hence the thoughts of the Professor were directed to the surest and easiest method of copying them.

Whoever has attended but a little to the niceties of the graphic art, must have observed with what difficulty a complicated machine is duly represented on paper. The common principles of perspective will avail but little in exhibiting on a *given scale* a complicated series of mechanical instruments, or even in forming the ground plan of any large building. Professor Farish has set himself to discover another method, which, from the principles involved, he has denominated *Isometrical*. We are inclined to believe that it is not strictly new, something of the kind having been developed by Mr. Faxey and others. The improvement and the demonstration of it at full belong however to Professor Farish, and he may, therefore, fairly claim the right of invention.

The principles of this method are clear to every one, who has a moderate knowledge of Euclid. They are fully developed in the fifteenth proposition of the fourth book of the

**Elements**,—the inscription of a hexagon in a circle, and the converse.—If our readers will turn to the figure there given, they will perceive that the side of the hexagon is equal to the radius of the circumscribed circle; and that three radii, one of which must be vertical, drawn from the angles of the inscribed figure and containing with each other angles of  $120^\circ$ , complete the figure of a cube. Now the figure of a *projected* cube is a regular hexagon. And the three lines, which we have mentioned as completing the outline of the cube, will be properly represented in any projected figure. These lines are called by the Professor, the *dexter*, the *sinister*, and the *vertical* isometrical lines. The angles which these lines form individually with the sides of the cube, are angles of  $60^\circ$ ; and the angle contained by the dexter and sinister is that of  $120^\circ$ , which is the case in a projected figure, whose right angles always appear equal to one of these: consequently, by the assumption of three lines drawn through any regulating point at the angles above named, the direction of the superficial planes may be determined; and points in these planes being assumed as new '*regulating points*,' the principal parts of the object to be delineated may be accurately noted in the drawing. This plan will suffice for the representation of objects of which right lines will form the outline; and by means of points a curved line may be traced. 'But in representing machines and models, there are not only isometrical lines, but also many wheels working into each other, to be represented. These, for the most part, lie in the isometrical planes.' In this case, the Professor applies the ellipse, which is the orthographic projection of the circle. The ellipse has long been in use in such cases, though never thus applied. Referring to the cube, it will be found, that the circles which may be inscribed in the rectangular faces of that figure, become perfect and equal ellipses on the drawing. Assuming these as wheels revolving, their axes will be found to be parallel to the other sides of the cube; and their diameters are isometrical and parallel to the other sides. The minor axis, the isometrical diameter, and the major axis, are to one another as 28, 40, 49. And on this scale the plan of any object may be accurately laid down. By means of any number of these concentric ellipses, and the divisions of their circumferences into eight equal parts by the two axes, and two isometrical diameters, and their subdivisions at the will of the artist, the cogs of a wheel may be correctly traced. If the circle to be represented be *not isometrical*, still the same method will obtain; because, in whatever plane it lies, the

<sup>1</sup> In models and machines most of the lines are actually in the three directions: parallel to the sides of a cube, properly placed on the object.

major axis of the ellipse will be the same. Such is the plan of this Perspective; by which every model, or machine, and every production of art, may be represented. Buildings, bridges, arches of all kinds, and the different apartments in a college or a palace may be correctly drawn by this method. A plan of a city with all its streets and squares, and with a picture of its churches and even private houses, might be given; if the elevation, which this Perspective supposes, will allow. We do not know by what means Mr. Horner succeeded in depicting his late most interesting panorama from the summit of St. Paul's; but should suppose this plan might have afforded him considerable assistance in that wonderful undertaking.

In cases where the lines are not isometrical, this art may be also applied, by drawing isometrical lines, or ellipses, as guides. An example of this is given, in the delineation of an Etruscan vase, for which it is only necessary to draw a vertical line corresponding with its axis, and a few concentric ellipses, in certain points of whose circumferences the outline of the figure lies. The timbers of a ship—illustrations of animals for the study of Natural History—regular fortifications—the face of a mountainous country with all its lakes, heights, and valleys, may be depicted by this method, and on any required scale.

To the geologist also, it affords a help which he has not hitherto experienced; for the strata, inclination, and position of rocks may be likewise accurately laid down;—and by the mineralogist, in the measurement of his specimens, a means of representing their angles, planes, &c. is readily acquired.

Upon the whole, this paper is a most valuable one, and is highly creditable to the talents and ingenuity of its scientific writer. We know that experiments have been made to prove the assertion of its general utility groundless; but in every instance of the representation of an object, where other methods have failed to serve the purpose of the architect, this has invariably succeeded. Professor Farish has drawn up his paper with his characteristic brevity of expression, but he has rendered his observations at once clear and concise.

The second and third papers are by Mr. Herschel. The first of these treats of "certain remarkable instances of deviations from Newton's scale in the tints developed by crystals, with one axis of double refraction, on exposure to 'Polarized light;' and it is a very masterly performance.

Dr. Brewster having discovered crystals which possessed two axes of double refraction,—one of the greatest steps in physical optics since the days of Bartholin and Huygens,—a question arose: *What circumstances determine the position of the angles of refraction in the interior of a crystal?* Most

experimentalists have imagined it to be of no consequence: but Mr. Herschel has shewn it to be of great consequence, and that the angles of double refraction differ, according to the position of the intromitted ray. Hence follows the proposition, that the elementary forces are not proportional to the colour of the incident ray. From this Dr. Brewster was led to suppose, that these partial forces arise from certain fixed axes; and, therefore, that each axis had a separate law, regulating the intensity of its action in the different rays: also, that each axis, independently, exhibits a set of circular rings the tints of which manifest, more, or less, a deviation from the Newtonian scale of colours, as displayed by their uncrystallized laminæ. Mr. Herschel supports this theory, proving that no two crystals, either with one or two axes of double refraction, have the same scale of action.

M. Biot, however, to whom science is much indebted, on examining sulphate of lime, rock-crystal, and mica, has concluded that they follow the laws of prismatic light as developed by Newton, and that, therefore, the periods of differently coloured rays within crystallized bodies depend on the nature of the rays, and not on the interior constitution of the crystal. Mr. Herschel objects, that this does not apply to the polarized rings. From experiment, he concludes, that the nature of light has nothing to do with this variation. Newton takes the medium into account. M. Biot has overlooked this, as his example supposes a *vacuum*. In Oil of Cassia the difference between the refractions of red and violet rays amounts to  $\frac{14}{100}$  of the whole refraction; and therefore the colours of thick or thin plates in this liquid should differ from those in air, or in *vacuo*. The same objection applies to chromate of lead, &c. &c.

Mr. Herschel instituted a series of experiments on Apophyllite. This mineral with a single ray exhibits a curious succession of colours, and appears to indicate an action nearly equal for all colours; affording a solitary instance of a maximum taking place between the extreme limits of the spectrum. Mr. H. was led by this to conceive the possibility of bodies existing, which might controvert the doctrine of equal action. We regret that our limits forbid us to pursue Mr. Herschel through his various arguments, which appear to us perfectly conclusive, on this most interesting subject. His experiments have afforded the following expression.

$$l = t. \frac{\sin \theta. \tan \theta}{n}$$

where  $t$  = thickness of plate.  
 $\theta$  = angle which the ray forms with the axis.  
 $n$  = order of ring to which it is referred at its egress.  
 $l$  = period performed by the same ray at right angles to its axis.

What renders this most curious is, that the crystal examined was composed of no less than three distinct substances, each having only one axis of double refraction. Each substance afforded a distinct variation from the scale of Newton, for crystals with one axis.

Hyposulphate of lime was next subjected to experiment; which also afforded an instance of deviation from Newton's scale. Mr. Herschel has represented these deviations by curves deduced from a series of tables, which resulted from his examination of the crystals. We regret that we cannot give a copy of them; they speak well for his skill and industry, especially when it is considered that the plates of Apophyllite were so thin, than one of them did not exceed the 165,900 millionth of an inch, and that the specimen itself, from which they were cut, weighed but 60 grains. The sum of the observations is this: 'that vast differences exist in the scale of 'action which a single axis may exercise on the different 'coloured rays,' and that there is 'no analogy between crystals with one and two axes founded on a deviation of tints 'in one of the former.' We have given but a brief analysis of this interesting paper, which requires a far more comprehensive attention than we have been enabled to give it in this scanty notice.

The third paper pursues the inquiry with respect to Rock Crystal, "treating on the Rotation impressed on the planes of polarization of the rays of light, as connected with certain peculiarities in its crystallization." It is short, but excellent.

M. Arago, in the year 1811, and M. Biot subsequently, in 1812 and 1813, discovered that plates of rock crystal possessed the singular property of displacing the plane of polarization of an incident ray, and turning it aside in one invariable direction through an angle always proportional to the thickness of the plate; so that, at its egress, that plane will assume the same position *as if* it had revolved in one direction during the passage of the ray through the whole thickness

with an uniform angular velocity depending on the nature of the ray: *That* this rotation, moreover, differs for those of different colours in the inverse ratio of the squares of the lengths of their fits in vacuo; *thirdly*, that in different specimens, though the same in degree, this rotation differs in direction; and *fourthly*, that oil of turpentine, solutions of camphor, sugar, &c. &c. and some minerals, have this property, in common with rock crystal. From these facts M. Biot concluded, that there was some inherent power, among the molecules of the body, of turning round the plane of the polarization of the ray through a certain angle, depending on the nature of the substance, and of the ray. From this it should appear, that there is a want of symmetry in the disposition of these molecules; but former experiments have proved that a very intimate connexion exists between the crystallographical and optical properties of bodies. Such being the case, it may be conjectured that the cause which turns the plane of polarization, would also affect the modification of the crystal, as to its laws of decrement, insomuch as to give the faces a tendency to lean in one direction, rather than in another. The Abbé Haüy gave the name of *plagiédre* to a variety of quartz, in which these unsymmetrical faces do actually occur; and this affords Mr. Herschel a means of proving the truth of his theory. He, accordingly, examined different crystals of this variety, and found that in some specimens the faces lean to the right, in others, to the left. In other respects the crystals were similar. His next step was, to determine whether the direction of the rotation of the polarized ray invariably depended on the rotation of the plagiedral faces of the crystals. M. Biot has argued against such an assumption; but Mr. Herschel imagines that he may have overlooked these peculiar crystals: the experiments of Mr. H. lead us to believe so.

The first plate submitted to trial was one cut from a crystal, exhibiting two distinct plagiedral faces, leaning to the left. The rotation was also to the *left*. The next was a plate cut from a crystal whose plagiedral faces leaned to the *right*. The rotation also in this case was to the *right*. Encouraged by this, Mr. Herschel selected seven, of which three were left-handed, and four right-handed crystals. The result of the examination proved the left-handed ones to possess a rotation to the left; the right-handed ones, a rotation to the right. To satisfy his mind, Mr. H. next submitted five others to a reverse method of examination. Whilst a friend observed them, Mr. H. named the order of succession which the colours ought to keep, if the supposition which he had made was correct. The event verified in each instance the previous prediction. From these circumstances Mr. H. infers that '*the faces*



are produced by the same cause which determines the displacement of the plane of polarization of a ray traversing the crystal parallel to its axis.' This cause Mr. H. attempts to account for, supposing that there is an inherent force in the molecules of the crystal, which effects this curious rotation. An objection arises with respect to bodies which exhibit this property in a liquid state, but in a solid state do not. To overcome this, it is suggested, that in these bodies the coincidence of their axes with positions in which the motion is evanescent may cause them to appear divested of it. Whatever it may be, (which observations will, perhaps, decide,) it seems that rock crystal possesses a rotatory force of peculiar energy: — 'a remarkable circumstance, of which no other account has yet been given.' In a note Mr. Herschel adds, that *nine* other crystals were examined, without affording an exception to the law.

The fourth paper is by the late excellent Professor E. D. Clarke, to whom in a great measure the Society owes its origin, and who took a peculiar interest in its arrangements and success. It is a chemical treatise on the 'purple precipitate of Cassius.'

The purple oxide of gold, of such great use in staining glass and porcelain, has long exercised the ingenuity and ability of chemists, Dr. Clarke commences his paper with a quotation from Proust, stating that, its nature is not yet well understood.' The object of this paper was to make it more so: but, we candidly confess, it seems to us a failure. The Dr. says he placed some of the precipitate before the blow-pipe; first, by itself; secondly, with borax; thirdly, with nitre; but till these fluxes were mixed, no fusion took place, when the charcoal became covered with 'innumerable minute dingy-looking metallic beads.' One of these beads, placed with borax on pipe-clay before the blow-pipe, sent forth white fumes (shewing the combustion of the tin), leaving a residue covered with a whitish oxide. The object was, to separate the gold from the tin contained in the precipitate. After repeated experiments it was, however, found that the alloy of the two metals obtained by fusing 100 parts of the purple powder gave tin and gold, in the proportion of three to one. We confess ourselves wholly unsatisfied with this analysis, because the Doctor paid 'no attention to the weight of powder employed;' and further on, acknowledges, that the proportion of gold in the purple powder varies in every precipitation; and *proves* this by experiment, saying that the tin sometimes exceeds the gold, that sometimes they are equal, and sometimes the gold exceeds the tin. This is but the truth; and the painters in the Derby China-works have confessed it to us. The paper concludes with an endeavour to prove that

the gold in the powder of Cassius is at a minimum of oxidation, confirming an observation of the celebrated Berzelius, that it is liable to that singular decomposition, to which it is well known that the protoxide of gold is subject. 'If,' says Dr. Clarke, 'the purple precipitate, after being washed, while in a moist state, be agitated in a glass vessel so as to adhere to the interior surface of the vessel, and be then left to continue dry, a portion of the gold will become revived and appear in a metallic state.' 'There is,' however, 'an appearance yet more delusive.' If the purple powder, after being washed, while moist, be agitated with mercury in a phial, and some of this mercury be placed in a watch glass over a lamp, and volatilized, a film of *metallic gold* will remain on the glass:— $4\frac{5}{10}$  grains of this mercury left  $\frac{1}{10}$  grain of gold. But nitro-muriatic acid, and evaporation, discovered gold in the *remainder* of the powder. The most curious part of this experiment, the revival of the gold, is altogether dismissed. The sum of all is, that in precipitating the powder from muriate of gold, by muriate of tin, the two metals are thrown down as oxides, and that the tin *always* exceeds the gold, (a contradiction, at any rate, to what has gone before); and that the 'difference in the hues of the precipitate arises from the different combinations of the oxides, and perhaps from the different degrees of the oxidation of the metals.' But if it be true, that the gold in the precipitate is at a *minimum* of oxidation; the cause must be in the *tin*. There is certainly some inconsistency in the statements of this paper, which appears to us to leave the subject in the same obscurity in which it was before the Dr. touched upon it. We regret that we are compelled to say this of any paper written by Dr. Clarke, whom living we were accustomed to admire and respect, and whose memory we cannot cease to venerate.

The lovers of Algebraic Analysis will be much pleased with the two next papers; the fifth, containing '*Observations on the Notation employed in the Calculus of Functions*,' by Mr. Babbage; and the sixth, by Mr. Herschel, '*On the reduction of certain Classes of Functional Equations to Equations of Finite Differences*.' They both defy abbreviation; and if we could give our readers a concise account of them, we are not sure that they would thank us for the trouble. The papers are highly ingenious, and very perspicuously drawn up: but not of a nature to interest any one but a mathematician. They afford, however, a convincing argument against the objections to the Cambridge System of reasoning, on the score of limitation.

Professor Sedgwick's observations 'on the physical Structure of those formations which are immediately associated with the Primitive Ridge of DEVONSHIRE and CORNWALL,'

we leave to a future occasion, when larger scope will be allowed to our remarks upon his most interesting paper; it being our intention to speak hereafter of the state of Geological knowledge in that University, of which he is so great an ornament.

We come, then, to the eighth paper, written by Mr. Christie, on the magnificent subject of '*Magnetic Attraction*.'

No subject in the whole round of scientific inquiries has such claims to an attentive investigation, as that of magnetism. Hitherto, however, the light which has been thrown upon it has been but partial, and scarcely sufficient to guide the diligent inquirer in his studies: difficulties also seem to attend its progress which the earlier writers hardly anticipated. The recent discoveries of Parry and Franklin have paved the way for future advancement; and if, as Biot has suggested, mathematical Analysis and Chemistry be applied, on which alone most of our future success must depend, we may, perhaps, arrive at some certain data, on which to hinge a sure and unfailing hypothesis. Still much remains to be done; and, as the laws of magnetic attraction may be pursued with equal advantage in Great Britain, as in Melville Island, our men of science cannot better employ their time than in making such experiments as are likely to forward the great object of their research. It is impossible to say what results may follow a correct knowledge of magnetic attraction—its principles and powers; since its application may be rendered useful wherever those bodies on which it acts are serviceable to the arts. We see no reason to doubt, that in mechanical inventions it will hereafter take a position of great importance: and, even now, if the spirit of that dormant body—the Board of Longitude—could be awakened, much might be effected by our scanty knowledge of its laws, to follow those pursuits over which that body exerts such a '*vis inertia*.'

Mr. Christie commences his observations by stating his doubts concerning the doctrine, which has been allowed from the days of old Gilbert, that 'the magnetism of the earth is communicated to a mass of iron, in the direction which a magnetised bar takes, when freely suspended by its centre of gravity, i.e. in the direction of the dipping needle;' because, according to this assumption, by the simple change of the position of the body, the poles which are supposed to act energetically, are immediately transferred to two other points. The softness of the iron employed has been said to cause this; but it acts equally upon the hardest unmagnetised steel. Mr. Christie does not controvert the *fact*, but the *method of proving it*; coming forward with a more ready and easy solution of the phenomena attending it, than has hitherto been given. He sees no reason to suppose, that any part of the iron possesses a *repulsive* power; and accounts for the

circumstances of the case, by supposing that the particles of iron possess the single power of *attraction*, exerting it upon the apparent direction of the needle, and scarcely upon its poles. Mr. *Barlow* first noticed this, observing that there appeared to be a plane passing through the centre of a sphere of iron, in which, if the centre of the needle were placed in it, no effects would take place in its direction. It occurred to Mr. *Christie* that such a plane must exist, inclined to the horizon at an angle equal to the complement of the dip of the needle. From this it followed, that if the perpendicular from the centre of the sphere fell on the *upper* or *south* branch of the imaginary needle, then that end would deviate from the sphere, and the reverse. At a subsequent attendance on Mr. *Barlow's* experiments, the predictions of Mr. *Christie* were verified, which led him to conclude that the needle was guided in its horizontal direction by magnetic particles passing through the centre in the direction of the natural dip, and that the iron acted principally on these particles, causing the deviation of the needle. To determine this, he procured a cast iron ball 12.78 inches in diameter, and suspended it over the centre of a table constructed entirely without iron, in the middle of which was a circular hole 13.25 inches over. The magnetic meridian was determined; the table divided by radii at every  $10^{\circ}$  from the meridian; and the compass placed on one of them, the N. and S. line coinciding with it, its centre being 12 inches from the centre of the table. The ball was then raised till its influence ceased. It was next lowered, inch by inch, and the deviations of the needle accurately noted, till it was below the table. The deviations were observed by two compasses at every  $10^{\circ}$  from N. to W., and from S. to E. Supposing Mr. *Christie's* hypothesis correct, when the centre of the ball was in the point of section of a line from the centre of the needle perpendicular to the direction of the dip, and the vertical through the centre of the table, no deviation ought to take place, because the N. and S. ends of the needle would be equally attracted. The following table is deduced from the experiments to determine this;  $\phi$  being the angle which a line joining the centres of the needle and the table makes with the meridian.

Value of $\phi$	Difference between the observed and calculated heights at which deviations = 0. N. towards W. 12 inches from centre.	Ditto S. towards E.	At 14 inches from centre of Table.	At 16 Ditto.	At 18 Ditto.
10°	— .935	+ .165			
20	— .093	+ .207			
30	+ .020	+ .030			
40	+ .045	+ .005	— .047	— .010	+ .018
50	+ .068	+ .168	+ .013	+ .058	+ .053
60	+ .025	— .025			
70	+ .047	— .053			
80	+ .162	+ .062			

To account for this difference, Mr. C. states the difficulty of calculating the *exact* height of the ball, in which an error of .025 inch. might occur; and, when  $\phi$  is very small, the deviation is so trifling, as to occasion doubts as to the true point of zero. But these differences are hardly sufficient to do away the hypothesis.

In the observations from S. to E. the deviations of the north end of the needle were first easterly, i. e. from the ball, in which direction they gradually increased, attained a maximum, and then decreased to zero; became westerly, attained a maximum, and decreased till the needle resumed its position. Those from N. to W. were exactly contrary. As a confirmation, Mr. Barlow *practically* determined the inclination of the plane, in which there was no deviation, to the plane of the horizon: the compass at 20 inches giving the inclination  $19^{\circ} 24'$ . This *ought to be* the complement of the dip; and it differs only by  $6'$  from that which Mr. Christie assumed, and by  $2'$  only from that assumed by Captains Kater and Sabine.

With the most accurate instruments and observations a difference of this kind might be expected. Mr. Christie next calculated the quantity of the deviations. After a long investigation, he gives  $6^{\circ} 47'$  as the result (which differs immaterially

from that which would be the case were no error to arise in the observations) of the means of the deviations at different points when the compass was carried round the ball, always at the same perpendicular distance.

Observations were then made in the following manner: 'every  $10^\circ$  of the circumference of the table being divided into four equal parts; and lines drawn from the centre to the points of division, I divided the intermediate arc, with a radius of 20 inches, into quarters of a degree on a scale, and, by this means, any angle could easily be set off very correctly to within about  $5'$ .' By this means, any particular value of  $\phi$  could be obtained, on both sides of the meridian line, from south, and north.

When the latitude of the ball was at  $30^\circ$ ;  $45^\circ$ ;  $60^\circ$ ; for every  $10^\circ$  longitude between  $80^\circ$  N. and  $80^\circ$  S., Mr. C. made his observations, the means of which we give in the following table.

Latitude of Ball	Mean of Horizontal Deviations from $80^\circ$ N. to $80^\circ$ S. longitude of the Ball.
$30^\circ$	3.36
$45^\circ$	$3.54\frac{2}{3}$
$60^\circ$	3.18

'This remarkably near agreement of the several arcs clearly shews, that, in each case, as the ball was carried round the magnetic axis, the particles in that line deviated in the same manner towards the ball, during its whole revolution.' 'Had I made further experiments,' says Mr. C., 'I have no hesitation in saying, that they would all have tended to confirm the hypothesis I have advanced, as I consider it could not be put to a severer test than in those I have detailed.'

Mr. Christie intended to have made observations on the dipping needle; but he had not much opportunity: he placed one of Jones's, however, due-west, at 18 inch. from the centre of the table; an horizon compass was also placed at the same distance due-east, at the same elevation. The annexed table gives the result.

Dipping Needle.		Horizontal Needle.	
Height of Ball above the needles.	Mean deviations between inclina- tions N. and S.	Mean devia- tion.	Computed deviation.
10	2° 05'	6° 10'	6° 13'
5	1° 36'	5° 00'	4° 47'
0	0° 05½'	0° 10'	0° 17'

We quite agree with Mr. C. in considering that all these phenomena are the necessary consequences of his hypothesis; and in concluding, that 'when a mass of iron is removed beyond a few inches from the ends of a magnetic needle, so that they are without the influence of any accidental magnetism in the iron, the deviation of the needle arises wholly from the action of the iron on magnetic particles passing through the centre of the needle in the direction of the dip.' It is his intention hereafter to make observations on the manner in which this takes place. At present, it appears to him, that 'magnetic particles of two kinds issue from the centre with great velocity in opposite directions;' 'that the angles which these make with the horizon and meridian vary very slowly at the same place, but differ greatly at different parts of the earth's surface,' being sometimes vertical, and sometimes horizontal; in some cases in the meridian, in others at right angles; causing the needle to turn so as to place itself in the line of their direction. These particles are supposed to be in the atmosphere, in a state of equilibrium; and the magnetic bar separates them. It appears, also, that every bar of soft iron attracts both; but that magnetised iron attracts one and repels the other, from a tendency to restore the equilibrium. This remains to be confirmed by experiments. When the connection between electricity and magnetism is better known, an opportunity, we hope, will be afforded of putting it to the test. The application of the foregoing inquiry will be most likely to prove beneficial in the case of deviations of the compass on ship-board. But it will be necessary first of all to determine how the deviations according to the situation, and the magnetism of the vessel;—a work of time and especial observation.\*

\* A very able paper on this subject, which has continually engaged the attention of mariners, may be found in Brande's Journal of the Royal Institution. Vol. 9. p. 372.

In the new voyage about to be undertaken by Captain Parry, it is to be hoped some observations will be made in addition to those we have already, towards satisfying the public mind as to the quantity and direction of the dip and variation.\* Observations too in the high southern latitudes, for which a facility is afforded by the discovery of the new Antarctic continent, might be of service in forwarding this important branch of philosophical inquiry. Our readers will pardon the attention we have given to this very able paper.

Next follows an account by Mr. Okes, an Honorary Member of the Society, of some fossil remains of the beaver, found in the bed of the old West Water, near Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely. These bones, the remains of four skulls, were taken from a peat soil: and contain the powerful incisive teeth, and the four grinding teeth which caused M. Cuvier to name them '*rongeurs*'. With these Mr. Okes mentions some remains of an elephant's skull dug from a stratum of clay near to Chatteris; and near them was also dug up part of the horns of a species of deer, supposed to belong to the extinct species of Irish Elk. These fossils do not, clearly, belong to one and the same æra. It is not improbable that the beaver has, within a very few years, inhabited the fen country. It would, we think, amply repay the Cambridge Society, if it were to institute a series of observations on that little known, yet we think promising country, so near at hand. At an early period of our history, the Isle of Ely was celebrated for its fertility and wealth: the very fact of its possessing a cathedral church attests it. And it is not improbable that formerly it contained many extensive forests, especially as wood has been found in great abundance in many places, a considerable depth below the surface. It appears to us, that the sub-marine forests, which once extended along the Lin

\* The following table shows the dip of the needle at the various places mentioned:—

Peru . . . . .	0°. 0'
Mexico . . . . .	42. 10
Paris . . . . .	63. 38
*Sheerness . . . . .	69. 55
*London . . . . .	70. 33. 3"
Christiana . . . . .	72. 30
Al . . . . .	72. 45
Bra . . . . .	74. 21
Davis' Straits . . . . .	85. 8
Baffin's Bay . . . . .	84. 25
" " . . . . .	84. 39
" " . . . . .	84. 44
" " . . . . .	84. 54½
" " . . . . .	86. 9
*Winter Harbour . . . . .	88. 43. 5

From the observations of Professor Hansteen. Edin. Phil. Journal, vol. 3.

\* From the observations of Captain Parry.



colnshire coast, and through Holderness, in Yorkshire, and, from our own immediate observation, along part of the Suffolk coast,<sup>4</sup> were formerly connected by the woody coverts<sup>5</sup> of the Isle of Ely.

It would not be labour lost, if Mr. Okes, whose opportunities are great, or some other member of the Society, were to turn his attention to this subject. Cambridgeshire doubtless contains *many* fossil remains; and perhaps from them some data might be gained so as to determine, within a little, the period of the great change which has evidently taken place in the constitution of that part of the kingdom. The county of Cambridge is rich in subjects for the Society's consideration, and it would do much for science if it would condescend to employ itself about the apparently uninteresting tract over which it particularly presides.

A paper '*On the Positions of the Apices of Orbits of great eccentricity*' by Mr. Whewell of Trinity, comes next. The application of the Differential Calculus to the higher branches of Geometry has been a distinguishing feature of the course of reading pursued in our University during the last few years, and its use in problems of difficulty has been acknowledged. The names of Babbage, and Herschell, and Peacock, and Woodhouse, are already known to our readers, as the inventors of learned riddles that would have driven *Œdipus* to follow the example of the Sphinx; and Mr. Whewell's work on Mechanics has, we doubt not, wrung sighs from the breast of many an uninitiated freshman. We have long ceased to feel aught but admiration for these gentlemen; but we cannot help reverting to our earliest associations of the algebraic amusements of our rustic brain, and its geometric covering. But to be grave. Perhaps the most useful application of the doctrine of the Calculus is, when it is brought forward to assist the demonstrations of those problems which the inventive mind of Newton left unfinished.

It is the greatest concession which the modern-theorists could make to the long-established doctrines of the Greek synthesis; and although we are very far from allowing the claims of Descartes to equal those of Newton; we are, nevertheless, satisfied, that the Calculus is destined to assist the investigations of our great philosopher, and to extend his researches beyond the limits, which he himself had looked to.

<sup>4</sup> In the Philosophical Transactions for 1821, is a paper on some subterraneous trees discovered at the foot of the cliffs, about a mile to the eastward of Mundesley, in *Norfolk*, by Lieutenant J. Miles, R.N.

<sup>5</sup> Felix, an old writer quoted by Camden, talks of the "*woody isles*" of Ely. Gibson's Camden, 409.

We have an instance of this usefulness in the paper under notice.

The curves which a body describes when acted upon by a force tending to the centre, and varying in any simple power of the distance are well known by the inductions of Geometry; but there are cases, when the result of the investigation cannot be discovered without the assistance of Algebra. When the velocity and direction are such as are required for the circle, the angle between the apsidal distances may be determined by the old method; when there is great eccentricity we have nothing but conjecture. The discovery of this angle, and the limits in which it lies, Mr. Whewell here undertakes to treat of. It is a question of some importance, having for one of its objects the establishment of Newton's doctrine that the angle, when the eccentricity is indefinitely small, may be taken for the angle when the eccentricity is small, but finite. The angles between the apsides being known when the eccentricity is indefinitely great, and indefinitely small, it will for all intermediate eccentricities have an intermediate value. If a body is projected perpendicular to its distance from the centre of force, and the velocity of projection equals the velocity in a circle at the same distance, the orbit will always have nearly the same distance from the centre. If the velocity of projection be very small (except when the force varies in a high inverse ratio) the body will pass near the centre, and then rise to its former distance, having described an angle round the centre which varies with the law of force, and, perhaps, with the velocity of projection. Mr. Whewell determines this angle to be ultimately a right angle, which will be the case, if  $q^{n+1} =$  a very small quantity, (in which expression

$$q = \frac{\sqrt{n+1} \times \text{ratio of velocity perpendicular to radius}}{2 \text{ velocity in the circle}}$$

i. e. when  $n$  is greater than  $-1$ .

When the force ( $f$ ) is constant or  $n=0$ ;  $\theta$  (the angle)  $= \frac{\pi}{2}$  or a right angle. If  $f$  varies inversely as any power of the distance, that when  $q$  becomes indefinitely small,  $\theta = \frac{\pi}{3-n}$ , and this applies when  $n$  is greater than 1 and less than 3. When  $n$  is very little greater than 1, the angle is very nearly  $= \frac{\pi}{2}$  and as  $n$  becomes 2,  $\theta$  becomes  $\pi$ . which is right, the orbit being an ellipse.\* As  $n$  becomes nearly  $= 3$ ,  $\theta$  becomes greater and greater; and finally infinite, when  $n=3$ . Beyond this, the orbit has no second apse.

Hence Mr. Whewell deduces the following values of  $\theta$ , in the apsides of orbits which are infinitely eccentric; and which we have arranged in a tabular form.

Variation of the Force.	Value of the Angle.
Directly as any power of the distance	$90^\circ$
Inversely as any power whose index is less than 1	$90^\circ$
Inversely as the distance	$90^\circ$
Inversely as any power when index is between 1 and 2	Between $90^\circ$ and $180^\circ$
Inversely as any power, index between 2 and 3	Greater than $180^\circ$ .
Directly as $n^{\text{th}}$ . power, when eccentricity is indefinitely small	$\frac{180}{\sqrt{n} + 3}$
Inversely as $n^{\text{th}}$ . power	$\frac{180}{\sqrt{n} - 3}$
Directly in any ratio of distance greater than the simple power	Increases with the eccentricity from $\frac{180}{\sqrt{3} + n}$ to $90^\circ$
As distance; for all eccentricities	$90^\circ$
Directly as $n^{\text{th}}$ . power, $n$ . a proper frac- + or -	Diminishes as eccentricity increases.
Inversely as distance	As the last.
Inversely as $n^{\text{th}}$ . power, $n$ between 1 and 2	Diminishes as eccentricity increases.
When $n$ is 2	$180^\circ$ in all cases.
When $n$ is between 2 and 3	Increases with eccentricity, viz. from $\frac{180}{\sqrt{3-n}}$ to $\frac{180}{3-n}$

"The dependance of the angle between the apsides upon the eccentricity, as appears from this recapitulation, is somewhat anomalous." There is no obvious reason why the apse should be sometimes carried forwards, and sometimes backwards. But there must be irregularities in eccentric orbits; although at present it is impossible accurately to indicate them. We hope, at some future time, to see Mr. Whewell again engaged in this masterly employment.

The concluding paper of this first part of the Cambridge Transactions is from the pen of the amiable Dr. E. Clarke, and gives an account of a *remarkable deposit of natron in the tower of Stoke Church, in Devonshire*.

Stoke Church stands on Hartland Point, on the western coast of England. The inside of the tower is lined with slate-coloured sand-stone, which Dr. Clarke considers to be allied to the Grauwacke of the Germans, being of a purely siliceous nature. It contains carbonate of lime. The stone has become worn into cavities, the hollows being filled with a salt which Dr. Clarke discovered to be native natron, of the same qualities as that of Egypt and Hungary. The object of the paper is to account for the extraordinary circumstances of this deposit. It is known that the spray of the sea is sometimes carried by the winds a considerable distance inland, and it is not improbable that by this means *muriate of soda* may have been left upon the stones of the church-tower, which is only a half mile from the sea-shore<sup>6</sup>. The muriate of soda acting upon the *carbonate of lime*, and causing a mutual decomposition, accounts for these cavities, and the deposition of *carbonate of soda*. We are quite satisfied with this; but feel a difficulty in yielding implicit faith to the assertion of the Professor, that on examination of the salt in question, a *regular hexagonal crystal* of considerable magnitude remained at the point of the filter. We are inclined to this doubt, because this form of the crystal is new to natron, and Dr. Clarke says, the termination could not be accurately ascertained, although he allows it to have been considerable in size. If some accurate chemist would examine a further portion of this salt, which may, doubt-

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<sup>6</sup> In the Transactions of the Royal Society for the year 1704, are three distinct accounts of a violent storm on the 26th of November, which was rendered remarkable by a deposition of *salt* upon the houses, and trees at the distance of full *twenty miles* from the sea. 'A physician at Tisehyrst, about twenty miles from Lewes, and the same distance from the sea, as he rode, plucked some tops of the hedges, and chewing them found them salt.' Some ladies of Lewes bearing this, tasted some grapes that were still on the vines, and they had also the same relish. The grass on the downs in his parish----' the account came from an intelligent clergyman---was so salt, that the sheep in the morning would not feed, till hunger compelled them, and afterwards drank copiously, as the shepherds report. This he attributes to *saline particles driven from the sea*. We quote this passage in favour of Dr. Clarke.

less, be procured from the same place, it would allay those scruples on this point, which are common to others as well as to us. The determination of a *new* form of this salt would be worth the trouble of analyzing it; and, although we are fully sensible that in thus expressing our heresy, we lay ourselves open to a charge of hypercriticism, we make the objection freely, because we have an interest in the character of our lamented friend, which would lead us to place to his account a discovery of some importance.

We have now presented to our readers a brief analysis of all the papers (excepting that of Professor Sedgwick) in the first part of the Cambridge Philosophical Transactions; and we think they will allow, that the Society has not been either idle or futile in its speculations. We congratulate the writers on their able and spirited productions; and sincerely hope, that though death has been busy with some of their most valued coadjutors, they will find many healthy scions from the parent stem, which has produced such vigorous shoots, to engraft among them, and to bear fruit worthy of the soil to which they belong. The Cambridge Philosophical Society is destined to give a turn to the pursuits of the University, and we think a most successful one.

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#### ERRATA.

- Page 26 line 34, for 'Gumston' read 'Grimston.'  
— 84 — 14, for 'equally' read 'utterly.'  
— 110 — 14, for 'sooth' read 'soothe.'  
— 121 — 28, for 'porsuivant' read 'pursuivant.'

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ART. I. *History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second.*  
By William Godwin. *Volume the First.* Colburn, 1824.

AMONG the various kinds of profession, which always invite the strictest examination, and frequently warrant the most determined incredulity, not the least obnoxious to suspicion is the profession of impartiality in an historical writer. To hold, with unvarying steadiness and uncompromising integrity, the balance of equity between conflicting parties; to exclude from either scale those prejudices and prepossessions, which instinctively, and even involuntarily, obtrude themselves into the mind; to discard all the influence of early associations, the more deliberate conclusions of maturer years, and the bias of peculiar, if not, as in the present instance, singular tenets, whether in politics or religion—this, to say the least, is an undertaking of no common difficulty, and requires, for its full accomplishment, the exertion of no ordinary powers. Such an historian must detach himself from the contemplation of the present, and devote himself exclusively to the investigation of the past. He must divest himself, for the time, of those susceptibilities which are common to our nature, and which, in the generality of individuals, exercise an influence altogether subversive of that neutrality which it is his duty invariably to observe. He must occupy the station of an umpire in deciding between the rival parties, while, at the same time, he is on his guard against identifying himself with either. He must neither yield to the impulse of feeling, nor listen to the voice of opinion; and, even in the exercise of his sober

and deliberate judgment, he must allow due weight to the force of circumstances, the diversity of character, and the influence of habit. His sole object must be the discovery of truth, and the sole means by which that object is prosecuted, must be a candid and unbiassed comparison of those statements which are respectively advanced by the contending parties; and which, in general, are neither entitled to unlimited credit, nor deserving of unqualified rejection.

If there occurs any period in the annals of our country, for an *impartial* narrative of which the qualifications above adverted to, are especially requisite, it is the latter part of the reign of Charles I.—a period, when the religious and political animosities of the rival factions were inflamed to an excess which has never since been paralleled, and when a contention agitated the state, which, to adopt the emphatic language of a Roman historian, ‘*omnia divina atque humana miscuit.*’ It is much more easy to describe an historian of this eventful period by a negative than by a positive statement of his qualifications. He must neither be an ultra-royalist, nor a violent republican; neither the Advocate of Episcopacy, nor the Apologist of Puritanism; neither a bigoted admirer of antiquated, and what, according to Mr. Godwin, ‘are vulgarly called venerable Establishments’—nor yet a partizan of hasty innovation and radical reform. He must be content to see things as they are; not as they might be if the general intellect of mankind were exalted to an equality with a few of those Master Spirits, who are the lights of every age; but with due allowances for the passions which pervert, and the infirmities which controul, humanity. He must not prejudice the motives of any man, nor receive, on any occasion,—at least without the most rigid scrutiny—the testimony of an avowed or even a suspected enemy. His decisions are to be founded only on facts, and, when these are insufficient, they had better be withheld altogether, than grounded on the unsubstantial basis of supposition and probability and inference and conjecture. He is to commence and to prosecute his task not only with a full determination, to the utmost of his ability, of doing justice to all, but without any prepossessions or prejudices which may incline him to do otherwise. As Rapin, himself the most impartial of all historians, judiciously observes, “He that undertakes to write the history of Charles I., must endeavour to discover the Truth in even the most partial historians, and be extremely careful to avoid the continual snares they lay for their Readers, for the sake of the cause they maintain. One must know what was their aim in writing, what system they followed, and the artifices they made use of to engage in their own principles the unreflecting Reader.”

These remarks will be fully verified by a reference to the principal writers, who have treated of the period in question. Lord Clarendon is the zealous Advocate of Monarchy and Episcopacy; Hume, however indifferent to the latter of these points, has an evident bias in favour of the King:—Rushworth and Whitelock naturally incline to the side of the Parliament. Rapin, the only unprejudiced writer, is deficient in interest, if not in information; so that, had Mr. Godwin's pledge of impartiality been fully redeemed, we should have hailed his work as an acquisition of no inconsiderable value to the literature of our country. But we apprehend, that an examination of Mr. G's history will overturn all his pretensions, with whatever confidence they may be advanced, to the character of a candid and unbiassed writer; and will prove, that on the counts of gross partiality and glaring misrepresentation, he cannot be entitled to a verdict of Not Guilty.

Mr. Godwin sets out with demanding the concession of two positions; each important in itself, and still more important in reference to the views which he develops in the progress of his history. The first is 'That the opponents of Charles the First fought for Liberty,' and the second, 'That they had no other alternative.' 'These points,' he observes, 'are almost universally granted.' It may be so, though we are somewhat sceptical as to the fact; but even allowing the supposition, still, as a distinct examination will prove, they ought not to be granted without numerous and weighty limitations.

The former position, 'That the opponents of Charles I. fought for liberty,' may be true in the general statement, but is false in the particular inference. That liberty was a principal motive of their opposition to the Monarch, we are not inclined to deny—but will Mr. G. venture to maintain, either that they fought for liberty *alone*, or that *all* fought for liberty? Had they fought for liberty alone, why did they not lay down their arms when their liberties were secured, and might have been guaranteed by concessions from the King which he would have found it impossible to violate or retract? And had they *all* fought for liberty, how did it happen that so many of the leaders proved themselves, by their subsequent conduct, to be actuated by views of personal aggrandizement far more than by any regard for the liberties of the people and the welfare of the commonwealth? Whence was it, that, as in the case of Laud, the justice and honour and humanity of the nation were sacrificed to the gratification of private animosity and personal revenge? Whence was it, that those very men, who had been mainly instrumental in bringing their Sovereign to the scaffold for the alleged crime of a tyrannical violation of the laws, afterwards lent their willing aid to establish a govern-



ment still more arbitrary, and uphold a dominion still more intolerable?—How large a portion of the parliamentary, as well as of the royal army, was made up of ‘every one that was discontented and every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt’—the usual ingredients of contending armies in civil dissensions—may be inferred from the conduct of the men, and the character of the leaders, and will altogether subvert the conclusion that ‘*all fought for liberty.*’

Mr. Godwin’s second position, that the opponents of Charles I. had no other alternative, is equally open to exception. It should first be demonstrated, that all other expedients had been tried, and found abortive; that all those resources against arbitrary government, which were provided by existing laws, had been called into exercise to no purpose—and that the King had betrayed an inflexible resolution to concede nothing either to the demands of the Parliament or the voice of the people. Whereas, on the contrary, the very period at which the Commons first levied open war against their Sovereign was when he had already relinquished to them the most valuable prerogatives of the crown; and consented to such limitations of his authority as would have effectually precluded any future attempt to render himself absolute. And the signal for hostilities was his refusal to give up to their insatiable avidity a point, which had he been prevailed upon to yield, he would indeed, to use his own forcible expression, ‘have remained, as to true and real power, but the outside, but the picture, but the sign of a King.’ Can it be said that the Men who resorted to arms at such a time and for such reasons, had no OTHER alternative?

In the very preface of his work—‘*vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine*’—it argues little for Mr. Godwin’s boasted impartiality, that he characterizes those who took part in opposition to Charles, as the ‘Advocates of the Rights of Mankind;’ and, by necessary inference, brands those who adhered to him with the imputation of being hostile to the cause of freedom, and friendly to the ascendancy of despotism. As little does it speak for Mr. G.’s consistency, that in his introductory chapter he endeavours to prejudice the minds of his readers against the unfortunate Monarch, by a gratuitous insinuation of the grossest insincerity.’ Charles, he affirms, ‘as will more fully appear in the sequel, never made a concession to the popular cause, but with a reserve in his own mind, the secret imputation of some defect in the mode in which the proceeding originated, in consequence of which the concession was in its own nature null, and at a convenient season might be so declared.’ Is it then becoming a *candid* historian to anticipate the sequel, for the mere purpose of heaping obloquy

on the most prominent character in his work, and then to follow with an assertion, which, from the place in which it appears, we are warranted in pronouncing an impudent assertion; 'Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice is a text that shall be for ever before his eyes? Neither royalist, nor presbyterian nor republican, shall be described by him as pure or corrupt, till his character and his actions shall have been carefully scrutinized?' These are fair-sounding words;—but have the actions of Charles been so carefully scrutinized in the six first pages of Mr. Godwin's work, as to warrant the imputation above cited? Or is it a salvo to Mr. G's consistency, that the King is not *literally* comprehended under either of the three denominations who are to be thus impartially canvassed? We highly approve our author's text, as he is pleased to term it—but where is the comment? The former clause, 'Nothing extenuate', is verified to the letter in Mr. G.'s description of the Royalists; but the latter, 'nor ought set down in malice,' which is to be for ever before Mr. Godwin's eyes, will not, we fear, be uniformly perceptible to the eyes of his Readers.

The chapter which immediately follows this ingenuous and equitable introduction, is devoted to an eulogy on certain Individuals, whom Mr. G. denominates 'Founders of the Commonwealth.' The first in order of these is Sir Edward Coke. As this eminent lawyer died five years before the commencement of the differences between the King and the Parliament, it is not easy to discover the propriety of his appearance in this place, unless it is intended to infer (an inference liable to considerable exception) that the principles of liberty which he advocated and exemplified, tended to prepare the public mind for the impending commotions. Mr. G. remarks—'He rose through the various stations of Speaker of the House of Commons, Solicitor General, Attorney General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench, by merit only, without employing in the progress of his elevation, as himself expressed it, either prayers or pence.' We have nothing to say about the employment of prayers or pence; but we should be glad to know among which of his merits Mr. G. classes that execrable abuse, which, in mean subservience to the enmity of the court, he levelled against Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he honoured with the mild and courteous appellations of Traitor, Monster, Spider, and Viper of Hell? Neither is it true that the dignified stations which he occupied, or at least his continuance in them, was owing exclusively to merit; something is attributable to the marriage which he negotiated between his niece and Sir John Villiers, the elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham, and the consequent exertion of the Duke's unlimited influence in his favour—an exertion which

he repaid by the grossest adulation in the House of Commons, where he called the Duke the Saviour of the Nation, though he afterwards reviled his quondam patron in the same august assembly. With these deductions, we do not scruple to acquiesce in Mr. Godwin's assertion, that the liberties of England are deeply indebted to Sir Edward Coke—though we question whether that eminent lawyer would not in extremity have adopted the course which was pursued by Banks and Bramston, his successors in the Common Pleas and King's Bench, both of whom attached themselves to the party of the Sovereign.

Selden succeeds, whose character stands as high for virtue as for erudition, and who possesses the rare felicity of being extolled equally by his friends and his enemies. The terms in which Clarendon describes this great man, have sufficient of panegyric to satisfy even Mr. Godwin. That it was for liberty, and liberty alone, that Selden contended, none can question; but had all the Revolutionists been like Selden, never would the annals of England have been polluted by that infamous mockery of legal formalities, which preceded the execution, or, to call things by their right names, the murder of Charles. Mr. G. mentions that Selden past the last years of his life principally in retirement, but gives his readers no insight into the cause of this secession.—It is more than suspected to have been his utter disapproval of the violent and sanguinary measures which were pursued by his former confederates.

Of Hampden we have only to say, that whoever will take the trouble to compare Mr. Godwin's character of him, with that which has been drawn by Lord Clarendon, and will determine an exact medium between the conflicting statements, will probably be nearer the truth than either of these writers. But we cannot refrain from observing, that our impartial historian, who 'nothing extenuates nor aught sets down in malice,' might have forborne his allusion 'to the perpetual obtrusion of a parish priesthood, and the endless droning repetition of the book of Homilies.' 'By this 'perpetual obtrusion,' we presume,

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Godwin flatters himself that he has convicted Hume in a mis-statement of the length of the Puritanical sermons, (which that historian represents to have occupied seven hours in their delivery,) by remarking that 'the most considerable of the parliament sermons were printed, and he believes there is scarcely one of them that would occupy an hour in the delivery.' This is in fact no refutation at all, for what extemporaneous preacher ever printed all that he preached? The mass is greatly diminished when the dross has been separated from the ore. Even the great Barrow, who was accustomed, on occasions, to preach upwards of three hours, has pruned his printed sermons into a very reasonable length—much more would these revolutionary declaimers find necessity for correction and curtailment, though it may not be in the 'Legend of Montrose' alone that we find 'seventeenthly, eighteenthly, and to conclude.'

is to be understood too unremitting a vigilance on the part of the clergy, in the discharge of their pastoral functions; and as to the 'droning repetition,' it being merely a figure of speech, we shall class it with 'episcopal tyranny,' and let both for the present rest in peace. Pym is dismissed with a very brief notice. 'He must have been a man of high qualities who was the match and in a manner the equal of such a one as Hampden is handed down to us.' Of his talents there can be no doubt, though there may be much diversity of opinion as to the purposes for which he employed them. The chapter concludes with an enumeration of such of the 'prime nobility' as from the beginning took part against the king, which reminds us of a lottery-puff, in which every prize is enumerated with all due precision, but not a word of the blanks. To the fifteen Peers whom Mr. G. has specified, we will add the Earls of Lincoln, Rutland, Kent, Suffolk and Mulgrave; Lords Davies, Grey of Werk, Willoughby of Parham, Howard of Escrick, and Rochfort, making in all twenty-five. These are denominated in Mr. Godwin's history the House of Peers, though the Adherents of Charles amounted to at least three-fourths of the whole Peerage, and comprehended all the most ancient and honourable nobility.

If a clear and methodical arrangement of facts be among the first requisites in an historian, it is certainly one which Mr. Godwin cannot be complimented upon possessing. He commences his second chapter with an account of the King's departure from his capital, whence he digresses to a narrative of that ill-judged and arbitrary transaction, viz. the levying of ship-money, which was the main source of all the miseries that ensued. It was not till 1640 that the Parliament came to a decision respecting the extra-judicial opinion delivered by the Judges, and the sentence passed against Hampden in the Exchequer in 1638. 'It deserves to be mentioned,' says Mr. Godwin, 'that the articles against Finch, (Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) were carried up to the House of Lords by Lord Falkland, and those against the three barons by Mr. Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, both of whom ranked themselves a few months after among the adherents of the King!' Yes—it *does* deserve to be mentioned—though the conclusion to be drawn from it is very different from that which Mr. Godwin, we apprehend, would desire to draw. These excellent men, and real Patriots, were indeed attached to liberty, and, by resolutely withstanding the encroachments of kingly power upon the freedom of the subject, have entitled themselves to the eternal gratitude and veneration of all true lovers of their country. But when they perceived that the House of Commons, under the plausible pretext of asserting

their privileges, were in fact aiming at the utter subversion of those institutions, civil and religious, which had so long conduced to the welfare of the state, and were meditating nothing less than the total extermination of monarchy as well as of episcopacy, THEN they sided with that party which in their judgment and their conscience they believed to be right. All the partiality of Mr. G. will never place Pym on an equality with Clarendon; nor will all his ingenuity cause Falkland to suffer by a comparison with Hampden.

The character of the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, is not incorrectly delineated by Mr. G., though the motives upon which this nobleman acted are unfairly, and almost malignantly stated. 'He was not a patriot,' affirms Mr. Godwin;—and *why* was he not a patriot? Because he reasoned, the 'King should be checked—but he must be preserved.' So then it was indispensable, in those turbulent times, as in that revolution, which is an indelible blot in the annals of France, that a patriot should also be a regicide; and because this nobleman, a man of unimpeached and even chivalrous honour, did not go all lengths with the party which he had unhappily espoused, and desire for his employers an *entire* superiority, to which they could only wade through the blood of their Sovereign—he was not a patriot! It should be added, he was not one of Mr. Godwin's patriots—for if Essex displayed any real love of his country, it was in his reluctance to shed the blood of her citizens, while there still remained any prospect of accommodation—while there was still reason to hope, that, though he 'had drawn the sword, he might not be compelled also to throw away the scabbard.' Hence, whatever may be Mr. Godwin's opinion on the subject, there are many who will acquit Essex of the charge of weakness, notwithstanding those 'notions of routine (we should have said, those feelings of humanity) which tended more to the preserving the lives of his followers, than to the gaining of victories.' A victory over such enemies could be hardly better than a defeat.

But, whatever be the severity with which the conduct of Essex is canvassed, the King receives no quarter. He is a butt for all the arrows of Mr. Godwin's indignation. 'He was,' says this unprejudiced historian, 'a strange compound of that jesuitry, which still presents one meaning to the plain ear of an unsophisticated man, while another is uppermost in the speaker's mind—with a pride and obstinacy which shrunk as by impulse from the adoption of almost any propositions which he regarded as diminishing his power.' Where are the facts, on which this assumption is built? Who are the plain unsophisticated men with whom Charles, the Jesuit, had to deal? Will Mr. G. refer for the one to the many curtailments of the

prerogative which the King had already assented to, or will he tell us to seek the latter in those leading Members of the Commons, who, whatever they might possess of the innocence of the dove, united with it a more than ordinary portion of the wisdom of the serpent? But no—this Parliament, with all its abominable perversions of honour and loyalty and fidelity and justice, is above exception. Its members are all, all honourable men, all displaying a ‘sober and contemplative posture of thought’—and none of them ‘actuated by the wild and inconsiderate desire of innovation.’ After this, go to our historian’s preface, in which he expresses a determination to look at the facts themselves, undisturbed by the glosses of party writers, and then judge between Mr. Godwin and that Clarendon, whom he has dared to tax with insincerity, forgery, and falsehood.

In thus alluding to Clarendon, it may be proper to state, that his conclusions are by no means implicitly to be relied on. He wrote as the avowed apologist of the royal party; and from a prejudice, which, as Mr. Godwin has proved, it is more easy to reprobate than to avoid, has not done full justice to the motives which probably actuated the more upright of the parliamentary leaders. But that Clarendon was utterly incapable of advancing any statement which he knew to be false, or did not believe to be true, we are fully convinced, notwithstanding Mr. G.’s insinuations to the contrary; and he well deserves the appellation which has been bestowed on him by a modern writer, (with whom it is Mr. Godwin’s interest to deprecate a comparison) of ‘one of the best and wisest of British historians.’

The third chapter treats of a subject, the investigation of which demands the nicest discrimination, and the most rigid impartiality—the subject of religion. Yet we are presented with nothing but a confused mass of mis-statements and misconceptions—conclusions without evidence, and assertions without proof. Mr. G. commences with an assumption that the leaders in the Long Parliament were ‘sincere patriots to the best of their judgment.’ Will he have the goodness to

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\* Mr. G. has the effrontery to say of Clarendon, ‘He was, as the thing is vulgarly understood, a [man of honour and integrity,’ (How does Mr. Godwin understand the thing?) ‘and like other eminent forgers, he made a great parade of his principles of morality and religion.’ If the absence of moral and religious principle be a proof of integrity, Mr. Godwin need be under no apprehension of incurring the imputation of forgery. ‘I should myself be particularly disposed to depend upon him when he betrays things, which he very often does, disadvantageous to the party he has undertaken to vindicate.’ Impartial Mr. Godwin! So this is your ‘nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice!’ You, at least, cannot be taxed with a superabundance of what are VULGARLY called honour and integrity.

refer us to the facts on which this assumption is founded, or are we to resolve these patriotic qualifications into a hatred of Bishops and enmity to Kings? From the private sentiments of the parliamentary leaders we are transported, somewhat abruptly, to a sketch of the Reformation, which, we are told, was 'conducted by Henry VIII.' This is decidedly incorrect; for how can the Reformation be said to have been conducted by a Monarch, who thought little, and cared less, about the interests of religion; whose opposition to Rome arose solely from personal pique, and whose will places it beyond question that he died 'un tres bon Catholique.' Then for a hit at Episcopacy. 'The church, by its methodical forms and solemnities, is an apt and pliant engine in the hands of the civil power!' Admirable theologian! At what period, since the glorious Reformation, has the Church of England been subservient to the arbitrary purposes of any Monarch? Which of her spiritual censures have been fulminated against political offenders? When has she done more than honour the King with that honour which is his due? The Church of England has indeed been uniformly eminent for steadfast even while suffering loyalty, and long may she continue so, though at the peril of Mr. William Godwin's severest reprehension! In order to exalt the Genevan platform of discipline above the Episcopal scheme, Mr. G. quotes an author, (Dr. A. Smith) who is well known not 'to have been the slave of religious impressions.' If to be susceptible of religious impressions be slavery, we hope that Mr. G.'s notions of liberty are as exclusive as they are peculiar. 'The persecution carried on by Queen Mary,' continues Mr. G., 'drove the ablest and most fervent of the Protestants to take refuge in foreign countries.' God forbid that we should detract in any measure from the acknowledged merit of these excellent men; but were not those Protestants equally fervent and equally able, who remained to encounter the perils of that fiery persecution, and to offer up their lives in attestation of the divinity of their doctrines? Are Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Hooper, with a 'cloud of witnesses' equally illustrious, to be undervalued for no other crime, than because they held conspicuous stations in the hierarchy?—Mr. G. is extremely severe upon Laud, whose proceedings he not unjustly denominates cruel and arbitrary. 'His punishments were of the most odious kind; whipping, setting in the pillory, cutting off the ears, slitting the nose, and imprisonment for life, and one peculiarity of his system was, that it seemed to aim at the levelling of all distinction of rank.' This latter peculiarity, we should have supposed, could hardly be offensive to an 'Advocate of the Rights of Mankind;' and for the

former accusation, while we admit without extenuating the charge, let Mr. G.'s men of 'sober and contemplative thought,' the disinterested friends of liberty, come into power, and we shall see the blessed effects of their tolerating spirit. They punished heresies not with whipping and the pillory, but with imprisonment, transportation, and death!

The use of the Homilies, which Mr. G. in his candour has denominated a 'droning repetition,' was, he says, enjoined by Elizabeth, who 'issued an edict forbidding any clergyman to preach without a special license.' It is true;—but this measure was not adopted, as Mr. G. would lead us to believe, for a precaution against the Puritans, who desired further Reformation; it was in order to prevent the Catholic clergy, who had acted with an inexcusable insincerity (only one hundred and seventy-seven of them having resigned their benefices rather than acknowledge the Queen's supremacy) from endeavouring by their preaching to allure the people back to popery. And whatever be the cravings of novelty, as there are 'sufficient of the Homilies at the rate of one every Sabbath-day, and great festival of the church, to last through a whole year, the repetition would not be *quite* so droning as it has suited Mr. G. to insinuate. In fact, considering those times of fluctuation and uncertainty, the precaution will appear equally wise and necessary; particularly as the Homilies, notwithstanding the simplicity of their style, form a complete compendium of doctrinal and practical divinity. On these principles, however, added to the weighty consideration that ambition (which Mr. Godwin appears to imagine the most active stimulant of clerical zeal and piety) was at an end, our historian can, it seems, easily conclude 'what was the character of a great proportion at this time of the guides of the people of England in piety and virtue.' Notwithstanding the 'two centuries of scandalous ministers, which were published in print,' Mr. G.'s readers will not be quite so hasty in concluding that, because particular members were diseased, the whole body must be necessarily unsound. It is ever to be lamented that the Bishops, with a cowardice which wrought its own punishment, ceased to attend their duty in the House of Lords, where alone they could have hoped to stem the torrent of obloquy and slander; nor can it be wondered at that their enemies should take ad-

<sup>3</sup> There are ten Homilies in the first Book, and twenty-one in the second, but a great proportion of these are divided into two, three, and even four parts.

<sup>4</sup> However deficient the clergy might be in other respects, at least their sincere attachment to the Church of England was proved beyond dispute, for no fewer than seven thousand clergymen were ejected from their livings, and many of them reduced to the most abject penury, rather than take the covenant, by which they pledged themselves to seek the extirpation of Episcopal Church government.



vantage of their imprudence. Accordingly, it was enacted, by this sagacious and moderate parliament, that 'the government of the church by archbishops, bishops, their chancellors and commissaries, deans and chapters, archdeacons and other ecclesiastical officers, is evil, and we are resolved that the same shall be taken away.'

From the abolition of Episcopacy the Parliamentary Leaders turned their attention to the suppression of dramatic spectacles; a point on which we are as little inclined to condemn as prepared to vindicate their proceedings, though, by way of comment on their principles of liberty, so highly eulogized by Mr. Godwin, we subjoin the penalties which were affixed to a violation of this edict, but which are wholly omitted by our candid historian. Players were to be fined for the first offence, and whipped for the second. But it is impossible to pass thus lightly over a circumstance of which even Mr. Godwin speaks in terms of reprehension, though he endeavours to extenuate it by the usual contemptible cant of episcopal bigotry and superstition. We allude to the demolition of images, pictures, painted windows, organs, &c. which the Commons, in their sagacity, discovered to be 'relics of idolatry.' Mr. G., with his accustomed disposition to judge favourably of the Commonwealth's-men under every aspect, ascribes this devastation to the 'desire of introducing a more simple and severer tone of religious profession'—which simplicity and severity were admirably evinced by the conversion of the body of St. Paul's into a stall for troopers' horses, and the transformation of Westminster Abbey into a tavern, where the rabble of Puritanical soldiers smoked and drank under the eyes of their employers. All this lenity, however, is dissipated as soon as Mr. G. returns to the Monarch and to Laud, whose Protestantism he calls in question in the most unqualified terms. We hope, notwithstanding, that without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of a blind credulity, we may place a greater confidence in the dying declarations of the King and the Prelate—each among the most persuasive, pathetic, and convincing, that ever issued from human lips—than in the *impartial* conclusions and *unprejudiced* opinions of Mr. William Godwin.

Our readers will probably accuse us—and not altogether without justice—of transporting them from one subject to another with a rapidity and unconnectedness, which engender a confused and almost inextricable perplexity. We cannot help it; we have faithfully followed Mr. Godwin; and pursuing the track in which he is pleased to lead us, we come to discuss the oft-disputed question of the justice of Strafford's Execution. No one, who is conversant with the detail of that sin-

gular transaction, will need to be reminded, that this high-spirited and unfortunate nobleman was not condemned upon any known principles of law, or in pursuance of any existing statute. It is admitted, even by Mr. G., that 'he certainly proved beyond confutation that he had done nothing which, in strict construction fell within the provisions of the statute of treasons of Edward the Third.' Let us then observe on what principles of political justice our historian vindicates the deed.

'It becomes therefore a great question, in what manner the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford ought to have terminated. The enormity of his guilt, assuming that it is criminal to invade, and meditate to destroy, the liberties of a nation, will hardly be questioned. The object of the statute of Edward the Third, is to defend the King; it has scarcely ever been contemplated, by any law to defend the great body of the people associated under him. Are their interests therefore always to be assailed with impunity? These are principles undoubtedly, more binding than, and which disdain to be confined within the letter of, any positive statute.

'It is questionless desirable in all ordinary cases, wherever positive law is established, to restrain ourselves within the letter of that law, and to allow the criminal all the benefit, if benefit to him shall result, of any evasion or escape that the law shall afford him. A court of justice ought not to strain or wrench the commandment to the destruction of the person arraigned; it affords an ill example; and when once a relaxation of this sort is admitted into the construction of a law, there is no foreseeing where it will end.

'Law is that which restrains the individual, and even restrains the whole community, from exercising their natural liberty of being the judge and the chastiser of their own wrongs. But there are cases of an extraordinary nature, which reinvest the community in the entire rights they possessed before particular laws were established.

'No one, as I have said, who is a friend to public liberty, can question the guilt of the Earl of Strafford; his accusation and his conviction were of the substance of eternal right; his defence was technical. Several conscientious men in those days were on the whole for his acquittal; more have been so since. We argue the case in cool blood; and are not made clear-sighted by the actually flowing and existing light of the public welfare, which then discovered what was requisite to be done.

'Law is made for man; and not man for the law. Wherever we can be sure that the most valuable interests of a nation require that we should decide one way, that way we ought to decide. Strafford was at that day the most dangerous man to the liberties of England then present, and to come, that could live.' pp. 89—91.

In reply to these arguments it may be alleged, first, that if the case of Strafford were, as Mr. G. would imply, one of

those extraordinary cases, which re-invest the community in the entire rights (which) they possessed before particular laws were established,' (which rights, in the instance of our own savage ancestors, amounted simply to sleeping wherever they could find a shade, drinking wherever they could find a stream, and eating wherever they could glean a miserable subsistence of sloes and acorns,) if this were one of those extraordinary cases, how could it be subjected to the ordinary rules of jurisprudence? If it superseded law, how could it be decided by law? If the Earl of Strafford were to be judged by the established laws of the realm, then he had an undoubted right to acquittal on proving that he had never violated any of those laws; if his accusation and conviction were, as Mr. Godwin affirms—more we confess to his own comprehension than to ours—'of the substance of eternal right,' then was it a cowardly and contemptible evasion to cover a direct aggression of the spirit of the law by a pretended deference to its formal technicalities? 'Some conscientious men,' Mr. G. allows, 'were on the whole, for his acquittal,' and informs us in a note that Selden's name was among those who voted against the bill of attainder, though he qualifies the information with a reflection, 'Such, after all, is the best of lawyers.' We cannot exactly determine whether this reflection is made 'more in sorrow than in anger'—but we wish Mr. G. were half as good an historian as Selden was a lawyer.—It is gratuitously assumed, according to Mr. G.'s own elegant phraseology, 'Strafford was at this day the most dangerous man to the liberties of England, then present and to come, that could live;' and as gratuitously asserted, that 'whatever engagements Charles had entered into of removing Strafford from his presence and counsels for ever, he would have considered these as annulled, the moment that the sword was drawn.' What Charles *would have done* is no subject for history.

'A proviso was inserted in the act of attainder of the case of Strafford, that no judges or other magistrates should adjudge any thing to be treason in any other manner than they would have adjudged if this act had never been made. This has been used as an argument to prove that the prosecutors of Strafford were conscious of the injustice they committed. *It proves no such thing.*' And what does it prove? Instead of proof Mr. Godwin favours us with an illustration. 'It serves to illustrate the clearness of their conceptions, and the equanimity of their tempers.' *The clearness of their conceptions!*—Yes—when they provided against that proceeding being drawn into a precedent, which might eventually have proved fatal to themselves, their conceptions were clear enough—but where was their equanimity of temper, when it

was declared in the house that 'it was never accounted cruelty or foul play to knock wolves and foxes on the head wherever they can be found;' when the names of the fifty-nine members who voted against the bill were held up to public indignation as Straffordians and betrayers of their country; when the people were excited to clamour for justice around the House of Peers, and thus intimidate the Lords into a dishonourable compliance! Undoubtedly, continues Mr. G. 'the prosecutors of Strafford were firmly averse to this proceeding being drawn into a precedent.' Yet, notwithstanding this aversion, they resorted even to a still more inexcusable violation of the laws in the instance of Laud, who could not be considered dangerous to the liberty of the state. It was an evil hour in which the amiable but vacillating Charles gave his assent to that illegal and infamous bill, which deprived him of the ablest of his ministers; nor is it to be wondered at, that having unhappily fallen into the error, he should repent of it to the last.

Chapter the fourth opens with the campaign of 1643. Essex, who was not yet patriotic enough to desire the utter subversion of the regal government and the established religion, and consequently not thoroughly adapted to serve the purposes of the parliament, had not yet overcome that foolish weakness which Mr. Godwin so severely reprehends—he and his captains still 'thought more of preserving the lives of those who fought under them, than of acquiring ascendancy for the public cause.' And will the reader believe, that this identical Mr. Godwin, who upbraids Essex for his noble reluctance to shed English blood, has already, in the exuberance of the softer sympathies, interrupted the progress of his work to obtrude his private sentiments on the public? 'For myself, I entertain an almost invincible reluctance to the taking away the life of man, after a set form, and in cool blood, in any case whatever.' Humane! tender-hearted Mr. Godwin! But all this invincible reluctance vanishes when the 'set forms' are removed. The criminal, whose life is forfeited to the violated laws of his country, is the object of affected compassion—but thousands of Englishmen, the best and bravest in the land, may perish amidst the horrors of civil war without eliciting one expression of commiseration or regret. We know not whether Mr. G.'s humanity extends to the brute creation, or we may imagine him to declare,

On hackney stands

I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"  
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider  
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,

Or view a Butcher with horn-handle knife  
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,  
Indeed—indeed—I'm very, very sick.

It consequently became an object with the Parliament to supersede Essex, on account of his over-scrupulous humanity; but, as they dared not, by reason of his popularity, openly remove him from his command, they set up Sir William Waller, whom his soldiers nicknamed William the Conqueror, to rival and if possible to eclipse him. It was in this year also that Cromwell appeared upon the theatre of action, distinguishing himself first by his zeal in intercepting the plate of the University of Cambridge, which that loyal body had sent to the King—a step, which, as might be expected, is honoured by Mr. Godwin's severest castigation. Nevertheless the campaign terminated favourably to the royalists; Hampden was killed in a skirmish at Chalgravefield—William the Conqueror was beaten at Devizes—Nathaniel Fiennes, Governor of Bristol, surrendered that important fortress to the King—and the secret disaffection of Essex to the cause in which he was engaged had reduced the main army of the parliament to a condition in which they were incapable of rendering any substantial service, or opposing an effectual check to the aggressions of the enemy.

'But,' as Mr. Godwin continues (a 'marvellous proper' word for the commencement of a chapter) 'but, as has been several times observed, they were men of no mean capacity who guided the counsels of the Parliament.' Their views were directed to the Scots, who were united with them by a similarity of religious principle, and whom they had already conciliated by the abolition of Episcopacy. Accordingly, an embassy was sent into Scotland, at the head of which was Vane, a man endowed, like the ex-governor of Bristol, with subtlety of intellect (*παινευρία*) a quality which Mr. G. seems to hold in more than ordinary estimation. Waller, on his return from defeat, was received with a firmness which reminds Mr. Godwin of the Romans after Cannæ: the days of Cadmus and the dragon's teeth were revived, and 'armies seemed to spring up out of the earth.' Even females lent their aid, according to May, the parliamentary historian (who betrayed his royal Master and was rewarded by the appointment of Secretary and Historiographer to the House of Commons.)<sup>5</sup> 'Knights and ladies resorted to the works daily, not as spec-

<sup>5</sup> Among these ornaments of chivalry are to be reckoned, we presume, the notorious Alderman Pennington, with other worthies of the East, whose exploits in the fields of turtle and venison are deserving of such an immortality as may be conferred by the Pen of the Historian of the Commonwealth. Perhaps, after all, their assistance in bricklaying was but a return to the original profession of

tators but assisters, carrying themselves spades, mattocks, and other suitable implements.' We cannot resist the temptation of subjoining to this high-sounding quotation, the humorous description in *Hudibras*—

'Women, that left no stone unturned  
In which the cause might be concerned,  
Brought in their childrens' spoons and whistles  
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;—  
Raised rampiers with their own soft hands,  
To put the enemy to stands ;  
From ladies down to oyster wenches  
Laboured like Pioneers in trenches,  
Fell to their pick-axes and tools,  
And helped the men to dig like moles.'—

The King, in the mean time, taking advantage of his successes, issued a proclamation, so full of lenity and forbearance, that it awakens in our historian a burst of vehement indignation. 'What tyrant ever failed to say as much,' is his sober and judicious comment. Yet Charles had said, what few tyrants can say, and what he had proved by facts : 'Revenge and blood-thirstiness have never been imputed to us by those who have not left either our government or nature unexamined with the greatest boldness and malice. And all those, who, since those bloody distractions, out of conscience have returned from their evil ways to us, have found that it was not so easy for them to repent as for us to forgive.' Mr. G. affirms that there is not one word of amnesty or oblivion throughout the whole proclamation ; and, after quoting a passage which directly refutes his assertion, indulges in the above dispassionate reflection. 'What the King requires,' adds Mr. G. 'is unconditional submission, and that the people of England shall yield themselves to his authority.' What—when he had expressly declared, 'We do acknowledge the just privileges of parliament to be an essential part of those laws, and shall therefore most solemnly defend, and observe them?' But—like the Pythia upon the Delphic tripod, Mr. G.'s ardour gathers strength as he proceeds. 'Yes, when he has driven all the illustrious champions of freedom into exile, or shut them up in dungeons—when he has restored all those *renegades*, (meaning, we presume, those noble-minded men who withstood him to the utmost in the plenitude of his power, but rallied round the royal standard when they saw that the Constitution itself was menaced by the fury of indiscriminating innovation) 'who pre-

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some of these 'Knights.' Quære, was that ci-devant Bricklayer a Knight, to whom Mr. Wilkes said at an Aldermanic dinner, when his bread was inch-deep in butter, 'Brother, you lay it on with a trowel ?'

ferred the smiles of a court—he would have used such a parliament as an engine to throw down all the defences which had lately been got up for the subject, and surrender a despotic power into his hands for ever.’ Will Mr. Godwin inform us whence he has again made so clear and sagacious a discovery of what Charles *would have done*? Has his penetrative eye, ‘in a fine frenzy rolling,’ pierced through the darkness that envelopes the past? ‘Methinks I see him,’ continues this sober and contemplative chronicler, (in your mind’s eye, Horatio?) ‘in his triumphal entrance into London, surrounded by all his minions and myrmidons, his horses’ hoofs wet with his country’s blood?’ If Mr. Godwin will *look again*, the scene may be reversed. He may see the spectacle of fallen majesty;—he may see the discrowned Sovereign, surrounded with a malignant or misled people clamouring for his murder—he may see the descendant of a hundred Kings stain the scaffold—not with his country’s blood—but with his own. Mr. G.’s malignity, however, is not even yet satiated. The reflections immediately following are not worth transcribing, and we shall cite only the concluding passage, leaving our readers to judge whether it is more reprehensible for its uncharitableness or its impiety. ‘His followers and himself compared the affronts put upon him to the insults offered by the Jews to our Saviour—and he would have been certain not to have left the balance to be imperfectly settled.’—And this is the man who tells us of his ‘honest and undebauched sense of moral right’—who is as ‘sober, deliberate, and just in his decisions as if the events of which he treats had preceded the universal deluge, or passed in the remotest island of the South Sea’—who ‘nothing extenuates nor aught sets down in malice.’ Away with such unmeaning and hypocritical cant! Why did not Mr. Godwin come openly and manfully before the Public, and avow his determination to vindicate the Commonwealthsmen? In this age of liberty, every man has a right to publish his free opinions, so long as they do not interfere with the laws of the realm; but to whichever party he inclines, let him at least deal honestly with the world. After ascribing Charles’s failings to a mixture of overweening egotism and pride, with a strong tincture of religious bigotry, Mr. G. attempts to vindicate his remarks by the assertion, ‘The picture here given is just and correct—or it is otherwise.’ Certainly—who doubts it? ‘If the former, it could not have been omitted here’—and why is it inserted, if it be the latter?

We are compelled to pass abruptly over the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth chapters of Mr. Godwin’s work—an omission which is of the less moment, as our readers are,

beyond doubt, already perfectly satisfied respecting the validity of his pretensions to impartiality and candour. The latter part of the eleventh chapter, which is devoted to the review of a most important transaction—a transaction modestly denominated by Mr. Godwin, ‘The purification of the University of Cambridge,’—demands and shall receive a more minute investigation. But we will first put our readers in possession of Mr. G.’s statement.

‘A very important transaction which took place at the period at which we are now arrived, was the purification of the University of Cambridge. It has been seen that one of the great objects of the reformers of this period, was a change in the spirit of the national religion. They had conceived a deep moral aversion to the splendour and wealth of the established church, copied and perpetuated as it had been from the example of the church of Rome. They believed that the best and most exalted principles of the Christian religion could never be made habitually to pervade the great mass of the people, while the heads of the church and a large portion of the dignified clergy, lived in affluence and ease, and the means of luxury, and of an imposing show of pomp and indulgence, were placed in their hands. By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, (such they esteemed it,) hardly at any time to be expected, and not likely to be repeated, a great portion of the people of England were at this time deeply impressed with the feelings of moral duty and of the beauty of that simplicity which the author of the Christian religion inculcated, and preferred that creed which operated in philanthropical sentiments and well-governed habits of conduct, to the ceremonies and ostentation that won so much the regard of their ancestors. It was the duty of those who took the lead in these momentous times, so to modify the forms of religion among us, and to establish such a character and disposition in the clergy, as might bid fairest to perpetuate all the good principles which were now in fashion.

‘It was apparent that the constitution of the Universities, those great seats of education for the higher orders, and for the clergy in particular, stood forward a most powerful obstacle to the purposes which in these respects the reformers had in view. It is characteristic of all establishments which have existed for any length of time, that they are strenuously in opposition to all innovation and change. If man were an animal exempt from gross follies and error, and if past ages were always as wise as those which come after, establishments could do nothing but good. But, since it is one of the great attributes of our species to be susceptible of improvement, and capable of experiencing the most beneficial changes, for this reason what are vulgarly called venerable establishments will often range themselves in opposition to the best interests of the community.

‘A long perpetuated establishment for education by the necessity of things is a praiser of the past. The old give lessons to



the young; and these old, in Colleges and Universities, are shut out from any extensive observation, while successive generations within their walls are wholly confined to the repeating what they learned from the generation before. Thus the presidents and professors merely continue what the nurse began, and the instructions infused into the stripling are converted into shackles to restrain the years of maturity.'—pp. 301—303.

Mr. G. might, we think, without any violation of his pretended impartiality, or any undue deference to 'what are vulgarly called venerable establishments,' have drawn a line of distinction between a prudent jealousy of hasty and inconsiderate innovation, and a bigoted aversion to gradual and practicable improvement. If the remark on this subject be intended as a general one, it is altogether refuted by facts; since, so far from being strenuously in opposition to all innovation and change, both Oxford and Cambridge have proved themselves willing to examine and adopt *every* alteration, which could be attended with real advantage. Witness the improved state of college discipline, and the enlarged circle of academical studies in either university. 'The old give lessons to the young,' says Mr. G., 'and these old, in colleges and universities, are shut out from any extensive observation.' If by 'the old,' Mr. Godwin means us to understand College Tutors, we can assure him, that these gentlemen are generally, we might almost say, exclusively—in the prime of life, and full vigour of intellect; and so far from corresponding to Mr. G.'s elegant description of 'these old, who are shut out from observation,' they are as well acquainted with, and as deeply interested in, every political or literary question that is agitated in the world, as any set of men in the British dominions. Mr. G. is strangely in the dark as to the real state of the Universities. 'Successive generations within their walls are wholly confined to the repeating what they learned from the generation before.' The illiberality of this insinuation is only paralleled by its utter falsehood. There is not a single year—nay, scarcely a single month which passes over our heads, in which the course of reading pursued at Cambridge and Oxford is not extended and improved by new publications in every department of scientific, classical, and polite literature. From general censures, however, Mr. Godwin ascends to personal and almost individual reprehension. 'The Presidents,'<sup>6</sup> he continues, (who are they?) 'and Professors merely continue what the nurse

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<sup>6</sup> For the illumination of un-academic readers, it may be necessary to state that in the University of Oxford the title of President is restricted to the heads of four Colleges, Magdalen, Corpus, Trinity and St. John's, and in that of Cambridge to the Master of Queen's. We can hardly suspect Mr. G. of intending a particular allusion to these five gentlemen.

began, and the instructions infused into the stripling are converted into shackles to restrain the years of maturity.' Really the Professors are much obliged to the historian of the Commonwealth for his very flattering notice of their academical labours—we believe, however, that they will rate this complimentary effusion at its sterling value, and still continue their useful and honourable functions, as indifferent to Mr. Godwin's displeasure as they are superior to his praise. Long may England reap the fruits of their most beneficial exertions in a succession of able and constitutional lawyers, learned and pious divines, loyal and honourable gentry, all exhibiting the good effects which redound from the combination of sound learning with religious education—unmoved by the cant, as despicable as it is fallacious, of 'shackles restraining the years of maturity'—the shackles of moral and religious restraint!

Now from the general argument to the particular application. 'The first instance in which the University of Cambridge forced itself into notice in the present contest was when they attempted in August 1642 to send the University plate to the King.' *Forced itself into notice!* And why is this obnoxious expression to be used by an *unprejudiced* historian, when the University was but acting in accordance with sentiments, as conscientiously entertained as they were honourably avowed? The design however was partially intercepted by Cromwell; who, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Godwin, began about this time to *force himself into notice*, by his activity in opposition to the King. Under his command, the town was converted into a garrison by the Parliament; and though his soldiers behaved with tolerable decency in other respects, yet 'from the detestation they had imbibed of idolatry and ceremonial observances, we may be sure that they were unwelcome guests to many of the older members of that body.' The direct inference from these words is, that many of the older members of the University were idolaters—a fact, of which the world was in total ignorance, till it was revealed to them in the nineteenth century by Mr. Godwin. Mr. G., it seems, identifies idolatry with ceremonial observances—he might as well confound poison with medicine, or his own book with an impartial history. It is not denied by our historian that *some* severities ensued. Baal's altars and Baal's priests, as the temples and ministers of the Established church were charitably denominated by the Puritans, experienced no quarter; 'in the former *images* and painted windows' (for images read monuments) 'were demolished, and the dislike of the latter was expressed in a way *sufficiently unequivocal*.' Had this been the conduct of the other party, we should have been favoured with a long-

winded diatribe on the virulence of persecution and the bigotry of Episcopacy.—But we return to the work of purification.

The Earl of Manchester, one of the mildest and most honourable of the King's opponents, was appointed director of the 'purification,' with full power to call before his committees all provosts, masters, fellows and students of the University, and to hear complaints against such as were scandalous in their lives, ill-affected to the Parliament, &c. &c. The work commenced on the thirteenth of March by the dismissal of ten of the heads; six being allowed and giving their consent to retain their former stations.' If we may be permitted, in imitation of Mr. Godwin, to anticipate the sequel, we would just mention that several of these six were afterwards ejected, among whom we may particularize Batchcroft, Master of Caius, Comber of Trinity, and the pious and excellent Rainbow of Magdalen. 'Ten new heads of colleges were appointed—two of whom were Benjamin Whichcote and Ralph Cudworth, both of them, but particularly the latter, qualified to do honour to any seminary for education in the world.' We shall not dissent from Mr. G.'s eulogium on these eminent individuals, but it deserves to be recorded, to the lasting honour of what Mr. G. would term the intolerant episcopal party, that, notwithstanding the irregularity of his appointment, Cudworth died Master of Christ's College in 1688, and Whichcote, though ejected from the provostship of King's, obtained the living of St. Lawrence Jewry, and kept it to his death in 1689.

'That thou mayst see the difference of our spirit,'

though, on the restoration, such of the former Masters as yet survived were—as in justice they ought to have been—restored to their situations, yet Dillingham of Clare Hall was on the next vacancy reinstated in his Mastership, while Minshall of Sidney, Lightfoot of Catharine, and Cudworth of Christ's, were suffered to retain theirs. Horton, ejected from Queen's, preserved the living of Great St. Helens; and Wilkins, from Trinity, died Bishop of Chester.' But to return. 'A few days later,' continues Mr. G., 'sixty-five fellows were ejected from the different colleges,' and for what crime? Because they retained their allegiance to their lawful Sovereign, whom even the Parliament had not yet ventured openly to disavow.

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<sup>7</sup> When Dr. Tuckney, Master of St. John's, was ejected on the Restoration for nonconformity, Mr. Secretary Nicholas and the Earl of Manchester wrote to him, by order of Charles II. with assurances that he should receive 100*l.* per annum out of the stipend of his successor, which was accordingly regularly paid. Referring to the allowance made to the ejected Loyalists we may well say, *O si sic omnia!*

But Mr. Godwin has stated only a small part of the revolution which actually took place. From Peterhouse alone were ejected, with Dr. Cosins, the Master, one of the most learned men of the age, no less than twenty fellows, among whom were Dr. Beaumont, Dr. Bargrave, and Crashaw the Poet. From Clare were ejected the Master, Dr. Paske, and seven fellows, among whom were Oley, who wrote the preface to Herbert's Country Parson, and Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely. From Jesus College, together with Dr. Sterne the Master, Laud's faithful friend and chaplain, were ejected sixteen fellows. Nineteen members, with Dr. E. Martin the President, were struck off the list at Queen's; twenty-nine, with Dr. Neale the Master, at St. John's; and from Trinity<sup>a</sup>—which appears to have been in those times a college as eminent for the loyalty, as it now is for the liberality and erudition of its members,—were expelled two-thirds of the whole society, among whom we shall particularize but two—the amiable Cowley, and that Herbert, who has been honoured with the appellation of the 'Divine.'—Many of these excellent men were reduced by this arbitrary and most iniquitous proceeding to the severest distress—but who can waste his thoughts on the sufferings of individuals, when he is contemplating that mighty work, the 'Purification of an University?' Mr. Godwin however consoles us with an assurance, that 'this ecclesiastical revolution was conducted with considerable order and sobriety.' Yes—when the seat of learning was shaken to its very foundation; when an insolent and rapacious soldiery were quartered in the colleges; when the most valuable libraries were pillaged without remorse by an illiterate and fanatical mob; when the chapels were desecrated and the University church itself profaned by these 'enemies of idolatry;' when the most learned and loyal heads of houses, without a crime and almost without an accusation, were immured in the dungeons of the Tower—when five-sixths of the Members of the University were turned out to beggary and destitution—*then* we are to be told of sobriety, and attention to the general interests of the community. Our readers may judge what must have been the extremity of the distress thus occasioned, when even Mr Godwin admits, 'that there were cases in abundance to excite our deepest sympathy, and to fill us with poignant regret.'

<sup>b</sup> Our limits constrain us to close Mr. Godwin's book,

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<sup>a</sup> The writer of this article is a 'small-colleger.'

<sup>b</sup> There is yet one statement of Mr. G.'s respecting the *gallantry* of the Commonwealth-men, which requires a little animadversion. Commenting on Essex's brutal reply to the Queen, when far advanced in her pregnancy, Mr. G. adds, 'It is fair however to observe that this was a single example, many instances of courtesy and liberal behaviour to the sex occurring on both sides in the course of the

though there are not a few points on which we are prepared, and should have rejoiced, to break a lance with him. We did not anticipate much difficulty in refuting Mr. G.'s tirade against Episcopacy in the thirteenth chapter; or in rescuing the calumniated Charles from the imputation of<sup>10</sup> conniving at, and even sanctioning, the massacre of the Protestants in Ireland; or in proving that Mr. Godwin has acted with the utmost unfairness in his description of the character of Laud. We should also have inquired into the pretensions of that assembly which met at Oxford, and which is denominated by Mr. G. an Anti-parliament, though the Peers there assembled outnumbered the London House of Peers thrice told, and consequently might claim to be considered one of the three estates of the Kingdom by the same rule as the Commons, whose pretensions were founded on their majority. We might also have found some opportunities of vindicating that noble historian, who could truly say of those troublesome times,

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,

Et quorum pars magna fui,

though we do not apprehend that any very deep or incurable wound will be inflicted on his reputation by the strictures of Mr. Godwin.—But we are again forcibly reminded of the necessity of coming to a conclusion.

In the remarks which we have thus felt it our duty to offer on Mr. Godwin's work, we have not been actuated by any motives of private hostility to the author, of whom we know nothing but his talents, which the present work, with all its deficiencies, proves to be of no ordinary nature. And if we appear to have fallen occasionally into that very error, of which

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war.' Now for a specimen of this courtesy and liberality. 'Batten, Vice-Admiral to the Earl of Warwick, entering Burlington Road, finding that her Majesty was landed, and that she lodged upon the Key, discharged above a hundred cannon, whereof many were laden with cross bar shot, full on the house where her Majesty was lodged.—Whereupon she was forced out of her bed, some of the shot making way through her own chamber, and to shelter herself under a bank in the open fields.—Magnanimous Commander! to achieve this noble feat—courteous and liberal Parliament—to sanction by not disavowing it!

<sup>10</sup> On this subject Mr. Godwin, p. 226, has a long note, in which he discusses the genuineness of a document, inserted in Rushworth's Collection, which is a proclamation authorizing the rebels to make war in the name of the King. Mr. G. rejects without mercy the testimony of Ker, Dean of Ardagh, which would altogether subvert the document in question, for this very valid reason—because Ker held preferment in the church:—but has omitted one circumstance, which to the impartial Rapin appeared decisive—'The King is made to say things which happened not till several months after the day of the date. It must needs be therefore that Rushworth, who inserted the Commission above in his Collection, had bad memoirs and little judgment, to see in this pretended commission of the first of October 1641, things which happened not till the next year 1642.' Does Mr. G. give the King credit for possessing, equally with himself, the faculty of *anticipating the sequel*?

we have accused Mr. G.—namely, a decided and obvious prepossession in favour of one of the parties; let it be remembered, that there is a wide distinction between the man who undertakes to write a history, and the man who sets himself to examine one which is already written. Our opinions, on the grand subjects of civil and ecclesiastical polity, are indeed, as we are proud to avow, diametrically at variance with Mr. Godwin's; but we have no right to quarrel with him on that account: and, had he honestly avowed his sentiments, instead of masking them under the disguise of impartiality, we should have given him all the credit which is due to the Apologist of the calumniated and reviled—to him who 'attends to the neglected, and remembers the forgotten.' But—we are compelled to say it—the violation of his pledge lays him open to all that merited castigation, which he will unquestionably receive from the vindicators of a murdered Monarch, and the defenders of an injured Church.

Mr. Godwin's style is, in the main, manly, vigorous and energetic, though his sentences are sometimes unconnected, his images occasionally inappropriate, and his expressions not unfrequently colloquial. The three opening sentences of his work are totally distinct from one another—at least, we have not been able to discover the links in Mr. Godwin's chain of reasoning. Mr. G. speaks of the alienation of the general to a cause—Would not *from* be more correct? The main subject which roused the Scots in arms—We would suggest, to arms. 'As one might almost say,' is a colloquial phrase, far below the dignity of history. 'Before the period we are treating'—Would not this sentence be improved by the insertion of the two words 'of which?' Many similar expressions might be cited—but these are minor blemishes—nor will we either waste our own time, or that of our readers, on these minutiae of criticism.

We must not however conclude, without expressing in the strongest terms our disapprobation of that incessant egotism, which is so prominent a feature of Mr. Godwin's work. Cæsar, when writing his Commentaries, was modest enough to speak of himself in the third person, and to narrate his own exploits as if they had been the victories of another—while Mr. William Godwin, in treating of events which happened nearly a century and a half before he was born for the illumination of the world, is perpetually obtruding upon the reader his personal and individual opinions. He says indeed, that he 'will not knowingly suffer his work to forfeit in any respect the appellation of a History;' but, whether knowingly or not, he has forfeited that title by three inexcusable errors—the intrusion of unseasonable egotism, the

indulgence of futile speculation, and the admission of gross partiality. What does the Reader of Mr. Godwin's history know—or wish to know—of Mr. Godwin's opinions? He only desires to ascertain the grounds upon which his ancestors fought and bled, with the opinions which themselves entertained concerning the equity of their cause; opinions, which are to be deduced from a candid and correct statement of facts, not from the presumptions or prejudices of a man who, in the plenitude of his conceit, distinguishes his predecessors by the appellation of—the 'careless and imitative set of men whom we call historians!'

But the most difficult part of Mr. Godwin's task is yet to be accomplished. We are curious to learn, by what arguments he will palliate the baseness of the Scots in setting a price on their Sovereign's blood, or that of the Parliamentary faction in paying it; how he will vindicate those Gods of his idolatry, Cromwell and his crew, from the charges of the most flagitious hypocrisy and the most inordinate ambition;—by what principles of the 'substance of eternal right' he will justify the murder of the unfortunate Charles; in what terms he will describe the 'purification' of the University of Oxford; what eulogies he will bestow on those champions of freedom and ornaments of their country, the members of Barebone's parliament; and lastly, how he will explain away the avidity with which a majority of the nation desired, and the rapture with which they hailed, the re-establishment of Monarchical tyranny and Episcopal intolerance. Meantime we would recommend to Mr. Godwin's serious consideration that admirable compendium of the duties of an historian, which is contained in the motto prefixed to Lord Clarendon's work, coupled with our earnest desire, that in his next volume he may be half as observant of it as was his illustrious predecessor:

NE QUID FALSI DICERE AUDEAT, NE QUID VERI NON AUDEAT.

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ART. II. *The Deformed Transformed. A Drama.* By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. *Second Edition.* J. and H. L. Hunt. *London, 1824.*

THERE *was* a time, when the name of Byron was a spell, more powerful than the cabalistic incantations of his own created sorcerers, to call up from the recesses of the heart and mind the spirit of love and of admiration: but "now the spell hath lost his hold," or only works feebly, partially, and

unsuccessfully. With Byron for its author, and Murray for its publisher, a volume then did not long remain unnoticed and unexamined: it was welcomed with the enthusiastic gratitude of an early perusal, and its reward assigned—as the equestrian demon of the present performance would express himself—“in the glance of an eye.” But, since the right honourable hymner of mystifications and mysteries has had a *Hunt* for his publisher, and has been pursuing the shadow of a plebeian coronal when he might have grasped the glorious wreath tendered to him by the hands of Fame, and twined around his hereditary dignities the garlands of unsullied virtue,—his name has sunk in the esteem of those, whom if he is not still compelled to honour, he was once accustomed to regard. It was a sad ‘falling off’—that dissolution of partnership with the Emperor of the West; for it told tales of blighted hope, and ruined expectancies. It was previously the boast of England, (and of Cambridge too) that she possessed a bard among her high and noble aristocracy, who was destined to grace his lofty line, and decorate his country’s annals, with the proudest laurels that had ever been nurtured in the dews of Castaly: but, when we look into the literary history of the short period that is past, and behold the pilgrim, who had roamed the earth with the Muses and the Graces, forsaking such society, “to herd with common men,” and immersing in the impure streams of vulgar revelry the well-earned honours of his younger days—we are constrained to weep over such delinquency, and to exclaim in his own beautiful and once heartfelt language,

“Time who changes all has alter’d him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life’s enchanted cup but sparkles at the brim.”<sup>1</sup>

Would that his biographer may even yet be enabled to add in truth,

“he found  
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill’d again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground!”<sup>2</sup>

“’Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

It is a melancholy satisfaction to us, that we have so early an opportunity of introducing to our pages a production of this noble author, in which there is nothing to prevent a modest pen from doing justice to it, on the score of *decency*. This, considering the recent dilemmas into which reviewers have fallen by their companionship with the disgusting Juan,

<sup>1</sup> *Childe Harold.* Canto III. 81. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Canto III. 9. 1.



is an earnest, that antiquated notions, or 'shackles,' as they are termed by our modern illuminati, still retain some little hold upon his Lordship's mind. It would be to us a source of sincere pleasure, if our praise could be qualified by no serious deductions from that encomium, which we would gladly confer upon the writer of 'Childe Harold.' But there are considerations, which must not be neglected. In this drama, as in too many of his Lordship's writings, there is a frequent and an unwarranted application of Scriptural quotations and allusions, which neither illustrate the subject, nor add beauty to the versification. Lord Byron is still deeply imbued with the detestable blasphemies resulting from those principles, commonly, but erroneously, termed Liberal, which he has so fatally espoused. He treats the awful attributes of Jehovah with less ceremony than the fantastic mummeries of a Dagon, or an Ashtaroth: and couples with the names of Mahomet and Mercury, in strains as unhallowed as they are unmeaning, that name, at which the Angels in Heaven are said to bow with reverence and fear. Now this, in a Christian land, is neither wise, nor valiant. We quarrel not with his Lordship's creed, although we may lament its melancholy obliquities; but we cannot suffer him to come forth, at every turn and corner of his argument, with jests and jeers about the faith, for which, though *he* may be a heretic, we have too sincere a veneration, to remain tame and unresisting spectators beneath the attacks of ignorance, or the petulance of unbelief. It is not *wise*, because he weakens by such conduct that admiration, which his splendid talents and unrivalled genius would otherwise command: it is not *valiant*, because, if the doctrines of the Gospel can be assailed at all, it would be more manly to oppose them according to the systematic and determined tactics of an open and unequivocal hostility. In this view, we respect the infidelity of Tom Paine exceedingly above that of Lord Byron; for, if the former is a bold and reckless blasphemer, at least he is not ashamed of the principles which he avows. To the one we may oppose the arguments and the proofs, which cannot fail to conquer and convince every unprejudiced inquirer; to the other we can only retort, what he has himself applied to a diabolic character<sup>3</sup> of his own imagination,

'Oh! thou everlasting Sneerer!'

To multiply examples of this disgusting and impertinent use of Scriptural language and ideas from his Lordship's earlier writings, would neither be useful, nor necessary: there are sufficient instances in the work before us to justify the

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<sup>3</sup> Caesar, in this Drama, p. 45.

charge, and the rebuke:—a circumstance, which we acknowledge with equal indignation and regret.

The present piece is after the model of *Manfred*—but is much inferior in incident and style to that beautiful, though eccentric, production. The author acknowledges himself indebted to Lewis's Novel of "*The Three Brothers*," and to the "*Faust of the great Goëthe*." Much is it to be regretted that he has made no better use of the materials which he found in those productions. *Manfred* was a poem of great and deserved celebrity;—it captivated, not only by the profound knowledge which it displayed of the workings of the human heart in scenes of vast novelty and grandeur, but also by the tenderness and pathos, the elegance and beauty of the diction; as well as by that poetic brightness, which the Author has thrown over his best and most interesting performances. There was diffused throughout it a certain degree of splendour, caught "from worlds not quickened by the sun," which, like a veil, softened the boldness of so imaginative a poem: and the reader involuntarily paid that tribute of delight and approbation which it is in the power of genius and talent alone to call forth. In the drama before us, we have but a shadowy glimpse of the creative faculty which produced the gloomy, yet high-minded and despairing *Manfred*. In *his* character all the genuine elements of poetry were concentrated, and the scene in which he appeared was made a stage on which to represent the sublime and awful attributes of Nature. With quite as extensive a field for the exercise of his fine intellect, in the piece before us, the author has confined himself to a narrow corner in the courts of Fancy—where certainly he sports at times in his wonted gracefulness, but where, on the whole, he appears to but little advantage. "*Goëthe's Faust*" is a mine for compositions of this nature—it contains the seeds of many a wild and beautiful production—and Lord Byron, whose knowledge of the German tongue is more than sufficient to give him a thorough acquaintance with its mysteries, might have gleaned a richer harvest than appears in the poem of "*The Deformed Transformed*;" which, with all the wildness of a composition that scorns alike the unities of time and place, and the connecting links of possibility and probability, has in it but little of those excellencies, which characterize and adorn the work whence its origin is derived. But it is time to prove our statement by extracts.

This Drama is divided into three parts; two only of which our author has now given to the world. The remainder, which is really necessary to the comprehension of his design, is to come hereafter—but it is tedious to dance at-

tendance upon the will of spiritual beings, who are almost as capricious as the fancies of the poet. Arnold, the chief character in the piece, is introduced to us in the first scene, holding a most ominous dialogue with his mother Bertha.

BERTHA.

Out, hunchback !

ARNOLD.

I was born so, mother !

BERTHA.

Out !

Thou Incubus ! Thou Nightmare ! Of seven sons  
The sole abortion !

ARNOLD.

Would that I had been so,  
And never seen the light !

BERTHA.

I would so too !

But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do thy best.  
That back of thine may bear its burthen ; 'tis  
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

ARNOLD.

It *bears* its burthen ;—but, my heart ! Will it  
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother ?  
I love, or at the least, I loved you : nothing,  
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.  
You nursed me—do not kill me !

BERTHA.

Yes—I nursed thee,  
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not  
If there would be another unlike thee,  
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,  
And gather wood !

ARNOLD.

I will : but when I bring it  
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are  
So beautiful and lusty, and as free  
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me :  
Our milk has been the same.

BERTHA.

As is the hedgehog's,  
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam  
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds  
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.  
Call not thy brothers brethren ! Call me not  
Mother ; for if I brought thee forth, it was  
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by  
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out !

[*Exit* BERTHA.—pp. 9, 10.

When this affectionate creature is departed, Arnold commences his soliloquy ; during which he cuts a bundle of wood,

and one of his fingers. This accident causes him to say many unkind things about his family,—to wish ‘that each drop of blood would become a snake to sting them’—and ‘that the devil would aid him with his power as well as his likeness.’ This wish is shortly gratified: for, having gone to a spring with the intention of washing his hand, he starts back at the sight of himself; and, less than ever pleased with his similitude to Narcissus, he in a truly tragical spirit ‘places his knife in the ground with the point upwards.’ Having prefaced his design with some vastly pretty romance about the birds singing his knell, and the falling leaves raising him a monument, he magnanimously prepares to follow the example of Marcus Cato. Whilst he thus quietly arranges the circumstances of his exit, a certain mysterious personage—who will be detected by the significant shape and complexion which he assumed, namely, those of a *tall black man*,—rises out of the spring in a beautiful cloud, such as is seen on a marsh in a summer evening. He introduces himself to Arnold, advises him to finish his purpose, and then quizzes him for his beauty.

ARNOLD.

Do you—dare you  
To taunt me with my born deformity?

STRANGER.

Were I to taunt a buffalo with this  
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary  
With thy sublime of humps, the animals  
Would revel in the compliment. And yet  
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty  
In action and endurance than thyself,  
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind  
With thee. Thy form is natural: ’twas only  
Nature’s mistaken largess to bestow  
The gifts which are of others upon man.

ARNOLD.

Give me the strength then of the buffalo’s foot,  
When he spurns high the dust, beholding his  
Near enemy; or let me have the long  
And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,  
The helm-less dromedary;—and I’ll bear  
Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.—pp. 14, 15.

The strange gentleman in black promises to comply with his wishes, and agrees either to change shapes with Arnold, or to give him a better. Arnold very prudently asks for some specimens of his manufacture, and sells his soul at last for the best of the bundle. The stranger takes a few drops of his blood, (we are not informed whether by venesection or otherwise) and casting them into the fountain, utters a potent incantation: after which, of course, various phantoms arise, and pass in review

before these inspecting officers of shades and goblins. A desultory conversation ensues, in which Arnold decides that he will assume the form of Achilles in preference to all which he has seen; the stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf, addressing the Phantom of Achilles in a page and a half of very so-so rhymes, wherein we are told that '*Adam* means *red-earth*,' and that the melody of birds is their '*warble*,' and also, by an inuendo, that '*clay can compound limbs*,' (a touch of materialism, methinks!) After this Arnold falls senseless; his soul is metempsychosed into the shape of Achilles; the Phantom disappears; and the stranger most obligingly puts on Arnold's 'hump, lump, and clod of ugliness,' by the aid of a gentle will-o'-the-wisp, who, being out of service just then, happens to be rambling in the woods! By the dexterous arrangements of this *valet-de-chambre*, and the eructation of some lyrics, the soul of the stranger passes into the form of Arnold, which all this while has been basking in the sun, as a gentleman's spare body should do. The amiable couple then appear in their exchanged faces and graces. What a capital subject for a pantomime!—and, after this, who will doubt the authenticity and genuineness of Frankenstein, or the wonderful powers of the Rev. Mr. Maturin? But listen to the preamble of the patent, by which all this *hocus-pocus* was made binding.

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!  
 Though no man would choose thee,  
 An immortal no less  
 Deigns not to refuse thee.  
 Clay thou art; and unto spirit  
 All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;  
 Fire! but *in* which nought can live,  
 Save the fabled salamander,  
 Or immortal souls which wander,  
 Praying what doth not forgive,  
 Howling for a drop of water,  
 Burning in a quenchless lot:  
 Fire! the only element  
 Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,  
 Save the worm which dieth not,  
 Can preserve a moment's form,  
 But must with thyself be blent:  
 Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:  
 Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,  
 And Destruction's threatened son,  
 When Heaven with the world hath done:\*

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\* It is needless to point out the disgusting blasphemy of this passage.

Fire! assist me to renew  
 Life in what lies in my view  
 Stiff and cold!  
 His resurrection rests with me and you!  
 One little, marshy spark of flame—  
 And he again shall seem the same;

But I his spirit's place shall hold!—pp. 33, 34.

Now to business! Arnold, proud of his beauty, becomes impatient for a change of scene: and, after a little consideration, they agree to visit Rome.

As neither coach, nor steam-packet was in vogue, and balloons had not yet been much patronized, the stranger summons a stud of black cattle from the invisible world, and so 'enter two pages with four coal-black horses.' The remainder of this scene contains an account of the stranger's *incog.* and his method of travelling, with a truly Shakspearian description of these Satanic Bucephali.

The second scene opens in the camp before Rome—and the travellers dismount as the clock of the sixteenth century is striking twenty-seven, just in time to be recruited into the body guard of the Constable de Bourbon; who, with his 'culverins and harquebusses and what not,' is represented in the act of laying siege to the walls of the Eternal City. There is a good deal of Lord Byron's 'turn for satire' displayed in this part of the work; occasionally a few gleams of the light of song; and not unfrequently a smattering of blasphemy, (an indispensable article with the noble author) which, to the credit of the young Ex-Humpy, is published 'ore rotundo' by the tall gentleman in black, alias Cæsar, alias old Nick. We know very well his Lordship may seek to screen himself under the assumption, that such 'small talk' is perfectly in character, and that 'Lucifer cannot be expected to converse like a clergyman:' but he will find it a difficult task to convince the world of the necessity of introducing such characters at all; and the evil is equally great, whether the devil, or his agent, be the propagator of sentiments not very well calculated to improve or edify mankind. Moreover we are here told, that

'So many men are that  
 Which is so called or thought, that you may add me  
 To which you please, without much wrong to either.'—p. 13.

Lord Byron must, therefore, be answerable for all the sins of his bantlings by his nine sweethearts of Parnassus: and it would be absurd, upon so shallow an apology, to dismiss without reprimand our right honourable manufacturer of blasphemy, although he has kept his terms and his bear at Trinity College, Cambridge. Would Lord B. think it proper and

poetical to erect a battery on the top of St. Mary's for the dissemination of grape-shot among the Regents and Non-Regents at the door of the Senate House on a Congregation morning, on the ground that it is natural for artillery to speak in thunder and smoke, and that he cannot possibly be answerable for the caprices of gun-powder?—As his Lordship, according to the vulgar phrase, has thought it proper 'to play the devil,' instead of 'enacting' the saint, he has a right to look for exorcisms, and deprecations; and must submit to all the various forms of dispossessing those, who may harbour his imps in their brains and bosoms. If he is pleased to identify himself with all the inhabitants of Tartarus, he is vastly welcome so to do; but he ought to feel no resentment at being sent back to his parish, when he happens to exhibit his feats in diabolism to the annoyance of those sublunary pigmies, who hold the office of literary overseers.

We have to regret that his Lordship's present diabolical protégé could not find subjects enough in Rome for his wit, without ransacking the ceremonies of its religion: and indeed such conduct is somewhat uncourteous and ungrateful, seeing that the Pope has been so good a friend to him.

Lord Byron has chosen the situation of Rome during the siege of 1527 for his theme; and assuredly it is a fine one, and worthy of a loftier attempt than the one before us. He has been reading Guicciardini and Brantome, and has borrowed much from the "Sacco di Roma:" but not enough to render his description very interesting. There are a few good passages in the tête-à-tête of Arnold and his dark-visaged friend, before the assault, which we shall produce. This is, we think, one of them.

' From the star

To the winding worm, all life is motion; and  
In life *commotion* is the extremest point  
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes  
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps  
The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,  
Living upon the death of other things,  
But still, like them, must live and die, the subject  
Of something which has made it live and die.  
You must obey what all obey, the rule  
Of fixed Necessity: against her edict  
Rebellion prospers not.'—p. 41.

But we do not bargain for the 'rule of Necessity.' Talking of Rome we read, as follows;

' And those scarce mortal arches,  
Pile above pile of everlasting wall,  
The theatre where Emperors and their subjects,

(Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon  
The battles of the monarchs of the wild  
And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels  
Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust  
In the arena ; (as right well they might,  
When they had left no human foe unconquered ;)   
Made even the forest pay its tribute of  
Life to their amphitheatre.'—p. 42.

Cæsar makes an allusion to Childe Harold, we presume, when he says,

' The first of Cæsars was a bald-head,  
And loved his laurels better as a wig  
(So history says) than as a glory.'—p. 43.

A few lines further, there is a quaint reference to the old fable of the black-swan, and the Latin Grammar, which Cæsar says he is acquainted with : and in the next page, an execrable mention of Scriptural facts, with which we will not pollute our paper.

After this, Arnold listens to four dozen of Anapæsts which the Soldiers are singing in the city, and which we quite agree with Cæsar in thinking " an indifferent song :"

' With the Bourbon we'll gather  
At day-dawn before  
The gates, and together  
Or break or climb o'er  
The wall :—  
' Oh, the Bourbon ! the Bourbon !  
The Bourbon, for aye !  
Of our song bear the burthen !  
And fire, fire away !'—p. 47.

When the concert is over, " the Constable Bourbon cum suis, &c. &c. &c. ;" (which &c. &c. &c., we suppose to be his camp-followers) comes forward in friendly chat with his man Philibert.

Bourbon welcomes Cæsar and Arnold, who now advance, and a skirmishing dialogue takes place, in which Cæsar shows his cloven foot, and when the Constable has made his exit, bursts into the following tirade, which, with all due deference to the author, must be reckoned the copy of his own thoughts.

' Within thy tent !  
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence ?  
Or that this crooked coffer, which contained  
Thy principle of life, is aught to me  
Except a mask ? And these are men forsooth !  
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards !  
This is the consequence of giving Matter  
The power of Thought. It is a stubborn substance,



And thinks chaotically, as it acts,  
 Ever relapsing into its first elements.  
 Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis  
 The Spirit's pastime in his idler hours.  
 When I grow weary of it, I have business  
 Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem  
 Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now  
 To bring one down amongst them, and set fire  
 Unto their ant hill: how the pismires then  
 Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing  
 From tearing down each others' nests, pipe forth  
 One universal orison! Ha! ha!—pp. 56, 57.

If this is not Byronian, it is Diabolical—and perhaps these terms are sometimes synonymous: so that, after all, there is not so great originality and fancy in the Laureate's invention of the term "*Satanic School*," as many persons, unread in Byron, may imagine.

Part the second begins with a famous chorus of spirits in the air, in tolerably correct and regular Trochaics, all about the march of the troops, and their paraphernalia of cannon, spear, match, and musquetoön,—Remus, and Ilion, and Babel, and the Penates, and Nero, and the Martyrs, which last we are surprised to see in such company. There, is, however, much real poetry in this 'spiritual song,' which clearly proves that there is more knowledge of Carey's Prosody in Lord Byron's world of spirits than may generally be supposed.

When the invisibles have done singing, the Bourbon party commence the fight. After a little quarrel for precedence, the Constable receives a shot, and falls; upon which Cæsar vents his joy in an allusion to the ceremony of confessing according to the Romish ritual, of course a little tinged with heresy. We think that the Author has been somewhat hasty in killing the Duke, for history says that he fell by the hands of Benevenuto Cellini<sup>5</sup>, who is mentioned afterwards, and introduced as a veritable life-guardsmen. Lord Byron, however, has a right to kill folks as he pleases. We merely meant to hint, that when History is made subservient to Fancy, it ought to be remembered that common readers cannot discover what is history, and what is not; and that it is always wrong to distort facts, when there is no absolute necessity for so doing. Another victim, in the shape of a Roman, falls, and the scene closes with a note of admiration, as the Grammarians call it, at the witty saying of Cæsar,

'Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!'

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<sup>5</sup> Vita de Benevenuto Cellini. By the way his Lordship has alluded to the circumstance a little further on.

‘ Thus having spoke,’ he mounts the scaling ladder, (we wish he had mounted it, for a different purpose, long ago) shouting  
“ Charge! Charge!”

Next comes the city scene—where the besieged and the besiegers are fighting for life and glory in the streets and alleys. Arnold is out of sight, but afterwards is seen at the head of his detachment: his tutor, poor man, is left alone in his devilry, and has just time to speak eleven lines of right funny heroics. He is quizzing the Cardinals in their scarlet hose and garters.

‘ How the old red shanks scamper.  
But let them fly, the crimson kennels now  
Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire  
Is of the self-same purple hue.’—p. 67.

We are then presented with a view of St. Peter’s; and very unholy work is done there. In this scene Lord Byron has made great use of his friend Guicciardini; even to the prevailing fury of the separate troops who composed the army of the invader. The Italian Historian says that the Spaniard was avaricious, and cruel; and that, although the German Lutherans plundered the churches, tossed about the holy relics, led the monks and cardinals in derision richly robed along the streets, and then feasted and sung; the Spaniards and the renegade Italians used torture and every baser treatment, offering unspeakable indignities to the women, (who, by the way, are represented so amiably, that it would have been difficult “ nominare alcuna di tanta virtuosa è costante onestà.”) Closely as his Lordship has copied the “ Sacco di Roma,” he has misrepresented the truth of the case in talking of the armoury of the besiegers; for Brantome says, that they had neither food, nor ammunition, nor arms; that they were half-starved and half-naked; and that the Bourbon did little else besides singing ballads with his soldiers. He moreover mentions, that there were some Englishmen in the ranks of these well-appointed men of war; and this is true, because Lord Cromwell served amongst them. Was it *respect* for his country which made Lord Byron suppress this fact? If so, we hail it as a sign of a repentant disposition: of late, old England has been a fertile theme for his Lordship’s scurrility. The above introduction of the story from the Chroniclers has been made, in order to show whence the author has borrowed his materials. Let our readers bear this in mind, and compare the two accounts.

A SPANISH SOLDIER.

‘ Down with them, comrades! seize upon those lamps!  
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!  
His rosary’s of gold!

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

Revenge ! Revenge !

Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—  
Yonder stands Anti-Christ !

CÆSAR (*interposing.*)

How now, Schismatic !

What would'st thou ?

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

In the holy name of Christ,

Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

CÆSAR.

Yea, a disciple that would make the Founder  
Of your belief renounce it, could he see  
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

I say he is the Devil.

CÆSAR.

Hush ! keep that secret,

Lest he should recognize you for his own.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

Why would you save him ? I repeat he is  
The Devil, or the Devil's Vicar upon Earth.

CÆSAR.

And that's the reason ; would you make a quarrel  
With your best friends ? You had far best be quiet ;  
His hour is not yet come.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

That shall be seen !

*[The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward ; a shot strikes him  
from one of the Pope's Guards, and he falls at the  
foot of the Altar.]*

CÆSAR (*to the LUTHERAN.*)

I told you so.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

And will you not avenge me ?

CÆSAR.

Not I ! You know that " Vengeance is the Lord's :"  
You see he loves no interlopers.

LUTHERAN (*dying.*)

Oh !

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,  
Crowned with eternal glory ! Heaven, forgive  
My feebleness of arm that reached him not,  
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis  
A glorious triumph still ; proud Babylon's  
No more ; the Harlot of the Seven Hills  
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth  
And ashes !

*[The Lutheran dies.]*

CÆSAR.

Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel !

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.*

CÆSAR.

Ha ! right nobly battled !  
Now, Priest ! now, Soldier ! the two great professions,  
Together by the ears and hearts ! I have not  
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus  
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then ;  
Now they must take their turn.

SOLDIERS.

He hath escaped !

Follow !

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

They have barred the narrow passage up,  
And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

CÆSAR.

I am glad he hath escaped : he may thank me for't  
In part. I would not have his Bulls abolished—  
'Twere worth one half our empire : his Indulgences  
Demand some in return ;—no, no, he must not  
Fall ;—and besides, his now escape may furnish  
A future miracle, in future proof  
Of his infallibility.

[*To the Spanish Soldiery.*

Well, Cut-throats !

What do you pause for ? If you make not haste,  
There will not be a link of pious gold left.  
And *you* too, Catholics ! Would ye return  
From such a pilgrimage without a relic ?  
The very Lutherans have more true devotion :  
See how they strip the shrines !

SOLDIERS.

By holy Peter !

He speaks the truth ; the heretics will bear  
The best away.

CÆSAR.

And that were shame ! Go to !

Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse ; many quit the Church, others enter.*

CÆSAR.

They are gone,  
And others come : so flows the wave on wave  
Of what these creatures call eternity,  
Deeming themselves the breakers of the océan,  
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant  
That foam is their foundation. So, another !—pp. 72—75.

This ' other ' is the only lady in the list of ' dramatis personæ : ' her connexion with the other characters is somewhat mysterious, but we think Arnold knows more of her than we are told. She makes her appearance flying from a ruffian,

whom, leaping upon the altar, she kills with a crucifix! Arnold and Cæsar come up in time to see this feat; and the former most magnanimously takes her part, by slaying the offenders, who assaulted him in turn. Arnold tells Olimpia that she is safe: but, notwithstanding this gentlemanly assurance, she dashes herself on the pavement; and Arnold and Cæsar carry her away, after trying to revive her; the latter uttering a few specimens of blasphemy, and the former coldly chiding him. The appearance of the lifeless Olimpia is well described, and reminds us of the more tender passages of the older dramatists.

ARNOLD.

‘How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!  
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,  
I love but thee!

CÆSAR.

Even so Achilles loved  
Penthesilea; with his form it seems  
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

ARNOLD.

She breathes! But no, ’twas nothing, or the last  
Faint flutter life disputes with death.—p. 81.

CÆSAR.

‘The spirit of her life  
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.  
Soft! bear her hence,  
The beautiful half clay, and nearly spirit!  
I am almost enamoured of her, as  
Of old the Angels of her earliest sex.’—p. 83.

The third Part commences with a view of “a Castle in the Apennines;—a chorus of peasants singing before the gates.” It is a pretty lyric effusion; but it is neither more nor less.

Cæsar comes in singing nonsense, and the Chorus chimes in with the following:

‘But the hound bayeth loudly,  
The Boar’s in the wood,  
And the Falcon longs proudly  
To spring from her hood:  
On the wrist of the Noble  
She sits like a crest,  
And the air is in trouble  
With birds from their nest.’—p. 87.

After which our friend in black quavers a finale of pretty rhymes, about fighting the Mammoth ‘with a pine for a spear,’ regretting the degenerate stature of man; and the peasants close the Drama with a variation of the first verse of the

Chorus. And so ends this wild and unequal production, which certainly may boast of many beauties, but contains numerous and glaring imperfections, for which no beauties can atone.

Before we dismiss this article, we wish to observe, that the versification is very slovenly. The characteristic defect of Lord Byron's blank verse is the use of feeble words, mostly monosyllables, in the last place of the line; such as relatives, particles, conjunctions, and so forth. Let the following instance suffice, amongst many which might be produced.

‘ The shame  
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—  
Demetrius the Macedonian AND  
Taker of cities.’—p. 23.

This cannot be tolerated. The carelessness of the older playwrights is proverbial; but Lord Byron outdoes them all. His blank verse, if it were tacked together line by line, would make decent prose; and it is frequently nothing better than common conversational prose, broken up into lines of ten, and sometimes *not ten*, syllables. The noble author seems to write by his fingers; for nothing but a digital scanning can make verses of such passages as these:

‘ As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by  
Sitting upon strange eggs.’—p. 10.  
‘ I might be whiter; but I have a penchant  
For black.’—p. 28.  
‘ Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee  
A form of beauty, and an  
Exemption, &c.’—p. 68.

But it is needless to multiply examples, when they are exhibited in every page of all the author's dramatic writings.

There is also in the Drama before us, an inelegant jingle in many of the lines, which, from its position, looks like design. If this supposition be correct, we pronounce the use of such rhyming an unpardonable crime against the sober laws of English blank-verse. “Of Greece in peace;”—“Rebel in Hell;”—are the commencement of two lines, which the Author, by their length, intended for Heroics. But verbal criticism is nauseous—and we desist, satisfied that we have observed the favourite motto of criticism—

“ Praise where you may, be candid when you can.”

“The Deformed Transformed” has given us some pleasure—and much pain; and we have only to add, that we should rejoice to find its title emblematical of a transformation in the heart and mind of its Author; although diabolical agency in such a case is neither desirable, nor would be found capable

of producing any further effect than it has, we fear, already produced upon the taste and feelings of the man,

“Who, would be *his own* victor be,  
Might seize on immortality;”<sup>6</sup>

and whom, in the beautiful language of the same amiable Laureate of the Broad-brims, we might thus apostrophize;

“O Shame and glory of our age!  
With talents such as scarcely met  
In bard before: thy magic page  
Who can peruse without regret,  
Or think, with cold, un pitying mien,  
On what thou art, and *might'st have been*?”

ART. III. 1. *Not Paul, but Jesus.* By Gamaliel Smith, Esq. London. Hunt. 1823.

2. *A Defence of the Apostle St. Paul against the Accusation of Gamaliel Smith, Esq., in a recent publication, entitled “Not Paul, but Jesus.”* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Christian Advocate in that University, and examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Part I. Cambridge. Newby. 1823.

3. *The Doctrinal Harmony of the New Testament exemplified: by a Comparison of the Epistles of St. Paul with the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles of the other Apostles. To which is added, a Letter to the Author of a book entitled “Not Paul, but Jesus.”* By Edward William Grinfield, M. A. Minister of Laura Chapel, Bath. London. Cadell. 1824.

4. *St. Paul Vindicated: being Part I. of a Reply to a late publication by Gamaliel Smith, Esq. entitled, “Not Paul, but Jesus.”* By D. B. Wells, M. A. of Christ College, Cambridge. Cambridge. Stevenson. 1824.

To grapple with the subtleties, and expose the fallacy, of the arguments, which are brought forward by the Infidel against the whole or parts of the Christian Religion, when there is sincerity on the side of our opponents, is at once a useful and a satisfactory employment. There is no danger of compromising the reputation of a Scholar and a Gentleman by entering the lists with a conscientious Unbeliever; while, in regard

<sup>6</sup> Bernard Barton's Poems, p. 81. 2nd. Edition.

to the advantage which may result from the contest to the unsettled and the wavering, the task becomes a duty of paramount importance. The manly opposition of Lord Herbert and of Hume, in which the intention is open and avowed, deserves, at least, to be treated with respect; and even the more disguised hostilities of Gibbon, enveloped as they are in the mazes of refined eloquence and historical research, disarm, almost involuntarily, the indignation which we should otherwise feel at his insidious attacks, in proportion to the scope which is afforded to the intellectual powers by the detection of their latent sophistries. But when an enemy in disguise, under an assumed name, and professing a sincere attachment to the Religion of Jesus, pretends to support that Religion by withdrawing its main pillar,—and, skulking under the mask of a disciple of Christ, directs the vilest accusations against his chief Apostle, with the more covert design of undermining the whole fabric of Christianity,—the mind sickens with disgust at such heartless hypocrisy, and we feel a sort of mental degradation, to which the sense of duty alone can reconcile us, in joining issue with so mean an antagonist. A professed Deist must indeed be pitied by the Christian, but, as a man, his honesty will be esteemed:—a Deist *incognito* is at once unmanly and contemptible.

Such an unworthy opponent have we in the person of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, *alias* Gamaliel Smith, Esq. the Author of the work entitled, “Not Paul, but Jesus:”—of whom it may be fairly said, in the words applied by Voltaire to a rival Writer, that “he quotes falsely, that his authorities are not to be depended upon, and that he would be ready, with equal sincerity, to take either side of the question.” In the very outset of his performance we have a notable instance of his unfairness in adducing the names of Mede, Sykes, H. Farmer, and Dr. Lardner, as disputing the supernatural powers of Christ in the case of the *Demoniacs*. (Intro. p. 5.) The reality and the miraculous nature of the *cure* these learned Divines never doubted;—they merely differed from the more general opinion respecting the nature of the *disease*. Of the sincerity, with which he upholds the Religion of Jesus, we may readily judge from the obloquy, with which he never fails to cover its founder and his disciples, who are only treated with feigned respect, as affording the ostensible means of destroying the Authority of St. Paul. Thus he accuses St. Peter of inverting the declaration of Jesus that “it is better to give than to receive:” (p. 154) he ridicules the “trustworthiness, steadiness, and zeal” of Barnabas: (p. 155) he says that “Silas was a rat:” (p. 199) he accuses Jesus himself of teaching “Blasphemy against the Mosaic Law:” (p. 69, note) and



he even objects to a direct command of the Almighty as a "useless prohibition." (p. 169) Now had the "real Simon Pure,"—i. e. poor old Jerry himself—come forward as an acknowledged Deist, or rather Atheist, he would at least have had candour and sincerity on his side:—in his present disguise, he is only a slanderer and a hypocrite.

In the various attacks, which, for whatever reasons, have been made upon the character and Apostleship of St. Paul, the grand object has invariably been to destroy the credibility of his conversion. For not only is that event in itself a main bulwark of Christianity, but it is also the basis upon which the Apostle's commission rests, and with it therefore his claims, as an ambassador from Christ, must necessarily fall. It was upon that occasion that Jesus set him apart to be a "minister and a witness, both of those things which he had seen, and of those things in the which he would appear unto him:." (Acts, xxvi. 16) in conformity with which St. Paul himself declares, that he was "an Apostle, not of men, neither by men, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father." (Gal. i. 1.) And indeed it does not appear that any other means would have been sufficient for separating him to the Ministry. Had he been elected, like Matthias, by the Apostles into their body, he would have been regarded as inferior to his brethren, who had been admitted by Christ himself. Whereas, the importance of the charge, with which he was to be invested,—a charge, which placed him "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles,"—required that he should be in every respect on an equality with the rest, and sanctioned by the same authority.

Of this remarkable occurrence there are three distinct accounts in the Acts of the Apostles;—the first of which is interwoven with the Historian's Narrative; (Acts, ix) the others are introduced by St. Paul into two Speeches, which he respectively delivered to the infuriated multitude when dragged from the Temple at Jerusalem, (Acts, xxii) and in the presence of King Agrippa. (Acts, xxvi.) St. Luke's account is written with that conciseness which is observable throughout his history;—those of St. Paul are more full and comprehensive. In these accounts Mr. Gamaliel Smith has affected to point out no less than ten instances of disagreement: five of which he terms *Omissions*, and the remaining five *Contradictions*. That each of these accounts do not relate precisely the same circumstances we readily allow;—that there is the least contradiction in what they do relate we positively deny. But a variation with respect to concomitant circumstances, where such variation is not inconsistent with any preceding statement, can never be admitted as an argument against the main truth of a fact.

St. Paul may have laid greater stress upon different parts of the story, as difference of circumstances required; and have brought into view, without any compromise of his honesty, those incidents which were likely to have the most powerful effect upon his hearers. At different times too, different portions of a transaction may strike the mind more forcibly, according to the circumstances under which it is related:—and the natural turn of sentiment and language, corresponding with the situation in which the speaker may be placed, bespeaks of itself reality and truth. It cannot be said therefore, because the instructions which St. Paul received from the Lord, as contained in the recital before Agrippa, (Acts, xxvi. 16) are omitted in the speech before the multitude, that the omission contradicts any part of the former speech. So again, because the two first accounts relate that St. Paul fell to the ground, when he saw the glory of the Lord, we are not to suppose, in contradiction to the remaining account, that his companions did *not* fall. Had Mr. Gamaliel Smith been acquainted with the History of his Bible, he would never have hazarded this objection: for he would have known that it was always the custom of the Jews to fall down, not only from fear but from reverence, at the appearance of the Shechinah, or Symbol of the Divine Presence; to which the light, which appeared to St. Paul and his companions, was at least similar, if indeed it were not the Shechinah itself. See Gen. xvii. 3. Lev. ix. 24. Numb. xxix. 6. Josh. v. 14. Judg. xiii. 20. Ezek. i. 8. Dan. viii. 17. The words *εστῆμεσαν ἑμέω*, (Acts, ix. 7.) which are rendered in our authorized version *stood speechless*, simply imply that they *remained* speechless; as we say in English, ‘*How stand affairs*,’ instead of ‘*how are affairs*?’ The verb *ἵστημι* will be found in this sense in Joh. vi. 22. viii. 44. 1 Cor. x. 12. 2 Kings, xxii. 3. (lxx.) The only apparent contradiction indeed, upon which any thing like an argument is founded by Mr. Smith, who might learn Greek from a schoolboy, arises from the English Translation of Acts, ix. 7. compared with Acts, xxii. 9. In the former passage the companions of St. Paul are represented as *hearing a voice*, but *seeing no man*, *ἀκούοντες μὲν τῆς φωνῆς, μηδὲνα δὲ θεωροῦντες*:—in the latter they *heard not the voice of him that spake*, *τὴν φωνὴν οὐκ ἤκουσαν τοῦ λαλοῦντος*. The veriest Tyro would readily have explained to Gamaliel Smith, Esq. that the verb *ἀκούω* has a double signification;—1. To hear: 2. To understand: and for examples of its use in the latter sense we refer him to Mark, iv. 33. Joh. xii. 29. 1 Cor. xiv. 2.—Gen. xi. 7. 2 King. xviii. 26. Ezek. iii. 6. (lxx.) In the passages under consideration, this difference of signification seems to be almost designedly distinguished by the difference of case which follows

in the two instances respectively. After the verb, as merely implying the *sense* of *hearing*, we have, as is usual in Greek, the Genitive: but as conveying the additional idea of *understanding*, it is followed by the Accusative. Moreover in ch. xxvi. the voice is clearly marked as *φωνὴ τοῦ λαλοῦντος*;—it is not improbable that in ch. xxii. the word *φωνή* may merely signify *Thunder*. Thus Exod. ix. 23. (xx.1) *φωνὴς καὶ χαλαῖαν*. xvi. 16. *φωνὰ καὶ ἄστρακαί*.

In these accounts then of the conversion of St. Paul there is not the least contradiction whatever:—and that the history in which they are found was written by a person in the situation in which the writer describes himself to have been,—i. e. by a companion of the Apostle during most of the transactions which he relates,—is allowed by Mr. Gamaliel Smith himself, though he confidently asserts that St. Luke was not the Author. To this assertion we see no immediate necessity for a reply, until that Gentleman shall condescend to inform us who the real author was, and in what antient document he has found his name recorded. In the absence of this information we necessarily turn to the Author's preface, in which he refers to a *former Treatise*;—which treatise is readily identified with St. Luke's Gospel, from the circumstance that both are addressed to the same distinguished individual. As to the objection that the Acts are anonymous, why is it to be expected that the writer's name should be affixed to them, written, as they evidently were, by an author of well-known reputation? Do we never, '*at this time of day*,' find a writer of acknowledged celebrity referring to his former publications as a sufficient pledge of his identity? The name of St. Luke is nevertheless prefixed to the Acts of the Apostles in several Antient MSS. and likewise in the old Syriac Version: and their authenticity is farther established by the corresponding testimony of Jerome, Origen, Tertullian, Irenæus, and others of the early Fathers. With respect to Mr. Gamaliel Smith's assertion that the space of time which occurred between the Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, as stated in the Acts, contradicts the account which is given by St. Luke in his Gospel, it will be found to be absolutely false. The Evangelist does not say that Christ ascended into Heaven immediately after his Resurrection; and if he did, is not Mr. S. aware that he would be at variance with the other Gospels as well as with the Acts? No particular time is specified as occurring between the two events; and it is evident that the Historian has compressed into a short space a series of transactions, which must have occupied a considerable portion of time in the performance. We do not see however what Mr. S. would gain by us, should we admit that St. Luke was

not the Author of the Acts. It is quite sufficient for our purpose, that they were written by a companion of St. Paul, and that the history is authentic. And when it is considered that they were written before the publication of St. John's Gospel, and consequently in the life-time of many who had been witnesses of the facts which they record, all doubt on that score must be laid aside. Indeed Gamaliel Smith himself does not suppose that "the history called *the Acts* is from beginning to end, like that of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Britain*, a mere falsity;" and he allows that credence may be given to it, "in so far as the truth of the contents seems probable; withholden, as far as it seems improbable." (pp. 338-9.) As this convenient Controversialist has not thought proper to point out the particular portions which he deems entitled to credit, we shall take advantage of his indulgence, and for the present beg leave to subscribe to the whole.<sup>1</sup>

But if the general credibility of the Acts of the Apostles is thus fully established, the evidence of that particular portion of it, with which we are more immediately concerned, is, if possible, yet more decisive. At the time when St. Luke wrote his history, it is altogether improbable that St. Paul's companions, of whom the very nature of his errand would require a considerable party, should have been all dead: and in this case their silence can only be accounted for, on the supposition that they were all concerned in the cheat,—allowing, for argument-sake, that there was an imposture in the case. Now, whatever may have been the real motives for which the Apostle *desired* and *obtained*<sup>2</sup> the letters from the Jewish Sanhedrim, it is altogether improbable that the persons, fixed upon for his attendants, would be known to him before he set out. Is it therefore credible, that all of them would have been induced by the way to join in the fraud; or that the Apostle

<sup>1</sup> To one of Mr. Smith's arguments on this subject we cannot condescend to reply. He gravely asserts that any thing may be proved by a person who has 20,000*l.* a year, and thence most logically infers the invalidity of Bishop Tomline's evidence in favour of the Authenticity of the Acts of the Apostles. By such force of reasoning Christianity cannot surely fail of a rapid and total dissolution!

<sup>2</sup> In answer to a foolish quibble of Mr. Smith, (p. 71) it is sufficient to state that the Apostle's journey to Damascus is a proof that he *obtained* the letter which he *desired*. Nor is there any discrepancy, but on the contrary a plain mark of *undesigned coincidence*, in the Apostle's several statements respecting these letters: in one account of which they are said to have been received from the High-Priest; in another, from the High-Priest and Elders; and in a third from the Chief-priests. "If Mr. Gamaliel Smith (who is certainly the greatest inventor of his day) should ever think it expedient to get Letters Patent for any of his great discoveries, posterity will never doubt the receipt of those letters, though they might be found described in one of the Patentee's documents, as the King's Letters, and in another, as the Letters of the King and Council."—*Hughes's Defence*, p. 93.

would have ventured to trust so many strangers,—all of them most probably as inveterate against the Christians as he himself appeared to be, and selected perhaps on that very account,—with a secret of so great importance? It nowhere appears, that any considerations of advantage were held out to them, in order to secure their secrecy and co-operation. Can it therefore be believed that they would have sanctioned an imposture so remarkable? and, without such sanction, how could it have succeeded? To suppose that they were deceived by some contrivance of the Apostle into the belief that some such miraculous occurrence, as the scene described in the Acts, had actually taken place during their journey, would be the very acmé of absurdity. The appearance of a light from heaven above the brightness of the mid-day sun, accompanied with a voice from the midst of it, distinct and intelligible to St. Paul, but inarticulate and incomprehensible to his companions, could never have been the production of any human instrument whatever. Mr. Gamaliel, with his usual fairness, has evaded the difficulty, which this view of the subject would have placed in his way, by roundly asserting, in the face of all authority, that St. Paul had no companions on the road,—because, forsooth, they are not mentioned by name. He might just as well have concluded that his Majesty usually proceeds unattended to the openings of Parliament, because the name of every soldier in the escort is not recorded in the Court Gazette.

But the evidence of this important event is not yet exhausted. There is another person, who, notwithstanding the high character which he bore both with the Jews and the Christians, must have lent his assistance to the supposed imposture. This was Ananias :—and here again the question arises, what advantage could he have expected to derive from engaging in the fraud? Surely we should have heard something of his future connexion with the Apostle, and there would have been some clew discovered, in the conduct of a scheme so complicated, by which to investigate the probable motives for his joining in so hazardous an undertaking. Mr. Smith may indulge in his blasphemous observations on the “pair of visions” of St. Paul and Ananias, and propose his “swarms of questions,” respecting the utility of communicating through a second person a command which concerned the Apostle alone :—but it is easy to conceive the degree of credit which he would have given to the conversion, if it had been supported by the single declaration of St. Paul. In the case of imposture indeed, the only conceivable result of fabricating a vision for Ananias would have been an increased probability of detection, from an accumulation of circumstances which would

not stand enquiry. Now that this, and every fact connected with the miracle in question was diligently enquired into, cannot admit of the smallest particle of doubt. The hostility, with which the Religion of Jesus was assailed both by Jew and Gentile, and the remarkable circumstance that one of its most bitter persecutors had been suddenly and miraculously converted into its most zealous advocate, would not only elicit, but even compel, investigation. In proportion to the danger however, with which Ananias's part in the transaction was attended, on the supposition of imposture, is the evidence which it afforded to the disciples at Damascus of the reality of St. Paul's conversion, and the impossibility of any concerted scheme between himself and his companions. The blindness, with which the Apostle had entered the city, must have been known to Judas and his family, who would confirm the fact to all who enquired concerning it; and the instant restoration of his sight at the word of Ananias, would at once establish his supernatural commission. It is to little purpose that Mr. Smith ridicules St. Paul's blindness, as "a privilege reserved for a chosen favourite," because the same effect was not produced upon his companions: (p. 18.) and disputes its reality, alleging the inconsistency of the cure with any operation performed upon the eyes in a natural way; in which he affirms that neither "do any scales fall off, or any thing in any degree resembling scales." (p. 34.) With respect to those who attended the Apostle, there could be no necessity for them to suffer blindness, whereas a peculiar interposition of Providence was demanded in the case of himself. On the reality of the blindness, and of its miraculous cure let us hear Mr. Hughes, whose "Defence of St. Paul," though somewhat more minute and elaborate perhaps than the attack of his opponent deserves, is at once scholarlike, satisfactory, and decisive. He thus fathoms the depth of Doctor Gamaliel's Medical Erudition:—

'I speak from as high living authority as this Kingdom can produce, when I assert, that no very unfrequent cause of blindness arises from a morbid thickening, and consequent want of transparency, in the tunica adnata, or conjunctiva, which passes before the cornea: if this thickened membrane were to be suddenly and miraculously removed,—be it here remembered that a miracle is intended in the present instance,—and the natural transparent membrane restored to the eye, it would not be ill-described in common language "by scales falling from the eyes." But our Author may, perhaps, desire classical authority for what I advance. Let him turn to Hippocrates, Lib. ii. Sect. 2. p. 102. folio edit. Frankfort, 1620, (*it has a Latin Translation*) where he will find the word *Ἀχλὺς* used; and by referring to the notes he

may see the following satisfactory explanation of that term : “ Ἀλλὰς, auctori Isagoges est vitium in nigro oculi et cicatriculâ a superficialiâ exulceratione contracta. Sic enim definitur : Ἀλλὰς ἐστὶ περὶ ὅλων τὸ μέλαν ἀπὸ ἐκνώσεως ἐπιπολαίου οὐλῇ λεπτοτάτῃ ἄετι ἀχνυμένοι παρὰ πλῆστα.” Aetius gives a similar description of it, and says, *ἴταν δὲ ἐπὶ τῆς κήρης γίνηται, οὐ βλάβης ἔρῃσι.* Nay more : this is the very word used in the Acts, (ch. xiii. 11.) when Paul, by a miracle, deprived Elymas the sorcerer of his sight : *παρὰ χρῆμα δὲ ἐπέτεσεν ἐπ’ αὐτὸν ἀλλὰς καὶ σκότος.* i. e. ἀλλὰς σκοτεῖς. And now what Apology will our Author offer for his profane jeers ?”—*Defence*, pp. 81, 2.

On that part of the subject which we are now considering, and in several other portions of the work, the arguments, if indeed they deserve the name of arguments, are so completely puerile, as to be altogether unworthy of a reply. As a specimen it will be sufficient to select one of them, which objects to the credibility of the vision of Ananias its “want of particularization” as to the place in which he should find Paul. “In such a capital as Damascus,” Mr. S. observes, “Straight Street might have been as long as Oxford Street, and, unless the style of building in those earlier days had much more of convenience and luxury in it than in these latter days, was much more crowded. Conceive a man, *at this time of day*, going to Oxford Street with the intention of finding the house, in which *thirty years ago*, a man of the name of Brown or Smith had his residence.” (p. 25.) The first thing to be observed in this extract is, the palpable misrepresentation. Ananias was not to find where St. Paul had lodged *thirty years ago*; but where he was at that moment lodging. Put this “simple falsehood” out of the case, and the force of Mr. Smith’s observation is duly appreciated. Ananias was himself a native of Damascus, and therefore most probably acquainted with the residence of Judas, in which he was directed to enquire for Paul. Supposing however Ananias to have been a stranger in the city, does Gamaliel Smith believe that with a tongue in his head,—even if he had not been divinely guided, as was most probably the case, and even in a Street as long as Oxford Street,—he would have been unable to discover the house of Judas, to which one called Saul of Tarsus had just come under most extraordinary circumstances? And this is the man who ridicules the discernment of Locke and Newton!!!

From the perfect agreement, then, which has appeared to subsist between the accounts given of St. Paul’s conversion, we are fully entitled to argue in favour of the reality of that important event, and the inference will be just as strong in our favour, as the detection of any real contradiction would have been conclusive against us. Indeed any apparent in-

consistency, when satisfactorily reconciled, would act with any candid enquirer as a proof of the historian's candour and honesty, who, in the sincerity of his heart, never cared to anticipate objections, and to frame his language with such precision and nicety, that no latent error might be discovered. Nor does it signify that St. Paul has nowhere related in his Epistles, the whole course of events, which produced his conversion. These Epistles were chiefly addressed to persons whom he had himself converted, or to Churches which he had founded; and the incidental allusions, which he makes to the fact, evidently prove that they had been previously acquainted with it. The assertion, with which Mr. Smith opens his first chapter, that in the Acts alone "is comprised the whole information, in which, in relation to this momentous occurrence, any particulars are, *at this time of day*, to be found," (p. 1.) is premeditatedly false. For in a Table, called the "Conversion Table," which he has prefixed to his work, and to which he refers in this very place, he has himself adverted to 1 Cor. xv. 8. and Gal. i. 12—17. as containing such particulars. To these we would add, 1 Cor. ix. 1. Phil. iii. 4—8. 1 Tim. i. 12, 13:—in all which passages the natural and easy manner in which the circumstance is introduced, forcibly argues the reality of the fact, to which the writer alludes, and the knowledge, which the persons, to whom he writes possessed of its certainty.

We now come to the motives by which St. Paul was induced to embrace, or at least to appear to embrace, Christianity. Mr. Gamaliel Smith would wish us to believe that he became "a declared convert to the Religion of Jesus, for the purpose of setting himself at the head of it:" and in order "that the power and opulence to which he aspired, might with the fairest prospect of success, be aimed at." (p. 73.) To the former of these motives the Apostle's conduct has repeatedly been attributed, but we believe that it was reserved for Mr. Smith to charge him with avaricious designs; a charge at which even the Infidel himself may well be startled and surprised.<sup>3</sup> As to the plan which he adopted to gain the Christians to his side,—the use to which he applied the letters which he had obtained from the Jewish Sanhedrim,—and his whole routine of action in consequence of the course which he

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<sup>3</sup> It is admitted by the reviewer of Gamaliel Smith's work in the Examiner for Sunday, Sept. 28, 1823, that "the Apostle of the Gentiles was too bold, aspiring, and able, under every view of his character, to care for money for its own sake." We ought however to apologise to our readers for an extract from so contemptible a source. We assure them that it fell into our hands by the meekest chance; and that after the perusal of the Article in question it was immediately consigned to the flames.



had resolved to pursue,—till we are informed of the document in which Mr. Smith has found them registered, and explained in the way, in which he would account for them, we must be permitted to content ourselves with the history as it stands in the Acts, which is certainly, to say the least, as good authority as the sceptical lucubrations of Mr. Smith's brain. Had St. Paul however been actuated either by the one or the other of the motives attributed to him, he would have been much more likely to have effected his object with the friends whom he left, than with those to whom he joined himself. The attainments, which St. Paul is on all sides allowed to have possessed, would readily have raised him to the highest honour and emolument among his countrymen: but what could a man of ambitious and avaricious views expect to gain, by espousing the cause of a poor detested sect, whom he knew by most convincing experience to be exposed to every danger and hardship, and the greatest severity of persecution and distress? In the hands of his former employers was all the dignity and wealth of Judea; and, impelled by their hatred of Christianity, they would be ready to reward to the utmost his exertions to suppress and destroy it. It is to little purpose that we are told of the rising prosperity of the Christians, which must have been known to St. Paul from the part which he had always taken against the disciples, and from the offer of Simon Magus to purchase a share in the government of the Church. Where our Author met with this piece of information, and also that the Apostle was instigated in the imposture by his tutor Gamaliel, we really cannot say: but we should have thought that the only inference, which could have been deduced from the rejection of the offer which Simon really did make, would be, the improbability of success in joining, from worldly views, with men of such upright and steady principles. But the fact is, that the Church at this early period was by no means in a flourishing condition; and in after times, when the labours of the Apostle had extended the Religion of the Gospel, and Churches had been planted in some of the richest cities of the world, we find him continually appealing in his Epistles to the disinterestedness of his conduct, disclaiming every ambitious motive, and refusing to be supplied by his converts even with the necessaries of life. See Ephes. iii. 7, 8. 1 Cor. xv. 8, 9. 2 Cor. xii. 24. 1 Thess. ii. 2 Thess. iii. 8, 9. And after all, what compensation could have equalled the labours and afflictions which he endured? We know that Mr. S. considers them fictitious and imaginary:—but is it possible that any person who reads the account of them at the close of the

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<sup>4</sup> See his Appendix; and understand it, *if possible*.

eleventh chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians can assert that St. Paul would have published that account in the face of unavoidable detection; or that any one, who *calls* himself a Christian, can make those sufferings a subject for blasphemy and mirth?

It is thus clearly impossible to account for the conversion of St. Paul on the supposition of imposture: but let us turn to the Acts, and every thing is easy and intelligible. There is nothing in the whole transaction, which is not perfectly agreeable with the omnipotence of God, and since it was necessary that a proper instrument should be appointed for the purpose of completing the designs of the Almighty, in extending the Gospel to the Gentiles, it is more than probable that some adequate means would be adopted for such appointment. Now, if St. Paul was such a proper instrument, it is impossible to conceive any means more effectual to his conversion from a persecutor into a friend of the Religion of Jesus, than those which were actually employed; and that he was so, there are no reasonable grounds of dispute. His superior understanding, his manly eloquence, his inflexible perseverance, his contempt of danger, his enterprising zeal, and his exemplary patience, were qualifications of no ordinary importance in his journeyings, his sufferings, and his preachings, for the propagation of the Gospel. From the knowledge of the law, which he had acquired under Gamaliel, none would be better qualified to explain the true intent of the Mosaic ordinances, and to reconcile the types and the prophecies of the Old Testament with their fulfilment and accomplishment in the New. It is not to be supposed that St. Paul was qualified, immediately upon his conversion, for the full discharge of his Apostolical duties: and it is by no means certain that his preaching was shortly consequent to that event. Thus much we readily concede to Mr. S.: and as readily, that he could not then have preached, without avowing his change of sentiment, and the desertion of the cause for which he came to Damascus. His change of sentiment he meant to avow, and did avow; and it was of little consequence at what time he made the avowal. That the conversion of the Apostle, and the miraculous circumstances which attended it, must have been a matter of immediate public notoriety, the very nature of the event must place beyond the possibility of doubt. But we are of the number, who believe that the Apostle's public ministry did not commence till after his three years sojourn in Arabia, which was most probably employed in the study of the Scriptures by means of that supernatural aid which was promised at his conversion; and during which period he, in all probability, received many of those revelations, which Christ, as he assures us,

repeatedly vouchsafed to him. We are told indeed, that "straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues:" (Acts, ix. 20.) but the expression, "*straightway* he preached," does not necessarily imply, that he did so immediately after his conversion. It is not unusual with the sacred historians, to record events in connexion, which really happened at a considerable distance of time; a circumstance necessarily arising from the conciseness of their narratives, which rendered it impossible to admit the relation of many intermediate events. Examples of such omissions will be readily suggested by the comparison of the subjoined references:—Matt. xii. 9, with Luke vi. 6. Matt. xxi. 10. with Lk. xix. 41. and Mk. xi. 11.—and more particularly of the accounts of the Resurrection and Ascension, as given in St. Luke's Gospel and in the Acts, to which we have already directed the attention of our readers'. It is thus that the journey to Arabia, in which St. Luke did not accompany St. Paul, and in which nothing occurred which had any direct connexion with his narrative, is omitted in the Acts. That the term "many days," (v. 23.) may be understood to imply a space of *three years*, in conformity with St. Paul's account to the Galatians, is proved by the use of the same words to denote precisely the same period, in 1 King. xi. 38, 39. (See *Paley's Horæ Paul.* ch. v. No. 2, note.)

Nor can it be properly objected that Saul's moral character would bring discredit upon the cause of Christianity, and render him an improper preacher of the Gospel. It is true that he had been a violent and zealous persecutor; but at the same time he was conscientiously such; (Acts, xxvi. 9.) and consequently the very fact of his conversion would render his testimony more valuable, and more convincing. And, as to the general purity of his life and conduct, and his steady attachment to the religion of his forefathers, these were so unquestionable and conspicuous, that he did not hesitate to appeal to the Jews themselves in support of his integrity. (Acts, xxiii. 1. xxvi. 4.) When his views were properly directed therefore, his unimpeachable character, and his devotion to the cause of that Dispensation which he believed to be true, would render him a most efficient instrument in promoting the doctrines of Christ. But Ananias, who was already a Christian, and of most excellent character,—"*this man*," says Gamaliel Smith, Esq., "and not Paul, who of all opposers to Christianity had

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<sup>b</sup> We have a remarkable instance of a similar omission in the account which is given by Tacitus of the offer of Vitellius to resign the crown, as compared with Suetonius. According to the latter the offer was made three several times; Tacitus mentions but one appearance of the Emperor in public; relating at the same time, with additional circumstances, all that occurred at the three distinct occasions mentioned by Suetonius.—*Tacit. Hist.* iii. 67. *Sueton. in Vitel.* 15.

been the most fierce and the most mischievous, would naturally have been the man to receive the supernatural commission. Supposing his vision real and the reports of it true, no difficulty, rationally speaking, could he have found in obtaining credence for it at the hands of the Apostles: those Apostles, at whose hands, from first to last, it will be seen, never was it the lot of Paul, with his vision or visions, to obtain credence." (p. 21.) Of the latter part of this assertion we shall have to speak presently:—as to the superior qualifications of Ananias for the commission entrusted to St. Paul, it should seem that he was not divested of the prejudices, which possessed many of the Jewish converts, respecting the perpetuity of the Jewish Ordinances, and which, whatever might be his character as a devout and conscientious Christian, would have rendered him extremely unfit to carry the tidings of the Gospel to the Gentile world. It is somewhat curious however that the objection should have sprung from the quarter, in which it originates, as our Author, a few pages onwards, denies the existence of any such person as Ananias; because, forsooth, St. Barnabas omits the mention of his vision, in relating to St. Peter the conversion and subsequent labours of St. Paul. (p. 78.) So then we are to conclude for the non-existence of any particular person, whose part in any transaction, in which he may have been concerned, is not recorded at every distinct recital of the affair. Upon these principles we would undertake to prove that no such persons as Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox ever existed, and that the American war is a fable of the nineteenth century.

Above all, the conversion of St. Paul would be an addition, and a most important addition, to the evidence in support of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity,—the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. That a person, who had persecuted the promulgators of this remarkable fact to the death, should suddenly become a witness of its truth,—and more particularly a person possessed of such sound sense and energy of understanding as St. Paul—is totally inexplicable upon any other supposition, than that he received the assurance from Jesus himself, which he said he received, (1 Cor. xv. 3.) It was necessary to his Apostleship that he should be, with the rest of his brethren, an eye-witness of the resurrection of Christ, and we have little doubt that at the time of his conversion Jesus manifested himself to him in the body. This seems to be clearly implied by Acts, ix. 17. 27. xxii. 14. From the words *ὁδὲνα ἑβλεπε* Mr. Smith would infer a contrary opinion; (p. 20.) but the word *ὁδὲνα* evidently refers to the companions of the Apostle, whom he could not see, in consequence of the blindness, which the glory of the Saviour's ap-

pearance had caused. We do not say, however, that Christ certainly appeared to St. Paul at this time; nor is the fact of any material importance. It is quite sufficient, that he saw the Lord, if not then, several times subsequently; 1 Cor. ix. 1. xv. 8. The fact also of his having received from Christ himself the words of the institution of the Holy Sacrament: (1 Cor. xi. 23.) and of his having noticed two distinct appearances of Christ after his resurrection, to James, and to five hundred brethren respectively, which is not mentioned by the Evangelists, seems to imply that he had been favoured with direct communication with our Lord. In the latter instance, Mr. Smith accuses him of a "simple falsehood," in "multiplying the resurrection witnesses." He has, with his usual candour, avoided the same accusation with respect to the appearance to St. James, and for a very obvious reason:—St. James was alive, and would readily have contradicted the assertion, unless it had been founded in truth.

It is not then upon any trifling grounds that the Christian believes the reality of St. Paul's conversion, and the sincerity with which he embraced the religion of Jesus. And that his devoted attachment to the cross of Christ was credited and acknowledged by the Apostles and early disciples, is as certain as that there still are, and ever will be, many, of the same persuasion, notwithstanding the laboured opposition of Gamaliel Smith. The peculiar commission of St. Paul to evangelize the Gentiles prevented his frequent appearance at Jerusalem, where the Apostles generally abode: but whenever he did join their body, he was always received as one of them, and his pretensions of course acknowledged<sup>6</sup>. We do not mean to say that these pretensions were regularly discussed, and his credentials examined; but the reception which he met with, the cause of his visits, and the interest and anxiety with which his exertions were regarded, are abundantly indicative of the fact. Four of these visits,—which are designated in this precious farrago of blasphemy and buffoonery by most appropriate and significant appellations—are examined by Mr. Smith; but as the motives with which they were undertaken, and their respective consequences, are explained from his own brain to suit his own purpose, we shall content ourselves with shewing, that at none of them, was his Apostleship questioned or disbelieved. Besides these four, there is another visit to Jeru-

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<sup>6</sup> Mr. Smith would have us believe that there was a *partition treaty*, as he calls it, between the Apostles and St. Paul, by which they pledged themselves to countenance his claims, upon the condition that he confined himself to the Gentiles, without interfering with the Jews. Such are the motives attributed to the Apostles by a man, who pretends to support the cause of Christianity, as preached by the real disciples of Christ! See particularly Chap. 7.

saalem, distinctly mentioned by St. Luke, (Acts, xviii. 19—23.) as taking place between the third and fourth of those recognized by Mr. Smith, which he takes upon himself to consider as fictitious, (p. 109.) and consequently passes over in silence. This visit, and the occasion of it, evince with such striking simplicity the cordiality existing between St. Paul and the church at Jerusalem, that the reasons, for which its authenticity is denied are sufficiently obvious.

The first visit of St. Paul to Jerusalem took place three years after his conversion, A.D. 38, immediately after his escape from Damascus, or "the adventure of the Basket," as it is facetiously designated by Gamaliel Smith. (Acts, ix. 20.) This visit is marked by the significant title of the "*Reconciliation Visit*," because it was intended to effect his reconciliation with the Apostles: which, without an interval of considerable length, would have been plainly hopeless. (p. 113.) Had St. Paul been actuated by any such motive, we should rather have supposed that he would have lost no time in immediately conferring with the Apostles; and it is somewhat curious that this very mode of proceeding is marked out for him by Gamaliel Smith himself, with no very great consistency, in a preceding chapter<sup>7</sup>. At all events, the difficulties which opposed this "so much needed reconciliation" were still equally formidable: for when "he assayed to join himself to the disciples, they were all afraid of him, and would not believe that he was a disciple." (Acts, ix. 26.) The reception however with which he met, as soon as Barnabas had convinced them of his conversion, and his being with the disciples, "coming in and going out of Jerusalem," are proofs sufficient that they were convinced of the sincerity of his professions; not to mention that his abode with St. Peter during the fifteen days which he remained among them, is wholly inconsistent with any disbelief, which could have been entertained respecting his divine commission. But his own sincerity and the credit which was given to his Apostleship, cannot be more distinctly marked than by his employment during this visit, and the circumstance which attended his departure. We are told in the Acts that his time had been principally engaged in "disputing with the Grecians." (ix. 29.) These "Grecians" or Hellenistic Jews, were the persons who had been principally engaged in the persecution and death of Stephen, which St. Paul had also zealously promoted: his exertion therefore to bring them over to Christianity seems peculiarly to mark his zeal and in-

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<sup>7</sup> "Towards the accomplishment of his design, what presented itself as a necessary step, was—the entering into a sort of treaty, and forming at least in appearance, a sort of junction, with the leaders of the new religion, and their adherents—the Apostles and the rest of the disciples."—p. 73.

tegrity. His exhortations, it is true, were ill repaid by those, for whose benefit they were intended; but the readiness and anxiety with which the *brethren* conducted him on his way to Tarsus,—when he had been assured by the Lord in a trance that his labours would be ineffectual, and he was forced to leave Jerusalem in consequence of the malice of these Grecians, who went about to slay him—clearly prove that they fully admitted his claims, and appreciated the merits and the integrity of his exertions. Gamaliel Smith indeed would assign a different reason, for St. Paul's addressing these Grecians in particular, upon this occasion. "The reason," says he, "is no mystery. Greek was the Language of Paul: Greek, for any thing that appears, was not the language of Peter, or of any other of the Apostles." (p. 143.) Now this is admirable! So Doctor Gamaliel really does not know that there are two Epistles of St. Peter, and five of other Apostles, besides the Gospels, which were written in Greek. But why should we expect that a man, who calls "Jerusalem the birth-place of Jesus," (p. 125.) and who must therefore evidently be unacquainted with the New Testament even in English, should know that St. Peter ever wrote an Epistle at all?

With respect to the cause of St. Paul's flight from Damascus, previously to his undertaking this first journey to Jerusalem, St. Luke says that "the Jews took counsel to kill him;" (Acts, ix. 23.) whereas St. Paul himself informs us, that the "Governor was desirous to apprehend him." (2 Cor. xi. 31.) Now, we should think that this apparent discrepancy would be reconciled to every candid mind, by considering, that the Jews might have instigated the governor to arrest him. But Mr. S. disputes the existence of any such king as Aretas, and discredits the fact of there being any garrison at Damascus at the time in question. If he would take the trouble of referring to Josephus, (Ant. lib. 18. c. 5. §. 2. and lib. 14. c. 2.) or to Dion. Cassius, (Lib. 57.) he would not only find this same Aretas mentioned by name as King of that part of Arabia, but a statement of the reasons for which a garrison was placed there. But we are unreasonable in expecting this highly gifted classical Scholar to be acquainted with these works. Besides, they are written in Greek!

St. Paul's second visit to Jerusalem, or his "*Money-bringing Visit*," was undertaken for the purpose of conveying the contribution, which had been raised by the disciples at Antioch, for the relief of the poor brethren in Judea, A. D. 44. While Paul and Barnabas were at Antioch, a prophet, named Agabus, foretold "a great dearth throughout all the world;" i. e. throughout the whole Roman Empire; and the said collection was made in consequence. A prediction of this na-

ture, we are told by our Author, might easily be "hazarded—and even by any man—without much risk of falling under the disgrace of a *false prophet*;" because "the spirit forebore from the fixation of any particular year—either for the prophecy or the accomplishment of it." (p. 153.) Since therefore "the days of Claudius Cæsar," who reigned thirteen years, are mentioned as "the time of the accomplishment;" and since, from the "manner in which the prophecy is mentioned," it might have been delivered any indefinite time before the commencement of that reign, it would be hard if the prediction was not verified in the course of so long a period. Now, supposing that a famine could be foretold by human means within any given period whatever, still it happens somewhat unfortunately for Mr. Gamaliel Smith, that the date ascribed *by himself* to this prophecy of Agabus is A. D. 43., which corresponds with the third year of the reign of Claudius:—and we know from independent history that the famine itself took place in the following year, and raged with unremitted violence during the two succeeding years: A. D. 45, 46. We refer Mr. S. (can he comprehend the abbreviations?) to Sueton. Vit. Claud. c. 18. Dion. Cass. L. 60. Euseb. H. E. Lib. 1. c. 8. Joseph. Ant. Lib. xx. c. 2. §. 6.—c. 5. §. 2. The cause and the importance of the journey are a sufficient proof that the Apostle's divine commission was credited both by the donors, and by the objects, of the contribution.

"Paul's Jerusalem Visit the third,—say his *Deputation Visit*." A. D. 49. During St. Paul's stay at Antioch, a dissension arose in the Church respecting a doctrine which was assiduously promulgated by certain men from Judea, that Salvation could only be obtained by submitting to the Ordinances of the Mosaic Law. After some unavailing disputes, Paul and Barnabas were deputed to confer with the Apostles and elders at Jerusalem on the subject. This account of the matter which is given in the Acts, (xv. 1.) is not at all contradicted by St. Paul's telling the Galatians, that he went up on this occasion by revelation: (Gal. ii. 2.) as it is very probable that he might have been advised from heaven, as to the steps which he ought to take in a matter of such importance. The answer which was returned by the assembled council of the Church, to which we shall have occasion almost immediately to revert, completely overturns the assertion of Mr. S., that "nothing appears in favour of the notion that between Paul on the one part, and the apostles and their disciples on the other, there existed at this time any real harmony!" (p. 164.) Is there then no appearance of harmony, when St. Paul is called by the whole Church of Jerusalem the "beloved Paul, who had hazarded his life for the sake of Christ?" (Acts, xv. 23, 26.)



Was there no appearance of harmony, in extending to him and Barnabas "the right hands of fellowship," thereby acknowledging their perception "of the grace that was given him?" (Gal. ii. 9.) Whatever may be Mr. Smith's opinion, we do not hesitate to call them the most unequivocal marks of friendship and regard, and the most decided attestations to the sincerity of his professions, and the soundness of his Faith.

The history of the circumstances which attended St. Paul's last journey to Jerusalem, A. D. 58, is perhaps the most interesting and affecting portion of the Acts. Of its precise object we are not informed; but it is most probable that its principal intention was, the delivery of the contributions which had recently been made, at the Apostle's recommendation, in Macedonia and Achaia, for the poor saints in Judea. (1 Cor. xvi. 1. Rom. xv. 25. Acts, xxiv. 17.) He was well aware that persecutions awaited him; nevertheless, being "bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem," (Acts, xx. 22.)—i. e. thoroughly persuaded of the necessity of his presence by divine revelation,—he resolved that no consideration of personal safety should divert him from the performance of his duty. Of the dangers that threatened him, the disciples likewise had been forewarned; and the confinement in which he was placed by the Jews, (Acts, xxi. 33.) was figurately presignified by the prophet Agabus:—anxious therefore for the welfare of their beloved Apostle, and unacquainted with the especial command which the Apostle had received from the Lord to go to Jerusalem, they endeavoured to dissuade him from the journey. Paul could not but be affected at their entreaties and their tears, but he was not to be turned from his heaven-directed purpose. "What mean ye," says he, "to weep and to break my heart? for I am not ready to be bound only, but also to die, at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts, xxi. 13.) And these are words which Gamaliel Smith, Esq. dares to construe into a declaration of the Apostle to carry into effect his schemes of ambition and avarice, and "to die or conquer" in the attempt! (p. 218.) Will it be believed too, that the affectionate concern of the disciples for his safety, and their anxious endeavours to prevent his perilous journey, are converted into expostulations against the prosecution of his ambitious design? If such constructions are to be affixed to human motives, surely no man's integrity can be trusted; if indeed there is any integrity in the world. However, notwithstanding all the fears which agitated the Apostles and the Church, in respect to the rising prospects of St. Paul, and his violation of Gamaliel Smith's favourite *partition-treaty*, they joined in praising God for the things "which he had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry:" (Acts, xxi. 19, 20.)—and re-

commended the instant adoption of those means which were necessary to secure their *brother* from the fury of the Jews, which it was but too evident would soon be let loose upon him.

And here again we have an instance of the candour and ingenuity of Gamaliel Smith, Esq. The question, whether the Gentile converts to Christianity should be subject to the Law of Moses, upon which St. Paul had been commissioned from Antioch to Jerusalem in his third visit, having, as we have seen, been debated at that time, produced the Apostolic decree that no greater burden should be laid on them, than the abstinence "from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication." (Acts xv. 28, 29.) Now the primary object of these prohibitions was doubtless to effect the more perfect prevention of Idolatry:—inasmuch as the Heathens considered the use of blood, and of things strangled, a means of communicating with their divinities, at the celebration of whose rites it is notorious that the grossest impurities were practised. (Spencer de leg. Hebr. vol. i. p. 251.) The same reasons for these prohibitions now no longer exist; so that the compliance with them, as we may collect from St. Paul himself, (Rom. xiv. xv.) has become unnecessary. At the time however when the decree was framed, there were other causes, connected with the prejudices of the Jewish converts, which loudly called for some such restrictions. The observance of the Mosaic ordinances, though perfectly unnecessary, was still a matter of indifference; since therefore there were many of the Judaizing Christians, who would have deemed it an abomination to sit at the Lord's Table, or even to converse, with persons, who practised things, which were decidedly forbidden by their Law, (Levit. xvii. xviii.) the prohibitions in question were absolutely required for the preservation of peace and union in the infant Church. With such of the Gentile converts also, who had previously embraced the Jewish Religion, without submitting to Circumcision, and the ritual ceremonies of the Law, some such restrictions were yet farther necessary upon political considerations. A compliance with certain forms would reasonably be demanded as a test of their good citizenship, and civil obedience; from which the Gospel was never intended to set them free. Hence it was that the Apostles themselves uniformly observed the Jewish Law, and enjoined the same upon their converts both from Jews and proselytes, not as necessary to Salvation, but on the principle of political obligation. It was upon this very account that St. Paul himself caused Timothy to be circumcised, because his mother was a Jewess; although he dispensed with the ceremony in the

case of Titus, who was born of Gentile Parents. What St. Paul taught was, that no man, whether Jew or Gentile, could be *saved* by the institutions of Moses; and this is all that Mr. Gamaliel Smith's elaborate collection of quotations from the Epistles will go to prove. (p. 272.) The observance of the Law being only necessary for political purposes, it seems to have been as reasonable that the Gentiles should be released from it, as that the Jews should practise it. This St. Paul strenuously maintained; and he was supported in his doctrine by St. James, and the whole of the Christian Church. (Acts xxi. 25.) Still the Jews had imbibed the notion that Paul had taught that they also should "forsake Moses, saying that they ought not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs:" (Acts xvi. 21.) and therefore the brethren suggested the propriety of St. Paul's convincing them of their error by some public act of the Jewish worship. The means of doing this were readily afforded him, by undergoing the ceremony of purification according to the Mosaic Law, and by defraying the expences of performing the Nazaritic vow, which certain four men then had upon them. (Compare Acts xxi. 23, 24, with Numb. vi. 2. et seqq.) This was a custom frequently practised by persons zealous of the law, who had it in their power; and which, it seems from a passage in Josephus, was extremely popular: (Ant. lib. 19. c. 6.)—so that the performance might reasonably be expected to satisfy the scruples of the Jews, and to restore peace to the Church. Now, will it be believed that the readiness, with which St. Paul complied with the reasonable and necessary suggestions of his brethren, is perverted by Mr. Smith into an act of temporizing and time-serving deception: and that the anxiety with which the Church consulted the Apostle's safety is construed into a wish to inveigle him into open *perjury*; and, by raising the indignation of the populace against him, to rid themselves for ever of their ambitious rival? And this too of the *genuine* disciples of Christ, whose cause Gamaliel professes to espouse! The completion of the crime, we are informed, was only prevented by the uncontrollable indignation of the Jews, who dragged him furiously from the temple, "assured as they were of his being occupied in the commission of a perjury." (p. 256.) The real

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\* Mr. Smith supports this piece of infamous calumny by affixing a new signification to the word *kyri*, (Acts xxi. 23.) which he renders "*an assertory declaration*," and adds, that it should have been translated *oath*. We mention this as a hint to the future editors of Hederic and Schrevelius: of which we think that a presentation Copy to our friend Gamaliel might be a useful addition to his *classical Library*. The interpretation is every way worthy of that extraordinary erudition and research, which has now for the first time discovered that Aquila and Priscilla were "two female disciples of St. Paul's!!!" (p. 370, note)

cause of this sudden irruption, which is related by St. Luke, (Acts, xxi. 29)—“that they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the Temple”—he here disingenuously passes over in silence; and about fifteen pages onwards most conveniently denies the fact. (p. 271.)

After this delightful invention of a “seven days course of perjury,” we are entertained with two of the Apostle’s “*simple falsehoods*”—such is the running title of just twenty pages—“which for so many hundreds of years, and through so many generations of commentators,” have remained undetected, but are at length brought to light by the sagacity of Gamaliel Smith, Esq. These are “the extravagance of the addition, made by the *audacious stranger*, to the number of the Resurrection Witnesses”—and the predicted end of the world in the prophet’s own life-time.” (p. 277.) On the first of these we have had occasion to speak already. That there is a passage in the first Epistle to the Thessalonians (iv. 13—17.) which, to an ordinary reader, would almost necessarily convey the idea, that the writer looked forward to the day of judgment in his own time; and that such was the construction actually put upon it by those to whom the Epistle was addressed; we do not pretend to deny. But that such is not its real meaning, is at once evident from the circumstance of St. Paul’s writing a second letter to the Thessalonians, with a view to undeceive them on this important point. The principal cause, which led the Thessalonians into error, was the use of the pronoun *We*, in reference to those who would be alive at the last day. This seems however to be merely a figure of speech, by which St. Paul meant to identify himself with the body of Christians whom he then addressed in particular, and all in general who should afterwards embrace the Gospel. The same form of expression occurs, Gal. i. 23, when St. Paul reckons himself among those, whom he had formerly persecuted. But, whatever be the difficulty, *at this time of day*, from the want of that information which was clearly, from the whole tenour of the Epistle, in the possession of those to whom it was addressed,—of rightly understanding the Apostle’s words; the Thessalonians were not so circumstanced. The Apostle in his second Epistle, refers them to a conversation which he had formerly had with them, (2 Thess. ii. 5.) and to which he could not possibly have referred, unless it had really taken place—in which he pointed out to them certain events, which must necessarily precede that awful day. These events he again describes in this epistle, under the characters of the *mystery of iniquity*, and the dominion of the Man of Sin—“a

Child," says Mr. Smith, "of Paul's ready and fruitful brain—a bugbear, which the officious hands of the English official translators of his Epistles, have in their way christened, so to speak, with the name of *Antichrist*." This Gentleman therefore,—whose abuse of *Church of Englandism*, and English Bishops, is by this time fully appreciated—takes upon himself to "put an extinguisher upon this hobgoblin;" and, perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he has effectually "strangled this imaginary Antichrist," sets up the Apostle himself as a real one in his room! Who would disgrace himself by replying to such trash as this?

We proceed to the consideration of St. Paul's Miracles. With respect to Mr. Smith's "general Counter-Evidence" (p. 298.) on this subject, we have only to remark that it is supported by a direct falsehood. St. Paul is not silent, either in his Epistles, or in his Speeches recorded in the Acts, respecting the supernatural powers which he possessed; nor is the fact unnoticed by St. Luke. In regard to the latter point, does not the relation of each successive miracle at large amount to "speaking of him as being in possession of such power?" and does Mr. S. forget Acts, xiv. 12.—which he himself, with the feelings and the language of a gentleman, characterizes by the *delicate* description of "diseases and devils expelled by the Apostles' foul handkerchiefs, when he had done with them!" (pp. 315. 337.) Fie! Fie! Manners! Doctor Gamaliel! That St. Paul himself never refers to his Miracles, unless when the interest of the Gospel actually required it, we readily allow; but that he did make such a reference, and that frequently, both in the Acts and in his Epistles, is evident from Acts, xiv. 27. xv. 12. xxi. 19. Rom. xv. 18, 19. 1 Cor. ii. 4. 2 Cor. xii. 12. Gal. iii. 5. 1 Thess. i. 5.—in all which instances the reference is made in the same terms, which are employed in the Gospels upon similar occasions. It is not our intention to examine each of St. Paul's miracles separately, as Mr. G. Smith has done; and he might have spared himself some trouble in this respect, as one at least of the Apostle's "supposable Miracles" is now for the first time classed among his supernatural performances. For what purpose Mr. Smith has exalted the Burning of the Magical Books, (Acts, xiv. 19.) into a miracle, unless it be to rival Mr. Hume in figures, we confess our inability to discover. He computes the price of "fifty thousand pieces of silver," at which these precious materials were valued, at 166,666*l.* sterling: (p. 324.) which is twenty-four times their value, if estimated by the Shekel, and nearly 100 times, by the more probable calculation of the Attic drachma. If, however, the mere burning of the books is

to be looked upon as a miracle, we mean most decidedly to indulge ourselves with an *experimental* refutation of Mr. Hume's doctrine of *experience*, by sacrificing the magical invention of Mr. Smith's pericranium, and witnessing its *miraculous* conflagration, so soon as we shall have completed the degrading and disgusting task of exposing its blasphemies, its scurrilities, its misrepresentations, its absurdities, and its *lies*.

We are the less anxious to enter upon a separate examination of the miracles of St. Paul, which would swell our remarks, already extended beyond our prescribed limits, to an inadmissible length—as the same observations will generally apply to the detached cavils of Gamaliel Smith. In his several objections, he rings the changes upon a supposed collusion between the Apostle and the object of the miracle, the disbelief of the rest of the Apostles, and the inauthenticity of the account as recorded in the Acts. The two last of these suppositions we have already considered; and, as to the first, from the very nature of St. Paul's miracles, collusion was impossible. The two instances upon which our author particularly insists, are the punishment of Elymas, and the cure of the cripple of Lystra. Had the blindness of the sorcerer been feigned in consequence of a previous agreement with the Apostle, a Roman Proconsul and his suite were not persons to be imposed upon, without enquiring into the fact; they were men of sense and education; and the spirit of the age in which they lived—an age of all others the most inquisitive into the secrets of miraculous agency, and religious frauds,—would lead them at once to the investigation of the matter: besides, the Apostle was summoned unexpectedly into the presence of Sergius Paulus, at Paphos, when Elymas opposed his arguments in defence of the Gospel; so that any private communication between them was rendered impracticable. The Cripple at Lystra had been so “from his mother's womb, and had never walked:” (Acts xi. 8.) a circumstance which must have been known to the inhabitants of the place, so that they could never have been deceived by a cure so extraordinary and so instantaneous. Supposing that an “itinerant beggar” could have been procured “for a few pence, to exhibit himself with one leg tied up,” and, at a convenient season, to “declare himself cured;” (pp. 305, 336.) this surely could never have been the man. So much then for the misrepresentations of our Author on the subject of the supernatural endowments of St. Paul.

The concluding chapter of Mr. Gamaliel Smith's *Label*, is an attempt to revive an argument, which has been frequently and plausibly raised against revealed Religion,—that the doctrines of St. Paul are Anti-apostolic, and at variance with

those which were delivered by Christ himself. If this point could be made out, it would necessarily subvert the claims of the Apostle; but bare assertion is no proof: and upon assertion alone does our Author conclude, that his system of doctrine "has no warrant, in any thing that, as far as appears from any of the four Gospels, was ever said or done by Jesus;" (Intro. p. 8.) so that "whatever is in Paul, and is not to be found in any of the four Gospels, is not Christianity, but Paulism." (p. 267.) All this, therefore, amounts to nothing, unless Mr. Smith is prepared to refute the declaration of St. Paul himself, (1 Cor. i. 14.) in which he appeals personally to several individuals then living, that he had never attempted to found any new religion among them. Had he, indeed, been actuated by any sinister motives, we admit that he would have had every inducement, particularly in those Churches which he planted at a distance from the labours of the other Apostles, to preach a Gospel of his own, and to maintain such doctrines as would best promote the end which he had in view. But no such practice can be proved against St. Paul; and, whenever the attempt has been made, declarations have been improperly opposed to each other, which, though equally true, are true in different respects; and conclusions have been drawn from them, as if they had precisely the same tendency. This is the case in the apparent contradiction which has frequently been supposed to exist between St. Paul and St. James, respecting the doctrine of Justification; and other discrepancies of a similar nature. So complete, however, is the doctrinal harmony between the several parts of the New Testament, that, even in points wherein there is an acknowledged difficulty, the most perfect agreement will be found to exist. This uniform coincidence of doctrines has been pointed out by an induction of parallel passages from the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, in the little volume of Mr. Grinfield, which stands at the head of this article.

'But it is proper to observe, that we are not to look for the same fulness of exposition in the Gospels, as in the subsequent parts of the inspired volume; though it would be difficult to unbelievers to shew that there is any doctrine advanced by St. Paul, which may not be shewn to exist in the four Evangelists. The reason for this difference is plain and obvious. Previous to the Resurrection of Jesus, there were some doctrines of Christianity, which could not have been fully proclaimed, or thoroughly understood. How, for instance, was it possible, to preach the doctrine of Christ's atonement with the same precision before as after his crucifixion? Still as the proportions of a building may generally be judged of from its first plan and ground-plot; so, I conceive, that all the doctrines of Christianity may be discovered in the Gospels, if not in all the fulness of detail, yet laid down as plain historical facts.'—*Doctrinal Harmony. Preface, pp. 5, 6.*

' But besides the Gospels, we may compare the doctrines which St. Paul delivered, with those which are *historically* recorded by St. Luke in the Acts, and which are *doctrinally* delivered by the other Apostles. In the *earlier* parts of the Acts, we have a general account of the history of the church previous to the conversion of St. Paul. This narrative is to be considered as a separate and independent testimony; and if we had possessed nothing more, it would have furnished us with good and sufficient evidence, that it would have been impossible for this Apostle to have introduced any strange or unheard of doctrine into the church.

' Nor is this all—from the Gospels and the Acts we may proceed to the acknowledged Epistles of St. Peter, St. John, St. James, and Jude: and here we shall find plain and incontrovertible proof, that the Epistles of Paul contain no doctrines which are not found corroborated by their authority.'—*Pref.* pp. 8, 9.

After a copious collation of passages, referring, in separate sections, to every doctrine of Christianity, Mr. Grinfield has the following among other concluding remarks:—

' Several of the sections will be found to amount to nothing more than a parallel of corresponding difficulties. Now if it were our object to explain the *meaning* of the New Testament, it is granted, that such difficulties might be regarded as so many objections against us. But as we propose nothing further than to shew the harmony and coincidence of these writers, this agreement in their *difficulties*, so far from becoming an obstruction to our argument, is one of its strongest and most invincible evidences.

' Take five or six other writers, and let them fall upon any difficult and abstruse topic, and then you will immediately perceive the force of this observation. Though none of them may have power to explain the difficulty, they will all immediately attempt, and they will attempt generally in a different manner from each other. Now, this is the peculiarity of the sacred writers, that while they all agree in laying down a difficult doctrine, they not one of them attempt to account for it. When we consider the different genius of these individuals, and particularly the difference of St. Paul, as compared with the other Apostles: this appears to be altogether inexplicable upon ordinary principles.'—*Doctrinal Harmony*, pp. 98, 99.

At length we have done with Gamaliel Smith, Esq., and his book: and we have never met with a more disgusting display of the most pitiful ignorance, the most shameless misrepresentation, and the most heartless hypocrisy. The real motives, which led to the publication of the libel, are so thinly concealed under the pretended wish of rendering a service to Christianity, as to be discoverable to any person who shall open the volume at random. "Not Paul, but Jesus," would as readily have been "Not Jesus, but Paul," or rather "Neither Paul, nor Jesus," if the Apostle had been less earnest in the inculcation of the duty of civil obedience, and those three



little words HONOUR THE KING had been struck out of his Epistles. But Mr. Smith has discovered in the apostolic appointment of the seven deacons, an argument in favour of "free election,—election, on the principles of universal suffrage"—Monarchists and Aristocrats! mark well! "*of universal suffrage.*"—(p. 302.) and "that in the Christian world, if government in any shape has divine right for its support, it is in the shape of Democracy;—representative democracy—operating by universal suffrage." (p. 217.) And now the whole secret of Mr. Smith's pretended admiration of Christianity is divulged!

In exposing the quirks and quibbles of the Author himself, and in replying to the often-repeated, and as often refuted, arguments, which he has borrowed from the Infidel Writers of other days, we have found it convenient to give a popular and connected view of the evidence in support of the Apostle's claims; embracing, at the same time, an answer to every material objection which has been brought against them, without a strict regard to the order in which they stand in the work before us. We have been frequently lost in the bewildering mazes of verbiage, which decidedly marks the quarter from which the bantling came; and if any thing of importance has escaped us amid this wilderness of words, we trust that it is too deeply hidden to be explored by those who would alone be injured by the discovery. The plan which we have adopted, has enabled us to avoid the endless repetition and perplexity, with which the libel abounds; and to preserve our pages unsullied by the low scurrilities and disgusting blasphemies, in which the Author continually indulges.

We had nearly brought our observations to a close, when Mr. Wells's publication was put into our hands. His vindication of St. Paul, so far as it is carried, is complete; but the Author, as well as Mr. Hughes, appears to have given himself more trouble than the insignificance of the attack demands. By the time that the plans of these Gentlemen are finished, we shall have from each as large a volume, or nearly so, as the trashy octavo, pp. 403. of Gamaliel himself. Mr. Wells, in particular, has deemed it necessary to reply to his unworthy antagonist, chapter by chapter, and almost section by section; the running titles being generally in direct opposition to those which he refutes. In our estimation, the plain, but apposite remarks, contained in the letter affixed to Mr. Grinfield's little volume, will be far more effective in exposing the tricks and the sophistries of Mr. Smith, than a long and studied reply. Still the "Defence" and the Vindication are highly creditable to the zeal and the talents of their respective authors, which we could wish to have seen

more usefully employed, than in unmasking the *Deistical Integrity* of Mr. Jeremy Bentham.

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ART. IV. *Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry. With an Appendix, containing a private Narrative of the Rebellion of 1798.* By T. Crofton Croker. London. Murray. 1824.

THAT a remarkable coincidence exists in the statements of every Historian of Ireland, with regard to the general character of its inhabitants, is a circumstance, which can scarcely have escaped the observation of any one at all conversant with the subject. Individuals, living in different centuries; at variance perhaps in political, as well as religious opinions; employed as governors, or wandering as travellers; all unite their testimony to establish one unvarying tale. Descending through each succeeding age, we perceive nothing indicative of alteration or amendment: we can neither trace the march of civilization, nor hail the progress of serenity and comfort. Influenced by sudden impulse, yet not unfrequently dilatory in action;—listless, on the contrary, and indifferent, yet energetic and enthusiastic;—capable of ardent gratitude, yet actuated by inveterate revenge;—hospitable, yet ferocious;—submissive, yet refractory;—obliging, yet insolent;—an Irishman is possessed of a disposition, in which Nature seems to have combined the greatest possible number of contrarieties. To complete the picture, we have only to add a series of rebellion, and outrage, and massacre, either occasioned, or succeeded, by oppression, and cruelty, and executions. That such a spectacle was continually presented in former times, an appeal to history will demonstrate. Imperfectly subdued, the Irish cherished within their bosoms the glimmerings of an unruly independence. Each existing generation received the deathless principle from their fathers; who, in like manner, had derived their turbulence from a preceding age. Overwhelmed by torrents of blood, still the spark emerged into stronger and brighter existence:—still each succeeding Chieftain animated his followers to the conflict, and led them to inevitable destruction.

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso  
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Thus each treaty with their conquerors was violated, when-

ever some favourable opportunity occurred: rebellion was followed by rebellion; and what one party pronounced the legitimate punishment of revolt, was execrated by the other as the lawless vengeance of tyrants upon patriotic exertions for freedom and for right.

But let us take a brief review of those reigns, during which Irish affairs are most conspicuous.

After the Invasion of Ireland by Henry the Second, a series of centuries is characterized by incessant disturbances. Confined within a narrow space, the victors were assailed, with unwearied assiduity, by their reluctant and intrepid foes; amongst whom also, although all were equally incensed against their common enemy, disagreements and quarrels were perpetual.

If we contemplate the scene when Elizabeth held the reins of empire, hoping that war will no longer spread around its desolations, we shall experience complete disappointment. Entirely to subjugate Ireland was her design: and with such unsparing ferocity, such unprincipled despotism, was it carried into execution, that one object alone seemed to occupy the attention of her deputies;—the total annihilation of its inhabitants. Still, continually did they writhe and struggle against a victorious enemy: and as continually was the sword employed to compel them to subjection. Slaughter and rapacity the most appalling; murder, not only committed in total defiance of every principle of honour and humanity, but also aggravated by wantonness and treachery; are events during this terrific period of Irish History of such continual occurrence, as to have seared and destroyed every sensibility of those Authors, by whom circumstances so overwhelming are with indifference recorded.

During the reign of James the First, a state of complete exhaustion preserved Ireland in tranquillity: but upon that disastrous struggle between Charles and Cromwell, we find this restless and ill-fated nation again involved in confusion. Divided into three principal factions, the Royalists, the Parliamentarians, and the Irish or Rebels, did they once more

“ Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”

Of these parties, the last was opposed to both the others; and joined the confusion in defence of their independence.

At length the Irish, though totally indifferent to the merits of the question, united their interests to those of Charles; because they considered, that by such conduct they would be enabled to retaliate injuries upon *those*, whom they regarded as their unprincipled oppressors. The activity of Cromwell,

however, speedily rendered their exertions ineffectual: and the ravages of his progress may still be perceived in many parts of the country, which he visited.

Once more was Ireland the scene of conflict, during the struggle between James the Second and William: and the day, upon which the battle of the Boyne was fought, is, even at this present period, too frequently characterized by party spirit, and the effusion of blood.

The Annals of former ages, then, bear testimony to our assertion, that Ireland has ever been agitated by disturbances, conflicts, and revolt. Does the prospect brighten, when we approach to more modern times? Still dreary and lamentable is the scene. Who has yet forgotten the Rebellion of 1798, characterized as it was by the devastation of dwellings, the butchery of their inhabitants, the massacre of the Protestant Clergy, the outrage of every feeling of humanity, and justice, and loyalty? Nor were these atrocities occasioned by any sudden impulse. On the contrary, they resulted from premeditation and design. They had their origin in various associations, which were in existence during the middle of the last century: amongst which may be mentioned "Heart of Oak Boys," "Steel Boys," "Defenders," and "White Boys."

But unfortunately we may descend to still later times:—nay, it will require no demonstration to establish the fact, that, even at this present period, Ireland is in a state of continual distraction and discontent: and is perpetually calling down vengeance upon its crimes and excesses.

Either, then, from wantonness and despotism, or from a melancholy necessity, the government of the sword has been uniformly employed;—and it has uniformly failed. The destruction of one unruly member of the community only makes way for the appearance of another, equally desperate and depraved. An ignominious death brings with it no alarm, and is attended by no beneficial results. In short, an Irishman foresees no danger, dreads no consequences, and is deterred by no severity. Every harsh endeavour, therefore, to introduce a system of order and subordination is futile and unavailing. Are we then to degenerate into inactivity, under the discouraging persuasion, that nothing can be achieved with regard to this unhappy country? Are we to satisfy ourselves with measures of severity, when necessity demands them; although convinced by experience, that they can scarcely produce even a temporary tranquillity from violence and insurrection? Surely, reason will suggest another, and a very different conclusion;—namely, that the system, best calculated for Ireland, has never yet been employed. Violence has here-

tofore had its trial:—what, if kindness and conciliation be tried?—What, if some exertions be made to rescue the lower classes of the Irish from that deplorable ignorance in which they are involved?

Here then we arrive at what we conceive one of the most probable methods of civilizing and tranquillizing Ireland: *Educate the Peasantry*, and they will no longer be inveigled by the artifices of villainy;—they will no longer rush, without reflection or calculation, into crime and destruction. For we are firmly persuaded, that their turbulence arises not from any animosity towards our Monarch or Constitution, but from crafty and disaffected disturbers of the public peace. Upon a mind, naturally impetuous and intrepid; neither fortified by instruction, nor improved by habits of industry; it is easy to conceive with what facility such characters can produce any effect, which may suit their designs: whilst the absence of superiors, to whom the Irish might look, not only for employment and reward, but also for guidance and protection, materially and obviously aggravates the evil.

Now, that the children of the Irish peasantry are naturally quick and intelligent, no one, in the least degree acquainted with Ireland, will deny. They are decidedly superior, in this respect, to the children in this more favoured country. The prompt reply, the rapid witticism, the shrewd remark, and the ready excuse, which must have been perceived even by the most casual observer, are sufficient evidences of this fact. In addition to this, they are anxious for instruction; and in general apply with far greater intenseness and assiduity than English children. With sincere gratification have we beheld them on Sundays, in those places where their religious education is attended to, eagerly flocking to their instructors, and applying with diligence to their allotted tasks. Whilst, then, on the one hand, the children of the Irish peasantry are naturally intelligent; and, on the other hand, are willing and anxious to receive instruction; why, in the name of common sense, of justice, of humanity,—why is it withheld? Is it because instruction produces no salutary effects? This is an objection which cannot be adduced by any one whose opinion is worthy of regard: since, in all ages, and in every country, ignorance is uniformly the prolific parent of superstition and iniquity.

But we shall be told of the insurmountable difference in religious opinions between Protestants and Catholics;—of the unbending bigotry of the Romish Clergy;—of their abhorrence of our heretical doctrines;—of their unlimited influence over their flocks. Now, of the intolerance of the Roman Catholic Church history will afford evidence, most con-

clusive and terrific. Nevertheless, with respect to the obstacles to the introduction of education into Ireland, we sincerely believe that there is very considerable exaggeration.

That the Irish Clergy may partake of the prejudices of the lower orders—that they may be bigoted, and in very many instances possessed of little erudition—we can very readily admit: because, in a majority of cases, they are sprung from the peasantry. That Popery also is calculated to render them intolerant, it is impossible to deny. But, that there arises from these circumstances so formidable an obstacle to the melioration of Ireland, as is frequently imagined, we by no means concede.

Admit, however, the force of this objection to its utmost extent: admit the animosity, and bigotry, and influence of the Catholic Clergy:—what then? There can arise but one legitimate conclusion;—namely, that every faculty should instantly be employed for the introduction of Education into Ireland; because, until this is effected, their animosity, and bigotry, and influence, will continue undiminished and unimpaired. They may impede civilization in its glorious career; but they cannot present any barrier so insuperable, as totally to paralyse its advance. They may exercise authority with their flocks, which, to a certain extent, may be influential; but it is impossible completely to extinguish the light of religious information. In short, neither by artifice, terror, nor force, can they *altogether* exclude education, if individuals can be found sufficiently active and resolute to introduce it: and, when once introduced, it will, although perhaps slowly and imperceptibly, increase; until a meridian of unclouded splendour has succeeded the first faint dawning of a brighter day. The longer this attempt is delayed, the greater will be the difficulty of making it: whilst Priestcraft will be gaining continual acquisitions to its strength, and ignorance be advancing to inveteracy.

So then, upon the very worst supposition, it is incumbent upon us to attempt, without delay, the Education of the Irish. How much then is this duty increased, if, as we most firmly believe, the difficulties are by no means so insurmountable, as some would represent them! What shall we say, if in many instances, particularly in the North of Ireland, there exists little, or no impediment at all? And may it not be rationally supposed, that in the South also, where Roman Catholics are more plentiful, *some* amongst their Clergy may be found, who, either from superior information, or from greater candour and mildness of disposition, or from carelessness and indifference; would look with complacency upon any exertions to improve the minds and morals of their flocks?

And here we would remark, that every endeavour to introduce religious education amongst the Irish must be made without the slightest allusion to their peculiar creed. Those common principles, which are equally recognised by all Christians, must alone be inculcated. Any interference upon points of difference between Protestants and Catholics, any attempt at Proselytism, would be at once imprudent and dishonourable:—imprudent, because calculated to defeat the education of the children by occasioning their removal:—dishonourable, because they would be sent to Schools conducted by Protestants, under a tacit agreement, that no such interference should occur.

We would observe, however, that Education, although a principal, is not the only means of meliorating the condition of our Sister Kingdom. To Education must be added *constant employment*. To behold children, half destitute of clothing, nurtured in idleness and filth, is indeed a spectacle, at which humanity recoils: and yet it is a spectacle, which may hourly be witnessed in Ireland. Instruction smiles not upon the dawn of existence; but Indolence trains Infancy and Childhood in its deteriorating lessons:—what wonder then, if vice and indifference should mark the future career? Whilst therefore Education must be introduced, so also must *Manufactories be established* for the employment of the population. The benefit, that would result from such a measure, can be appreciated only by those who have personally witnessed its effects. And yet how many towns are there in Ireland, where no such establishment exists!—where, in short, no permanent employment is provided for the lower classes!

But every pleasing anticipation, every flattering prospect, must be relinquished in despair, when we call to mind, that to accomplish the radical improvement of our Sister Kingdom, requires what, it is to be apprehended, will never be obtained;—*the universal residence of the nobility and gentry, during some part of the year, upon their estates*. They, and they alone, can establish Schools and Manufactories:—they, and they alone, can reduce Ireland to subordination and tranquillity. And yet are they supinely content continually to absent themselves from their property; to spend in England, that money which should be spent in Ireland; and to permit towns and cabins to continue from generation to generation in the same unvaried condition of filth and desolation. We say not, indeed, that they could at once effect an almost magical alteration in the appearance of the country. Fully sensible are we, that considerable time will be required to effect so desirable an improvement. Nor is it unknown to us, that, in not a few instances, from some unaccountable fatuity,

an Irishman will prefer his miserable habitation to a more comfortable dwelling at an easy rent; or will demand for his hovel a sum so exorbitant, as effectually to deter any person so disposed, from becoming its purchaser. This we have personally witnessed. But we *do* say—and we speak from observation—that in all those instances in which active and resident landlords are to be found, the appearance of the town is very materially improved, and the number of miserable cabins very considerably diminished. In a word, one thing is certain;—that so long as landholders are absent, so long will penury, and ignorance, and misery abound: and that, whenever they shall become resident upon their estates, and employ themselves with energy in the melioration of their dependants, from that moment may the prosperity of Ireland be dated and foretold.

In addition to those benefits resulting from such residence, which have already been enumerated, we would mention another, scarcely less important than the preceding;—the gradual annihilation of the system of *middle men*; than whom a greater, or a more destructive curse, has never visited our Sister Kingdom. Destitute of every principle of humanity; the defrauders of the legitimate landlord; and the remorseless oppressors of their unprotected tenantry; too long have they enjoyed their plunder, unrestrained by those, who alone could oppose any barrier to their exactions and their heartlessness.

But, if such are the beneficial results of residence, why are any to be found, who will continually absent themselves from their estates? Those excuses, which are urged in their justification, may, without much hesitation, be pronounced—*an unmanly timidity—and an unjustifiable preference of pleasure to duty*. They absent themselves, because their residence is attended with danger;—a danger, which, by their absence, they themselves first create, and then perpetuate. Or possibly they prefer the society and enjoyments of England; and consider this a sufficient vindication for a manifest dereliction of a positive duty—that of improving the condition, and mitigating the distresses of those, who have been placed under their protection and care. But we cannot more forcibly express our opinion, than in the words of Mr. Croker upon this subject.

‘So numerous are abandoned edifices in Ireland, that they keep alive a train of melancholy ideas in the mind of the traveller. They who reared these piles and filled their rooms with mirth, who gave plenty and employment to the poor, are now in their tombs; and their living successors, dead to their patriotism, dwell in other lauds, and leave the home of their ancestors a wilderness,



where long rows of majestic oak and elm appear destined only for the axe. Every one must wish such absentees could be made to reside in their own country—to enrich it with their fortunes, ornament it with their taste, improve the morals of the people by their example, refine them by their politeness, and protect them by their authority—then might we hope to see the laws respected, the rich beloved, and Ireland tranquil and happy.’—p. 267.

Such are the sentiments of Mr. Croker, obtained from personal observations in Ireland between the years 1812 and 1822: and the preceding extract affords us a favourable opportunity of passing from preliminary remarks, to an examination of the work before us.

‘Politics,’ says Mr. Croker, ‘have been carefully avoided; whether this will be considered a recommendation or a defect, I have yet to learn; but on a subject which has called forth so much angry discussion, I feel neither qualified nor inclined to offer an opinion.’ It is an omission with which we are not disposed to quarrel, since one principal object of this Review is to interfere, as little as circumstances will permit, with political discussion: in consequence of which we abstained from saying much, which might have been said, in our opening remarks. But we *do* quarrel with him for having made so few observations upon the means of meliorating the condition of our Sister Kingdom. For, with the exception of that manly and spirited passage with which our Readers have been presented, little, or nothing, is hazarded upon so interesting a topic. The intention of a Tour is not, indeed, to investigate this subject; still, it might be imagined, that a perpetual spectacle of poverty and misery would call forth frequent remarks upon the methods of improvement. And, since we have begun upon this principle, we will invert the order of criticism, and point out the faults of Mr. Croker’s publication, before we enumerate its excellencies.

His sentences are frequently too long. They are also often carelessly and clumsily, and in a few instances—did we not attribute the error to an oversight—we should say ungrammatically, constructed. The following specimens will suffice.

‘The cathedral has nothing attractive in exterior appearance; about a third part has recently been fitted up for service, in the florid Gothic style; and the carving of the oaken throne, pulpit, desks, and stalls, together with the entire effect, superior to any thing similar that I remember having seen in Ireland.’—p. 126.

‘The lyric production of a drunken cobbler, descriptive of Castle Hyde, is so popular as to require notice, which its originality perhaps merits, and also from the well known song of the Groves of Blarney, being an acknowledged imitation of this composition.’—p. 129.

‘ In 1605, the City of Cork, with its liberties, were separated from the County of Cork, and made a distinct jurisdiction.’—p. 197.

Moreover, either our own intellects are confused, or the following passage is very difficult of comprehension. We have compared it carefully with its context; but it still continues to us unintelligible.

‘ The delicacy which had induced this untutored old woman to refrain from intrusion on the father’s melancholy duty would have pleaded her excuse for the minuteness of her narrative, had not my age at that time rendered one unnecessary; and should the reader require an apology for the relation, I can only refer him to the feelings of his boyish days.’—p. 215.

We may now pass to the merits of Mr. Croker’s ‘ *Researches*.’ Upon this subject, we have no small pleasure in saying, that we consider his historical statements calm and impartial; his descriptions good, and his delineation of character and manners judicious and interesting. This last mentioned portion of the work is not a mere relation of those blunders and ludicrous adventures which have been quoted to satiety: but an entertaining account of customs and superstitions; at times enlivened by some humorous occurrence, or some laughable interlude of Irish brogue and witticism. Some of these customs and superstitions will, perhaps, be accused of bordering upon the marvellous: although we by no means wish to be understood as intending any insinuation that such is the case. There is also a highly pleasing account of those vestiges of ancient architecture, which present themselves to the inspection of the traveller in various parts of the South of Ireland. The mineralogist also, and the man of letters, will find much to gratify them in the chapters devoted to the Minerals and Literature of Ireland. Views, in the lithographic style, interspersed through the volume, are equally useful and ornamental. To these we think a few Maps and Plans might advantageously have been added. In short, we regard Mr. Croker’s ‘ *Researches in the South of Ireland*,’ as a valuable acquisition to any one interested in that neglected country, and very cordially recommend the publication to general inspection.

To the work is subjoined an Appendix, containing a private account of the situation of a family during the appalling scenes of the Rebellion of 1798: the relation is replete with interest, and carries with it every mark of correctness and fidelity.

The volume before us is a quarto of three hundred and eighty-five pages: if, therefore, we have any mercy, either

on our readers, or ourselves, it is manifestly impossible to offer an analysis of its contents. We shall consequently confine ourselves to a few particulars, recommending the entire work to such as may derive satisfaction from these specimens.

First would we allude to a most delectable journey which Mr. Croker performed, mounted on one of those delicious conveyances belonging to the lower classes. If our readers have not been in Ireland, they may figure to themselves a platform of wood, placed on two solid wheels of the same material, and totally destitute of even an apology for springs: to complete the picture, they have only to add a horse in the last stage of atrophy, and a road which would absolutely frighten Mr. MacAdam to death. The consequence of such a jaunt, on such a vehicle, was, that our Author and his companions (one of whom was a lady) had the satisfaction of receiving divers bruises and contusions, ere they reached the place of their destination. And what was their reception at this haven of rest? Mr. Croker shall tell his own tale.

‘The landlady stood at the door, and with a low curtsy, and a good-humoured smile, welcomed us to ‘the ancient city of Kilmallock;’ in the same breath informed us that she was a gentlewoman born and bred, and that she had a son, “as fine an officer as ever you could set eyes on in a day’s walk, who was a *patriarch* (a patriot) in South America;” then leading us up a dark and narrow staircase to the apartment we were to occupy, wished to know our names and business, whence we came, and where we were going; but left the room on our inquiring, in the first place, what we could have to eat. After waiting a reasonable time, our demands were attended to by a barefooted female, who to our anxiety respecting what we could have for supper, replied with perfect confidence, “Just any thing you like, sure.”

“Have you any thing in the house?”

“Indeed and we have not, but it’s likely I might be able to get an egg for ye.”

‘An examination of the bed-rooms will not prove more satisfactory; a glass or soap are luxuries seldom found; sometimes one coarse and very small towel is provided; at Kilmallock the measurement of mine was half a yard in length and a quarter in breadth; its complexion, too, evinced that it had assisted in the partial ablutions of many unfastidious persons.’—pp. 36, 37.

In nothing, perhaps, would the beneficial results of residence be more immediately observable, than in the improvement of the Inns of Ireland. It would be totally impossible for any nobleman or gentleman to permit such a system as at present exists, were it only for the comfortable accommodation of the servants and horses of his friends. In fact, our opinion upon this subject is not theoretical, but is drawn from actual observation. We have had the satisfaction of meeting

with such scenes as that which has just been depicted;—we have also, in towns where active noblemen were resident, experienced very different accommodation at the Inns, and have enjoyed cleanliness, comfort, and good fare. We speak more particularly of the North of Ireland.

So much then for Irish travelling, and Irish Inns! Our readers, however, will require something more expeditious than Mr Croker's most delightful car, to follow the wanderings of our present literary journey: since we intend to transport them at once from the third chapter of the '*Researches*' to the sixteenth, which treats of the Mines and Minerals of the South of Ireland. But, before we enter upon this subject, we must notice an observation of Mr. Croker, which arrests us in our progress, respecting the potatoe.

'Nor should it be forgotten,' he says, 'that potatoes were first introduced into Ireland by Raleigh, who, it is reported, brought them from Virginia, and planted them in his own garden at Youghall. However his military exploits deserve execration in the history of Ireland, the benefit conferred on the country by the introduction of this nutritive and prolific root, which, at present, constitutes almost the entire food of the peasantry, ought to redeem his memory, and consecrate his name.'—p. 152.

Now we are very far from being of opinion, that any gratitude is due to Sir Walter for this introduction; nor do we consider it as any blessing to Ireland. Had it never taken place, most probably, if not most certainly, greater attention would have been paid to the production of corn; and an improvement would have resulted both in the appearance and habits of the Irish peasantry. In fact, we greatly prefer the definition of Mr. Cobbett—with whose notions we certainly do not in general coincide—who designates the potatoe as "*Ireland's lazy root*." We believe this expression is somewhere in his work on "*Cottage Economy*;" a work, by the way, which, we are happy to observe, has called forth the attention of Irish ladies to his most ingenious and laudable discovery respecting the manufacture of bonnets from our own indigenous grasses. Then again, as to the highly nutritious qualities of the potatoe, we are extremely incredulous. Let any one examine the countenances of the *adult* peasantry of Ireland:—more particularly, let him observe women, after they have borne two or three children, and he will be but little inclined to give credence to the excellencies of the potatoe. The fact is, this food may be tolerable for children, but it is far from being sufficient for grown-up persons. Nor will the strength of an Irishman's frame, and the hardness of his constitution, contradict our assertion. For these an account may easily be given: their mode of life naturally and

necessarily hardens the muscles, and gives an iron character to the frame, notwithstanding the insufficiency of their food to produce such effects.

Upon turning to the Mines and Minerals of the South of Ireland, we are at once most forcibly reminded of the blessing which Coals would be to the peasantry of that unhappy country. At present, a chimney is by no means an indispensable part of a building; a door left slightly open, answers every purpose: indeed, the smoke is frequently kept in the cabin by closing even this outlet, for the purpose of increasing warmth. What effect this practice has upon the countenance may be easily conceived. But, if coals could be introduced, an immediate improvement would necessarily take place. The smoke arising from turf may be endured, but that from coals is intolerable. No hovel consequently would be built without a chimney. In addition to this, warmth would be increased; culinary operations performed with greater comfort and convenience; and, what is of no inconsiderable importance, the floor of the cabin would be dry. In process of time, the rooms would be constructed upon a larger scale; since a fire-place of the present width would diffuse a more than equal degree of warmth through an apartment of much greater dimensions: and the whole appearance of the cottage would be materially improved. Nor is this all. The introduction of coals amongst the lower classes would very sensibly lessen their distresses. For turf not only requires much trouble in its preparation, but by a wet season is rendered completely unfit for fuel. Hence, after a rainy summer, an Irishman has to meet the winter's severity without the means of procuring firing! All this is known, or might be known, to Irish Absentees: and yet they continue indifferent to the subject. Why could not various combinations of noblemen and gentlemen be formed to work coal-mines in Ireland, so as to furnish their tenantry with firing at an easy rate? Why—but because they do not listen to the demands of duty and humanity? Why—but because they would work coal-mines in England, or any where, rather than in Ireland?

There are, we believe, few countries more abundant in mineral deposits than Ireland. Of the thirty-two counties, nineteen, according to Mr. Croker, are known to contain iron; seventeen copper; eighteen lead; and sixteen coal. To enumerate each of these instances, and particularize every Mine, would be at once tedious to ourselves, and monotonous to our readers. A few, therefore, must suffice. At Beerhaven, near the mouth of the River Kenmare, on the county Cork side, there is a large Copper Mine at full work; which gives permanent employment to about six hundred persons of both

sexes, and of all ages from ten years upwards. And what is the result?

‘ Besides paying the proprietors very handsomely, the blessing which this mine has been to the surrounding country can only be appreciated by those who have witnessed such a scene. The place where, but a few years since, the barren and rocky mountains could scarcely sustain the lives of a few half-starved sheep, is now the scene of busy and useful employment, dispensing competence and comfort to hundreds.’—p. 314.

Let any one now determine, whether our expectations respecting the happy results of constant occupation are those of visionaries and enthusiasts. Let any one, after this account, reflect upon our statements with regard to the introduction of Coals amongst the peasantry of Ireland: combining the two-fold benefit, which would result to them, from certain employment and increased comfort. We experience pride and pleasure in giving publicity to that individual's name, who has conferred so great a benefit on his vicinity. Mr. Puxley discovered and works this mine; and most gladly do we add, that he is “*one of the proprietors of the property on which it is situated.*” Nor is this the only spot, where such laudable exertions would meet with their reward; since, in the neighbourhood both of Clonakilty, and of Killarney, there are manifest indications of coal, which have hitherto been disregarded. And why should not such be discovered in many parts of the county of Cork, besides the district North of the Blackwater; to which at present coal-works are entirely confined? We trust, however, that this limitation is nearly at an end; as the attention of some of the Welsh Coal Companies has recently been directed towards the Southern parts of our Sister Kingdom. To conclude—there is scarcely a metal which Ireland has not produced, with the exception of mercury, tin, and platina. There are also various indications of metallic deposits, hitherto disregarded, which might perhaps richly repay the curiosity of the geologist.

Among the scarcer minerals may be mentioned some veins of sulphate of Barytes (commonly called *terra ponderosa*)—some of Iron Pyrites—specimens of Asbestos—some crystals of quartz, called by the country people, “*Kerry Diamonds*”—and the Hydrargillite, or Wavellite, so named from having been first discovered by Dr. Wavell in Devonshire—which last-mentioned mineral is generally supposed to be confined to Devonshire and South America.

From the Mines and Minerals we pass on to the Literature of the South of Ireland.

If any credit is due to historians, Ireland, at a remote

period, was as much distinguished by learning, as it was adorned by religion. This forms a topic of national exultation. At the English Conquest, however, this glory was extinct; ignorance having established its demoralizing dominion, where knowledge had once shed abroad its invigorating beams. But it is well worthy of remark, and perhaps affords an evidence of pristine superiority, that, even at this present day, some vestiges of classical learning are discoverable amidst the gloom of almost universal barbarism. A tattered Ovid or Virgil may sometimes, according to Mr. Croker, (albeit the account is rather marvellous) be found in the possession even of a daily labourer.

In Munster, the Village Schoolmaster is a personage of no small dignity; acknowledging only three individuals as his superiors—the Lord of the Manor, the Protestant Clergyman, and the Catholic Priest. He sways his sceptre of dominion in a long thatched house; which he at times obligingly surrenders for the celebration of a wake; or the performance of mass, whilst the chapel is under repair; or even for the merriment of a dance. His highest class of pupils consists of men, often as old as their instructor himself, who are distinguished by the appellation of “poor scholars,” or “strangers.” These are generally the sons of reduced farmers, and come principally from Ulster and Connaught; who, having obtained all possible information in their immediate vicinity, wander to Munster to complete their acquaintance with the Latin, and to acquire the Greek tongue. From these scholars their master gains little, or no emolument. Indeed he frequently contributes his exertions towards their maintenance; and prevails upon his neighbours to afford them a gratuitous reception. He looks for his reward in the reputation which will accrue to him from the report of these pupils, upon their return to their native provinces. The conduct of these “poor scholars” is such, as to excite considerable astonishment in an Englishman. They leave their homes—wander through the southern counties—obtain instruction in every village school—investigate every local curiosity—and return, perhaps after having been absent a year, without having expended, or even possessed, during the whole of that period, one single half-crown: every want having been supplied by the peasantry, whose veneration for learning affords sufficient inducement for such kindness and hospitality. Where then is the difficulty of introducing education universally amongst a people, whose love of literature is by nature so strongly implanted?

But it is time to account for this phenomenon—the anxious desire of the peasantry for a classical education. The principal cause is obvious. The emoluments, or rather the privations,

of a Catholic Priest not presenting a sufficient temptation to wealthy families to bring up their sons for the clerical profession, the office has devolved on the peasantry. Hence the village schools are filled with these aspirants after the Sacerdotal employment; and there are few families, however miserable their circumstances, who do not possess some candidate for Ordination.

We are wandering, however, from the importance, which belongs to the preceptor. To his opinions the most respectful submission is paid: and he harangues in evening assemblies, with a becoming display of learning and rhetoric, to an attentive and admiring auditory. His declamation is usually characterized by a turbulent republicanism; which, from the general ignorance of his hearers, and the veneration attached to his wisdom, fails not to produce very manifest effects. Indeed, he is not contented with orations; and is not unfrequently the organizer of insurrection. From him are derived those plans which govern the motions of the disaffected; and by him are written their threatening proclamations, carefully misspelled, and subscribed with the portentous appellation of Captain Rock, or some other hero and apostle of insurrection. So true is it, that superficial knowledge, in the midst of surrounding barbarism, may be, and frequently is, applied to purposes most injurious to the welfare of society! Like the faint glimmering of a taper amidst impenetrable obscurity, it may tend only to render darkness more terrific, because visible, without imparting benefit or consolation by its imperfect effulgence.

It was our intention to have passed from the pedagogue's influence to the examination of his manuscripts; of which, as of all Irish compositions, the principal characteristic is a superabundant employment of epithets. We had resolved, also, to present our readers with some account of earlier Irish writings, and of Irish antiquarians. We perceive, however, that their patience must not be put to the torture by the prolongation of an article, already extended to a reasonable length:—we must, therefore, though perhaps somewhat abruptly, put a period to our lucubrations upon a subject, which, to ourselves at least, is possessed of more than ordinary interest. For further information, Mr. Croker must be consulted.

We have only to add, that it will prove to us a source of extreme satisfaction, if the 'Researches,' or any other publication on Ireland, shall be found to contribute, even in the smallest degree, in exciting attention towards that unhappy country, which has so long required the healing hand, and has so long been neglected. Let the present system of absence and inattention continue, and misery, distraction and crime,



will be the unvarying characteristics of Ireland; until some consummation, more disastrous than any thing which has hitherto occurred, shall teach us this important lesson, when too late. If, on the other hand, those, who alone can afford any permanent and efficient relief, would resort to their respective situations, and there conscientiously discharge their duty to God and their country;—if Education were universally introduced, Manufactories established, constant employment provided, and suffering relieved—then would loyalty and serenity succeed to turbulence and rebellion; then would civilization spread around its benignant and meliorating influence; then might Ireland become illustrious amongst the nations—nay, even rank amongst the proudest countries of the earth.

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ART. V. *Poems on Various Subjects, written chiefly during the Season of Youth.* By Nicholas Stratton, a Rustic Farmer's Son. *With illustrative Notes: to which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author written by himself.* Cambridge. Printed for the Author. 1824.

GRAY's celebrated lines,

' Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'

are not less remarkable for the truth, than for the beauty of the sentiment; the history of genius having unfolded many an instance corroborative of the assertion: and, indeed, were there no other demonstration, the volume before us, whose proudly emblazoned title heads this Article, is sufficient to convince any sceptic on the point. Since then the credit of the Elegiac bard may be upholden by an examination of these rustico-agricultural strains, we shall proceed forthwith to be the heralds of Mr. Stratton's fame—fame so illustrious, that the glories of Shakspeare, Ramsay, Burns, Bloomfield, and Clare, (not our association, upon honour) must henceforth be reckoned dust, when balanced in the scales of justice against the poetic cacklings of this great fen-goose, or *swan* of the marshes, who has tried his pinions in the breezes of Helicon.

It is surprising, that the world should never have heard of this sweet singer before; since, from his own account, he was a ' literary character' even '*before he could articulate distinctly*;' (p. 14.) which, according to his register of birth given in his Memoirs, happened about six and thirty

years since—if ever it happened at all. Such precocity of intellect is truly wonderful, though not more so than the obscurity in which the mellifluous Nicholas has since been involved. We little thought, indeed, when we used to slip over in a tandem to the punch-flowing ‘Fountain’ at Huntingdon, during our novitiate, that we were so near to the springs of melody; and still less did we imagine, in our excursions among the drains and ditches, the peat and the puddles of the fens, that we were trespassing on ground hal-  
lowed to the Muses. We have seen creatures, of all shapes and sizes, in that fertile district of moss and bull-rushes; and heard all tones of living animals, from the solitary croak of a disconsolate frog to the amatory cry of a widowed widgeon: but, to the best of our recollection, we never met with Mr. Nicholas Stratton, unless in the shape of a Soland Goose, one of which we remember to have seen fly away, in full chorus, with ten charges of No. 4, as a comfortable ballast, one cold day in the month of December. Surely this might have been our bard, in one of those soarings of imagination, to which Horace (prophetically, no doubt) makes a slight allusion, somewhere in his Odes.

‘Jamjam residunt cruribus asperæ  
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem  
Superne; nascunturque læves  
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.’

This passage will serve two purposes; for, if Horace, the citizen, could become a flapper, surely Mr. Nicholas Stratton, who has lived all his life amongst cocks and hens, and ducks and geese, could, with as much facility at least, put in practice aerial voyaging,—we *may*, therefore, be right in the supposition of a prior acquaintance; and, if this Article shall determine that we *are* right, by proving Nicholas to be bonâ fide a goose, the quotation will in turn be beneficial to *him*, by producing authority for the assumption of so flighty a character. But, barring all surmises of the sort, here is the ‘learned Theban’ in foolscap; and we must receive him as we would an Emperor from Melville Island, for he is, in truth, as illustrious a gentleman—being neither more nor less, than the founder of a new school of Poetry, which has a claim to some little attention, because perfectly novel and ingenious, both in its design, and in the lucubrations of those educated in the groves of this new Academus.

Of late, the literary world has been perplexed with various foundations, and original styles of verse; and the Lakers, the Cocknies, and the Jemmy Jessamies have divided the heaven of invention amongst them. In the midst of them all, up

starts a prophet of another sect, claiming equal honours, and equal emoluments to boot. Now, what is to be done? Are we to renounce Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt, and Hamilton, and the rest of the inspired, to follow in the train of Nicholas Stratton? or are we to take the said Nicholas in hand, and examine his credentials; and, if he be found wanting, sentence him to an immersion in the bed of the West Water, preparatory to his installation as Professor of Poetry to the eels and froglets? We shall decide on the latter of these plans, and proceed in our examination forthwith.

First of all, then, what are his credentials?—has he a right to manufacture rhymes?—can he do it?—and, if so, what are his views in so doing? That he has a right so to do, we think is indisputable; there being an inviolable rule at the court of the Muses, that any mortal, to whose Christian or surname a rhyme can be found, has undoubted authority to establish himself, wherever he pleases, as a merchant in jingle, or harmony, as his own convenience may determine. Now, who shall say Mr. *Stratton* is unrhymable? Is he not a *flat one*? Then as to *Nicholas*, if we say, “he is a poor *stick alas*?” we shall say but the truth. This gentleman has, therefore, permission to versify. Availing himself, then, of this privilege, he *has* versified—and that, too, according to a new fashion. Witness the following from an Apostrophe to Shakspeare.

‘ Oh! lead me to fair Avon’s banks,  
Where once *our* Shakspeare sung;  
Oh! let me stray at sober eve,  
His native vales among.

Oh! lead me to fair Stratford town,  
Where Shakspeare blest was born;  
There let me wander all around,  
Soon as the day doth dawn.

\* \* \*

Oh! let me stray the hills anear,  
Where once our Shakspeare dwelt;  
*Inspire me with the fine ideas*  
The bard of Avon felt!

Who shall say Nicholas Stratton is not a Poet?—aye, and a great one too? It has been observed by many, whom, till the publication of this volume, we fancied entitled to credit, that few Poets succeed equally well in every department of the Nine: we now consider them mere quacks and drivellers, and their opinion totally unworthy of the slightest regard; else how could this tender chicken—goose, we mean—of thirty

seven, exhibit such an overwhelming refutation of this foolish assertion, in the heroic, elegiac, descriptive, comic, serious, moral and religious, original and imitative, specimens, which he has here sent "forth upon the waters," like the 'Carmen' of the Laureate, in the hope, that the "world will find them after many days?"

But our readers shall judge for themselves. First of all, the heroics!

### A PATRIOTIC INVOCATION

HAILING THE GREAT DAWN OF LIBERTY IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. 1808.

(N.B. Our Author was only twenty-one years of age at that time!)

'Genuine Patriots! true sons of  
Liberty, all hail! hail to that  
Auspicious cause in which ye  
Have engaged. Ah! may your  
Efforts prove effectual, may freedom's  
Manly voice and strength unmatch'd  
Succeed, in rescuing your delightful  
And basely invaded shores from  
The mad prowess of a base usurper.'

\* \* \* \*

'Arm—arm against the furious  
Robber; nor let his legions, collected  
From all quarters of the earth, its  
very scum and dregs, break asunder  
Those gentle bands which link society  
Together,' &c. &c. &c.

Here's precocity for you!—But, readers, gentle readers, ye who weep at the tale of woe, prepare your handkerchiefs for a more than ordinary ablution. "Poor Emily, or the Child of Misfortune; a Poem occasioned by the death of Emily Spencer, a celebrated fashionable *impure*" (!!!) "*written at the age of sixteen*," heads the volume, and contains amongst a thousand beauties, the following elegant allusions and expressions:

'The child of misfortuné poor Emily was,  
She of plebeian parents was born;  
And her beauty, tho' great, prov'd the source  
Of much envy, ill-nature, and scorn.  
For a series of years unrivall'd she shone,  
Yet no real pleasure or comfort she knew;  
With her virtue, her friends away all were gone,  
And the tears of remorse her cheeks oft bedew.

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<sup>1</sup> *Literatim*, <sup>2</sup>pon honour.

Soon all her gay dreams of folly were o'er,  
 No longer of beauty or health could she boast;  
 Her charms they all vanished, her pleasure's no more,  
 Nor longer she reign'd as a favourite toast.

Being early seduc'd, in her *infantine* state,  
 Before she began to reflect, or to know  
 That man was deceitful, and that her sad fate  
 Would be sorrow, affliction, and woe.'

This pathetic performance ends with this useful piece of advice to the "now blooming fair;—"

' Ah! remember that virtue alone is the source  
 Of all that is good and is great;  
 Nor by illicit love's luckless course,  
 Endeavour to measure your fate!'

Bard Nicholas shines in the pathetic. We expect to hear of his doing up elegies by the dozen, and selling them at Pot Fair. Some Stanzas on the sudden death of a Miss Smith, "some pieces, of whose composition, written at the early age of fourteen, have APPEARED IN PUBLIC!!" contain the following lines:—

' Ah! Betsy, thou now art no more;  
 Thine eyes that beam'd delight,  
 Thy genius that aloft did soar,  
 Alas! are sunk in night.

No more shall scandal's busy tongue,  
 Impeach thy spotless fame;—(p. 136.)

to which is appended this explanatory note: "Some reports circulated with regard to this lovely lass, prove the truth of the assertion, that though a person be as chaste as ice,—as pure as snow, they shall not escape calumny."

We have room for only one other *bijou*: e. g.

LINES ON READING STERNE'S MARIA.

' Ah! poor Maria, thy hapless lot  
 By me can never be forgot;  
 Depicted by that master's art,  
 Who knew full well the human heart;  
 Oft shall thy piteous tale be read,  
 When I to other realms am fled;  
 Oft shall that tale attract a sigh,  
 And force the tear from Pity's eye;  
 Whene'er I read the works of Sterne,  
 Unto this tale I always turn;  
 Where genius, virtue, feeling, shine,  
 In every sentence—every line.  
 Poor luckless maid! I trust you rest  
 Within the mansions of the blest—

Mansions of joy, and peace alone,  
Where doubt and care are never known.'—p. 219.

We wish the author had spun another line—for *himself*. So much for the elegiac. He shines equally in the descriptive. Witness these stanzas from a long legendary tale about "The Ramsey Ghost."

' Not far from Ramsey's old Abbey,  
There dwelt a wicked wight;  
Who oft in right mischievous pranks,  
Took pleasure and delight.  
He placed a malkin in his field  
Bedeck'd with garments white;  
An old woman who came that way  
Intending to affright.'—p. 8.

But we said that Nicholas was a *moral* writer—he is also a *moral song-writer*—shall we not soon have the Fen-melodies published? A capital new song call'd "The Fair Female's Guide," begins thus :

' The female who carelessly revels in wine  
As a wife or a mother, she never can shine;  
Nor she who promiscuously joins in the crowd,  
And is heard, stentor-like, with voice rais'd aloud.'

But there is no end to his singing songs; so let us hear a hymn, which will prove him a *religious* poet likewise. He has introduced the following by a preface, stating, "that the poetry of Bishop Kenn, though far better than that of Sternhold and Hopkins, is not very sublime;" he "*therefore* ventures to offer some little attempts of his, designed for the same purposes, to the notice of the public:"

' Then let us hymn THE TWO great  
While here beneath the sky,  
Hereafter may it be our fate  
To praise our God on high!'—p. 180.

But Mr Stratton is a *comic* writer also. In "a Village Wake ludicrously described" we read,

' Some were walking o'er the meads,  
Along with lasses fair;  
Some were mounted on their steeds,  
A hunting of the hare.

At eve some danc'd the merry round  
Unto the sprightly fiddle,  
"Come, come, they cried, cast off at top,  
And then lead down the middle."

The girls did laugh and giggle now,  
For mirth became their master;  
And though the gipsy man play'd fast,  
By gum they danced much faster.'—p. 124.

Funny fellow! He says, in the Christmas dinner,—“a comic tale;”

‘ At inns, it too a custom is,  
For landlords then to treat  
Their guests with all that they can drink,  
And more than they can eat.’—p. 85.

Facetious dog! to conclude a piece of poetry to “a lovely lass” in this wise;

‘ Beloved—farewell,  
My name I can’t tell,  
No—this I must leave you to guess:  
It ends not with A,  
I will venture to say,  
And that it begins with an S.’—p. 176.

We should say it began with A, and ended with S. But Nicholas knows better than we do.

Now have we not fairly proved our author to excel in all the various species of poetry, which he has assayed? All are equally beautiful—equally instructive. In his imitations, however, he is still more successful, if possible. How sweet is this passage from “The Farmer’s address to his dying Horse, in imitation of *Bloomfield*,”

‘ I hope I hav’nt used you ill,—  
So does my good old dame;  
Of corn you always had your fill  
Nor work’d when tired or lame.  
Oft have we together hied  
Along the dusty road;  
On you I’ve had full many a ride  
And carried many a load.’—p. 47.

Now if this is not pure nature—and *Bloomfield* to a T, we are “not true men.” But let the great Laker of Winander-Mere look well to his laurels; for the great Laker of Whitte-sea-Mere can write “a *Lyrical Ballad*.” He rhymes in this fashion;

‘ ’Twas on a piercing winter’s night  
A scene I did behold;  
Which made my blood within me,  
To run with horror cold.’—p. 26.

He does not say whether he ‘beheld the scene,’ by moon-light, star-light, lamp-light, or by the light of the glow-worm, to whom he has devoted a page or two. But what did he see? “An old man gathering leeches?” Ah, no!

‘ I saw a rich young lord  
Drive from his mansion door  
An aged and helpless being,  
Who was infirm and poor.’

Mr. Nicholas Stratton, of course, pitied him,—nay, he asked the old man home to tea with him, and the old man told him a long story about his having seen better days, and so forth: beguiled by conversation, they sat up “the nipping night” through—the “Honest Beggar” went away in the morning—and Mr. Nicholas Stratton exulted, saying,

‘ With pleasure I recall  
This action to my mind,  
And since, I have resolv’d  
To prove to beggars kind.’—p. 28.

After this, we shall doubtless hear of his being made overseer at Abbot’s Ripton. The man who thus affords “Refuge to the Poor Destitute,” and then chants his generosity in such majestic strains, ought, certainly, to be rewarded. Mr. Wordsworth, look to your laurels! If “Peter Bell” should happen to pass through the fen-country, he will most assuredly be seduced from his allegiance. Mr. Wordsworth, we warn you this third time—look to your laurels!

Now have we not to thank Mr. Nicholas Stratton for amusement of no common kind? Independently, however, of the beauties which we have pointed out, there is scarcely a page in this volume which does not contain “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.” We must, nevertheless, draw our extracts to a close, and refer the curious reader to the volume itself, of which, for cheapness, we seldom remember an equal. It contains 188 closely printed pages, besides a Preface, a Life of the Author, and innumerable and invaluable notes, and is sold, for the sum of four shillings *only*, by R. Newby, in Trinity Street, Cambridge!

We have had no time to point out the principal features of Mr. Stratton’s poetry; but we shall briefly enumerate a few of them. He is, then, a very pure and simple writer, who “has looked on nature with a poet’s eye,” and sees wonders on all sides: and who, inspired with a love of the eternal fens, rises from his milking-stool to pour forth the efforts of his imagination in strains too refined, we fear, for the bargemen and dairy-maids who listen to the Doric warblings of his rustic pipe. Mr. Stratton is decidedly a great and an original writer—and, as we have already hinted, the decided founder of a new school of Poetry, which, we doubt not, will hereafter be rendered illustrious. He has contributed much towards improving the condition of his neighbours; and has set an example which will unquestionably be followed by “rustic farmers’ sons” to endless generations. Throughout his volume, we find touches of most lively, and pathetic interest, which awaken those indescribable sensations of ‘awe and de,



light,' which he so frequently experiences. Like other great men, he condescends to patronize 'deserving merit;' and hence it is, that we discover such frequent allusions to versifiers, whom an unjust destiny has rendered still more obscure than himself, in the luminous notes with which his metres are adorned and illustrated. Not a young girl is there in the country, whose virtue sits loosely upon her, who, if she has but the good fortune to die, finds not a champion and an embalmer in the tender-hearted Nicholas! Does his uncle come to see him? Nicholas pens a dutiful copy of verses on his departure. If a mad woman, or mad man, goes the way of all flesh, we find the anxiety of Nicholas excited in such strains as the following;

'Did you know lovely Ellen  
Who liv'd in yon dwelling?'—p. 113.

Conscious of his rank and influence in society, he dispenses his encomiums with a liberal hand. It is therefore only in character, that he should 'hail the genius of Wilberforce,' for 'relieving the black sooty tribe;' (p. 122.) that 'War,' 'Peace,' 'Grave-stones,' 'Ireland,' and 'Valentine's day,' should be immortalized by his pen;—and that 'dying profligates,' and 'emigrators to America,' should by his poetic spirit be rendered objects of envy to the virtuous and contented. Mr. Stratton is the man for an 'original Prayer,' or a 'Rustic Tale;' and the half-starved 'Irish' are enriched by his golden lines. We have hunted through his volume with very scrutinizing glances, but have found nothing to blame, except an occasional ambiguity of expression.

Having now shown our readers that Mr. Stratton can *write poetry*, we must endeavour in the third place to find his reasons for *publishing* it. These reasons lie thickly sown throughout the volume: which contains sufficient evidence, that Nicholas does not possess, amongst the other attributes of a Poet, the inordinate love of praise, and that self-satisfaction, which are said to characterize the whole fraternity. What—no exceptions?—What says the Preface?

"Though neither insensible to fame nor indifferent to profit, his first aim has been at once to *amuse* and to *improve* his readers—with what degree of success" (he modestly adds) "it is for a candid and discriminating public to judge." He further flatters himself, "if these efforts display no very superior powers of composition, that they will be found not to contain a single line which can either injure or corrupt the heart." All this is very well—and explains his design to be the amusement and edification of his readers; but this is not the whole, he aims at nobler and loftier objects—he hopes to per-

suade the government into measures calculated to ensure the welfare of his country—a hope, not unworthy the aspirations of a Hume, or the eloquence of a Burdett. Hear then his calm and dispassionate advice to the Secretary of State :

‘ Ye statesmen who produce such woe  
A pitying ear oh! lend;  
To Dermod’s fate and Anna’s grief  
Ye senator’s attend !

Does not their lot attest your guilt,  
And shew ye’re much to blame?  
Then seek dire warfare to avert  
And gain a better name.’

for “ the woes of war,” as he tells us in sober prose, “ are mainly attributable to the directors of political affairs.” (p. 94.)

Again—

‘ Oh! read these lays ye mighty men  
Doom’d now to rule the state;  
Peruse them o’er and o’er again,  
And pity England’s fate.’—p. 154.

How ominous are the two last lines! How beautifully ambiguous! and how expressive of his designs, in thus coming forward in the character of an author! ‘That a love of fame has not been influential, is very evident from the poetical dissertation on the Thesis, “ Content is happiness,” which closes these effusions of the Fen-countryman :

‘ Give me, kind Heav’n, a rural life  
Free from jarring, care, and strife,  
Far, far, from pomp and state;  
Let me but *smoke my pipe at home*,  
And those who choose may distant roam,  
In hopes of being great.’—p. 186.

Now, what does not the community owe to the Poet, who,—in spite of his ‘ pipe so white,’ and his quiet mimickings of the ‘ cloud-compelling Jove,’ in the chimney-corner of a ‘ rustic farmer’s kitchen—without any regard to fame or emolument, and solely for the purpose of amusing and instructing his readers, and *directing the affairs of the Cabinet for the good of the nation*—can fearlessly brave the perils of the critical ocean, and run the gauntlet of printing, publishing, correcting proof-sheets, and issuing puffs *venditory*:—and all this at a time too, when the lovers of Poetry are experiencing a drought of that liquid lusciousness, and when the affairs of Government are actually in a state of absolute *irretrievability*? Shall we not put on him the laurel crown, and send

him down to the banks of the Whittlesea-Mere, riding, like Bacchus, on a butt of Malmsey? To Nicholas Stratton be eternal thanks, eternal praise, and a perpetuity of fame!

Our readers, perhaps, all this while have been patiently waiting to learn something of the history of this worthy. "It has frequently happened, that of those who have contributed most to the *benefit* or amusement of mankind, but little has been transmitted to posterity. This was the fate of the inventor of the Mariner's Compass, of Shakspeare, and other individuals." (Introduction, p. 13.) And Nicholas, fearing that he shall be condemned to the same obscurity as Shakspeare, and other silly folks, who have done less good in their generation than he has done in his—to immortalize himself, and save the credit of posterity, very good-humouredly comes forward 'to gratify the curiosity of the public,' which he rightly believes to be very great on his account.

Accordingly, he tells us, that he "was born on the 4th day of December, 1787, at Abbot's Ripton, four miles from Huntingdon; and was christened Nicholas, after Nicholas Bonfoy, Esq. of that place." Oh! that Homer had left as much on record to gratify public curiosity, as this second-hand Nicholas! What a world of scribbling; what reams of paper; what oceans of ink; and what hecatombs of geese—some of them, perhaps, brother poets—would have been spared! Master Nicholas "was a very sickly infant—and no hopes were entertained of his ever arriving at maturity." We fear that his hopes upon this subject may be still an asymptote to their object. However, to continue:—"My fondness for books," says he, "began to display itself very early—for, long before I could articulate distinctly, I used to get a book and read what I called my lesson." This lesson was "*the first chapter of St. John*"—"by which appellation he was often designated!"

"The first chapter of St. John," "was next sent to two or three old women in the parish," and then to Mr. John Luff of Huntingdon, where he got on wonderfully. He used to "spend his dinner hours in reading Gay's Fables"—preferring, of course, the adventures of 'the lion in the ass's skin' to a rasher of bacon and fen-dumplings. Poets are fed by heavenly hands, and nurtured on the bread of the immortals! Mr. Luff's pupils, it seems, used to amuse themselves with "what they called, *acting of plays*:" so Master Stratton "joined heartily with them," and actually *wrote* "a drama" for them, called "*Damon and Phillis*!"—but, "to his great mortification, it was declared unworthy of performance." Ungrateful condiscipuli! to reject a drama from the pen of the incipient Shakspeare. "Another amusement, *when Mr. Luff was*

from home, was that of singing before his Mistress in the parlour,"—and Master Stratton's song was called, "*Spanking Jack!*" His "mistress often complimented him on his correctness of pronunciation"—but said, "he had no ear for music!" He was "inspired with rapture and delight" by the representation of the farce of 'my Grandmother,' at the Huntingdon theatre: and afterwards went to St. Ives, where he practised the correction of "*Exercises in bad English*," which to him "was very little trouble." As a proof of this, he has published an address to the glow-worm, every other stanza of which contains unanswerable evidence of the truth of this assertion—

'When comes the night, thy radiance bright,  
I view and I admire;  
At morn's return, thou cease to burn,  
Extinguish'd is thy fire.' &c. &c. &c.—p. 34.

He grew rich, he says, "in halfpennies and marbles by assisting others," though "he ran the hazard of having his ears pulled." He was often entreated by his companions to assist them in their sums, "over which some of them would sit for whole days together!" On leaving school he was set to the plough-tail, but "the love of books prevailed," and he copied whatever "took his fancy out of the newspapers and other publications." We wish he was here now, to re-copy his own memoirs. "But his hand-writing," he says, "was as bad as the Harringworth Doctor's!" About this time he fell in with Shakspeare; and, when reading his plays "aloud in the family, frequently drew tears from his auditors as well as himself." Who would not weep to hear the words of William Shakspeare recited by Nicholas Stratton! "He began at sixteen to write poetry." "I read," says he, "and re-read, transcribed, and re-transcribed my effusions, and some"—you Alaric!—"I *destroyed!*" His first effort was, "*The Gamester, a Moral Tale*." Soon after he began to write verses, a favourite dog died, and was buried in one of his fields: he put up a tile for a gravestone, and wrote an epitaph; "but some audacious boys demolished the tile, and destroyed his memento of the faithful animal." He next wrote about Lord Camelford:—

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\* This is the original note on the passage:—

"The late Dr. Stanger of Harringworth in Northamptonshire, who, whatever were his real abilities, certainly performed many extraordinary cures: his prescriptions were written in a style "hard to be understood," and the strokes of his pen usually resembled those of a fire-stick." Oh! that he had made one other cure, friend Nicholas!

‘ May suns still shine on thy remains,  
Till time itself shall fade.’

But, to proceed. “ I began my *literary career* under every discouragement: my *mother often scolded me for wasting candle, ink, and paper, and injuring my health by study*, but I could not be persuaded to divest myself of my natural propensity to scribbling; and often in my youthful days, while the rest of the family have been enjoying the comforts of a “ blazing hearth and warm fire-side,” have I sat on a cold winter’s night, penning the effusions of my brain, till I have been nearly frozen, or poring over them with a view to correction.” Courteous Reader, is he not a living instance of the justness of the “ *Ars Poetica*?” Next we find Nicholas taking in the “ *Naval Magazine*,” (does he take in the *Cambridge Quarterly*?)—reading Bloomfield’s *Farmer’s Boy* “ with enthusiasm,” and “ *singing in praise of it*.” Then he turned critic—“ *Oh ye Gods, and little fishes!*”—and actually reviewed an “ *Amatory Rural Poem, called the Young Carrier*,” when he “ *treated the author very severely*!” Now are we absolved. “ *The Life of Lackington, and Zimmerman on Solitude, increased his love of reading* :” but his memoirs are here rather dull, being only enlivened by the mention of “ a poem,” in celebration of our great Naval Victories, since the commencement of the French Anarchists,—which may, at some future time, be given to the world.” How glad we shall be to see it announced! He tells us next of his intimacy with “ a Mr. Little”—in whose honour he has composed lots of verses; of his writing *about* a bureau of M. de Sevigne, *on which he wrote* his memoirs; of his printing a Valentine” in the *Huntingdon Paper* in February, 1815; of his attending a Bible Meeting; and lastly, of his having “ *committed a sin in dining with Mr. Cobbett!!*” Then he speaks of his political principles, which are neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical, and of a celebrated “ *nutting excursion at our woods* ;” an account of which he sent to the County Paper, and afterwards re-published in his Memoirs, “ *at the earnest request of many of his friends*.” We have no room for a *third* edition of this interesting history; although it was quite “ an Arcadian scene,” with “ the tea, nuts,” and “ merry dance under the greenwood side,” to “ the accompanying violin and flute.” Mr. Stratton tells us, he has “ for some years been an *annual attendant on the Huntingdon theatre*.” He saw Pizarro performed once, and it “ inspired him with an ardent love of liberty, and a determined enmity to Spanish perfidy.” Here too he saw the young Roscius, and heard “ with astonishment

Mr. Lloyd's Lectures on Astronomy." The rest of the memoir is taken up with the account of his propensity to scribble, and his defence of it, in which he lays forcible hands on poor Burns, Will. Shakspeare, Bloomfield, and Clare. Many incredulous persons have disbelieved all the nonsense which poets talk about inspiration; but Mr. Stratton must convince them, we think, that there is such a thing. "I have sometimes," observes he, "endeavoured to refrain from writing altogether, but if I have succeeded for a few weeks, *my literary mania* has commonly returned with double force. I have frequently had a dozen stanzas come as it were involuntarily into my mind (*magnum narras, vix credibile!*), and I could never rest till I *had wrote* them down." Now, is not this inspiration more genuine even than that which produced *Kubla Khan*? Nicholas is a laker of the first water, depend upon it. A friend, whom he consulted—from whom N. S. learnt "stenography, or short hand," as he explains it,—is introduced as fanning the latent spark in the bosom of the great Stratton into a flame of genius, by stating that "in his judgment, his poems possess *great merit*;" but he slyly hopes that the illustrious bard does not "study them *to the entire neglect of his short-hand*." Very sage advice, and well expressed. But Nicholas has another test "for ascertaining the merit of his productions," and that is, the introduction of "*Comic Songs*" of his own composing, "among the little circle of his village friends," which have sometimes "set the table in a roar." Of this we have not the least doubt; for we have been in a roar of laughter for the last three hours; and when we shall cease, is among the arcana of fate. Nicholas asks, if he may be permitted to add, that he looks upon singing, if kept within the bounds of decency, as at once an innocent and rational amusement, and believes that—

‘The hours so spent shall live  
Not unapplauded in the book of heaven!’

Our readers will, doubtless, allow him "to pop the question;" but think of Nicholas Stratton singing his own songs, like Chauncy Hare Townsend, or Thomas Moore!

The Memoir is wound up with a refutation of Milton's absurd theory, "that poets are not good judges of their own works;" and Bob Burns is special pleader on the occasion. What a fool Milton was! what a philosopher is the Fen-man!

Nicholas returns "from his digression," to inform us that he attended, "in 1822, the Anniversary Meeting of the Huntingdon Friendly Society for Reading and Discussion;" and

favours us with a copy of most imaginative verses on the occasion, which we must omit, in order to insert his concluding remarks. "Though feelingly alive to the joys of social life, friendly to every innocent, every rational amusement, *the love of letters* has ever been my *predominating characteristic*;—it was my earliest *predilection*, and will, I trust, continue to cheer me,

‘ While reason bright’ remains.’

Pursuing the various avocations of agriculture, with unceasing assiduity, I may truly say with the Prince of Rural Poets,

‘ The fields my study. Nature is my book.’

Amid all the strange vicissitudes of life; and of those vicissitudes I feel that I have had my share,

‘ Far from the busy haunts of crowded cities,  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
I still have kept the noiseless tenor of my way.’ ”

Probably our readers may think; that we have been hoaxing them;—but, we can assure them, all this, and more too, is to be found, as we have averred, in the shop of Mr. Richard Newby, under the sign manual of Mr. Nicholas Stratton. We have, if we mistake not, afforded, in imitation of our friend, some little “amusement and instruction,” to many, who would otherwise have died of King Arthur’s ‘fever on the nerves.’ But the best joke in the book is yet to come. *Credat Judæus!*—the work is *dedicated*, with the usual prolegomena of explanation and humbug, to “LORD JOHN RUSSEL!” who has shown his approbation by subscribing for *eight* copies of these rustico-agricultural ditties, “whose object is to point out in simple colours the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice!” This is, as it should be, and we think the dedication most appropriate. Lord Russel is a farmer and a poet, and has a friend Little; and so has Nicholas Stratton. We rejoice, however, at the discovery, that the Right Honourable Member can find amidst the multifarious business of compounding tragedies, distilling parliamentary harangues, and listening to the amorous praises of his friend Little, time and inclination to turn to the coincident pursuits of a fellow labourer in the double walk of song, and sowing; who, by a most wonderful fortuitousness, has a *little* friend of like name and nature.

<sup>3</sup> Should his reason ever grow rusty—what a loss will the world sustain!

<sup>4</sup> Vide *La Belle Tryamour*, in Knight’s Quarterly Magazine, from the pen of the ‘incomprehensible Moultrie.’

'Par nobile fratrum.' May they descend down the stream of time together, and may generation after generation, when they lay their hands upon the subscription copies of these original chantings, pronounce a benediction on the taste of their great ancestor; and publish, with deserved admiration and delight, the praises of the patron and his *protégé*—connecting, with alphabetical preciseness, the wisdom of a RUSSEL, and the genius of a STRATTON!

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ART. VI. 1. *Cambridge Classical Examinations. Cambridge. 1824.*

2. *An Enquiry into the Studies and Discipline, adopted in the two English Universities, as preparatory to Holy Orders, in the Established Church: in a Letter respectfully addressed to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and M. P. for the University of Oxford. By a Graduate. London. 1824.*

THERE are two criteria, by which we may judge with tolerable precision, concerning the merit or demerit of any public institution—the character of its assailants, and of its advocates. If it is attacked, on the one hand, by the ignorant, the discontented, and the unprincipled, while it is defended, on the other, by those whose conduct is the evidence of their moral integrity, and whose writings are the proof of their mental illumination, this circumstance alone bears no contemptible testimony to its real excellence and utility. For, next to the approbation of the sober and the judicious, the highest honour and most irrefragable evidence of merit, is the hostility of the ill-judging and the intemperate. The light of the sun is not the less brilliant and beautiful, because it affords some annoyance to the owls and to the bats. Not to mention that the refutation of unfounded calumnies affords a position to the Apologist of such an institution, which he could not take up, while unattacked, without incurring the imputation of presumptuous confidence and overweening vanity.

These observations are peculiarly applicable, at the present period, to those venerable Universities, which have as fair a claim to the appellation of the Eyes of Britain, as ever Athens and Sparta possessed to the title of the 'Eyes of Greece.' Both have encountered the rude attacks of ignorant



aliens or jealous rivals, or disappointed and disaffected sons—both have been defended by men whose erudition and judgment appears to the greatest advantage, when contrasted with the shallow petulance and presuming arrogance of their opponents. Those of our critical contemporaries, who have engaged in this unprofitable warfare, will not, we apprehend, find much scope for quarrelling among themselves about the division of the laurels, which they may have reaped from their attacks upon the Universities. It is true, that as soon as one of these gentlemen is put to shame and silence, another starts up in his place, with equal malignity and equal impertinence ;

Non Hydra secto corpore firmior  
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem ;

but each successive head of the monster is seared to the roots, by the prompt application of the same effectual remedy. The Universities ought to inscribe in their catalogue of benefactors the names of a Brougham and a Bentham, since to these gentlemen they are indebted for the ablest and most successful of their Apologists.

It would be equally uninteresting and irrelevant to notice specifically *every* charge which has been advanced by ignorance or malevolence against the Universities ;—we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to two, each of which has a particular reference to Cambridge. The first is, a deficiency of due encouragement to classical studies ; and the second, an unbecoming inattention to those pursuits which are more immediately connected with the Clerical character and profession. To the former of these allegations, the work now under consideration will afford the most satisfactory answer. If it were once true that Academical honours were too exclusively conferred on the favoured votaries of Mathesis ;—(though it should be even then remembered, that three-fourths of the University prizes are restricted to classical compositions)—that objection, as will be proved, exists no longer. Without disparaging the pretensions of Oxford to the successful cultivation of the “*literæ humaniores*,” we may now affirm, that it would be as difficult to award the palm in classical attainments to either University, as Queen Elizabeth found it to decide between Buchanan and Haddon—and that it will consequently be prudent to leave the decision in the same uncertainty. We cannot require Oxford to ‘yield the prize,’ but we say, ‘Let both divide the crown.’

It is, however, only an act of common justice to state, that, in the improvements which have recently been introduced into the course of studies pursued at Cambridge, the

respected Author of the work before us has been materially, if not primarily, instrumental. During a period of nearly fifteen years, which has now elapsed since his elevation to that chair which was previously dignified by a Porson—a name, in Greek literature,

*Cui nihil viget simile aut secundum—*

while the late Greek Professor has been uniformly devoted to the particular interests of his College, and accessible to the most lowly and friendless Undergraduate who solicited his assistance—not only allowing, but encouraging such application—he has ever been studiously attentive to the character and condition of the University at large. It has been his unremitting endeavour—an endeavour which, we rejoice to add, has been crowned with complete success—not only to place classical studies on their proper footing, but to combine with the ‘sound learning’ of Cambridge somewhat of ‘religious education,’ particularly by investing the University examinations with a more decidedly theological character. To this laudable object he has devoted with unremitting assiduity his time, his talents, and his influence; proving, that while he resolutely withstood the pernicious encroachments of specious innovators, he was at the same time the friend and advocate of all real and rational improvement. The evidence of his exertions, as we have already intimated, is partially developed in the work which we are proceeding to examine, and which will constitute a more emphatic eulogy on his long and most beneficial services, than can be offered by our feeble pen.—We have to apologize for this digression into which we have been betrayed by the warmth of our own feelings, and which we are sure will be forgiven by every reader, who has personally enjoyed the benefit of the late Professor’s acquaintance, or who feels any interest in the welfare of the University.

The design and character of the work before us are thus explained by the Author:—

‘The idea of such a Publication was suggested by the anxious wish frequently expressed by students, to obtain copies of examinations which had been proposed on previous occasions. By thus allowing them an opportunity of perusing and considering such documents, I hope not only to gratify a reasonable curiosity, but to guide their studies, in the course best calculated to prepare them for a similar ordeal. And independently of any academical objects, a collection of this nature, consisting of choice passages from the best authors of antiquity, can hardly fail to be in itself both interesting and useful to the classical student.’

The hope which Doctor Monk here expresses will, we doubt

not, be verified by the actual result of his work. For ourselves, we can truly say, that such a publication, in the young days of our academic pilgrimage, would have been to us of inestimable value. A juvenile student, fresh from the public institution, or the private seminary, will not now enter upon his course of reading in the dark. He will not only learn, with which of the Authors of Antiquity it is necessary to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance, but will become acquainted with the nature and extent of that knowledge which will be demanded of him;—a knowledge, at once solid, accurate, and extensive. Seeing also, as he cannot fail to observe, that the examinations to which he will be subjected are not restricted to *one* branch of classical literature, but extended with a due impartiality to *all*, he will not fall into the error of pursuing one department of study to the exclusion of another. It will not be the mere approbation of a partial and incompetent judge that will lead him to think more highly of his own attainments and abilities than they deserve—for here is a standard, by which both may be adequately measured—and the young Icarus may try the strength of his wings before he ventures on his flight. Considered in this point of view, we strongly recommend the excellent work before us, both to those gentlemen who are engaged in preparing young men for the Universities, and to the embryo Academics themselves. We are sure that no inconsiderable advantage would result from an attentive perusal of it, for some months immediately preceding their entrance at the University.

Another point worthy of notice, is the accurate judgment and correct estimate of youthful powers which are evidenced in the selection of these extracts. Dr. Monk, we perceive—and are glad to perceive it—has not only refrained from choosing the most perplexed passages in the Authors whom he has employed; but has, in not a few instances, endeavoured successfully to simplify and elucidate those which were complicated or corrupt. It is not altogether by ingenuity in unravelling the thread of a confused and intricate passage, that the real attainments of a classical student are to be estimated. A correct and animated translation of a striking or sublime passage is a far less exceptionable criterion than an ingenious conjectural emendation—and a copy of elegant Latin verse or Ciceronian prose is far more indicative of the true scholar, than an elaborate arrangement of some tangled Chorus into metres, respecting which no editors agree, or agree only in perplexing themselves and their readers. We by no means undervalue the science of Catalectics, Acatalectics, Brachycatalectics, Hypercatalectics, Antispastics, Parœmiacs, Dochmiacs single, and double—‘cum multis aliis’—

we only rejoice to observe that Dr. Monk's metrical and prosodical queries may be as correctly answered by a sound and elegant scholar, as by the mere patient plodding pains-taking drudge—the 'word-catcher who lives on syllables.'

In addition to the intrinsic beauty of the passages selected, we remark with pleasure the variety of their subjects. Every branch of classical study has its turn; the Greek and Latin Poets, Historians, Orators, and Moralists, are alternately called into requisition, the translation of *poetical* passages being frequently required to be made into English Prose. We consider this last measure highly useful, as it must elicit a young man's acquaintance with the sense and spirit of his Author far more effectually than a mere Latin paraphrase, in which there is necessarily scope for considerable deviation from the original. The occasional questions are such as might be expected from Dr. Monk's well known taste and erudition. We have never met with a set of queries so well adapted to sift the young student, and fathom the depth of his miscellaneous reading, though it has been our fortune to have inspected at least the ordinary proportion of academical papers.

It is unnecessary to do more than advert to the corrections which are made in the selected passages, and which display so much of Dr. Monk's usual judgment and ability, as to excite something like regret, that his critical labours have not been exerted on a more ample field. We would particularly instance the passage from the Ajax of Sophocles, p. 105.

We now turn from the late Professor's book, to a brief examination of the state of classical studies in the University of Cambridge, which is calculated to awaken hearty congratulation for the present, and joyful anticipation for the future. We remember the period, when the charge adverted to at the commencement of this article, in reference to classical pursuits, was at least partially true—when, if Mathematical proficiency were not the exclusive—it was unduly the primary qualification for academical emoluments; and when, in the opinion of many, there would have been almost an immeasurable interval between the name that stood highest on the Mathematical Tripes, and that which was distinguished in the same imperishable record by the significant letter A. This was perhaps an anomaly in an University, whose very constitution demanded a peculiar devotion to classical studies; particularly when it is considered that the majority of the determining Bachelors, whose names are recited even in *Comitiis prioribus*, (such only excepted as have attained the very fastigia of the temple of fame) kick away the ladder by which they have ascended to this enviable eminence; or to waive all metaphor,

make as much haste as possible to deposit in everlasting oblivion the overpowering load of Spherics, Isoperimetrical problems, Maxima and Minima, not forgetting the Differential, Fluxional, and Integral Calculi, with many other appendages equally attractive, at the bare recollection of which

‘ Animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.’

We much doubt whether Porson himself would then have obtained a fellowship any where but at Trinity. While, on the contrary, classical studies are those which never satiate nor disgust—they go with the individual into life; they always adorn, always interest, always delight him. But the reproach of Cambridge in this respect has been fully, and, we trust, finally done away. Classical pursuits have been elevated to their legitimate rank, without lowering mathematical studies, the Sisters now walk side by side; and, in our opinion at least, the stern and severe Mathesis has acquired additional grace and comeliness by her intercourse with the Maids of Helicon. The first Classical Tripos—(which we venture to predict, will hereafter be ranked among the most honourable distinctions of Cambridge) affords ample reason to hope, that, although the examination be restricted to those who have obtained a certain rank on the Mathematical Tripos, (a salvo to the ancient dignity of Mathesis which must satisfy even the Johnians) yet that our list of honours in *lit. hum.* will not be quite so meagre as our sister Oxford’s catalogue of those who excel in *discip. math. et phys.*—The spirit of Dr. Monk has, we rejoice to see, passed into his successors, as may be seen by a reference to the subjects of examination for the classical Tripos, which we hope to subjoin in the Academical Register.

Such then is the present state of classical studies in the University of Cambridge, and so arduous is the path in which every young student must tread, who aspires to a portion of her academical honours or rewards. It is a state of things worthy of an University which has produced a Bentley and a Porson, and which still numbers among her members a Monk, a Blomfield, and a Dobree. To such a school we may look—and look with confidence, for a succession of men calculated to sustain that proud pre-eminence which our Universities claim among the learned bodies of Europe. While Cambridge can boast the distinguished names above-mentioned, and Oxford can reply to them with a Gaisford, and an Elmsley, neither need deprecate a comparison with the Academies of the North—or the Institutions of the Continent. The course of reading pursued at Cambridge, tends neither to make her students superficial smatterers, nor abstracted pedants, but comprises all that is necessary to form the sound

scholar, and the accomplished gentleman, coupled with much that may conduce to unite with these characters that of the enlightened Christian.

We say *much*—for it must in candour be acknowledged, that if our University be deficient in any point, it is in reference to theological studies. We cannot, however, admit that this deficiency is either so extensive or so irremovable, as it may suit our adversaries to insinuate;—much has been done—enough, and more than enough, to warrant the sanguine expectation that nothing will eventually be left unaccomplished. Here again we gratefully acknowledge our obligations to the excellent Dean<sup>1</sup> of Peterborough, to whom it must be mainly attributed that in the previous examination (which is known among the ‘gens togata’ of Cambridge by the uncouth appellation of the ‘Little Go’) a competent acquaintance with one of the four Gospels in the original Greek is indispensably demanded. We heartily wish that the same condition may be eventually annexed to the general examination of the Questionists in the seventh and eighth classes—and that to the six first books of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* may be added not *one* only, but *all the four gospels and the Acts of the Apostles*. But we rest in perfect confidence, that the wisdom of those distinguished individuals who preside over academical affairs in our University, will introduce every improvement which may stand the test of examination, so soon as circumstances shall prudently allow of its introduction—and will render Cambridge not less eminent as a theological, than it has long been as a classical and mathematical seminary.

The subject of the studies and discipline which should be preparatory to the clerical profession, are sensibly and temperately discussed by the author of the letter to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, who styles himself a Graduate, and whom, from internal evidence, we pronounce to be a Graduate of Oxford. This gentleman, though he is by no means blind to the deficiencies of his Alma Mater, and somewhat too lynx-eyed in discovering blemishes in an Alma Mater who is *not* his—must not be identified with the reckless band of destroyers, who would level with the ground the whole goodly and venerable fabric,—because there is a single column in

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<sup>1</sup> It would be unpardonable not to mention, in connection with theological studies at Cambridge, the name of Mr. Benson, who, during the course of his official lectures, pressed upon the University the subject of a religious education in a strain of mingled eloquence and piety, which has been rarely equalled, and never excelled. We sincerely rejoice in the elevation of this gentleman to a situation which will enable him to be more extensively useful; and we hail the appointment of such men as Monk, Blomfield, and Benson, to eminent stations in the Church, as a proof that the present administration are not less sincerely interested in the ecclesiastical, than in the political prosperity of the country.

which the exact proportion is not observed. We do not, however, pledge ourselves to the admission of all his statements. As an Oxonian, his bias may naturally be supposed to lean towards his Mother University, and he may be excused for not being aware, that 'an equally great and beneficial change has taken place of later years' at Cambridge, as at Oxford. 'Not only is a candidate for the first degree expected to answer ordinary questions in divinity'—a provision absolutely insisted on by the recent regulations to which we have already adverted—but in the private college examinations, two of which every student must necessarily undergo, some standard theological work, e. g. Paley's *Evidences*, Bishop Tomline's *Theology*, Bishop Butler's *Analogy*; &c. together with one of the four Gospels, constitutes an important part. By the public examination, that which was the reproach of our University, and which was so eloquently deprecated by the pious and energetic Hulsean Lecturer (Mr. Benson) has been in a great measure done away. Still we agree with our Author, that something more may be effected, though we cannot concur in his suggestion as to the means.

He proposes first,

'The main remedy I should suggest, is this: that a certain number of colleges in both universities be set apart, for the sole and exclusive education of the clergy: that in such colleges, while every due care and encouragement be given to classical and mathematical learning, paramount attention be paid to all those studies, more strictly and immediately tending to promote attainments, and frame and encourage a conduct, suitable to the Christian priesthood: that an appropriate academical dress be assigned (resuming the discarded bands,) which on no occasion is to be laid aside: that a distinct and professional examination be held for ecclesiastical degrees: and above all, that a strict yet liberal discipline be enforced, to discourage every expensive and luxurious habit;—every propensity towards those guilty and ruinous excesses, which, before God and the world, they will erewhile engage for ever to abandon.'—pp. 21, 22.

Now this measure, we do not hesitate to say, would be neither proper nor practicable. It cannot be expected—nor is it to be desired, that any of the ancient and royal foundations of which the University is composed, should voluntarily descend below the level of its rival establishments, by the exclusion of young men of large fortunes and superior rank. All that could be done, to render colleges exclusively clerical, has been enjoined, in many instances, by the will of the founders—and the adoption of a particular dress would be so invidious a mark of distinction among the Undergraduates themselves, that it would most probably inflame the very evil which

it is intended to extinguish. If new foundations were to arise upon the model of Downing and Trinity Hall, which may not improperly be termed Lay-Colleges; the others might be left more exclusively to clerical students—but the remedy in this case, would be too slow to allow of our awaiting its operation. ‘The enforcement of a strict, yet liberal discipline’ is a measure, which, we believe, has been adopted in every society within the compass of our own University—we at least, when we recur through the interval of years to the commencement of our own academic career, see ample reason to congratulate the University, and the nation at large, on the change which has already taken place. And we hail this improvement with peculiar satisfaction, since it has been introduced with judgment, carried forward with forbearance, and accomplished without any rude or hasty innovation on those venerable institutions, which, if they are not too perfect to require amendment, have yet, ‘with all their imperfections on their heads,’ conferred through a succession of years, inestimable benefits on the community.

The Graduate’s second plan, ‘that a third or ecclesiastical university be founded in some suitable part of the kingdom, or that so many new colleges be built at Oxford or Cambridge for the reception of the church student, after the attainment of the Bachelor’s degree’—is scarcely less open to exception. If such an institution were founded, it would be an unnecessary encroachment on the privileges belonging exclusively to the Ancient Establishments, to place it on a level with the Universities—if new colleges were erected either at Oxford or Cambridge, it is hardly to be expected but that the same causes would produce the same consequences. No strictness of internal discipline, no distinction of external appearance, will counteract the demoralizing influence of dissipated and depraved society.

The Graduate alludes to an individual—the Rev. Dr. Burrow—who has formed an establishment for the reception of students in divinity, graduates of either university, with the sole purpose of preparation for the Church—at the same time expressing his apprehension, lest a similar plan should be adopted by other individuals not equally competent to its execution. “On this hint we speak.” Might not an institution of this description be advantageously established in *every* Diocese, under the immediate sanction, and, as far as practicable, personal superintendence of the Bishop or his Archdeacons, into which every candidate for holy orders,<sup>2</sup> *who has gradu-*

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<sup>2</sup> There may perhaps be Dioceses in which, from the poverty of the livings, it would be impolitic to require the rigid observance of this condition. In two of



ated either at Oxford or Cambridge, might be at liberty to enter? Without having recourse to actual compulsion, might it not be accounted an additional recommendation to the candidate for Holy Orders to have spent, six, twelve, or eighteen months in this institution? Might not some active and experienced clergyman be placed at the head of the establishment, to whom the emoluments arising from the annual payments of the young men might be an adequate remuneration—or might not rather some living be annexed to the Headship, in discharging the duties of which, the Principal might present a living example of clerical zeal and devotion to the Members of his Society? Of course University offices, &c., to be considered a sufficient ground of exemption; and also age, when the Candidate shall not have graduated till twenty-four or twenty-five (a circumstance by no means of unfrequent occurrence in the present day,) premising, in such instances, a more than ordinary acquaintance with theological subjects. We merely throw out the suggestion, leaving it to those Directors of Ecclesiastical affairs—who, we believe, possess the inclination as well as the ability to rectify all deficiencies in our church establishment—to judge how far it be expedient or practicable. We will not yield to the Graduate in sincere attachment and veneration towards the church of England, and towards those excellent foundations, which have, notwithstanding all their imputed defects, hitherto supplied her with a succession of Ministers, distinguished, as a body, by sound erudition, discreet zeal, and fervent piety.

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ART. VII. *The Greek Revolution; its Origin and Progress: together with some Remarks on the Religion, National Character, &c, in Greece.* By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. London. G. and W. B. Whittaker. 1824.

THE spectacle of a Nation struggling for those rights, which Reason and Religion alike sanction and acknowledge, can scarcely be contemplated with indifference by any one, in whom the loftier feelings of our nature have not been debased by servitude, or enervated by indulgence. But, when the interest of such a scene is augmented by the recollection of pristine independence—of brilliancy unrivalled—eloquence unparalleled—civilization the most refined—valour unshaken—and patriotism unappalled—we gaze with feelings, which

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these, we believe, there exist institutions for the proper preparation of candidates for Orders, which preparation is taken as an equivalent for an University degree. Still our observations are applicable to far the larger proportion.

bid defiance to description—with admiration, which it is not in the power of language to express. Such, then, is the spectacle presented to us in that land, which, ‘from the first dawn of reason,’ we have been taught to consider as a country intimately connected with all that is beautiful and elegant in Science, all that is delightful and instructive in Erudition. Roused by unlawful and unsparing despotism, and exasperated by continual and innumerable insults, Greece has risen from her oblivious supineness, and is bursting those shackles of submission and bondage, which too long had curbed the freedom of her once illustrious sons. We glory in the deed, as men—as Britons—and as Christians. Nor has this enthusiasm been abated by our connexion with the University of Cambridge. Amongst its members, two subjects are looked upon with peculiar interest—the cause of Grecian independence—and the exertions of Belzoni. These last indeed are now no more: but it affords us a mournful gratification to express, however briefly, our feelings of regret for the enterprising wanderer, who regarded that liberal and enlightened body with confidence and delight. Possessed of every qualification of mind and body requisite for so arduous an undertaking, has Belzoni fallen a victim to disease, where Burckhardt, and Ritchie, and Bowdich had fallen before him—followed by the regret of the present, and commanding the admiration of each subsequent generation. But to return. In examining the conflict of Greece for liberty, we shall first compress into as small a compass as possible the most material transactions of the war, from its commencement to the present period; and shall afterwards notice some circumstances connected with the subject.

In the year 1820, an unexpected rupture between Ali Pacha and the Porte summoned the flower of the Turkish Army from Livadia and the Morea, to subjugate this tyrant of Albania. A period so momentous was not neglected by the advocates of freedom; and the insurrection (which was originally determined for the year 1825) was in consequence somewhat precipitately commenced. Alexander Ipsilanti, and Prince Cantacuzene, both descended from noble Greek families, entered Moldavia from Russia, at the head of two hundred followers; firmly persuaded, that, upon the first appearance of revolt, the contest for liberty would become universal. Upon their arrival in Walachia, their army had increased to 9000 men. With troops ill-disciplined, destitute of field artillery, scantily supplied with ammunition, and not possessed of one single fortified place, were these chieftains attacked by the Turks. A total defeat was the inevitable result. Ipsilanti, having escaped into Hungary, was there seized by order of

the Austrian Government, and has been detained in confinement ever since: upon principles, and for reasons, which, we presume, that Government alone can explain. The provinces immediately submitted to their former despots; and so ended the campaign of Moldavia and Walachia: in which however, short as it was, some deeds of valour were performed, not unworthy of the Greeks of Marathon and Thermopylae. For its failure various causes may readily be assigned—the absence of money and stores—the despicable treachery and selfish cabals of Ipsilanti's officers—and the bad discipline of troops, collected under every possible disadvantage.

Unfortunate, however, as this expedition proved, the call to liberty had been heard; and unwonted feelings were struggling in the bosoms of the Greeks. Whilst Ipsilanti roused the inhabitants of Moldavia and Walachia, similar attempts were made in the Peloponnesus; and with the most salutary result. The rising, which commenced in Arcadia, was simultaneously followed throughout every town and village of the Morea. At the same moment, Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, were declared independent; whilst many other islands of the Archipelago were restrained only by the presence of Turkish garrisons. To be brief—in a short time, the Greeks became possessed of the greater part of the Morea; some fortified places being excepted, to which they laid immediate and persevering siege. Several circumstances also combined in their favour. The best Turkish forces were kept in cantonments near the Danube, to prevent the renewal of hostilities in that neighbourhood: whilst the conflict against Ali Pacha, and a war with Persia, prevented any adequate force from entering the Morea, during the period of fifteen months.

From the Peloponnesus, we must return to Northern Greece. A revolution was effected in Acarnania and Ætolia without difficulty: so also in Phocis, Attica, and Boeotia; although the inhabitants of these regions achieved very little worthy of notice. In Macedonia also, the Christians gained some advantages; but, being devoid of any settled arrangements, they were speedily dispersed.

Such was the state of affairs by land. At sea, the Greeks were completely victorious; and rode undisputed masters of the Ægean; keeping the Turkish ports and islands in complete blockade.

The opportune arrival of Demetrius Ipsilanti, brother of Alexander Ipsilanti, added fresh vigour to the cause. About two months afterwards, Prince Mayrocordato united himself to his countrymen, bringing with him a supply of military stores. Nor must Colocotroni be forgotten—a Chief, who had never yielded to the Turks; but, like his ancestors, had

continually carried on a petty warfare against them, making the most inaccessible mountains of Arcadia his abode. To these must be added the brave and unassuming Nikitas. Under such commanders, the war was vigorously carried on. The Turkish garrisons in the Morea were closely besieged: Malvasia and Navarin capitulated, and Tripolizza was taken by storm. The Turks indeed made an attempt to prevent this catastrophe: but, whilst descending from Thessaly and Macedonia, they were intercepted by the gallant Odysseus, and put to the rout.

There remained, however, one place of pre-eminent importance in the hands of the Infidels—we mean Corinth: the value of which position needs no lengthened demonstration, being sufficiently manifest by the most casual inspection. To this point, therefore, the Greeks turned their anxious attention; and, after an obstinate resistance, became possessed of the long wished-for town: where the seat of government was immediately established.

And now their situation became one of the most imminent danger. The death of Ali Pacha had not only rendered a large body of troops unnecessary in Northern Greece, but had also furnished the Porte with very considerable treasure. Accordingly, an army was organized at Larissa for the invasion of Peloponnesus; and a formidable naval expedition was preparing at the Dardanelles. A part of this armament sailed to the Gulf of Lepanto, with the intention of relieving Patras, which was invested by the Greeks: but the rapid advance of Colocotroni put an end to the attempt; the troops which had been disembarked, experienced a total defeat: and the squadron made all sail for its original station. Intercepted in its passage, it was worsted in a running fight.

But the remainder of this equipment, under command of the Capitan Pacha, executed its destined purpose, by performing a work of desolation, a parallel to which has never yet, and, in all probability, never will, stain the pages of recording history—we allude to the destruction of Scio. The triumph, however, of the Capitan Pacha was happily of short duration. The Grecian fleet, too late for the relief of Scio, fell in with this monster, and succeeded in burning himself and his vessel, and in dispersing his ships.<sup>1</sup>

The importance of Corinth, both to the infidels and the Christians, we have already mentioned. No wonder, therefore, if the former were as anxious to obtain possession of so advantageous a post, as the latter were determined to pre-

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<sup>1</sup> By a singular coincidence, the Acropolis of Athens surrendered to Col. Voutier, on the same day.

serve it. Accordingly, whilst Mavrocordato was engaged in Albania, the Turks advanced upon Corinth; which once more fell into their hands. The division then proceeded towards Napoli di Romania, which was closely invested by the Greeks. But Machmout Pacha had to contend with an enemy, characterized by no ordinary activity. Colocotroni, having suddenly quitted Patrass, proceeded rapidly to Argos; when, having united himself to Ipsilanti, he strongly intrenched their united forces at Lerna. Arrived at Napoli di Romania, the Turks soon discovered that they were destitute of provisions; having trusted to such resources as the country, through which they had advanced, might afford: retreat, therefore, was unavoidable, but it was encompassed with difficulties. Incessantly harassed by Ipsilanti and Colocotroni; and continually intercepted by detachments which had occupied the passes between Napoli di Romania and Corinth, Machmout reached the Isthmus with troops most fearfully diminished in number; and even these shattered relics were soon after made prisoners by the gallant Odysseus. All hopes of assistance being now destroyed, Napoli di Romania capitulated to the Greeks.

Meanwhile, Mavrocordato, as has been already mentioned, was prosecuting the war in Northern Greece. Unfortunate in several instances, he was at length obliged to fall back upon Messolunghi, followed by the Turks. The loss of this point would have been nearly fatal to the cause of Grecian independence. Situated on the Gulf of Lepanto, it at once commands its entrance, and ensures a continual communication with the Morea: to defend this post was, therefore, Mavrocordato's unalterable determination. The fortifications were in a state of miserable dilapidation; whilst the want of food, guns, and ammunition, added to his distress. Nevertheless, with only five hundred men, here did this intrepid Chieftain prepare for the attack, which was soon made by an investing force of fourteen thousand men. No time was now to be lost. Succour was hastily sent from Peloponnesus, whilst the Acarnanians and Ætoliens, having recovered from their first panic, assaulted the Turks in the rear. In a short time the infidels were entirely defeated—made a precipitate retreat, leaving behind them the whole of their artillery and stores—were intercepted by various detachments, and either cut down, taken, or dispersed. Acarnania and Ætolia were once more free: the fortifications of Messolunghi were repaired; and, in three months, the place had assumed such an aspect of defence, as will, we trust, for ever deter any subsequent attack.

But Messolunghi is invested with a melancholy interest from a circumstance, which has there so recently occurred—

the death of Lord Byron, who had, much to his honour, identified himself with the suffering and struggling Greeks. It is an event, which we most sincerely deplore. We had still cherished the hope, that one, who, at an early period of life, had charmed and astonished the world, might yet retrieve those errors, in which a morbid misanthropy, and a querulous infidelity had involved him. That hope must now for ever be resigned: and we can only follow his Lordship to the tomb with our most earnest wishes, that, at the hour of death, he may have found consolation from those tenets, which, during life, he had rejected and despised!

We must return, however, to the subject more immediately under consideration. The commencement of the next (the third) campaign was marked by the advance of the Turks into Livadia, where they carried on their usual system of plunder and destruction. Odysseus soon fell in with these marauders, and having put them to the rout, drove them to take refuge in Negropont. A subsequent attempt of the Ottomans to re-enter Acarnania was frustrated by the daring intrepidity of Marco Bozzaris, who stormed the enemy's camp in a midnight attack; but the victory was dearly purchased: Bozzaris having met, in the very centre of their camp, with that glorious death, which, to the patriotic soldier, must ever be a subject of envy and satisfaction.

Meanwhile the Grecian Admirals sailed to Candia, where the conflict for freedom had animated its inhabitants—and obtained some advantages by sea.

Little now remains to be added. Success still crowns the exertions of the Greeks, whilst the good wishes of thousands accompany their endeavours. The Morea is completely in their hands, and affairs are in a prosperous condition in the Northern Provinces, whilst some fortunate occurrences have weakened the power of the Turks by sea: so that sanguine expectations may be formed as to the ultimate success of an undertaking, which, for energy and devotion, has never been surpassed.

But it is time to examine some circumstances connected with this warfare. And first would we notice those cruelties of the Greeks, which have been by some so loudly denounced. Far be it from us to sanction any excesses in addition to those horrors which are inseparable from war. But, we would ask, has the question been fairly stated and examined? Has each scene of atrocity been carefully compared with those, which, under similar circumstances, have been witnessed amongst nations, incomparably more civilized than the Greeks? Have allowances been made for the unavoidable irritation of feeling, generated by lengthened suffering? Has the desire

for revenge, necessarily produced by a remembrance of savage and unprovoked despotism and brutality, been thrown into the scale? Lastly, has the conduct of the Turks, in this respect, been scrutinized and condemned? The fact is simply this: the system of cruelty was, in every instance, commenced by the Turks; and in their cruelty, they have invariably gone far beyond the Greeks. What, if at Tripolizza a most unjustifiable butchery took place?—are not the outrages at Scio far more terrific, and far less provoked? We should imagine that, in that single spot, cruelty enough was exhibited, to overbalance all the barbarity of the Greeks—nay more, to justify—if any thing can justify such a measure—the total annihilation of the Turks. Nor let it be forgotten, that, in each instance where Grecian vengeance burst forth with uncontrollable fury, it was contrary to the wishes and the exertions of the Chiefs: whereas, amongst the Turks, the work of desolation was uniformly encouraged, if not commenced, by the Commander himself. Let it be remembered too, that the outrages of the Greeks were gradually diminished by their leaders, in proportion to the increase of discipline—whilst, on the contrary, the conduct of their enemies has continued unaltered and unimproved, even to the present moment. Thus, then, we dismiss the charge of cruelty against the Greeks.

A remarkable feature in the Greek Revolution next claims our attention—the fact, that, throughout the contest, they have fought single-handed. Whatever may be the speculations of party with regard to the propriety of leaving these Christians to their own unassisted exertions (with which speculations we do not pretend to interfere) one thing we consider most certain—that to the Greeks themselves, it is a circumstance peculiarly fortunate: for, not only has it called into action that energy, which otherwise—to a great extent at least—might have continued dormant; but it has also secured to them the exclusive possession of their own territories, whenever they shall succeed in ejecting their unlawful and tyrannical usurpers: whereas, had some nation, more powerful than themselves, furnished them with the means of deliverance, it would also have exercised over them, when delivered, a system of domination. Scarcely possible is it, that those who had liberated the country, would have laid no claim to any portion of it, when liberated. This statement is consistent with reason, and it is supported by history.

There is, however, one circumstance which must be most sincerely deplored. We mean the dissensions which have continually harassed the Grecian Chieftains, and materially weakened their cause, by destroying their unanimity. That such is the case, must form a topic for regret, rather than astonish-

ment. For a long system of oppression, accompanied by a total absence of faith and honour, must inevitably engender a habit of suspicion, which is not easily laid aside, even when the necessity for it no longer exists. On such principles must these jealousies be explained—whilst several instances of treachery amongst pretended allies, have naturally increased what peculiar circumstances had begun: perhaps, too, the petty love of command, or even a regard to personal aggrandizement, may be enumerated amongst the causes of disaffection and distrust.

But our readers will imagine, that we have forgotten the work, the title of which is prefixed to this Article—we must consequently rescue ourselves from the imputation of composing dissertations, when we should be reviewing books. We can assure Mr. Blaquiere, that we most heartily coincide with him respecting the liberation of Greece. Most ardently do we long to behold, and most gladly would we further, so glorious a consummation; nevertheless, we think that his enthusiasm has led him to depict the manners of the Greeks—and more particularly their domestic habits—in too favourable a light: although we fully agree with him, that “instead of raising an outcry about their degradation, we may rather wonder that the national genius has triumphed so much over the disadvantages of its situation.” (p. 299.) With the return of freedom, we doubt not, every thing will return, which is calculated to exalt them to that eminence which they once so proudly possessed. There is also the mention of a few facts, connected with the conduct of the Christian world, respecting which considerable misrepresentation must, we think, have taken place. For instance, Mr. B. must forgive us, if we honestly confess our incredulity with regard to the following circumstance. Speaking of the massacre at Scio, he observes:—

‘It has been asserted, upon authority which cannot well be doubted, that the wretched beings thus saved from Mussulman vengeance, were obliged to pay large ransoms before they could leave the Island. Nay more, numbers of those who escaped the massacre, affirm that it was extremely difficult to obtain even temporary protection under the Christian flags, without first gratifying the avaricious demands of those who conceived this appalling event, a legitimate object of mercantile speculation.’—p. 196.

Now, not one syllable of this do we deem worthy of receiving credit either from Mr. Blaquiere, or ourselves: and, until evidence somewhat more conclusive than any such hear-say assertion can be produced, we shall request permission to continue in our infidelity.



Nor do we see the exact necessity or propriety of the following assertion respecting the Greeks :—

‘Anathematized by the Holy Alliance assembled at Laybach, and exposed to the mistaken policy adopted by a late Minister of England, they had nothing but persecution to anticipate from the Christian potentates.’—p. 184.

Now, the Holy Alliance gave, perhaps, little more satisfaction to ourselves, than it did to Mr. Blaquiere; still, where is the proof that the Greeks “had nothing but *persecution* to anticipate from the Christian potentates?” Does Mr. B. consider *neutrality* as persecution? If so, then Britons are persecutors—a characteristic which, we believe, had never been discovered till the appearance of Mr. Blaquiere’s lucubrations. Then again, even if the “policy adopted by a late Minister of England,” were “mistaken”—it has at least, been such as to prevent, instead of promoting, any *persecution* from the “Christian potentates.” It is one thing to stand aloof from, or even to deprecate any measure—another, and a very different thing, to *persecute* its supporters.

One more marvellous narration, and we have done. The regenerated Greece derives much benefit and delight from the sapient disquisitions of Mr. Jeremy Bentham!

‘Like the lamented Lord Erskine, whose devotion in the cause of Greece, shed such a bright halo round the last days of that great and good man, Mr. Bentham has given up all the energies of his *powerful* mind to the subject; and though Greece may not be enabled to profit by his *sublime* and benevolent labours so soon as the friends of humanity could wish, she already appreciates their value, with a degree of gratitude and zeal that does her public men and citizens the very highest honour.’—p. 310. note.

In truth, if such be the case, Mr. Blaquiere’s account of the high tone of Grecian minds and morals must be vastly more exaggerated, than we had at first been led to imagine. If Greece can profit by the “*SUBLIME* and benevolent labours” of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, we fear that the period of her restoration to the blessings of civil and religious organization is much more distant, than we had fondly anticipated. Perhaps we shall be informed, that Jerry’s immortal fabrication, commonly entitled “Not Paul, but Jesus,” furnishes an article towards the complement of every knapsack. Thus may the Grecian soldier be at once instructed in matters of Religion and of politics, by the “*SUBLIME* and benevolent labours” of this “*GREAT* and *GOOD* man!”

So sincerely, however, are we attached to the cause of Greece, that we are inclined to part on good terms with the

Author of the work before us. Mr. Blaquiere's publication is an entertaining relation of recent events. There are frequent minor imperfections of composition and construction, which might be pointed out: but for these we can readily make allowance from the hurry with which the work must originally have been written, and with which it was most probably passed through the press. We confess, indeed, that we can not fully coincide with his views, either in politics, or religion: but in his enthusiastic anxiety for the recovery of Greece from a system of bondage the most disgraceful, we most heartily unite. Speedily may that period arrive, when the fertile scenes, once rendered illustrious by poets, and orators, and heroes, and demigods, shall no longer be polluted by the tread of aliens, as degenerate as they are base—when tranquillity shall succeed to devastation—civilization to brutality—learning to ignorance—religion to fanaticism—the Cross of Christ to the Crescent of Mahomet!

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ART. VIII. *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.* By Lady Morgan. In Two Volumes Octavo. London. Colburn. 1824.

No character, perhaps, amongst the celebrated artists of former times has been examined and discussed so frequently as that of Salvator Rosa: and yet, strange as it may appear, there is scarcely a votary of Apollo, with whom the generality of readers are so little acquainted. Few are aware of his characters of Musician and Painter, and still fewer are possessed of any information respecting his poetical abilities: and whilst his "Landscapes with Banditti" and the other wild productions of his pencil are occasionally mentioned, his "La Babilonia" and "La Poesia" are altogether neglected. Had therefore Lady Morgan, when she undertook the history of this personage, confined herself to a vindication of the literary character of Rosa, she would have executed a work, at once entertaining and instructive; but it is somewhat curious and absurd to find this *lady of all work* taking up her argument on the ground of *patriotism*, and endeavouring to establish the Painter's fame as a demagogue and a radical. Such then, ludicrous as it may seem, is the design of these bulky volumes, in which it is sufficiently manifest that the *doer* of France and Italy<sup>1</sup> thought less of rescuing Salvator from oblivion, than of

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<sup>1</sup> Speaking lately to a French nobleman on the subject of her 'France' and 'Italy,' we were much amused by the following brief opinion of the lady's performances. "I don't like that woman: *she tells fibs*—her books are *pots pourris*." The opinion of her countrymen is not therefore singular.

demonstrating him to have been an advocate of those opinions which she has so recklessly declared; and which, regardless alike of public or private estimation, she still pertinaciously retains.

We do not intend, however, to endite an elaborate essay on her work, because we could not accomplish such a task without submitting to the unpleasant operation of wading through that multiplicity of errors which we have just discovered in Lady Morgan's opinions, as well as in her historical details, of the times which she has described. Nor do we deem it necessary to draw up another biographical sketch of the illustrious artist, since such accurate and satisfactory accounts are to be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; in *Chalmers's Dictionary*; in the *Vita di S. Rosa*; and in a host of Italian writers of the period in question, which are quite as accessible to our readers, as to the great lady of Italy herself; who, with all her pretence to erudition, and with the stores of information which she received from "the number of distinguished friends" whom she made and left in that country (the lustre of whose blue skies has not yet faded from her imagination,) has not been ashamed to obtain from these works the principal materials for her flimsy publication. To detect the numerous misrepresentations which Lady Morgan is sure to introduce, whenever she leaves, for a page or two, the beaten track marked out by her predecessors, would be an easy, though a disgusting office; for they lie scattered up and down so thickly, and take such tangible shapes, that no one acquainted with biography can mistake or confound them with the clear narratives of the Italian writers who have treated on the subject. That Salvator Rosa was, like most great characters, an ambitious, bold, and fearless man; that, like most who have risen from obscurity to an exalted station amongst the worthies of his time, he spurned the adventitious ornaments of birth and descent—we do not deny; that he was not, what Lady Morgan would represent him, a *radical* in the fullest sense of that degraded term, we do not scruple to assert.

The character of Salvator Rosa has been misrepresented in two material points by almost all his biographers: they

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<sup>2</sup> The next passage tells us who these distinguished friends were. "Many,"—we use her Ladyship's words—"have been condemned to death! the greatest number have saved life by perilous evasion and indigent exile; and some, at the moment I write, uncertain of their fate, are wearing out their prime of existence in solitary confinement." No wonder, if such were her *distinguished* friends, that her work on Italy, as she tells us, was *proscribed*—and that it required great exertions to prepossess the public in favour of "herself and her Salvator!" "me and my Salvator!" says she; the word *my* is peculiarly emphatic, and pretty well expresses the nature of her work.

describe him at times in too amiable a light; and at times they overwhelm him with imputed errors and unfounded accusations. His chief and distinguishing failings were the natural consequences of those circumstances in which he was placed. In youth he was little better than a bandit, in manhood a debauchee, and through life extravagant to a proverb; yet there were some indications of better feelings, which, to a certain extent, atoned for these defects. Perhaps, on the whole, as a member of society, he was not very estimable; but the splendour of his reputation in the characters of Poet, Musician, and Painter, has taught us to forget those spots, which darken on his reputation. With regard to his political career, he was probably neither the radical (we beg pardon) *patriot*, which Lady Morgan represents him, nor yet the peaceable and contented supporter of legitimate authority, and established rule. We think, however, that his character might have escaped any examination from the pen of Lady Morgan, without experiencing either detriment or depreciation. Amongst those who alone deserve the name of artists, he has long since arrived at that eminence which he had struggled to obtain: and with the literati his pretensions have been candidly investigated, and his fame honestly allowed. As a Musician, he gained an estimation which will surely be quite as acceptable from the acknowledgment of a Burney, as from the encomiums of a Morgan; and with regard to his private character, there are others more capable of passing an opinion upon it than the author of the 'Wild Irish Girl,' and 'Ida of Athens.'

Having said thus much respecting the purport of the book before us, it is time to say something respecting the book itself: and, as we suspect that no one will hereafter select it as a model for biographical memoirs; we are inclined, from charitable motives, to rescue it from oblivion, and point out what its 'Creator'—(to use a *Morganism*)—may consider beauties, but what we luckless mortals, in our blindness and stupidity, look upon as *trifling* imperfections. We are under no apprehensions lest Lady Morgan should pronounce us to be ungallant critics; because she well knows how to send out a *reponse*, if we deserve one, and we are by no means afraid of her castigating pen, if she should think it necessary, or feminine, to dip it in the gall of virulence and abuse. Indeed, we should rejoice if she would favour us in the same manner, in which she favoured the Reviewers of her Italy; and forward to our publisher an hundred-paged reply, to be stitched in the next number of this publication.

And first we have to complain of the size of the work. Eight hundred pages is rather too great an amplification.

We are certain one volume of three hundred pages would have contained all that is worth repeating in these two goodly octavos, with their wide margins, large types, multifarious notes, lists of lords and ladies, notes of *admiration*,<sup>3</sup> and eternal quotations from Passeri, Baldinucci, and Voltaire. In fact, the Author appears to have written on the plan of saying as much as possible upon the subject, without any regard to the necessity of restraining her unlimited reflections. The next accusation which we advance is on the score of her political discussions, which certainly are both needless and irrelevant. There is a frequent exhibition of her inimical propensities towards Kings and Governments; and she omits no occasion in which an opportunity is afforded of reviling some Potentate, who may have been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure. Indeed, she deals rather too much in low, vulgar abuse on this subject, for her reputation as a *lady*.

Moreover the good lady is sometimes a little inconsistent even in her abuse. In one place she attacks Popery, as if it were a Prime Minister; whilst, in another, we find her defending, with all the skill of a novel-writing biographer, the monstrous absurdities of the pictorial emblems of the Romish Church. We take the following passage at random.

‘Painting (which, in the progress of civilization, precedes music, as being less abstracted in its principles, and more tangible in its effects) was, even as early as the thirteenth century, adopted by the Church as a means of riveting her power, by bringing over the senses to her interest. Its effects were magical: it personified the essence which thought could not reach; it depicted the mystery which reason could not explain; it revealed the beatitudes of Heaven, and the punishments of Hell, in imagery which struck upon the dullest apprehensions and intimidated the hardest conscience; and the Madonnas of Cimabue and the saints of Giotto were found to be no less influential in their calling, than the councils of the assembled Church and the Bulls of the Lateran. Eyes, which shed no tears over the recited sufferings of the Saviour, wept gratefully over the pictured agonies of a self-sacrificed mediator; and stubborn knees, unused to bend in mental devotion, dropped involuntarily before shrines where a fair young mother and her blooming offspring, a virgin parent and an infant God, awakened religious adoration through human sympathies.

‘The doctrines of a mystic creed thus enforced through palpable forms addressed to the affections, powerfully assisted to awaken faith through feeling; for that which is felt, it is difficult to doubt, and that which satisfies the senses, is vainly distrusted by the understanding.’—Vol. i. pp. 4—6.

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<sup>3</sup> Hereafter to be better known as notes of *affectation*.

This may be logic; but it is wofully applied. Yet, bad as this passage is, what are we to think of the following? She is speaking of the wild and irregular life which Salvator led in his younger days.

‘It appears, however, that he occasionally escaped even from these last boundaries of social aggregation; that he directed his wanderings to the higher chain of the Abruzzi, and that he studied and designed amidst those amphitheatres of rocks, which, clothed with dark pines, and dashed with bursting torrents, were still freshly stamped with the commotions of that Nature, which in such altitudes knows no repose. There, almost within view of the bold and solitary student, hills sunk to valleys, valleys swelled to hills,—rivers shifted their courses, and latent fires broke forth to scathe the vigorous vegetation which their own smothered ardours had produced. There, amidst earthquakes and volcanic flames, in an atmosphere of lightning, and the perpetual crash of falling thunderbolts, may this Dante of painting have first taken in the elements of his famous “PURGATORIO!” for from such phenomena, which in their destructive sweep and mystic reproductions regard not human interests, man first borrowed his faith of fear, his god of wrath! the unremitting torture of ages, and fires of eternal punishment! the purgatory of one church, and the hell of all!’—Vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

Lady Morgan’s feelings on religious matters are not peculiarly sensitive; and, “*organized*”<sup>4</sup> as she is, it is not very marvellous. We could from these volumes make a very large collection of *original* ideas on the doctrines of Religion in general, the doctrines of the Church in particular, and her opinions of those who live by supporting the one and ministering in the other.<sup>5</sup> In one place she informs us, that the Church hurt herself “in *discarding the arts, and preserving the tithes,*” and that, philosophy—meaning *heresy* as well as the culture of the arts—‘deserved to be deified.’ Again, we read this delectable passage in vol. 2.

‘In the pleasureable retreat of the powerful Cardinal Borghese of that day, every thing spoke the ‘pomp and circumstance’ which the frankly voluptuous sons of the church gloried in displaying with rival splendour! There was nothing of that unsocial self-centred enjoyment, of that sly, sullen, and sober sensuality, which mark the private and indolent life of the prelates of a more modern sect, and add the vices of simulation and selfishness to the sumptuous frailties of the demigods of the conclave. With them ex-

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<sup>4</sup> Lady Morgan is a disciple of her husband’s friend, *Lawrence*. This word is too often introduced in the narrative before us, to convince us to the contrary. What an accomplishment for a woman to be versed in the doctrines of *materialism*!

<sup>5</sup> One of her sagacious assertions is this. “*All Priests are, in ambition, Jesuits, whatever title they take, or sect they profess!*”—Vol. I. p. 51.

ternal magnificence was coupled with personal enjoyment. Their habits and tastes were still in some coincidence with the arts, and forwarded the development of the national genius; and if their cooks and gardeners were inferior to those of their reformed brethren in our own days, their porticoes and galleries exhibit to posterity far nobler monuments of taste and liberality, than those which future generations may discover in the *snug eating parlours* of the old diocesan palaces of another but an equally wealthy hierarchy.'—Vol. ii. pp. 100, 101.

But it would be an endless task to point out the errors in judgment, or the affectations in diction which disfigure the work. 'Poet-painter,' and 'painter-poet;' 'creator' of this work or that work; 'ethereal poems,' and 'female saints' heads ethereal' also; 'clenched teeth;' 'mobile brow;' 'dis-abused of all allusion;' 'to palter with the littleness of the age in which he lived;' 'pictorial sentimentalist;' 'the vague of an imagination;' 'steam-engine intellect;' 'too atrabilarious not to wound;' and a thousand other fanciful expressions stamp the book as the genuine production of the individual whose name is emblazoned on its title-page. And then, again, the smattering of Greek and Latin—displayed in allusions to great writers and great works, of which she knows nothing but the names:—the lengthened quotations, with English translations—(for the use, we presume, of her friends round Dublin) affixed either in the text, or in notes from the Italian writers, from whom she has stolen her story, and from French authors, who treat on organization or French philosophy, are so many conclusive indications, that Lady Morgan has written for the sake of writing, and from the love of pay. There are also many indelicate allusions which we are disgusted to perceive in the work of a female. It might be imagined from the following extract, that she had been getting up 'Wollaston's Religion of Nature,' for a School Exercise.

'One curious fact may be added to this general observation, that persons of genius are generally the offspring of ordinary parents, and the sires of ordinary children. Talent is no heirloom; and Nature, in selecting *one* of a race as the subject of high endowments, seems to sum up all her forces on a point, and then to recall *her* honours, as kings do others; receiving back from the hands of the son the brilliant distinctions which their favour had conferred on the father.'—Vol. i. p. 37.

To which is appended this note:—

'If genius, as physiologists suppose, consists in a peculiar development of organs, it may be that nature, who never rests in her progress, having attained perfection, hurries on to an opposite extreme; and thus, though both parents should possess the intel-

lectual temperament, the child would only be the more exposed to the vice of excess. In general, however, the offspring is not a pure reflexion of its parents ; but exhibits traces of the peculiarities of remoter relations.'—Vol. i. p. 37.

Now for a few words with respect to style. Loose, vague, irregular, sometimes flowing smoothly along with a sort of tale-telling simplicity ; at others, swelling out into rhodomontade and bombast ; and then, again, cramped with detached breaks of hard words ; her style has some similitude to the varied features of those rocky rivulets over which Salvator hung in ecstasy in his excursions with the banditti of the mountains. But what are we to make of this ?

'The conflicts of unregulated interests, and of lawless but powerful volitions,—the stern elevation of character, reckless of all human suffering, beyond all social relations,—the play of strong antipathies, and operation of strong instincts,—the fierce rebuff of passions, wild as the elements among which they were nurtured,—the anatomy of the mixed nature of man, laid bare, and stripped of all disguise, were subjects of ennobling study to one who saw all things as a philosopher and a poet—one who was prone to trace, throughout the endless varieties of external forms, the deep-seated feelings that produced and governed their expression.'—Vol. i. p. 115, 116.

The best joke however is, that, besides interspersing the narrative with descriptions of scenery,—certainly highly poetical—which would have been more in character with a Novel or Romance, Lady M. has indulged herself in fanciful delineations of her hero's looks and manners, when he left his home, or came amongst strangers—*perhaps he saw this, perhaps he heard that !*<sup>6</sup> And then she denominates her work, with truly classical propriety, a history of Salvator's Life and Times ! To swell out the work to a laudable size, she has printed a translation of the letters of Rosa to his friends, and then, by way of Appendix, printed the *originals*, with specimens of his music, and a list of his pictures ; the latter useful, perhaps, but to be found elsewhere, and very imperfect.

The well known connection of Salvator Rosa with his mistress the Signora Lucrezia, a Florentine girl, whom he painted from, and afterwards married, is introduced into the narrative with a fine piece of squeamish affectation about the necessity of mentioning it, "but which the sex of the biographer renders it perilous to touch on." Vol. 2. p. 66. Yet after this modest advertisement she goes into the details of the story, with as much ease, as if she were only recounting the amours

<sup>6</sup>An instance may be found in the fifty-third and following pages of Vol. 1.



of the heroines of her youthful romances. This reminds us of the *stars* in the Delphin edition of the Classics, which serve as beacons, "to save the boy the trouble of an Index." Lady Morgan, we suppose, wishes to be thought *still* a 'tender chicken;' although her publications abound with *équivoques* too gross to be read without feeling an honest indignation at the recollection that the author is a woman. We remember reading in Daniel's Rural Sports of a change, which sometimes takes place among pheasants:—it is asserted, that the hen-bird, after a certain period of life, takes the plumes and spurs of the cock-bird, and to all appearance becomes a male. It might almost be imagined that some such metamorphosis had been worked on the delicate Miss Owenson, and that she had laid aside the modesty and elegance which so much dignify the female character, to assume the rough and masculine levities of the opposite sex. Few women would own such a passage as this. "The party, however, which fell upon his reputation, and his memory, with all the pertinacious acrimony of a modern English Vice-Society, had not one word of reproof, to direct against the Royal Harems of Whitehall and Versailles; and still less for the *Principesse del Vaticano*, as the famous ladies of Innocent X. were openly denominated in Rome." Vol. 2. p. 77. Or this. "From simply considering the young Lucrezia as a fine model, with the same coldness with which Pygmalion first watched the progress of *his own* statue, Salvator, like the Greek Sculptor, soon sighed to animate the forms he gazed on with the soul which passion only gives—and too soon succeeded!" (p. 71.) Bah! Miladi!

The above is scarcely less disgusting, though in another way, than the perfectly affected manner in which she speaks of the great writers of antiquity. She describes Nicholas Poussin, as being "like one of the peripatetic teachers of the last days of *Athenian pedantry and pretence*," (vol. ii. p. 117.)—a charge, by the way, which comes with peculiar grace from the pen of Lady Morgan, who never indulges in pedantry or pretence! We suspect this conclusion was induced by the admirable alliteration of the pretty p; a favourite letter with this polished personage. 'Provoked by her *pertinacity*'—'to procure the painting of a *sopra-porta* for any public edifice in Rome'—and fifty other parallel passages occur in as many pages, which we would not have mentioned, had not an evident intention to produce effect been displayed. The composition is, indeed, laboured throughout; and a sort of metrical cadence takes place in every sentence: in some instances the words actually rhyme, as in the following:—

Roman princesses, and English peers,  
Spanish grandees, and French cavaliers—(Vol. ii. p. 116.)

by the way, as good a couplet as she ever wrote, when planning verse instead of plain English prose; of which verse, before we conclude, we shall give a specimen.

Our readers will perceive that these strictures apply not to the subject of the work, but solely to the author, and her gross absurdities. SALVATOR ROSA is certainly an imposing name, and one which would claim as much attention as any in the history of the art which he more particularly cultivated: but if a *name* were *alone* sufficient to ensure attention, SYDNEY MORGAN herself need not do more than spell her own.

‘ Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, your’s is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy.’

But really something more is required in the present day than a *name*—especially when that name is uttered without any acknowledgment of acquired or merited reputation. Lady Morgan is a vain, pert, silly scribbler—whose head is somewhat intoxicated with the adulation of a few idle persons, as ridiculous as herself—and whose heart seems to have been softened, neither by the native gentleness of the female character, nor by the humbling assuagings of religious feeling. Some one has assured her that she is clever, intelligent, and learned; and, poor woman! she believes the assurance. We are firmly convinced, that she considers herself another *Madame de Staël*, and that her name is a passport for any nonsense which she may think proper to send forth into the world. It is really pitiable not to unite in these flattering declarations; but, however it may mortify the pride of self-esteem, truth and candour demand an unblenching independence of sentiment and expression. What we have said originates in no feeling of prejudice or dislike; we have spoken our opinion calmly and freely, and have done so with some reluctance; for we had hoped, before we commenced our task, to have found in these volumes something more worthy of the admiration of the age, the credit of the author, and the fame of Salvator Rosa, whose character will be transmitted to posterity, uninjured by the misrepresentations, as well as unassisted by the fancied aid, of the work, which has occupied our attention. Salvator Rosa never can need the pen of *Lady Morgan* to conceal a fault, or to blazon a virtue. He is immortal and must continue so!

We have, however, omitted to mention, that the author in her preface makes long professions of having done much to rescue the character of her hero from misrepresentation—

and that she is greatly indebted to the kindness of friends, (whose names, with all their titles of Honourable and Right Honourable, she has given at full length, and whom we are sorry to see in such company,) for the original matter contained in her work. Now, the *original matter* is just *nothing at all*: she has patched up the scattered materials of former biographers, and made a pretty piece enough of it; interweaving a few occasional specimens of her skill in *irreligion, indecacy, and radicalism*, by way of ornament, we presume: but, on the whole, presenting us with nothing which can repay any one for the trouble of a perusal. Her *vindication of the character* of the great painter, concludes with this brief passage, expressive of her real motives, the bent of which no one can hesitate in instantly perceiving:

‘I now dismiss my *first attempt* at biographical writing with more of hope than of apprehension; and commit it to the *indulgence of that public*, which is the *sole umpire for whose suffrage an author should be solicitous*, as it is the only tribunal from whose decision there is no appeal.’—Preface, p. 9.

If there is one thing more ridiculous than another in advertisements and prefaces, it is the vile truckling to, what is technically called by book-makers and trunk-sellers, the ‘*generosity of a discerning public*.’ That which is worth publishing requires no declaration of the kind; and the public in general will think more highly of a work which is sent forth *unprefaced* to brave, as it may, the conflicting opinions of the literary world. It is perfectly absurd to see an individual, who pretends to possess the fearless independence of a champion in the cause of injured merit, soliciting attention to her articles, like the money-reckoning proprietor of a Rag-fair slop-shop.

By way of conclusion, we append the following passages from a *Cantata* of the great artist, with the version of her Ladyship attached:

‘Non à tregua nè fine il duolo mio.  
Ricordati Fortuna che son nel mondo,  
E son di carne anch’io.  
Venne solo alla vita  
Per stenta e partir,  
Sudar da cane;  
E tra pene infinita  
Speme non ho d’assicurarmi un pane.’—Vol. ii. p. 313.

‘No truce from care, no pause from woe,  
Fortune,—for ever still my foe,  
Seems not to know or to remember  
I live and feel in ev’ry member,—

Am nerve, flesh, spirit, pulse, and core,  
And throb and ache at every pore.  
Yet from my first-drawn sigh, through life,  
I've waged with fate eternal strife;  
Have toil'd without reward or gain,  
And woo'd the arts—but woo'd in vain.  
For, while to Hope I fondly trust,  
I scarce can earn my daily crust.'—Vol i. p. 202.

'Son di fede Cristiano  
E mi bisogna credere a l'Ebreo,  
Sallo il Ghetto Romano  
E il guardarobba mio Ser Mardocheo.'—Vol. ii. p. 314.

'Out on my cloak! the very Jews  
To take the paltry pledge refuse;  
In every stall *it's credit's blown*,  
To the whole Ghetto too well known;  
And they who buy all *ends and fags*  
Will not accept my well-worn rags.'—Vol. i. p. 203.

"*Ohe jam satis!*"—If Salvator wrote in *this* style, Lady Morgan had better have left his Cantatas to the oblivion which they would have justly merited.

Now, one word on the compositions of the painter, and we have done.

So little known as the works of Rosa are—notwithstanding, as we before observed, the extent of his fame—it would be a good task for some *qualified* person, well-versed in the excellencies of the graphic and poetic arts, to publish a concentrated account of them. To the generality of readers, and to many students in Italian also, the satires of Rosa are a sealed book: they abound in poetic imagery, and in allusions to the distinguished characters of the times in which he lived; and offer a wide field for that illustration which seldom fails to convey at once instruction and delight. This task yet remains to be fulfilled; and we should most heartily rejoice, if some person, *really qualified* for such an undertaking, would adopt this suggestion, and publish an authentic history of "*The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa.*"

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ART. IX. *Prose by a Poet. Two Volumes Octavo. London. Longman and Co. 1824.*

THAT Prose may be written by a Poet, and written well too, is no very extraordinary phenomenon in the annals of literature. We have one illustrious instance at least of this double faculty in Dr. Southey, whose writings, whether in prose or

verse, deservedly rank amongst the most admired productions of the day. With regard to the former—whether we look to the importance of the subjects which he has handled, the interest and the learning with which he has enriched them, or the harmonious turn of his periods, amounting indeed almost to poetry, we may fairly pronounce him without a rival.

There is ample proof also in the little volume before us—which is a collection of miscellanies of various descriptions, light, serious, and fantastic—that good sound sense may be written by a Poet in good sober Prose. The Author of this volume is a Poet of deserved celebrity—the amiable *James Montgomery*, whose fame needed not the publication of the little poetry scattered throughout the present work to clear him from the charge of presumption, in claiming a place among the votaries of Parnassus. The merits of his Prose will be best exhibited by quotations: quote we therefore, *ad libitum*, commencing with the following from a paper on “the Old English Year;” which we think admirably calculated to repress the spirit of repining discontent, with which it is too common, in the present day, to meet the all-wise dispensations of a bountiful Providence.

‘A hue and cry must be made: there was plenty of corn, but then the straw was lighter than it might have been if the grain had not been so heavy; in plain English, there would have been more litter for the horses, if there had been less food for man! The harvest had been well got up: but the farmers had scarcely paid any wages to what they were accustomed; of course thousands of industrious poor, especially Irish labourers, had lost what they might have gained, if the season had been unfavourable, though they will gain thrice as much toil in the comparatively reduced price of the most necessary article of life. To come down to this present day, the sixth of October:—the long drought and oppressive heat have been recently followed by abundant and refreshing showers, with lucid intervals of sunshine, which within the last three weeks, have renovated the aspect of nature, and called forth a second spring in the middle of Autumn, like a beautiful infant playing in the lap of a staid matron, whose other offspring are grown up. What faults can be found now? A hundred,—a thousand,—a million. *e. g.* Apples, after years of scarcity, are so prodigal a crop that they are absolutely a drug;—mushrooms spring up so perseveringly, that the fields in a morning are white over with them, and it is to be feared, that some of his majesty’s liege-subjects may be surfeited by eating them to excess, and others poisoned by not eating them at all, but toad-stools in their stead. Onions have been so scarce, that there were golden hopes for a few lucky growers; but now, with the hero in the play, they may “go weep,” for such supplies of this dainty vegetable are come from abroad, that the scent need never be lost again by those who

love it. The oaks this year have yielded such enormous quantities of acorns, that the swine fed by this astringent diet may perhaps be cured alive, and turned into leather instead of bacon by the tanning principle! Hops are so plentiful, that some monopolizers are ready to hang themselves on the poles where all their hopes were suspended in clusters, but perished amidst the redundant produce of the plant. Such have been the grievances of the murmurers against Providence in a year after their own mind, consisting of four distinct seasons,—Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn, according to the good old fashion ;—a year which, no doubt, will be remembered by the very same persons, to contrast in the way of ingenious comparison with less beneficent ones to come, for the worthy purpose of proving to posterity how much times have degenerated.

‘The “present times” always have been—and probably always will be,—the worst. The groans of all ages, from the golden down to the iron, over the blessedness of those that went before them, testify this paradoxical truth ; but no sooner does the present time become the past, than it is canonized like all its ancestors, and its vanished felicities are sung and celebrated by poets and orators, patriots and moralists. And so will it be with our own day ; when it is turned into yesterday, it will rise again on the eyes of to-morrow, as bright and benign as if sunshine and showers had alternately shed glory and fertility on every step of its progress.’—Vol. i. pp. 117—120.

‘To return to the original subject : whatever may have occasioned the real or imaginary change of climate in this country, we all know one thing,—we cannot mend the weather, and yet nothing is easier than to say how it might be mended ; for though man is reluctantly compelled to acknowledge himself inferior in power to his Maker, he does not so hopelessly relinquish his claim to superior wisdom. Supposing, then, that a decree went forth from Heaven, and the controul of the elements were placed in the hands of those, whose self-interest would be a security that they would make the best use they could of their awful authority,—what kind of seasons should we have? In the first place, every farmer would command such weather on his own lands, as in his judgment would be most auspicious for his particular soil, crops, and live-stock. Hence, at the same hour of the day, from an elevated station, we might behold the sky chequered with a thousand little spots of cloud and azure, precisely in the shapes of the fields below, and those fields equally diversified with snow, rain, hail, shade, sunshine, dew, and hoar-frost. In the next place, as it would be unfair for the farmers to monopolize all the weather, every body would exercise the same privilege so far as concerned himself, for his own petty convenience. Thus in walking, riding, sitting after dinner, lying in bed, each would choose to be surrounded by such atmosphere as suited his fancy ; and a lady paying her morning visits, might have the trouble of dressing and undressing between each, having first ascertained, by an *avant courier*, carrying a thermometer, the tem-

perature of every family-establishment,—or run the hazard of her life, by passing through all the climates of the five zones, calling at so many houses. On the subject of the wind, especially, there would be so much contradiction, that were thirty-two ships to meet on the open ocean, each would raise a wind from a separate point of the compass, and the consequence would be, that being blown upon at one instant from all quarters, the opposite winds would either effectually stop each other's breath, and there would be a dead calm, till the most obstinate or best provisioned had starved the others out, or the two-and-thirty ships would be dashed to pieces, bowsprit to bowsprit, at the first onset of the hostile gales.'—Vol. i. pp. 121—123.

'But a consequence, little expected at first, might ensue, which cannot be better described than by saying that there would be no weather at all; for it is probable, that every distinction, by the proximity and interference of its opposite, would be neutralized, and we should know neither heat nor cold, moist nor dry, fair nor foul. Contemporary varieties, each separate, yet all intermingled, and crowded one upon another, would produce the effect of universal mist and confusion. All that delights the eye of the painter in the forms and colours of external nature; all that swells the bosom of the poet with rapture, in contemplating the heavens and the earth; all the glory, simplicity, and grandeur of God's visible works, would be annihilated. One livid gloom would pervade the atmosphere, and one lukewarm feverish feeling possess the frames of men and animals: the herbage would languish beneath their feet, and the harvests rot ere they ripened for the sickle. Famine would begin, and pestilence consummate the destruction of all life. "Chaos would come again." The earth would soon be without form and void, and darkness would be upon the face of the earth;—or, if there were light, it would shine as on the first days of the creation, without an eye to look upon it. It is enough to reconcile any reflecting person to the most mysterious and afflictive dispensations of Providence, to consider how much more calamitous would be our situation, were we allowed to be the choosers of our own lot, under any imaginable circumstances.'—Vol. i. pp. 124—126.

We extract the following, without any comment, from "A Scene not to be found in any play,"—which is a description of a meeting of the Gentlemen of all Trades and Callings, for the purpose of discussing the hardships of the Times. Towards the close, Mr. Cutler *loquitur*.

'Gentlemen, I am a stranger to you, but you will pardon me for interrupting your discourse;—amidst all the distress of the farmers, and the outcries of tradesmen, I never observed the country in appearance so flourishing, nor the large towns so rapidly increasing, as during my late journey; on which I have been travelling many a week, and many a hundred miles, hawking a few knives, scissors, and razors, of which I shall be glad to sell the remainder to you, gentlemen,—under prime cost of course, that I

may go home again, and see whether our poor district of Hallamshire is sharing the good fortune of the rest of the kingdom. At any rate, I shall have brave news to carry back to our broken down cutlers,—that if we can only earn half the wages we were wont, we may still buy as much of any thing good,—always excepting the taxes, which are bad enough in all conscience,—as we could with double the money in the most glorious years of the war; so fair fall peace with all its evils! For my part, I am determined to bear them a little longer, since,—while candles are seven-pence half-penny a pound, I need not want light; while muslin is six-pence a yard, my wife need not want finery; while corn is a guinea a load, my children need not want bread: while land and houses are fallen from paper-prices to the golden mean, my family need not want house or home: but, above all, while roast beef may be had cheaper than the cattle themselves can afford to grow it in the best pastures of Lincolnshire,—no wonder that they lose their lives so soon in the trade;—and while “honest ale” may be got on trust,—these must be good times for those that *buy*, whatever they may be for those that *sell*!—Vol. i. pp. 269—271.

“An Apocryphal Chapter in the History of England,” an able paper, intended to exemplify the fearful issues which might be expected to result from a total suspension of the influence of Christianity, deserves to be perused and re-perused with the greatest attention. We snatch the following *item* from the “Catalogue of Oblivion.”

‘*Philosophy*;—in this most intellectual field for infidel warfare against God and truth,—of course we mean ‘*vain philosophy*,’ there was one book, and only one, of which the very subject is not for ever forgotten. This was the production, or rather, according to his own conception of it, the *imago* of the mind of an eminent sceptic, who, after forty years of profound self-contemplation,—resolutely and perseveringly denying every thing which he was not under the absolute necessity of acknowledging,—had at length discovered, that there was no-body and no-thing in existence but himself; nay, of the latter fact he came no nearer to certainty, than that he *was*, because he *must be*. Yet even here, he refined and refined on the idea, that he was only a personification of non-entity reflecting on itself,—nothing thinking itself something! Not being able, however, to comprehend this, he gave up the point, that is, he continued to contest it;—for, since,

‘The force of *doubting* could no further go,’

he was compelled to stop here, unable to get forward or backward, like a man who finds himself at a *stand-still*, on the top of a rocking-stone, which he has incautiously climbed, but from which neither his head nor his feet will permit him to descend, except at the peril of breaking his neck. Our philosopher grounded his new system of nature upon this simple axiom, that there could be no *perfect* evidence of truth, either to the mind or the senses, short



of that which obliged him to admit his own personal identity. Now as *he* had no evidence of any thing else *equal* to that, he could not be sure that there *was* any thing else; therefore, as a rational doubter, he verily believed that there *was not*. Thus summarily had he arrived at the conclusion before stated,—that he himself was the only being in existence;—that there was neither God, nor devil, nor man, nor animal, nor plant, nor substance, in the universe;—nay, there was not so much as a universe at all, but only the idea of one, with its infinite and innumerable modifications, in his own mind. Whatever, therefore, came under his view, or to his knowledge, were pure inventions of his own.—Vol. ii. pp. 163—166.

‘Whence came land and water, with their endless diversities, he knew not, and therefore wisely determined that they must have originated with himself, in the everlasting dance of ideas through his brain; much in the same manner, as, according to another system, in somebody else’s head, they had been formed: by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. How could he tell that there was such a country as China? He had never been there; and if he had, it would only have been a flight of fancy; consequently China was nothing more than a province of his mental microcosm. Where was the proof that there lived then, or that there ever had lived, a man beside himself? No argument less irresistible than the matter of fact, which forced him, in spite of insurmountable objections, to acquiesce in his own existence, could convince him of another person’s. Now he never had been any body else, *ergo* nobody else had ever been. His book, intituled ‘*Egotism, or I by itself I*,’ was universally read, admired, and laid aside within three months after its appearance.

‘The periodical literature of this apocryphal era was quite as multifarious as that of our own. The almanacks, published by the Stationers’ Company, were without the dominical letter; the fasts, festivals, and saint days, were undistinguished; indeed the calendar altogether was a black one, as they say at Newgate of a long list of felons for trial; there was not a red-letter day in three hundred and sixty-five. The newspapers were so much like those which are published every Sunday in the British metropolis, that they need no other commendation here. The reviews,—nay, the present author is not quite such a novice as to say what the reviews were, lest they should appear so heinously to resemble those of some contemporary critics, that he might be suspected of attempting with the stiletto of the pen, to take unmanly revenge on the latter, for that exemplary justice which they have occasionally inflicted on himself for poetical offences, in years that are past. In this forbearance, however, he confesses that there may be as much discretion as magnanimity; for were he indeed to raise the reviews of this insane interval to a level with theirs, or degrade these to the level of the former, he might provoke retaliation in an article of which no wise man would choose either to be the object or the author. The magazines, on the other hand, were so much like

\* \* \* \* \*. It is impossible to decipher another syllable in this part of the original manuscript, the words being all turned into anagrams. It is probable, however, that the publications in question were only like the worst parts of the worst of ours; though with perfect gravity and sincerity, it may be said, that nobody need desire worse reading than the best parts of the best of these. In this eulogium of our most popular miscellanies, the writer disclaims all ambiguity; for he would as soon take Jeffery or Gifford by the beard, as affront Blackwood, Sir Richard, Taylor and Hessey, Colbourn, and the men of iron, called editors, (like Talus, with his merciless flail, the companion of the champion of Justice, in the *Faerie Queene*,) that stand behind those worthy publishers.—Vol. ii. pp. 168—171.

Such is infidelity: and, with the author, we ‘frankly appeal to the judgment of his readers, to inquire for themselves what would be the probable effects of the entire extinction of Christian principles, sanctions, and ordinances, with their immediate and direct influence on the manners of society, and the public institutions of the land.’—vol. ii. p. 195.

The motive which induced the author to publish his ‘*Prose*’ was, the increase of the contents of his portfolio, during the last ten years. We are no admirers of this custom of foisting the sweepings of literary writing-cases upon the public; but had the several papers which comprise the present collection been equal in merit to those from which the foregoing extracts have been made, we should not, in this instance, have complained. If, however, the author flatters himself that one reader in ten will wade through a tithe of the crude and trifling absurdities of which the greater portion of the two volumes consists, he will most assuredly be disappointed. Of the twenty-three articles there are six perhaps which deserve to have been sent into the world; with regard to the rest, a sacrifice to Vulcan would have been the readiest and the best means of clearing his portfolio. As those, which are good, are excellent; so those, which are not excellent, are mere trash. ‘*The Life of a Flower*,’ for instance, might rival the ‘*Life of a Silver Penny*,’ and figure in the windows of Mr. Harris, late Newbery, at the corner of St. Paul’s Church-yard:—The fable of the ‘*Moon and the Stars*,’ was indubitably written when the author was either moon-struck or star-gazing:—‘*A six Miles Tour*,’ is as dull a jaunt, as was ever trudged by a weary pedlar:—‘*Common place*’ is common place indeed;—and ‘*War and Peace*’ was confessedly produced, while our Poet was napping. In an article entitled, ‘*Pen, Ink, and Paper*,’ we are favoured with the following edifying contemplations.

‘If I were little Jackey Jessamy, ten years old last Candlemas,

with a flaxen poll, rosy cheeks, and a frilled shirt-neck;—and if, having mastered pot-hooks and strokes, I had made my way into joined hand,—with this pen, from this ink, on this paper, I should be inditing, “Fortune favours the brave,”—“Custom is second nature,”—“Be wise betimes; shun darling crimes,” with other saws and maxims equally elegant and edifying.—which no time, no space, no circumstance could ever blot out from the tablet of memory; though for the time present, so far from improving either my morals or my handwriting by the exercise, I might be playing truant in my head, and whipping a top, or striking a ball with all my heart.—But if I were Jackey’s mamma, and through means of this same apparatus were corresponding with his school-master, on the best method of spoiling the dear boy, there is no doubt but that, with due maternal tenderness, I would expatiate upon his naturally quick parts, and give special warning that these should not be blunted by too much study; for reading wears the eyes, writing soils the fingers, and arithmetic wrinkles the forehead before its time:—but I would recommend the utmost care of his person, the free indulgence of his gingerbread appetite, and the most conscientious neglect of his morals.—Ah! then, a hundred to one but this very letter would be the death-warrant to the poor lad’s best interest; which, being duly executed by the obsequious pedagogue, would cause him to leave school with as little head as the fondest parent could desire to see on his heir apparent’s shoulders, to maintain the family imbecility, and transmit it unimpaired to posterity.

‘Were I an enamoured youth, dying of three day’s banishment from the fair one, in the light of whose eyes alone I could live, from this black magazine I should draw flames, and darts, and all the artillery of love to assail her; with this pen I should inscribe this paper with figures and fantasies so numberless and heterogeneous, that it might seem a scroll of “hieroglyphics, elder than the Nile,” utterly undecypherable by any except the initiated nymph.—But were I the damsel herself, and as simple as the woodlark that warbles on the ground, while the bird lime along the snare is already falling upon its wings, though I had never seen any thing of the sort before, it may be presumed, that the kindly instinct of nature alone would teach me to interpret every cabalistic character; and, in replying to his address, my heart, by sympathy with his, would draw from the same fountain,—this identical inkstand,—hopes and fears, anxieties and blandishments, to cheer, distress, perplex and delight him to his wits’ end.’—  
Vol. i. pp. 7—9.

We had identified the writer of these amusing cogitations with the young lady herself: but it seems that we were woefully mistaken. It is neither Jackey, nor Jackey’s Mamma, nor love-sick youth, nor simple damsel, who thus sagaciously soliloquizes. And whom, in the name of wonder, Gentle Reader, dost thou guess him to be. Lest thou shouldst doubt our veracity, hear his own magnanimous declaration:—

‘Hark!—I hear trumpets,—I see armies,—they are rushing to battle,—and I am at the head,—at the head of the British;—I am Wellington,—Wellington at Waterloo,—Wellington against Bonaparte!’—Vol. i. p. 10.

Our readers, we conjecture, will readily dispense with any further amusement of this description. If our Author had consulted his own reputation, he would have substituted some other lucubrations, instead of at least one half of those which he has published. He is very capable of writing with strength and vigour:—why then try our patience with fustian and bombast? But we are determined to part in friendship: and we shall therefore take leave of our Poet, as he does of his readers, in his proper character. The following stanzas which close the second volume, are offered as a proof that there is no misnomer in the title-page—and they prove it abundantly.

#### ‘A LUCID INTERVAL.

‘Oh! light is pleasant to the eye,  
And health comes rustling on the gale.  
Clouds are careering through the sky,  
Whose shadows mock them down the dale;  
Nature as fresh and fragrant seems  
As I have met her in my dreams.

For I have been a prisoner long  
In gloom and loneliness of mind,  
Deaf to the melody of song,  
To every form of beauty blind;  
Nor morning dew, nor evening balm,  
Might cool my cheek, my bosom calm.

But now the blood, the blood returns,  
With rapturous pulses thro’ my veins;  
My heart, new-born within me, burns,  
My limbs break loose, they cast their chains,  
Rekindled at the sun, my sight  
Tracks to a point the eagle’s flight.

I long to climb those old grey rocks,  
Glide with yon river to the deep;  
Range the green hills with herds and flocks,  
Free as the roe-buck, run and leap;  
Then mount the lark’s victorious wing,  
And from the depth of ether sing.

O Earth! in maiden innocence,  
Too early fled thy golden time;  
O Earth! Earth! Earth! for man’s offence,  
Doom’d to dishonour in thy prime;

Of how much glory then bereft !  
Yet what a world of bliss was left !

The thorn, harsh emblem of the curse,  
Puts forth a paradise of flowers ;  
Labour, man's punishment, is nurse  
To halcyon joys at sunset hours :  
Plague, famine, earthquake, want, disease,  
Give birth to holiest charities.

And Death himself, with all the woes  
That hasten, yet prolong, his stroke,—  
Death brings with every pang repose,  
With every sigh he solves a yoke ;  
Yea, his cold sweats and moaning strife  
Wring out the bitterness of life.

Life, life, with all its burthens, dear !  
Friendship is sweet, Love sweeter still ;  
Who would forego a smile, a tear,  
One generous hope, one chastening ill ?  
Home, kindred, country !—these are ties  
Might keep an angel from the skies.

But these have angels never known,  
Unvex'd felicity their lot ;  
Their sea of glass before the throne,  
Storm, lightning, shipwreck, visit not :  
Our tides, beneath the changing moon,  
Are soon appeased,—are troubled soon.

Well, I will bear what all have borne,  
Live my few years, and fill my place ;  
O'er old and young affections mourn,  
Rent one by one from my embrace,  
Till suffering ends, and I have done  
With all delights beneath the sun.

Whence came I ?—Memory cannot say ;  
What am I ?—Knowledge will not show ;  
Bound whither ?—Ah ! away, away,  
Far as eternity can go :—  
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,  
O God ! Thyself mine helper be.'—Vol. ii. pp. 291—294.

ART. X. 1. *The Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, of his H. M. S. Hecla, during the recent Voyage of Discovery under Captain Parry. With a Map and Plates.* 8vo. London. Murray. 1824.

2. *Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1821-22-23, in His Majesty's Ships Fury and Hecla, under the Orders of Captain W. E. Parry, R.N. F.R.S. Illustrated by numerous Plates.* 4to. Murray. London. 1824.

CAPTAIN LYON'S narrative, though published later, and of less historical importance than the journal of his excellent companion, occupies the highest place at the head of this Article, because the investigation which is to form the subject of the following pages, will be principally directed to the information which it furnishes. It is seldom, indeed, that the history of an Expedition into so desolate a region as that in which many of our brave countrymen have been, and are now again employed, contains in it so many interesting and fertile sources of speculation and pleasure, as the plain and manly narratives, now under examination. These are not performances on which the bile of criticism, or the vain shrewdness of self-sufficient judgment, may be suffered to exhaust itself: to works like these, detailing the events of an Expedition unparalleled in the annals of naval history, by men, whose industry has been as great as their fortitude; and recorded in a style that must, at once, disarm the arrows of dogmatism of their venom and their sharpness; it is a satisfaction of no common importance to be enabled to turn, from the mass of paltry incidents, and mistaken ability, with which it too often falls to the lot of a general reader to be troubled. But not only from the consideration of the novelty of the subject-matter, are these works entitled to attention. Highly interesting as they are, and must be, an account of the authentic history which we thus receive of countries seldom, if ever visited by the natives of Europe; of a people, wholly unknown to their civilized fellow men, except by such expeditions as these; of manners and customs which, whilst they afford subject for surprise, at the same time, open a wide field to contemplation and comparison; of circumstances connected with the earth which we inhabit, and the navigation of those mighty waters, on which we have sought our glory and support—interesting also as they are, in consideration of the service which they may render in the varied walks of natural and

moral history :—it is not alone, on *these* accounts, important as they certainly are, that we look with pleasure to the perusal of these narratives. They offer a more ennobling prospect to the notice of the thoughtful man; and in the cool confession of the unexampled difficulties and disappointments which they recount, raise a memorial to the invincibility of industry, and the innate courage of our national character, that cannot fail to call forth the acknowledgments of gratitude, and the admiration of the mind. Viewed either as partially successful or wholly unfortunate, the late expeditions in search of a North-west passage, are trophies which rival the proudest triumphs of our wars, and which will serve to raise the British character, for intellect and courage, higher than the most splendid achievements that have ever preceded them. Great Britain has reason to be proud of such sons as Parry and Lyon, as Richardson and Franklin; and we sincerely hope she will never forget their ardour or their sufferings; for they have inscribed the name of their country in characters which no changes can obliterate :—

—Non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum.

It will be in the memory of our readers that the Expedition of 1819-20 was unsuccessful, in consequence of its having met with insurmountable difficulties in a latitude too high for the prosecution of the objects of the voyage. Melville Island in N. lat. 74°, and in West long. 113°, was the farthest point which Captain Parry reached—and that, indeed, was much further than he or his countrymen could have anticipated. The observations made during this sojourn in that neighbourhood convinced him that, in consequence of the numerous islands, continually beset with ice, which are scattered so thickly over the Polar sea, it would be absolutely impossible for a ship to make any considerable way to the westward in so high a parallel. All hopes, therefore, of success in that quarter were abandoned; but, notwithstanding the disappointment which attended this undertaking, the public opinion still continued equally confident, respecting the possibility of a passage in some direction or other; and as it appeared more likely that this passage would be found in a lower latitude, and nearer by many degrees to the coast of America, from several points of which an open sea to the Northward and Westward had been frequently seen; the Lords of the Admiralty, with a zeal which does them credit, immediately issued orders for the continuation of the search in an apparently more favourable quarter; and accordingly Captains

Parry and Lyon were despatched in his Majesty's ships *Fury* and *Hecla*, to explore the inlets and the straits along the North-eastern coast of the American continent.

The ships, under these orders, and victualled for a period of three years, sailed from the *Nore* on the 8th of May, 1821; making *Kinnaird's Light* near *Peterhead* on the 16th, and the *Orkneys* on the 18th, where they were detained by bad weather till the 30th. Till the 6th of June they had a fair wind, and with the intermission of a day's calm, made progress rapidly to *Cape Farewell*, the south point of *Greenland*, which they gained on the 10th. Here they experienced a heavy gale, according to the prediction of their *Greenland* pilots. They were in the mouth of *Davis's Strait* on the 14th, where they saw the first iceberg: and on the 16th the evening was so fine that Captain *Lyon* has given us the following beautiful description of it.

'At a quarter past ten the sun set: the sky over-head was of the purest azure, here and there sprinkled with light silvery clouds of the most fantastic forms. At about mid-heaven, in the western sky, a range of purple clouds, edged with vivid gold, formed a delightful contrast with the softened crimson of the setting sun. In opposition to this glowing scene, the eastern heavens were filled with heavy clouds of a brilliant whiteness, and cold appearance, backed by a clear blue sky. The calm sea exhibited, in a softened degree, the beauties above it, and its surface was occasionally ruffled by the rapid motions of large shoals of porpoises, attended by multitudes of birds. The ships lay motionless together, and their bells alone broke the universal stillness. This delightful evening far excelled, in my opinion, any Italian sun-set; but the presence of two large icebergs reminded us but too well that we were in a far different climate.'—pp. 3, 4.

They had shortly other warnings. With difficulty sailing among bergs, and loose ice, and under the pressure of stormy winds, they made their way up *Hudson's Strait*, having parted with the *Nautilus* transport off *Resolution Island* on the 1st of July. The difficulties of the voyage here commenced. Icebergs of unusual height, one of which was 1,806 feet in total altitude, floes of ice "running wildly at the rate of at least three miles an hour," and currents and eddies of most formidable violence, continually threw them into alarm and danger.

'To give some idea of the pressure we at this time experienced, I may mention, that five hawsers (of five and six inches) were repeatedly carried away; and at length our best bower anchor was wrenched from the bows, and broke off at the head of the shank with as much ease as if, instead of weighing twenty-one hundred weight, it had been of crockery ware. The crown fell



on the ice, from whence we launched it as soon as possible into the sea, lest, as it was painted with the ship's name, it should, on being driven to sea, give rise to some unpleasant conjectures. Our troubles, even now, were not at an end, for we soon perceived a large berg, which had once before threatened us, coming to the ship very rapidly, while any attempt to avoid it would have been of no avail. When at about half a mile distant, a large fragment was detached, and fell with a loud, and, at that time, no very agreeable noise.'—p. 9.

On the 15th, a heavy iceberg coming *against* the wind, struck the bowsprit of the Hecla, carrying away the dolphin striker. On the 16th, they joined three Hudson's Bay ships, which they had seen since the 13th, carrying one hundred and sixty Dutch settlers to Lord Selkirk's Colony on the Red River. These philosophic strangers were *waltzing on deck* during the evening. Several marriages had taken place on board, and many other couples only waited a fine evening for their usual ball, and the concluding fall of snow!

Captain Lyon discovered here several beautiful varieties of the *mollusca* which the sailors call 'whale's food;' they consisted of the *clio borealis*, *medusa*, *argonauta*, and *crustacea* of the *shrimp* kind. There was also a slimy matter floating about in long streams, like soap-suds, about which mariners dispute, and which the malle-mucks devour greedily. The ships were nineteen days in passing Resolution Island, about sixty miles: but past the Savage Islands rather more quickly. On the 16th, they killed an enormous bear which weighed one thousand six hundred pounds, and measured eight feet seven inches and a half in length; seven feet eleven inches in girth; and four feet nine inches in height. As they were beset here, the Eskimaux first visited them; they came shouting "Ha haa," in thirty canoes and five "Oomiaks," or women's boats. Each of the latter was steered by an old man who seemed master of the women. One Oomiak held twenty persons; they were timid at first, but soon bartered readily. Their countenances resembled the Greenlanders, but their skins were so covered with blood, grease, and dirt, as to defy discovery; some of the young girls had a purple tinge of health, but a dull copper colour was the prevailing hue. The hair of the women was tied in a knot on the top of the head and forehead, but some "wore it in glorious confusion all over their necks and faces;" curls seem excluded; the hair was jet black, and the men were beardless. They all appeared afflicted with sore eyes—and some were nearly blind: a very curious wooden shade was used by them to exclude the glare of the ice. The knuckles of the men were sore with leprous blotches like those which prevail amongst the Arabs, but they

were not maimed; one only, and that a boy of eight, had lost a limb;—his arm below the elbow. The old ladies are described as charmless dowagers, with inflamed eyes, wrinkled skin, black teeth, and a dress after the model of a dandy Ourang-Outang. The clothes are made of seals,' bears', wolves', deer's, and other skins; and the sexes are distinguished by different garments; one or two jackets of seal-skin, reach to the thigh: trowsers without waistbands, and boots, complete the equipment; over these they wear great-coats made of the intestines of seals: and their hands are protected by parchment gloves. The ladies look like monkeys. The hoods to their jackets are very large, in which their children ride stark-naked.

The arrangement of the skins is attended to,—the dark mottled parts of the seal-skin form the breast of the jackets, and the lighter parts cover the sides. The women wear no trowsers; for these they substitute a body-girth, and large stockings, or legs of trowsers are then drawn on and fastened to the hinder part of the girdle: but, notwithstanding this, "a portion of the stomach and upper leg remains naked." The children, however, have no different dress for either sex. The winter dresses are merely conjectural. All bargains made by these savages were consummated by drawing the article bought or sold across the tongue, and licking it several times: even a sharp razor was subjected to this lip-swearing. They attach a peculiar importance to this ceremony: and an axe, supposed to have been stolen by a woman, was licked repeatedly, to shew that it was procured by a lawful exchange.

*Chibo* was the general word for barter; and *Pille tay* was used when they begged. Oil, ivory, weapons, skins, ornaments, pouches, and even their clothes, were eagerly sold by both sexes, but the women were in general scrupulous about resigning the 'breeches.' Saws, nails, and bits of iron, were objects of chief desire with them; and for a knife one woman would have actually sold her child. The following elegant descriptive passages will shew them to advantage.

'One woman in particular attracted general notice by her unwearied application for presents, and by feigning to be hurt, and crying to excite compassion; in which she no sooner succeeded, than a loud and triumphant laugh proclaimed the cheat. Of all horrible yells, this laugh was the most fiend-like I ever heard; and her countenance corresponded with her voice. She had lost all her front teeth, with the exception of the eye-teeth; her mouth was plentifully ornamented by blue tattoo-lines; and a vast profusion of black, straight, and matted hair, hung all round her head

and face. At her back was an imp not more prepossessing in features than herself, and screaming itself black in the face. Although the countenances of the other young children were generally rather pretty than otherwise, yet, from their dress and manner of walking, they might without any great stretch of the imagination, have been taken for the cubs of wild animals; particularly some who were laid for safety in the bottom of the women's boats, amongst blubber, the entrails of seals, &c. of which they were continually sucking whatever was nearest to them.

'In order to amuse our new acquaintances as much as possible, the fiddler was sent on the ice, where he instantly found a most delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time. Their only figure consisted in stamping and jumping with all their might. Our musician, who was a lively fellow, soon caught the infection, and began cutting capers also. In a short time every one on the floe, officers, men, and savages, were dancing together, and exhibited one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed. One of our seamen, of a fresh ruddy complexion, excited the admiration of all the young females, who patted his face and danced round him wherever he went. I was half inclined to suppose they fancied him a woman, although he was nearly six feet high, and stout in proportion. I am sorry to give but a bad account of the morals of our visitors, some of whom were very importunate in offering their wives in exchange for a knife, and the women as anxiously pressing the bargain.

'The exertion of dancing so exhilarated the Eskimaux, that they had the appearance of being boisterously drunk, and played many extraordinary pranks. Amongst others, it was a favourite joke to run silyly behind the seamen, and, shouting loudly in one ear, to give them at the same time a very smart slap on the other.

'While looking on, I was sharply saluted in this manner, and, of course, was quite startled, to the great amusement of the bystanders: the joke consisting in making the person struck look astonished, which, as may be supposed, was always the result.

'Our cook, who was a most active and unwearied jumper, became so great a favourite, that every one boxed his ears so soundly, as to oblige the poor man to retire from such boisterous marks of approbation. Amongst other sports, some of the Eskimaux rather roughly, but with great good humour, challenged our people to wrestle. One man, in particular, who had thrown several of his countrymen, attacked an officer of a very strong make, but the poor savage was instantly thrown, and with no very easy fall; yet although every one was laughing at him, he bore it with exemplary good humour. The same officer afforded us much diversion, by teaching a large party of women to bow, curtsy, shake hands, turn their toes out, and perform sundry other polite accomplishments; the whole party, master and pupils, preserving the strictest gravity.

'As sailors seldom fail to select some whimsical object on

whom to pass their jokes, they soon found one in the person of an ugly old man, possessing a great stock of impudence, and a most comic countenance. He had sold all his clothes, with the exception of his breeches, and in this state they made him parade the decks, honoured by the appellation of king. Some rum was offered to this exalted personage, but he spat it out again with signs of great disgust. In order to show him that it might be drank, one of the seamen was told to finish the glass, but he refused to touch it "after such a brute." The boatswain, however, with much humour and a knowing look, stepped forward, saying, "Here, hand me the glass, I'll drink with the gentleman," and nodding a health, which was returned by our king, he drank off the grog.

'Sugar was offered to many of the grown people, who disliked it very much, and, to our surprise, the young children were equally averse to it.

'Towards midnight all our men, except the watch on deck, turned in to their beds, and the fatigued and hungry Eskimaux returned to their boats to take their supper, which consisted of lumps of raw flesh and blubber of seals, birds, entrails, &c.; licking their fingers with great zest, and with knives or fingers scraping the blood and grease which ran down their ehins into their mouths.' —pp. 25—29.

The men and women ate separately before they went away, which they did, quite exhausted with their exertions.

On the twenty-third they came again; but staid only a short time. On the twenty-fourth, in a *clear* sea, the ships advanced to the Upper Savage Island, about three miles long, and two broad: it is composed of reddish granite, gneiss and sandstone. On the top of the isle were some clear tarns, bordered by luxuriant grass, the flowers of the yellow poppy, and the andromeda. In dry places the dwarf-willow, and a species of butter-cup were found. Piles of stones, and a human skull were discovered: and of living animals the visitors saw a grouse, two hares, and several snow-buntings: the traces also of deer were visible. Mosquitoes were numerous, and common flies; and among the lichens, a species of mite was observed of a beautiful scarlet colour, and great activity.

The Aurora Borealis was seen once in the West, before the evening of the twenty-ninth; but it was very faint. A drag net brought up, from sixty-four fathoms depth, some beautiful molluscæ; pale pink polypi; and some delicate varieties of white coral. The polypi were very singular, throwing out small balls of various sizes, like white currants. With these came up fragments of gneiss, granite, limestone, and red felspar. Off Salisbury Island, the Eskimaux again paid a visit to the ships: they were more dirty in dress; but cleaner in appearance, than the former visitors. A hatchet of English ma-

nufacture, marked H°. V. and C°. was bought here; but it was mounted in Eskimaux fashion with finger marks in the haft. The mouth seems the principal store-house of these people: like Grimaldi, they put needles, pins, nails, buttons, beads, &c., &c., into this same pocket; but, with more skill in packing than our countryman possesses, they find room for speech at the same time. Captain Lyon mentions an instance of insensibility in these people, which appears very strange to readers accustomed to hear of the proceedings of "Humane Societies." A poor fellow was upset in his canoe—and instead of hastening to his assistance, his neighbours sat still and looked upon his endeavours to save himself with perfect coolness and indifference.—The Oomiak, or women's boat is described at length. Its frame is of wood and whalebone; flat-bottomed and with square stem and stern; it is covered with seal-skin, and contains five or six seats. It is rowed with two flat-bladed clumsy oars, and steered by a third; being about three feet in height. One was seen twenty-five feet long, and eight wide.

Captain Lyon thinks the grinding of the ice, which caused Baffin in 1615 to name his "Mill Islands," is occasioned by two conflicting tides which cause extraordinary eddies. Large masses of ice were encountered, covered with gravel, mud, and weeds; particles of granite containing garnets, horn-blende, quartz, limestone, &c., &c., were abundant. Captain Parry mentions, these and says he does not think that they could have come from the land, as is generally believed. They probably are brought up from the bottom of the sea—and Captain Lyon strengthens this supposition, by informing us, that on searching the shores of the neighbouring islands he could not discover several of the specimens

On the 13th. of August they were in the mouth of the *Frozen Strait*, their passage up which completely establishes the truth of Middleton's account. A strong N. W. tide set out of the opening at such a rate that they were five hours in passing the Narrows, just three miles. The white whales were very numerous here—as well as unicorns and snow-buntings. Captain Parry slept at *Southampton Island*—and found the magnetic variation to be 55° 05' 30" W.

On the seventeenth they were in a vast and beautiful bay. Parties went on shore;—the country was flat and low, and abounded in lakes and marshes; but the vegetation was rich in Arctic plants. The rib and crown-bone of a whale were here found, three miles inland; and, besides several conical Eskimaux huts made of stone, a human skull was discovered with a cut across it. Mosquitoes were here very troublesome and

numerous. Fossil shells and a few masses of rock lay scattered about; but of native rocks there were none.

Running to the south end of the bight—a party was sent up a neighbouring hill on the eastern side of the strait, who discovered that there was no other outlet than the entrance. The harbour where the ships lay is described as one of the finest in the world, capable of fortification, and large enough to afford anchorage to the whole British Navy. It was named after the Duke of York. Leaving the Frozen Strait they had rough weather; and after a succession of storms and fogs they entered Repulse Bay on the twenty-second. Captain Lyon found on shore across a ravine, *full 100 feet above the level of the sea*, the entire skeleton of a whale, all of which except the head “was covered with fresh moss and dark earth, through which a small stream of water was oozing.” This is, we think, an unexpected proof, in addition to many similar evidences, of the truth of the Mosaic testimony of the deluge. This skeleton, unlike those found by Mr. Liddon in Melville Island, and at other places, lay on a *granite rock*, far distant from any secondary strata. Eskimaux huts were very frequent; and a grave with a skeleton was found, near which lay implements for the chase, of wood, ivory, and iron; pieces of asbestos and models of canoes.

The latitude was  $66^{\circ} 30' 51''$  N. and the longitude  $86^{\circ} 28' 4''$  W. The ships had here reached the scene of their destination;<sup>1</sup> and their future business was to examine the shore northwards.

Former navigators had never reached a more northern latitude up Hudson's Strait, than  $66^{\circ} 30'$ , and consequently all the places which the expedition visited after this were new in the history of the American continent. It will be remembered, that Repulse Bay has hitherto been considered by all the persons who have written and thought upon the subject, as the most probable spot for the anticipated passage into the waters of the Polar sea. Lying as it does in that parallel of latitude which may be said almost to bound the northern coast of America, as far as that coast is known from the few visits that have yet been made to it; and offering, as it did, the prospect of suc-

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<sup>1</sup> The instructions of Captain Parry were as follows:

After having cleared and despatched the transports, you are, with the two ships of his Majesty under your orders, to penetrate the westward through Hudson's Strait, until you reach, either in Repulse Bay, or on other part of the shores of Hudson's Bay to the north of Wager River, some part of the coast which you may feel convinced to be a portion of the Continent of America. You are then to keep along the line of this coast to the northward, always examining every bend or inlet which may appear to you likely to afford a practicable passage to the westward, in which direction it is the principal object of your voyage to endeavour to find your way from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean.

cess from various other reasons, Repulse Bay seemed more likely than any other opening to the South to hold out hopes of ultimate advantage in its investigation. But it did not succeed.

Captain Lyon and a small party started on an excursion for four days, with a tent and blanket-bags to sleep in, in order to examine Hurd's Channel, an opening, before which the ships had anchored. Owing to bad weather, the result was almost useless: the ships meanwhile were in great danger, the ice having pressed upon them to such a degree near *Saddle-back* Island, as to threaten the immediate destruction of the *Hecla*. The inlet, up which the ship had been, seemed to hold out some reasonable expectations, and Captains Parry and Lyon went out to examine it narrowly. But it proved to be only a channel between the land and a little island.

The discovery of *Gore Bay*, near which some *red snow* was found, was, however, made. The ships with continual beating up against the ice, and incessant labour in striving with the currents, made but little way, and on the 3d of September they found themselves carried backwards to the very spot which they had arrived at on the first day of the month preceding!

On the fifth they again set forward, and in a clear sea, at the rate of six knots an hour, ran up *Lyon's Inlet* about twenty-five miles, the breadth of the inlet being about eight. Parties on shore found plenty of mosses, &c., in the valleys, and the usual granite rocks with garnets imbedded. Some of the islands near, had a ferruginous appearance, and sensibly influenced the magnet.<sup>9</sup> Plumbago was also found.

The ships finding the ice coming rapidly from the Southward retreated before it; and proceeding higher up received a visit from the natives: their salutation was like that which Hudson met with at *Cape Digges*, the people stroking the breast in a solemn manner. They seemed to be great thieves; and one lady was detected walking off with a pewter pot, and two silver spoons, in her enormous *boot*, which, in the fashion of these newly-discovered people, was something like a cornsack in dimensions.

Captain Parry, in a boat-voyage of some danger, surveyed the coast connecting the *Inlet* with *Gore Bay*, during which he was twice frozen up in the ice. An interesting anecdote is here told, which we shall transcribe.

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<sup>9</sup> Franklin mentions in his 'Journey to the Polar Sea' (p. 36.) that about half a mile from the bend in *Knee Lake* there is a rocky islet, of magnetic ore, which affects the magnet at a considerable distance—300 yards exactly—nearer, it became unsteady, and on the rock the compass was entirely useless. The position of the *slaty strata* of the ore was vertical.

‘From Captain Parry I learned an interesting anecdote of a doe and her fawn, which he had pursued across a small inlet. The mother, finding her young one could not swim so fast as herself, was observed to stop repeatedly, so as to allow the fawn to come up with her, and, having landed first, stood watching it with trembling anxiety as the boat chased it to the shore. She was repeatedly fired at, but remained immovable until her offspring landed in safety, when they both cantered out of sight.’—p. 80.

The anchorage becoming unsafe, the ships were, after a search along shore, secured in a little bay called *Safety Cove*, where they lay with top-masts down, under a very heavy Northern gale. Signs of approaching winter were at hand, and the grouse assumed a snowy plumage, which also was the colour of the hawk which made a pounce at a dog belonging to the ships. During a walk on shore, says our author,

‘We were much struck by a beautiful appearance which every where presented itself; every stone with sharp or irregular edges had them deeply encrusted with most brilliant crystals of transparent ice, exhibiting all the prismatic colours in the glare of the sun. To their vivid hues a strong contrast was opposed by the dead opake white of the surrounding snow. In such of the valleys as exhibited any signs of vegetation, we observed that every withered flower or stalk of grass which rose above the rest was encased in an icicle, resembling in form that part of a child’s coral which is put into the mouth, although of a far larger size. Many of the small stems, which formed the nucleus of these icicles, did not exceed a small packthread in thickness: and I observed that each was situated on the northern side of its attendant crystal. The clearness of the day, and the glistening of the surrounding scenery, had on the whole a most novel and fairy-like appearance.’—pp. 83, 84.

The 8th of October warned them to prepare for the coming winter, and on that evening a canal was commenced to a little harbour in the shore of *Winter Island*.

It will be impossible in the compass of so few pages as must necessarily circumscribe an article of this nature, to go into all the very interesting particulars developed in the remainder of Captain Lyon’s work, the former part of which we have examined almost too minutely; we shall, therefore, merely set before our readers the discoveries which have been made, and dismiss the highly important account of the strange people whom our voyagers met with, with a concise mention of the most prominent features in their character and manners. But it will not be amiss to state in what manner our brave fellows contrived to pass through the tedious imprisonment of their most desolate winter.

After clearing the ships, and putting the men on the



winter-allowance, and erecting an observatory, the officers commenced their theatrical campaign<sup>3</sup>. Of this praiseworthy employment too much cannot be said in favour of the actors; when we read the following simple narrative.

‘The coldness of the weather proved no bar to the performance of a play at the appointed time. If it amused the seamen, our purposes were answered, but it was a cruel task for the performers. In our green-room, which was as much warmed as any other part of the theatre, the thermometer stood at 16°, and on a table which was placed over a stove, and about six inches above it, the coffee froze in the cups. For my sins I was obliged to be dressed in the height of the fashion, as Dick Dowlass, in the ‘Heir at Law,’ and went through the last scene of the play with two of my fingers frost-bitten! Let those who have witnessed and admired the performances of a Young, answer if he could possibly have stood so cold a reception.’—p. 106.

In addition to this, a school was instituted on board, for the instruction of the men in reading and writing—and so well did it succeed, that on the return of the ships to England there

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<sup>3</sup> Captain Lyon has given us a copy of one of the Winter Island Play-bills, which for the amusement of our dramatic readers, we gladly transcribe. It is a pleasing thing to witness the real goodness of heart of those excellent men to whom the expedition was entrusted, which the simple circumstance of their thus endeavouring to amuse the sailors so plainly evinces.

### THEATRE ROYAL, WINTER ISLE.

*The Public are most respectfully informed that this little, yet elegant, theatre will open for the season, on Friday next, the 9th of November, 1821, when will be performed Sheridan's celebrated Comedy of*

#### THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute	Captain Parry.
Captain Absolute	Captain Lyon.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. Crozier.
Faulkland	Mr. Edwards.
Acres	Mr. Henderson.
Fag	Mr. Hoppner.
David	Mr. Reid.
Coachman	Mr. Bushnan.
Mrs. Malaprop	Mr. Richards.
Julia	Mr. Hooper.
Lydia Languish	Mr. Sherer.
Lucy	Mr. Mogg.

Songs by Messrs. Palmer and Henderson will be introduced in the course of the evening.

Doors to be opened at half-past 6, Curtain to rise at 7 precisely.

N. B. In the text Captain Lyon says, “the ladies were with the exception of beards, figure, voice, and feminine action, most bewitching personages.”—p. 92.

was not a sailor on board who could not read his Bible! The voyage, therefore, was not without its *moral*, as well as scientific, advantages. The cold was so great, that the wine was frozen—and numerous frost-bites occurred; but the ships were fitted up with Sylvester's apparatus; and, on the whole, their crews experienced comparatively little uneasiness from the severity of the weather. Some interesting occurrences came under their notice. The following extract is made for the extreme singularity of the circumstance which it mentions.

'We had for some time observed that, in the fire-hole, which was kept open in the ice alongside, a countless multitude of small shrimps were constantly rising near the surface, and we soon found that in twenty-four hours they would clean, in the most beautiful manner, the skeletons of the foxes, round which, as long as any flesh remained, they would cluster like a swarm of bees, not even letting go their hold when the carcass was lifted out of the water: they never devoured the sinews, so that all the limbs remained attached at their respective joints, and it was only requisite to dry them to form as complete a skeleton as an anatomist would wish to see. The shrimps would not eat skin of any kind, for I placed the flipper of a seal amongst them, and in a few hours it was quite cleaned within-side, the bones being left as in a bag. I tried some experiments on these little gluttons by freezing them in different temperatures, and endeavouring to bring them to life again, but did not succeed; in fact, my cruelty did not deserve that I should.'—pp. 90, 91.

The *Aurora Borealis* does not appear to have been frequently seen; yet an occasional appearance seems to have amply gratified the voyagers. Captain Lyon says that he is confident it is unattended with sound; in general it may be; but the explicit testimony which Captain Franklin brought to prove the contrary in some particular instances (*see the account of the overland journey of Franklin*) seems to place the thing beyond doubt. The feelings which the beautiful and wondrous appearances called up, are admirably described in this short sentence.

'I have never contemplated the aurora without experiencing the most awful sensations, and can readily excuse the poor untutored Indians for supposing that in the restless motions of the northern lights, they behold the spirits of their fathers roaming in freedom through the land of souls.'—p. 101.

There are many anecdotes told of the Arctic fox, which was a frequent visiter at the ships. It resembles the European species, but is smaller, has long woolly hair, a large brush, which it uses as a muff for its nose and feet; piercing

eyes; short ears; long and strong legs; large feet; and weighs about eight pounds. It is very cleanly; extremely quick of hearing; and sleeps during the day: the bark is very low and distant in its sound, a species of ventriloquism adapted most wonderfully to its modes of taking prey; and it hides its food under the snow, which it also uses for drink. It is a voracious animal, and very fierce in confinement.

On the 1st February, 1822, the tedium of imprisonment was broken by the cry of "Eskimaux! Eskimaux!" Of these people, who staid a long time with the ships, Captain Lyon's narrative affords a very particular account. We reserve our few observations on them till the conclusion of our paper. A journey was commenced across *Winter Island*, but, after thirty hours exposure to the weather in a temperature of  $-32^{\circ}$ , during which the frost seriously affected the party, it was resigned. The Eskimaux drew plans of the coast, by which it appeared that Repulse Bay is but a short distance from the Polar sea, the truth of which was established beyond possibility of doubt by the inspection of Captain Parry, Messrs. Bushnan, Ross, &c. who, from a hill in the neighbourhood, actually saw a sea and head-lands to the westward over the country beyond the bottom of the bay. Iligliak, one of the women, connected on a chart the land from Winter Island round the Northern extremity of America, the correctness of which was proved in the following year by the ships themselves. Another expedition over-land was made to discover the course of the coast, from which Blake's Bay, Hoppner's Strait, Adderley's Bluff, and other places received their names. In this excursion, the party were confined in their tent by the snow-drift for sixty-eight hours, without a possibility of moving. The period of their absence from the ships was thirteen days. One of the seamen died of fatigue, having fallen through weakness from the mast-head of the *Hecla*.

A singular phenomenon was observed during their stay in winter quarters.

'The western sky was blue and cloudless, while over head it was hazy, and abounding in what sailors call 'mackerel and mares'-tails.' The division of colours was by a most perfect arch, the legs of which stood in the N. E. and S. W. A strong breeze from the westward did not, in any way, affect the edge of the bow, which was clearly defined. With the legs stationary, the whole clouded part receded, or fell slowly to the eastward, in the same manner as the hood of a carriage is thrown back, until by degrees, and after the expiration of two hours, the sky was all of the same pure azure as had at first been seen in the west. A strong wind continued blowing all night.'—p. 204.

A canal was commenced—and cut from the ships in fifteen days, the men working from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M. It was 197 feet wide towards the sea, fifty near the ships, and was two thousand and fifty-eight feet in length. Besides this, a smaller one, from the *Hecla* to the *Fury*, was cut through three hundred and fifty feet of ice, three or four, and in places twelve feet, in thickness. After all this exertion, when they had taken leave of their favourite island, the ice with mortifying perverseness closed up the channel; and it was not till the 2d June, after having been frozen into the ice two hundred and sixty-seven days, that our navigators got to sea again. Two others of the crews died a few days previously of natural sickness. Steering northwards along the coast, the ships were often placed in the most imminent peril. At every mile they advanced the tides became impetuous, bearing down heavy masses of ice at the rate of three miles an hour, and threatening immediate destruction to the ships by their dreadful eddies. During the 6th, *they advanced a cable's length*, and the ice pressed them so much, that the stern of the *Hecla* was lifted two feet out of the water. On the 8th their dangers increased.

‘The flood-tide coming down loaded with a more than ordinary quantity of ice, pressed the ship very much at between 6 and 7 A.M. and rendered it necessary to get the stream cable out, in addition to the other hawsers, which were fast to the land ice. This was scarcely accomplished, when a very heavy and extensive floe took the ship on her broadside, and being backed by another large body of ice, gradually lifted her stern as if by the action of a wedge. The weight every moment increasing, obliged us to veer on the hawsers, whose friction was so great as nearly to cut through the bitt-heads, and ultimately to set them on fire, so that it became requisite for people to attend with buckets of water. The pressure was at length too powerful for resistance, and the stream cable, with two six and one five-inch hawsers, all gave way at the same moment: three others soon following them. The sea was too full of ice to allow the ship to drive, and the only way in which she could yield to the enormous weight which oppressed her, was by leaning over on the land ice, while her stern at the same time was entirely lifted to above the height of five feet out of the water! The lower deck-beams now complained very much, and the whole frame of the ship underwent a trial which would have proved fatal to any less strengthened vessel. At the same moment the rudder was unhung with a sudden jerk, which broke up the rudder-case, and struck the driver boom with great force. We were in this state, when at 9 A.M. I made known our distresses to Captain Parry by telegraph, as I clearly saw that in the event of another floe backing the one which lifted us, the ship must inevitably turn over, or part in midships. The pressure, however,

which had been so dangerous to us, now proved our best friend; for the floe on which we were borne, burst upwards unable to resist its force; the ship righted, and a small slack occurring in the water, drove several miles to the southward before she could again be secured and get the rudder hung; a circumstance much to be regretted at the moment, as our people had been employed with little intermission for three days and nights, attending to the safety of the ship in this tremendous tide-way. It may here be to the purpose to observe, that we found the flood-tide coming from the northward, and generally running nine hours, while the ebb seldom exceeded three or four.'—pp. 217—219.

Captain Parry in the *Fury* was no better off: but, on the 9th, the ships got into clearer water, and on the 10th a party went on shore. The land was high and regular, covered with limestone, granite, and quartz fragments, and having swampy valleys, with lakes, exhibiting a surface of rank grass and moss. On the 12th they entered a river, and found that it dashed over a magnificent fall, having rapids above it. The country about it was really interesting, and golden plovers and hawks were seen. On the 16th they came to the spot marked so accurately in Iligliak's chart, and here the natives came off to them. A large village was seen containing one hundred and twenty persons who lived in *tents*: the honesty of these people was particularly noticed. Sailing onward, the ships rounded some land in the S. E. point, and came up to an immense field of ice stretching out to a boundless extent. Parties landed here, and a basket was bought of the natives made of grass, like those in use at Fezzan. This is not the only instance mentioned by Captain Lyon, of a similarity between the people of Africa, and the Eskimaux.<sup>4</sup> It offers some interesting associations.

On the 10th July a journey was undertaken over the ice, as far as 69° 26' 48" lat. by Captain Lyon; and, during his absence, the ships visited several islands in the N. E. on one of which were found remains of huts, human skulls, &c. &c. After trying ineffectually to pass the immense boundary of ice stretching across the bay which they in vain attempted to reach, Captain Parry set out to explore the land to the west, the Eskimaux having affirmed that the bay was but the mouth of a strait between the land to the S., up the eastern coast of which they had come from Winter Island, and an island to the north. Strong ice formed again every night, and it was necessary to have some measure speedily determined on.

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<sup>4</sup> Witness the indecent contortions of the body of the women in dancing, as mentioned at p. 168:—and several other circumstances.

Captain Parry brought word to the ships that an opening lay to the W. N. W., beyond which was a clear sea. After noon, on the 26th, the ships passed the entrance of the strait, which was four miles long directly E. and W. and lay between two projecting head-lands, that on the south, high, and of beautifully variegated sand-stone. The opening varied in breadth from three to one mile, but beyond the narrows it was eighteen miles across, lying between bold and mountainous land. Through this passage rushed most impetuously a rapid current from the west. Here, doubtless, was the long sought for passage into the Polar sea. But human expectations are often checked on the brink of certainty! Beyond the point to which the ships advanced ice again formed an impenetrable barrier, into which the vessels ran with a sort of desperation; with difficulty they beat about to the eastward among the ice which soon after broke up in a thick snow. The season had advanced very far—and, no opening appearing in the ice, it became necessary to arrange for the probability of wintering in this strait. Three parties were accordingly sent out—one to Igloodik, a second to the west to trace the continuation of the strait—the third across the mountains to the south. The last excursion was made by Captain Lyon. The mountains on his route were steep and intersected with lakes; the snow lay deep, and hid many chasms into which the travellers frequently fell. The hills in this district are of gneiss and granite, and about one thousand feet high: the lakes lay due east and west, were full of loose ice, and on them young ice was also forming. It appeared that the preceding and present season had been unusually severe—the flowers were but just in blossom on the 1st of September—and living creatures were very rare. Liddon Island supplied asbestos, clay-iron-stone, carbonate of lime, &c.: Amherst Island (both to the west) black slate, in such detached particles, as to cause a supposition that coal lay beneath it. It was discovered that the northern shore of the Narrows was an island. Mr. Palmer found the body of a young child in its grave, covered carefully with a seal-skin, and by it lay a pot, mittens, the child's boots, and a fragment of red cloth and black silk. Mr. Hoppner went thirty miles to the west, and found the strait continued. Captain Parry had examined a bight which promised to aid him, but returned disappointed. Walking round the island, a curious cave was discovered, which we must allow Captain Lyon to describe.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> The late Dr. E. D. Clarke has mentioned a similar cave in his passage across the Gulf of Bothnia. "It was a beautiful cave of ice, hung with pendent icicles and spangling crystal gems—the palace of the *seals*, and temple of their

‘ On coasting back to the boat, I found a most fairy-like grotto in a small cliff of black and rugged slate, through which the water as it oozed had formed most brilliant icy stalactites of some feet in length ; these hung in the front of the cave in a variety of fanciful forms over a small basin, which was frozen as smooth as the most polished mirror. The sun shone full, but powerless, on the silvery icicles, which formed a beautiful contrast with the shaded part of the ebon grotto behind them. I cannot properly describe the effect of this dazzling scene, but it certainly was the most delicately unnatural cavern I had ever beheld.’—p. 274.

Whilst in the strait, observations were made upon the currents. It had long been known that a very powerful one set from the westward: but, in the strait, it was found to impel the loose ice with great force to the eastward, and even against a strong east wind; but the under current was most powerful, it always carried to the eastward the deep-sea lines, separating them, and lifting the lead from the ground. The *Hecla* broke adrift, and was carried to the eastward against the wind, about a mile; and she was two hours recovering this short distance, even with all her sails set, and going by the log two or three miles an hour. Mr. Reid had been to the end of the strait, about sixty miles, and found beyond it a wide sea covered with ice, in continuation of that to which the ships were fast; no doubt, therefore, remained that this was the passage to which their labour had brought them, but through which the ice hindered them from passing. Baffled in this ultimate object, the ships prepared for the coming winter, left the strait, up which they had sailed about *forty* miles in *sixty-five* days. “ We left the ice,” says Captain Lyon, “ almost as we had found it, considering ourselves fortunate in getting clear, and thanking God that it was possible to pass a comparatively comfortable winter in the Arctic regions, and that we could even rejoice at the idea of being fixed in a part where we could walk on shore, and procure game in summer.”

Winter quarters were now taken. The *Hecla* tried in vain to cut a passage to the *Fury*: in *five days* a passage of *only a ship's length* was effected, in consequence of the rapid freezing of the water! The *Fury's* men, having easier materials to work on, cut a passage to within three hundred yards of the shore, it being in all four thousand three hundred and forty-three feet long. The ships were thus about a mile from

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amours: but, under the pressure of fatigue, and cold, and hunger, all its beauties could not detain me, even for an instant. The boatmen had already quitted it: and having cast my eye over the arched roof and sides of this natural wonder, I followed them through a forest to the village of Sattunga.”—*Travels (in Scandinavia)*, vol. vi. p. 352. 4to.

each other. An observatory was built, and messengers appointed between the ships. The winter passed as usual. On the shortest day there was twilight for two hours before and after noon; so that the officers took their walks, and *drives* (with dogs and sledges) as usual. On Christmas day these noble fellows had onions for dinner, as large as a fine needle, and "*real English fresh beef which had been hanging at the quarters for eighteen months!*"

The cold here was greater than at Winter Island, and the temperature was lower in December than at Melville Island.<sup>6</sup> Captain Lyon, notwithstanding his sudden change from the burning suns of Africa to the bitterness of the Polar cold,<sup>7</sup> experienced but little uneasiness in his first winter; but in this second, he found it necessary to put on warmer clothing. The stove-funnels, notwithstanding the fires never went out, collected a great quantity of ice in them: and the Hecla cracked as much as ever, proving that the sap of the wood is affected by the cold, even after *three* hard winters. Whilst the sun was away, the aurora borealis was seldom visible.

A journey to the west, by Lyon, proved unsuccessful, after various fatigues and difficulties, and a summer excursion equally so: Mr. Hoppner also set out to travel to the Western sea with the natives, but they left him to shift for himself, and he returned with no better luck than his friends. A debate was held, whether the Fury should not remain out another winter, taking provisions from the Hecla, and sending her home. But, most justly and properly, it was afterwards arranged that both ships should return. On the 9th of August the ships were set free, having escaped after another imprisonment of three hundred and nineteen days. "I shall not attempt a description of our sensations on this day," says the author from whom we have quoted so largely, "there are some people who can easily imagine them, and those who cannot, will never have waded thus far in my journal."<sup>8</sup>

But though they were now, in fact, on their passage home, their labours and dangers had not ceased,—they had hardly begun. It is impossible to give our readers any idea of the terrific

<sup>6</sup> According to Brewster's Theory, the Frozen Strait is about the coldest place on the globe. The winter of 1823 proved it so.

<sup>7</sup> On the 11th of August, 1819, the thermometer stood in Lyon's tent at 153 $\frac{1}{4}$ . On the 27th November, 1821, he was performing a character in a play, at Winter Island, with the temperature at 20° below zero! But a change like this is a sort of climate intoxication.

<sup>8</sup> It may be interesting to know, that *Iglolik*, the second winter's station, is an island ten miles long, and six broad, almost equally divided by a deep bay, very low and tolerably even, the highest land being at the western extremity, and only one hundred and seventy-four feet high, with a table-top. It may be considered a complete swamp; the hills and beach are lime-stone; and its name is derived from *igloo*, a house. It lies in 69° 20' 42" N. lat. 81° 40' 12" W. lon.



scenes that awaited the navigation southward, unless we could reprint the whole of those parts of the volumes of Parry and Lyon, which describe them. They were not free from the ice—yet they were in a little pool, in the centre of a large floe, with all sails set; and in this state of inactivity they were carried along by that current which we have mentioned as flowing through the *strait of the Fury and Hecla*, and which doubtless retarded their progress considerably from Repulse Bay.

In this manner they made with the ice about eight or ten miles southing in the day—and by dint of continual exertions, and assisted by an occasional opening, they advanced sometimes twenty. Whirled along amongst the shoals and the ice, and threatened with immediate destruction every hour, on the thirtieth they floated past Winter Island, and hurried by their last winter quarters, where they obtained a view of their mess-mates' graves. A party landing here, brought from Cape Fisher some radishes, mustard, and onions, which had survived in the gardens seventeen months, under the covering of the snow. Some little idea may be conceived of the novelty and danger of the situation of the ships from the following short extract.

'We had now been nineteen days coming from Igloolik, and had been carried three degrees entirely at the mercy of the ice. In no part of our voyage, even at the commencement of winter, had we been kept in such a state of constant suspense and anxiety as to the fate of the ships; for we were carried into every bight, and swept over each point without the power of helping ourselves; and had we struck, our fate would in all human probability have been decided.'—p. 455.

The ice continued to sweep them along, and on the 5th of September the ships were driven as far as the end of *Lyon Inlet*, from which it required the utmost labour and skill to free them. On the sixth they again got to Winter Island, where Mr. Fife, the Greenland mate, died of the scurvy. The tides carried them up and down the inlet all the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, and along the shore within a cable's length during the subsequent days, till the morning of the thirteenth, when they were fifteen miles from land. Captain Lyon says he would have preferred another eleven months' imprisonment to the anxiety and trouble of those twelve days! His sentiments are just and excellent.

'Ten of the twelve nights were passed on deck in expectation each tide of some decided change in our affairs, either by being left on the rocks, or grounding in such shoal water that the whole body of ice must have slid over us. But, as that good old seaman

Baffin expresses himself, ' God, which is greater than either ice or tide, always delivered us.'—pp. 461—462.

After being beset *thirty-five days, during which they had driven with the ice above three hundred miles without any exertion, and also without a possibility of extricating themselves*, they got free on the seventeenth—on the nineteenth passed Nottingham Island—made Savage Island on the twentieth—passed Resolution Island on the twenty-third—and "before dark were in the swell and offing of the Atlantic."

With variable but favourable winds, they ran to the eastward at the rate of 120 miles a day, but experienced some rough weather. On the 9th of October they saw an English ship a few miles to the northward of them: at noon they made the Orkney Islands, and at the same hour on the tenth anchored in Lerwick Harbour, having been only three weeks in running from Southampton Island, and *sixteen days from Resolution Island*, a progress which must to the navigators have appeared most wonderful. The reception which they met with from the honest population of Lerwick was friendly and enthusiastic, and such as they deserved and appreciated: for, in the expressive words of Captain Lyon, "insensible must have been the heart of any one of us which was not overflowing with gratitude to the Almighty and protecting God, who had carried us in safety through so many dangers."

On the sixteenth Captain Parry and his friend Fisher the Astronomer,<sup>9</sup> landed at Whitby—and the ships were in the waters of the Thames on the twenty-first, after an absence of two years and a half from that land, which fails not to reward the labours of those, whom it has employed.

We promised to give a short account of the Eskimaux of Winter Island and Igloodik; but, as so much room has been taken up with unavoidable details, we must content ourselves with a very brief extract or two, and refer our readers to the works themselves.

The Eskimaux are described as a small, spare race of people, rather weak in frame, walking erect, with toes turned inwards and bowed legs; unable to leap, or run, and impatient of cold. The women are well proportioned about the neck and shoulders, and have handsome arms, and like the men, small well-set feet, and rather ugly hands; the skin, in both sexes, being smooth, unctuous, and cold, and exceedingly

<sup>9</sup> Some of our readers may not be aware, that this excellent fellow is a brother gownsman:—he is a member of Catharine Hall, and graduated as a Senior Optime in January 1820, after having made a voyage to Spitzbergen, in search of a passage to the Pole, which, with all its difficulties, is an easier matter than to have become in that year (1820) what he, as well as others, *deserved* to be—a Wrangler.

tough. Their colour, when clean washed, is that of a Portuguese, but their bodies are as fair as those of the natives of the Mediterranean. The young have a healthy blush on the cheek, but the men look sallow. Their countenances are similar in some points, but very diversified. The inner corner of the eye points downwards like a Chinese, and the *carunculus lachrymalis*, is covered by a vertical membrane. The skin between the eyes is very tight, and the eyes are generally black, and sparkling, sometimes beautiful. All are wrinkled more or less. The cheek bones are prominent: the face round; and the mouth large; the lips prominent; the teeth strong and rounded like pigs'; the chin small and peaked; the beard scanty; the mustaches thick; the hair itself straight, coarse, and very black. The dress of this singular race differs from that we described in the former part of the article, as belonging to the natives of Hudson's Strait: though made of skins, and fashioned into jackets, trowsers, and boots. They have a large skin cloak, which they use also as a blanket; their breeches never reach lower than the knee, up to which the boots are made to reach. These boots are of deer-skin; the natives wear two pair, with slippers *between*, and a thick pair of shoes *outside* them: these last are water-proof.

In the summer, the dresses are made of prepared *duck-skins*, the feathers being worn inside.

Hair ornaments are very scarce. The women dress differently to the men: their jackets are large at top, for the purpose of carrying the children; and their boots of such immense and portentous size as to become objects of astonishment: *here* they occasionally deposit their provisions, as Captain Lyon frequently found, when a theft had been committed. Their caps are fantastical in shape, the skin of the fawn's head being a favourite. The men clip their hair close in front, leaving the sides long; the women part it at the top and make two pig-tails, which, fastened down by a piece of bone or wood, hang on each side the cheeks.

The occupations of the women are those of making clothes, cooking, and manufacturing utensils. The weapons used by the men are spears, of which they have several kinds; bone feelers for probing the ice, and bows and arrows for killing seals. They have boats which they manage dexterously; and sledges drawn by powerful dogs, of which almost every body has a pack. These dogs are similar to the shepherd's dogs of England, but are stronger in muscle and larger breasted, and stand as high as the Newfoundland breed. Each dog has a name; and they are guided by sounds. It is rather singular that the words used by these people to direct their canine cattle are not unlike those in use among our carters. *Wha-*

*aya, whooa*, to the right—*A-wha, a-wha, a-whut*, to the left—*a-look*, turn—*wooa*, stop,—may be recognised as familiar sounds by horse drivers in many parts of Britain and Ireland.<sup>10</sup> The rapidity of these dogs is wonderful: three of them drew Lyon a mile in six minutes, and one, the Captain's leader, (for he and Parry became famous whips) drew 196lbs, a mile, in eight minutes. At another time seven dogs drew a sledge full of men a mile in four minutes and a half, and nine dogs drew 161 lbs. a mile in nine minutes.

These dogs we think more valuable than their masters, who beat them cruelly and then starve them for reward. Such sportsmen as wish to learn the Eskimaux art of snaring and trapping game may find ample information in Lyon's Journal, at p. 665, and the following pages.

The Eskimaux are an honest, envious, mendicant race—with no gratitude, great skill in lying, and a love of hospitality that would do honour to a better people. They are good-humoured, and have no revenge; and courageous to a proverb. As to domestic matters, the women are treated well, and are common stock; the children are carefully tended, and completely spoiled; but the sick and dying are thought unworthy of regard.

In superstition the Eskimaux are not a whit behind a Laplander. They have witches, and wizards, and many curious tales are told of them. But there is a quality in which these gentry outdo all the world—that of eating. Surely no city Alderman, or French gourmand, could match the following anecdotes.

'When we arrived on board, we found that two sledges had arrived from Pingitkalik. Young Toolooak, of eating celebrity, being one of the visitors, Captain Parry gave him as much food as he could devour, and on the following morning his account stood as per margin.\* The raw spirits and grog were given him within half an hour, on board the Hecla, but had no more effect on him than the same quantity of water would have had on an European.'—pp. 395—396.

'In the afternoon, *Kan-ga-ra*, in whose hut we had been so well treated on the night of the 1st, paid me a visit. I was well

<sup>10</sup> Though not connected with this, we cannot help remarking the similarity in sound and meaning of another curious word.

The word *oo-yee-oo-yee*, is very like the *oyez, oyez*, of our bell-men; and is employed to call the attention to a public announcement.—Vid. p. 170. *Lyon's Journal*.

\* Solids, 10lbs. 4 oz. Water, 1 gallon 1 pint. Soup, one pint and a quarter. Raw spirits, three glasses and a half. Grog, strong, one tumbler! This in twenty one hours, eight of which were passed in sleep.

aware that after I had given him some useful presents, abundant feeding would be the most kindly received attention, and I accordingly pitted him against young Toolooak. He commenced at 1 P. M., and by 8 A.M. on the day following, had expended as per margin.† Of the nineteen hours during which my friend remained on board, he slept eight, without once waking or turning. Toolooak drank about the same quantity of fluids, but exceeded in solids by five ounces. It must, however, be remembered, that he had two hours more time than my man, who would in the same period have beaten him hollow.—pp. 396, 397.

Lyon is one of the funniest fellows, and his book the drollest and most entertaining, we ever met with: and to prove this, as well as to give a better account of his friend's powers of digestion, we extend our line a little further.

‘Our friend committed a thousand good-humoured extravagancies on being led back to my cabin, where he was carefully laid on a couch of skins. His own voice having entirely left him, he did nothing but chant in the tones of Tornnga, no doubt fancying himself highly inspired. An occasional outcry for something to eat was immediately succeeded by his falling on whatever wood was at hand, and biting it deeply with his short and strong teeth. One of the officer's doors was quite disfigured by these starts of frenzy. I never indeed saw a drunken man more good-humoured, and he chanted out his terms of friendship to all around him, while to myself he occasionally turned with great gravity, saying that I was his son, and as well as himself was a great Annatko. All these exertions made him so thirsty, that the most wonderful exhibition yet remained, which was, that as fast as he could be supplied, he drank eleven pints and one gill of water! At each tumbler full, and they amounted to seventeen, he proudly patted his belly, exclaiming Annatko ooanga (I'm a conjuror), which no one could now for a moment doubt. When absolutely filled to the throat, and unable to pour down any more, his countenance fell, and in a desponding tone he two or three times beat his breast, and acknowledged himself vanquished: ‘I'm no conjuror, I can drink no more.’ Within ten minutes after this hydraulic exhibi-

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† SOLIDS.

	lb.	oz.
Bread dust and train oil	1	10
Walrus flesh, boiled	7	1
Seal and bread	1	0
Two candles	0	3
Bread and butter	0	1
Total	9	15

FLUIDS.

	quarts.
Rich walrus soup	2
Water above	4
Total	6

tion, we were surprised to find the wizard become nearly sober, though not at all less merry, and he walked to his sledge with but little assistance, after a few tumbles in some deep snow which had recently fallen, and from which he could not easily extricate himself for laughing, even when his whole face was buried beneath it. It is remarkable that, although this man swallowed such a quantity of raw spirits as would have killed an European, yet he was not enough intoxicated to fall asleep, and one hour was sufficient to deprive him of the use of his legs, and again to set him up on them. I sent out to inquire after his health on the following morning, and he was found well and merry, without the slightest headache or sickness.—pp. 404—406.

Captain Parry has some capital anecdotes of the ladies, and one in particular a Mrs. Iligliak, whom we mention for another purpose, besides exhibiting, that the accomplishment of *drawing* is not neglected in Eskimaux seminaries. We question, indeed, whether some of our velvet-painting, flower-daubing damsels could do as much for the geography and position of the country which *they* inhabit. This interesting creature, (for, notwithstanding the many repulsive habits which she possessed in common with her neighbours, she was most interesting,) drew accurately a chart of the coast, as we have before-mentioned, in order to form a guide for the navigators in their perilous voyage, with such exactness as to leave no doubt, that the Eskimaux are a people of great<sup>11</sup> observation. There were other circumstances in this woman's history which lead one to imagine that, although cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, the talents of these miserable creatures are not inconsiderable:—their models of canoes, dolls, and other specimens of carving brought home exhibit as much; and the curiously constructed habitations in which they dwell point to an inventive genius of no common order.<sup>12</sup> It is impossible to say what effect education might produce upon them in improving their morals, manners, and comforts; but this would be

<sup>11</sup> What strengthens this is a circumstance which, at first sight, appears to prove the contrary. When before their leaving their last winter station the officers fired a *feu-de-joie* with their great guns upon the ice, to amuse the natives, the astonishment of these savages was in no degree called forth. The roaring of the cannon made no impression on them: and when a building was thrown down by the percussion of the air, a simple ejaculation of *hey-yaw*—a usual and common interjection with them—was all the wonder they evinced. But this extraordinary circumstance is accounted for inadvertently, in another place, where Captain Lyon states he was awakened in the night, during his abode in the snow-huts, by sounds which struck him to be the firing of the guns of the ships: but which the natives assured him were occasioned by the action of the frost on the rocks.

<sup>12</sup> It is impossible to read the account of these elegant mansions without recurring to the fanciful idea of Coleridge in his poem of *Kubla Khan*—"the sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!" or the fairy structure of ice mentioned somewhere in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* as the summer mansion of a certain Eastern monarch.

an Herculean task to undertake, as little of their language is known; and, notwithstanding their skill in many things, their inability to acquire the English language is a barrier to any advantages which might arise from such casual intercourse with Europeans, as voyages of discovery, like these, may afford to them.

During the stay of the ships the progress in our tongue which the Eskimaux made was but little. "*Welly well I ta'ank you,*" was their only salutation in English—and the longest sentence they learned to utter was this: "*Toolemak okad-lepok Kinni Aasi. Toolemak speaks King George the IV. welly well I ta'ank you:*" a most interesting complimentary message, which we are sure his Majesty would receive with his usual condescension and kindness. It has been observed that few nations are without some little knowledge of music—and the Eskimaux, scanty as their skill in harmony may be, have some notion of singing. The following verse sung by them, is in exact measure with the "*Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδα,*" of Anacreon:

*Ta-ba-ta-ba Ki-ba-Khi  
Ki-bud-loo-ba Kai-bo:*

the beauty of which must remain hidden, till some lexicographer shall favour the world with an Eskimaux dictionary.

Our account has been strangely protracted; but the numerous materials which lay before us must be our excuse for having intruded so long upon the attention of our readers, whom, nevertheless, we can recommend to peruse the original work from which we have borrowed our remarks—a work which cannot fail to please by the humour of its style, and the excellence of its matter.

We intended to say something about the personal habits of the Eskimaux—but the filthy details which would have come before our readers forbid our entering on them. A people who have no other '*pocket-handkerchief*' as Lyon facetiously calls it, than their *tongue*, cannot be supposed to be very refined: those who are willing to learn particulars may find sufficient in the narratives to satisfy them.

As '*cleanliness is next to godliness,*' the mention of this subject leads us to say a few words about the religious notions of this singular race. They believe, it seems, in a future state; that there are two places appointed to receive the souls of the good, one at the centre of the earth, the other in heaven, where those who are drowned, murdered, starved, or killed by bears are instantly wafted, to enjoy a charming country, with the spirits Khio-woo-Khiak, and Tak-kuk, which last is an appellation of the moon: this latter spirit has a great sledge,

many dogs, and is a great hunter, and often visits the people like a "Robin Goodfellow." For the rest we will hear Lyon.

' The place of souls in the world below is called *Aad-lee* generally; but there are, properly, four distinct states of blessedness, and each rank has a world to itself, the lowest land being the last and best, which all hope to reach. The day on which a good person dies and is buried, the soul goes to a land immediately under the visible world; and, still descending, it arrives the second day at one yet lower; the third day it goes farther yet; and on the fourth it finds,

"Below the lowest deep, a deeper still."

This is the "good land;" and the soul which reaches it is for ever happy. The three first stages are bad uncomfortable places; for in each the sky is so close to the earth, that a man cannot walk erect: yet these regions are inhabited; and the good soul, in passing through them, sees multitudes of the dead, who, having lost their way, or who, not being entitled to the "good land," are always wandering about, and in great distress. Whether these unhappy souls are in purgatory or not, I was unable to learn; but they suffer no other pain than what we should call the "fidgets." In the lowest *Aadlee* a perpetual and delightful summer prevails; the sun never sets, but performs one unceasing round; ice and snow are unknown; the land is covered with perpetual verdure, fine sorrel grows every where, and the dwarf willow is found in abundance for firing; the large lakes of fresh water abound with fish, and the tents of the "souls" are pitched along their banks; the sea is always clear, and whales roll about in so tame a state, that the male souls have only to go out in their kayaks, harpoon the one they want, and tow it to the shore; deer and birds range within bow-shot of the tents, and are killed as requisite; thus universal and eternal feasting and jollity prevail, and the whole time of the souls is occupied in the favourite amusements of eating, singing, dancing, and sleeping.

' As far as I could learn, the reason for placing weapons and useful utensils near graves is, that their tools may be used by their former owners in the other world.'—pp. 373, 374.

Shall the unbeliever in a Christian land, after this account, boast of his reason and philosophy? Dark as his faith may be, and obscure as are the glimpses which he can obtain of truth, the poor, savage, filthy *Eskimaux* has better hopes of heaven than many a bold and titled unbeliever, in a better land. The one in the gloom and darkness of obscure and heathen superstitions, guided by the hand of reason, steadfastly gazes on the twilight which may serve to cheer his melancholy fate: the other, with the madness of despair, and in the pride of his understanding, is wilfully blind to the effulgence of revealed and consecrated truth in the noon-day brightness of the everlasting Word!



When we turn from the wretched beings of such desolate and gloomy regions as these, to the philosophers and literati of a civilized and learned land ; and observe the bold attempts at truth which the former make, in spite of every obstacle from situation and want of intercourse with men, and the shameful treatment which it meets with from the latter in some *illustrious* quarters of *this* enlightened country; we feel too much shocked to indulge a momentary curiosity, and draw a veil alike over the ignorance of the heathen, and the infidelity of the accomplished scholar!

Before our readers will have proceeded thus far in our account, the intrepid fellows whose disappointment and whose labours we have here commemorated, will have advanced many hundred miles on their passage to those bleak and barren climes from which they have but just escaped. Captain Parry is, we may well believe, far away in the waters and the ice of Baffin's Bay,<sup>13</sup> and Lyon striving with the dangers which he has before experienced in his voyage up Hudson's Strait. We doubt not that the former is very nearly at the north part of that very bay, which the ignorant Pinkerton<sup>14</sup>, in his flimsy work on Geography, has stigmatised as an imposition: and if these voyages are of no better use, they serve the purpose of defending, by the testimony of actual experience, the character of an intrepid navigator from the attacks of a weak and stupid scribbler.

On the 3d of July, 1819, Captain Parry was in latitude 72° 57' up Baffin's Bay—and as he sailed this year within a few days of the same time, we may readily imagine, that on the 6th July he will, aided by his present knowledge of the navigation of those seas, and guided by the experience of his former voyage, be still more forward on his way. Captain Lyon, who did not sail till a month later, will, judging from the accounts before us, be probably in the mouth of Davis' Strait, on his course to Repulse Bay, from which place he is

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<sup>13</sup> By advices from Thurso we learn, that the Hecla and Fury passed through the Pentland Firth on the 30th of May, with a fair and strong wind from the eastward. On their return last year they were only sixteen days coming from the mouth of Davis' Strait to the Orkneys: they may, therefore, reasonably be supposed to be where we have imagined them to be.

<sup>14</sup> The words of this genius are :

" It is remarkable that no doubt seems even now to be entertained concerning the existence of Baffin's Bay; while it is not improbable that he is merely a *bad imposter* who wished to recommend himself to his employers, by the pretence of having imposed their names on grand and important features of nature, &c. &c." To which of the two these remarks belong, the late voyages satisfactorily determine; but they were published so late as 1811. Yet it is marvellous to observe how ignorance sometimes blunders on truth. In the very next sentence the bungling scribe tells us, that possibly the *Polar ocean may unite with Baffin's Bay a little above the latitude of 75°*.—Vid. *Pinkerton's Modern Geography*, 3rd. 8vo, Edit. 1811. p. 554.

to march overland exploring the coast to *Cape Turnagain*. We wish these brave men all the success which their enterprising characters so justly merit, sensible that what *can* be effected, *will* be effected by them. We freely confess, however, that our expectations are not so sanguine of the practicability, as our conviction is sure of the certainty, of a passage for ships into the northern ocean. Gratified as we shall be to hail the arrival of the ships from the south, we shall not be disappointed if they come from the north. The probabilities in favour of a passage down *Prince Regent's Inlet* are doubtless very great; but the late voyage has proved that there is actually a passage between *Melville Peninsula*, the northern point of America, and *Cockburn Island*, (namely, through the *Strait of the Fury and Hecla*) and that *that* passage is eternally blocked up by masses of ice which, borne by the current from the west, are wedged into the narrow channel, and probably all along the western shore of the Peninsula and the islands to the north. Allowing there to be a passage down the inlet behind Cockburn Island, and that *that* likewise is blocked up with ice, the difficulty of penetrating it is not so great as in the former case, because the current will be met perpendicularly, or obliquely. But reasoning for ever will not establish the point. A few years, perhaps a few months, may determine the problem: and when the chances are in favour of experience, imagination may safely give up the trial. Of the advantages to be gained by the determination of the case, we say nothing: the subject has been handled so ably elsewhere<sup>15</sup> that it need not be recurred to by us; and thus giving testimony to the credibility of the observations there made, we withdraw from the examination of a subject, which cannot fail to interest us more and more, as the successive narratives of the trials which it enforces come before us, and the indefatigable labours of our valued countrymen are exerted for the glory of their country's naval character.

Parry's Journal is a plain, excellent account of the history of the expedition, and Lyon's a most interesting *conversational* volume. It was written, he tells us, for the use of his family circle, but we are glad to see it has found its way into other chimney-corners besides his own. They are both embellished with many excellent engravings by Finden, whose fame, as an engraver, is likely to rise as high as the character of that excellent and intrepid seaman, whose drawings he has copied with such skill. Captain Lyon's power as a draftsman is not unknown to the readers of his interesting volume on Africa.

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<sup>15</sup> In the Quarterly Review, No. 59.

ART. XI. *The Blank Book of a Small Colleger.* London. Boys. 1824.

IF the 'Small Colleger' were a fair sample of the junior members of our University, or his 'Blank Book'—in that very scanty portion of it which treats upon the subject—a faithful record of the conduct and character of the youthful Academics;—if 'Trinity College, Cambridge;' bore any resemblance to our Author's delineation of it 'Forty years ago;' or 'four and twenty hours,' such as he describes, were actually passed at 'Emmanuel' by any two rational creatures, who stood in the relation to each other of Father and Son—then let Mr. Brougham lay his chastening hand, 'with scarcely a touch,' upon the Universities—and Mr. Jeremy Bentham string together his not-easily-to-be-imitated or always-to-be-understood compound epithets—and Mr. William Godwin bring up the rear with a fresh volley of abuse against what are vulgarly called venerable establishments:—*we* at least will not wield a pen in their defence—but leave them without remorse or pity, to the obloquy which they so richly deserve.—But we think far too highly of our University to believe that she needs any defence whatever against either the small shot of the Small Colleger, or the *heavy* artillery of the Westminster Aristarchus.

Had our facetious Academic confined his literary lucubrations to the fatal discomfiture of the Honourable Athelstan Plantagenet, M. A. F. R. S. F. L. S. (and, as our Author waggishly insinuates, A. S. S.)—and the miraculous reduction of Mr. Cyrus Quincunx's proboscis, and the amiable Mesdames Bathsheba and Celestine Potts, and the *very* indifferent orthography of the accomplished Miss Pennicks, with the inveterate radicalism of Mrs. Reuben alias Rue Pottle, not forgetting her interesting lap-dog Reform—though we could not have complimented him on his powers in the amalgamation of the *utile* with the *dulce*, we should have suffered his 'Blank Book' to float unnoticed down the stream into that gulf of oblivion, which will be its inevitable and ultimate receptacle. But when the good name of our University is *indirectly* called in question, and the respectability of our church *covertly* impeached—it does not become us to be altogether silent, though the vehicle of those insinuations be a 'Blank Book,' and the Author a 'Small Colleger.'

We are first introduced to 'Great St. Mary's,' in an article on which there is as little reason to inflict censure as to confer approbation. The world, however, may derive no small edification from the 'novel and imposing coup-d'œil to which they are introduced by the Small Colleger; they may learn, upon his authority, that a 'preponderance of mathematical men attend

the University church during Bishop Marsh's turn of duty—that, during the preparatory prayer, the 'Simeonites bury their faces in their caps,' while the 'Satirical are slyly, yet keenly, criticising the devotional attitude of their neighbours' (did our Author sit for this character himself?) and that the 'Bloods and Yorkshire Exhibitioners stare on as usual.'—But our Small Colleger rises into a higher strain when he speaks of Mr. Benson—and we cannot but regret that the pen which could indite a tribute of praise so correct, so elegant, and so just, should have condescended to the contemptible article which immediately follows it. As we shall be compelled to speak of this paltry effusion in terms of more than common severity, it is but equitable to seize an opportunity of commendation while it is in our power.

'His delivery is slow, self-possessed, and solemn;—yet strikingly free from the slightest taint of pomposity, or affectation. He is totally destitute of the adventitious advantages of a fine person or graceful action; but there is an earnestness in his manner, that convinces you 'his heart is in the matter,' and makes a demand on your attention which it is impossible to resist. His persuasive and plaintive voice, and most engaging delivery, may partly account for his extreme popularity; as well as explain why many who have heard his discourses from the pulpit, have felt disappointment on perusing them in private. As a practical preacher he stands 'without a rival. In the driest arguments he ever has the art of introducing passages of such beauty—reflections of such practical utility—and sentiments so home and so touching—that they stand apart like patches of verdure blooming in the midst of a desert:—and he is peculiarly happy in infusing the virtues of Christian meekness, humility, and benevolence, into the sternest and most irritating of all subjects—Controversial Divinity.'—pp. 6, 7.

'Those, who were present, will long remember his farewell discourse, closed with a most touching allusion to the crowded and youthful assemblage around him, whom he beautifully described, as, 'Standing upon the confines of youth and manhood, with the passions of the one unsubdued, and the principles of the other unconfirmed.' The warmest wishes for his happiness, from those whom he has left behind, will accompany him to his retirement. Nor will their prayers be wanting, that he may long be spared to the Church—long watch over her interests and defend her doctrines—and that distant, far distant, may be the hour, when the tears of a sorrowing University will mourn him as one of her departed sons, who devoted their time, their acquirements, and their best energies, to promote Religion in others—and consecrated their talents to the service of their God.—pp. 8, 9.

The proverbial saying, '*Fronti nulla fides*,' is applicable in the present day to nothing more than to literary composition. The title '*Trinity College forty years ago*,' excited in us an

anticipation of finding something that would repay the labour of perusal;—but we were most completely disappointed—Under this fair sounding appellation is disguised one of the stalest and most ridiculous stories which are traditional in the University. It would be an insult on our readers were we to copy such nonsense into our pages—all who have been at the University must know it already, and to others it is not worth the knowing. We shall only remark, that the new style in which the old dish has been here served up is not at all to our taste. It is abundantly garnished with very significant dashes—of which we have but to remark, that the old gentleman who could rant in such a style, had no right to disinherit his nephew for the sole offence of a stolen excursion to London in a tandem. We wish our facetious Small Colleger had recorded the names of the two men of Trinity and St. John's who met on the top of Vesuvius, and 'though they knew each other by name and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking.' As he has not done this, we will venture, *nostro periculo*, to assure the discerning public that the whole account is a mere quiz—though not altogether an unfair one—on the stiff and formal etiquette of the University;—and that the caricature, representing a Cantab drowning, and another Gownsmen standing on the brink, exclaiming "Oh that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man that I might have taken the liberty of saving him," is certainly not taken from the life, unless our Author 'be himself the great sublime he draws.' We rejoice to find from the concluding remarks, that our worthy narrator, who styles himself a Sexagenarian, has at length reformed, and we will endeavour to accord all due credit to his professions, though the *gout* with which he recurs to his old transgressions, might furnish us with an excuse for being somewhat sceptical on the occasion.

Our Small Colleger is vastly humorous in the selection of his mottos, which afford a complete contrast to the articles which they introduce, and present much the same motley appearance, as would one of Mr. Canning's brilliant periods interwoven with the verbiage of the Montrose Demosthenes. To the absurdities misnamed 'Trinity College forty years ago,' is prefixed a sentence of Doctor Monk's, far too good to be seen in such company; and a contemptible larceny from Joe Miller is ushered in with that exquisite epitaph of Shenstone's, which for tenderness of sentiment and felicity of expression is without a parallel. Whether our Author intended a reference to his friend Waters, or the Commercial Gentleman, he has not thought fit to inform us;—the world, however, would not have suffered an irreparable loss from the poisonous qualities of

Cornish oysters, if they had impeded the publication of the Blank Book, without any lasting or serious detriment to the Small Colleger.

'The Life of Trials' is the Life neither of a Judge, nor of a Juryman, nor a Malefactor, but—of the daughter of the Governor of York Castle.—Did our Author, who is a bit of a wag, mean to give a sly hit at the consequences of academical frolics, when he placed York Castle between 'Trinity College forty years ago,' and 'four and twenty hours at Emmanuel?'—If we had not heard the story thus entitled a hundred times before, it might not have been altogether uninteresting—but, though our Author is unquestionably possessed of talent, it is not so great, that under his management—

“Decies repetita placebit.”

It is, however, in 'Four and twenty hours at Emmanuel,' that the Small Colleger appears to have reached the very climax of absurdity. It is the story of a young Gentleman quizzing the Governor—and, if we may place any faith in signatures, was not written by the Sexagenarian, in whose time the customary appellations for a Father were Square-toes, and the Old Gentleman. We shall not occupy our pages with any extracts from this precious morceau; we shall only put it to the experience of our Academic readers and the common sense of all, whether Mr. Bob Hollis, junior, of Emmanuel College, the non-reading man, even for the worthy purpose of hoaxing the Governor, would have been likely to adorn his rooms with a portrait of the S. S. or a plan of the New Jerusalem.—Our Author's descriptions so far overstep the bounds of probability, as to become perfectly ridiculous.

The Small Colleger here finishes his allusions to the University—and we have as little leisure as inclination to attend him to the grave of Huffey White, or discuss the advantages of a constitution, or dispute with him respecting the inestimable blessing of 'dying at the gallows'—in which latter article, entitled English Anomalies, he levels a sly insinuation at the character of the Clergy. He might have placed among his anomalies the hostility of a Small Colleger against the Church of England. The 'Green Dragon at Harrogate' is not wholly without wit, nor the 'Quaker's Burial, altogether without pathos—we suspect, however, that we have met with several of these articles before in some of our thousand and one contemporary periodicals, and we do not think any of them worthy of a more extended existence than the ephemeral celebrity of a magazine.

Nevertheless, though we are constrained to censure our Author for his flippancy and frivolity, and to condemn his vending unsound wares under specious titles, we will not part

from him in ill humour, nor shall our readers. He possesses considerable powers in the pathetic—and the concluding article, entitled the Shore Boat, is in a strain of commendable piety. But of all the pieces in the book, *Anastasia*, which we give entire, is far the best—and we are persuaded that our readers will concur with us in wishing, either that the Small Colleger had always written thus,—or that he had never written at all!

‘Whoever has recently travelled through the West-Riding of Yorkshire, by the main road from Sheffield to Leeds, can hardly have avoided noticing a beautiful edifice which greets him a few miles before his entrance into Wakefield. The venerable pile seated on an eminence—its turrets covered with ivy—the river, which sweeps nobly round it as if proud of the edifice it reflected—unite in forming an object to arrest and charm the eye of the traveller. Nor is the situation of the building its only claim on attention. A melancholy interest attaches to it, from its being the residence of a remnant of Benedictine Nuns, who, flying from France at the period of the Revolution, have here found an asylum, and, in the consolations of religion, a refuge from misfortune. They could hardly have been more fortunate in their choice. The loneliness—the seclusion—the objects that surround the building—invest it with an aspect so inexpressibly calm and tranquil, that it seems to bid defiance to the entrance of any earthly feeling, or unhallowed passion. Behind it, in silent grandeur, rises the thick noble wood of Kirkthorpe, while through the trees the village church raises its humble head in the distance. It is not the least remarkable feature of this lowly building, that, in its church-yard, the Nuns from Monte Cassino find their last resting place.

‘Amidst the high grass, which vegetates in dark luxuriance,—distinguished from the more simple memorials of the lowlier inhabitants of the village—rise, in proud pre-eminence, the marble monuments of the little Catholic community. The cross carved at the top—their strict uniformity and consanguinity to each other—the rose-mary and sweet-briar which flourish thickly around them—finely contrast the simplicity of surrounding objects, and give a picturesque appearance to the scene.

‘Among the inscriptions, which vary only in name and date, was that of

‘ANASTASIA,  
ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF BENEDICTINES,  
AGED 21.  
A NOVICE 1813,  
PROFESSED 1814,  
DIED 1815.’

‘I was gazing on the tomb of one so young, and forming conjectures as to her history and misfortunes, when I perceived a stranger, melancholy and abstracted, viewing with the most intense interest the same object as myself. I accosted him: and to

my numerous queries respecting her who lay mouldering beneath us, he gave me the following particulars. The actors in the scene have long since passed from the stage, and, without hesitation, I give the story to the world. The young will never be persuaded by the aged; nor the foolish by the wise; but the living may learn from the dead, for them they can neither envy nor hate.

It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped near Lisbon, that two British Officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls, at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows, which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men: and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and the most pitiless—induced the Nuns to give their enterprising admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepont and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of family and fortune; and Constance and Inez de Castro readily believed them men of honour. It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepont's brother, who commanded a man of war then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board, and convey them to England. There, their lovers were to join them, immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the *Andromache* would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the Western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the Convent. The hour, so important to some beating hearts, arrived. The bay of Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight;—the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore;—and the grey massy building of the Convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the limes that surrounded it.

'The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the Convent wall. 'She's mine,' cried Pierrepont, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister, and shew her the example, first descended the rope-ladder. Inez attempted to follow her: but, from some accident never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and, attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the Convent. The scream of agony which escaped her, and the frenzied exclamations of Trelawney, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and, after a short search, found the insensible Inez. Trelawney was dragged, by main force, from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the *Andromache*, which conveyed her to England. There, her lover soon after joined her, but as a *lover* only. The sacred name of wife he faithlessly withheld from her; and, to the agony of being betrayed by



the man she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and the unceasing reproaches of her own heart. Of Inez, or of Trelawney, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepont was ignorant, or pretended ignorance as to what became of either; and hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret; the future with a source of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved, devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself, and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepont, coming, unexpectedly, to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife. It was a few weeks after this event that, at the Opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride, her person—faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening—was recognised by Sir Harry Trelawney. An invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister. ‘Can you bear to hear the truth?’ said Trelawney, anxiously ‘Any thing—every thing’—she exclaimed—‘but suspense.’ He then told her, cautiously, that, disregarding the agony which Inez endured from a limb fractured in two places, the superior, discovering she yet lived, had her instantly conveyed to the Refectory, where the nuns repaired in full assembly:—that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded her, the hapless victim was hurried to the fatal cell, where, between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruse of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows. ‘My agony,’ Trelawney added, ‘at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection—her devotion—her reliance on my honour—all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself.’

Constance uttered no scream—no shriek—not a sound escaped her—but she was never seen to smile again. With her, the season of hope was at an end. After an ineffectual struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer,—without the ties of children to bind her to society,—without affection to console her,—without friendship to advise her,—she entreated Lord Pierrepont to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a Convent. This request her husband—though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her, yet pleased with the admiration she excited—alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawney’s communication, in a moment of irritation he penned a challenge to his former companion: ‘sent it—fought—and fell.’

She was now left alone. There was no being in existence

who could control her, and she hastened to mature her plans. On the Continent, she was aware, her life would be endangered; but, hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society, in Yorkshire, she requested—and her wealth easily obtained for her—admission. A rigid noviciate, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Anastasia she took the black veil. Unexampled privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a constitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse—and, on the second anniversary of her entrance into the Convent, the grave shed over her its tranquillizing mould.

‘And Trelawney,’ I exclaimed, ‘what became?’—He—interrupted the stranger, with all the calmness of despair,—‘He stands beside you!’—pp. 117—125.

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ART. XII. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* Translated by John Symmons, Esq. A. M. late Student of Christ Church. London. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.

WILD and majestically beautiful, the Tragedies of Æschylus must ever be perused with feelings of admiration for the powers which produced them, and of astonishment at the splendour and capacity of the language in which they are endited. There is something in these Dramas, which awes whilst it captivates, and overpowers whilst it delights. We gaze, as it were, on the foaming waters of the cataract, which, disdaining the calm and limpid windings of the streamlet, dash in impetuous course over the rugged bed of their mountain channel: and—to drop the metaphor—if the exquisite sensibility, and, the touching endearments, of his rival contemporaries are absent, we, at least, feel more than compensated for their loss, by the brilliancy, and grandeur, and magnificence of the Father of the Scenic Art. That a translation of this ancient writer, which shall combine a correct and spirited rendering of the original Greek with the elegance and beauty of English poetry, is a desideratum in the literary world, must be acknowledged by all; for, although the Translation of Potter is possessed, in an eminent degree, of the latter of these requisites, it is at times extremely deficient with respect to the former. In his Choral Odes in particular, beautiful as they are considered irrespectively of the original, there are numerous passages, which might with equal propriety be entitled a Paraphrase on the Book of Job, as a Translation of Æschylus. In all such examples, Potter appears to have mistaken, or rather not to have understood, the meaning of

the Greek : and consequently, as some rendering of the text was indispensable, has indulged in vague and general effusions but little connected with his Author's reasoning or signification. To obviate this imperfection was Mr. Symmons's design in publishing a new translation of one of the noblest, as well as most difficult, of ancient Dramatic compositions.

'The following attempt, which is published only as a specimen, originated, at the suggestion of a friend, in an earnest, though perhaps audacious desire, to realize in our own language something more of the spirit of the original than can be found in the version of Potter.'

Such being the Author's intention, we sat down with eagerness to an investigation of his work. Before, however, we had proceeded very far in this examination, some indistinct recollection seemed floating in our brain, that we had elsewhere met with various opinions, and divers ideas, which are dispersed through the Notes: particularly in those cases where Mr. Symmons is at variance with Dr. Blomfield respecting some passages of this Play. At length, after much rumination, we recollected that one evening, in a fashionable Drawing Room, in the midst of female charms, and even the enchantment of musical strains, we had indulged ourselves—with shame we confess our Gothicism—with a perusal of a Number of the Quarterly Review, containing a critique upon Dr. Blomfield's Edition of the *Agamemnon*. Upon taking down vol. xxv. of that most valuable work, we found the Article in question in the Number for July, 1821: and soon discovered that the coincidence is so exact, the very same words being sometimes employed, that one of these two conclusions must necessarily be true, either that Mr. Symmons is the writer of that Article—or has borrowed most freely and unreservedly from it, without the slightest apology or acknowledgment: which latter supposition we have little hesitation in pronouncing to be just.

We begin *ab ovo*. The commencing passage of the translation stands as follows:

'For ever thus? O keep me not, ye Gods,  
For ever thus, fix'd in the lonely tower  
Of Atreus' palace, from whose height I gaze  
O'erwatch'd and weary, like a night-dog, still  
Fix'd to my post: meanwhile the rolling year  
Moves on, and I my wakeful vigils keep  
By the cold star-light sheen of spangled skies.  
The pole is studded o'er; above the rest  
Flame the bright rulers of the midnight hour;  
Who shed an influence on us mortal men,  
And change our seasons as they roll along :—p. 3.

in which we lose, in a general expression, the exquisite idea, *ἄστρον νυκτέρων δμῆγγριν*—and are told of the ‘rulers of the mid-night hour,’ of which we know but one, namely, the Moon. The original, *λαμπεροῖς δινάστας*, manifestly refers to the Sun and Moon; the respective rulers of Day and Night. We observe that Potter has retained the beauty of the Original, in the former instance; but has completely mistaken the meaning, in the latter.

‘Ye fav’ring Gods, relieve me from this toil :  
 Fix’d, as a dog, on Agamemnon’s roof  
 I watch the live-long year, observing hence  
*The host of stars*, that in the spangled skies  
 Take their bright stations, *and to mortals bring*  
*Winter and summer; radiant rulers, when*  
*They set, or rising glitter thro’ the night.*’

Potter’s *Æschylus*. p. 151.

We are happy to observe, a few lines farther on, that Mr. Symmons has adopted Dr. Blomfield’s excellent interpretation of *ἀνδρόβουλον* :

‘For so do I interpret the command,  
 And read her thoughts who gave it, haughty soul,  
 Our queen, *a man in counsel.*’—p. 4.

The first Choral Ode next claims our attention : which, upon the whole, we consider as a fair specimen of a translation, professing to exhibit the sense of *Æschylus*, although in a poetical composition. We have, however, several remarks to make upon certain passages. First would we comment upon the following :

‘Nine years are past, and now the tenth  
     Rolls on apace,  
 Since the chiefs of Atreus’ race,  
     Priam’s antagonists,  
 Each with his sceptre graced, each on his throne  
 Seated by Jove, firm yoke of warrior kings,  
     Led from this shore their martial train,  
 A thousand ships, which spread the main,  
 The equipage and soldiery of Greece,  
     Clanging as they went afar  
     The loud embattled cry of war ;  
*Like vultures, who have lost their cradled young,*  
*The callow nurslings of their aerie steep,*  
     In mazy melancholy sweep  
*With their wings’ oary steerage, wheel around*  
     Their desolated beds,  
*Mourning apart in deep untrodden glades.*’—p. 7.

The lines in Italics are a translation of the majestic passage,

τρόπον αἰγυπιάων, ὅτ' ἐκπατίοις  
 ἄλγεσι παιδων, ὑπάτοι ληχέων  
 στροφοδικύνται,  
 πετέρων ἐρετμοῖσιν ἐρεσσόμενοι,  
 δεμνιοτήρη  
 πόνον ὀρταλῶν διεσάντες:—l. 48.—53.

and Mr. Symmons adds in a Note; 'So I have rendered ἐκπατίοις ἄλγεσι, literally, 'mourning out of the paths, 'mourning in unfrequented and untrodden places,' which appears more natural and poetical, as well as more correct, than the tortuous explanation of the Scholiast, adopted by Heath, Dr. Blomfield, and Stanley.' We differ with Mr. S., and regard his signification of these words as *less* 'natural,' *less* 'poetical,' as well as *less* 'correct,' than what he is pleased to term 'the *tortuous explanation* adopted by Dr. Blomfield.' We are decidedly of opinion, that ἐκπατίοις ἄλγεσι παιδων is to be considered as the same with ἐκπατίων ἄλγεσι παιδων, according to a mode of construction not unusual with Æschylus. See line 148 of this Play, and Sept. cont. Theb. l. 340—342.

Then again, we cannot perceive how πόνον ὀρταλῶν is to be understood as signifying 'the young birds themselves, the tender object of the care of their parents,' as Mr S. explains it: and still less do we comprehend how διεσάντες can signify 'having *lost*,' instead of 'having *destroyed*.' In short, we conceive that he has totally mistaken the meaning and connection of the passage. The words δεμνιοτήρη πόνον ὀρταλῶν διεσάντες, signify—in our opinion, at least—'having destroyed the bed-keeping, (or rather *bed-detaining*) labour of their young:—that is, 'having removed the necessity of constantly brooding on their nests, by teaching their young to fly.' The whole passage, taken in its connection, we would thus paraphrase: 'as Eagles fly round their nests, whilst teaching their brood to fly, and utter screams whenever their young try their pinions in too distant a flight—so do the Atridæ sound the notes of war, arranging their hosts with the same care and anxiety as to their proper order, as these birds display with respect to their young?'

Potter's translation of these words—or rather his careful evasion of their difficulty,—is wretched and absurd:

'Like vultures, which, their unplumed offspring lost,  
 Whirl many a rapid flight, for that their toil  
 To guard their young was vain.'—p. 153.

We most heartily coincide with Mr. Symmons both as to his reading and translation of lines 117, 118, (Edit. Blomf.)

'Where they (the Eagles) had borne a mother hare,  
 Loaded with her brood within,

Who had run her last that day,  
And stood with outspread wings devouring of their prey.'—  
p. 13.

although we could very willingly have dispensed with the monosyllable 'of.' Potter also has rendered this passage correctly :

' And in their armed talons bear,  
Seized in its flight, a timid hare,  
And in those splendid seats enjoy their prey.'—p. 155.

In like manner, Mr. S. in our opinion, has properly considered *ἄρσους* (line 138) as meaning ' young whelps' :

' But may the beauteous virgin queen, who loves  
Youngling lions, fierce and fell, &c.'—p. 15.

Whereas, Potter, for reasons to us perfectly unintelligible, thus renders the expression :

' The virgin Goddess of the chase,  
Fair from the spangled dewdrops that adorn  
The breathing flow'rets of the morn,' &c.—p. 157.

With regard to the passage,

' And those, who would not learn before,  
Have learnt perforce great *Virtue's* power,  
*Gift of the Gods*, whosit enthroned above  
On azure blazing thrones and seats of living might ;'—p. 19.

we have three observations to make:—first, that *σωφρονεῖν* expresses 'prudence,' or 'wisdom,' or 'moderation,' rather than '*Virtue*,' particularly as *φρονεῖν*, occurs immediately before, which Mr. S. himself there renders '*wisdom's* road,'—secondly, that with respect to the words *δαιμονων χαριν*, we adopt Dr. Blomfield's interpretation, '*Deorum reverentia*,' as well as his observation, '*Mirum in modum*' interpretes verterunt *Deorum donum*, sc. το σωφρονειν, quem sensum voces non ferunt;—lastly, that 'seats of living might' is no translation of the Greek, and is quite incomprehensible in English.

But what are we to say to the following ?

' Standing sublime, *the seas* to overcast,  
Shone the great strength of the transmitted lamp :'—p. 29.

to which a Note is appended : ' So I have rendered this passage literally. Nothing can present a finer image that the original does of the beacon blazing on Mount Athos, and with its splendour covering the back of the sea.' Let us look at the passage, as it stands in *Æschylus*.

ἰπερτελης τε, ποντον ὥστε νυτῖσαι  
ισχὺν πορευτοῦ λαμπαδος, πρὸς ἥδονην  
πεύκη, τὸ χρυσοφεγγές, ὡς τις ἥλιος,  
σελας παραγγείλασα Μανιστοῦ σκοποῖς. 1.277—280.

We do not think that Mr. Symmons's translation conveys any distinct meaning. '*Qui superat, nempe fretum,*' is the proper signification of *ὑπερτελής*: and *πρὸς ἡδὸν* must be rendered '*Per dorsum eo.*' "*Lux dicitur ire ex' εἶρεα νῦν τα θαλάσσης, ut ait Homerus Il. B. 159: Recte igitur Schol. ὑπερβῆναι.*" (Blomfield.) The question then becomes, what is to be understood by *πρὸς ἡδὸν*? We reply, that part of the Ægean intercepted between Mount Athos and Mount Macistus, which Macistus must be in Eubœa. With respect to *πρὸς ἡδὸν*, concerning which our Author says 'I can make nothing out of it,' perhaps it has some allusion to *σκοπῆς*, which we read in preference to *σκοπῆς*, on this account—*παραγγεῖλαισα σέλας Μανιστοῦ σκοπῆς, πρὸς ἡδὸν αὐτοῖς*—meaning that the appearance of the light affords pleasure to those watchmen. We would also read *ὑπερτελεῖ*, rather than *ὑπερτελής*.

We think the meaning of lines 365—369 is very happily caught in the following extract, although perhaps too verbosely expressed: since *κεφάνται*, as used in the plural, is supported by Eurip. Hipp. 1258. (Edit. Monk.); or, if it is to be considered as singular, *το θεῖον* may be supplied as its nominative, according to the suggestion of Mr. Symmons, or rather of the Quarterly Reviewer.

'So said the impious; but the Gods  
Have shown themselves in dreadful view  
E'en to the children of aspiring kings,  
And to these hosts of war in armour bright,  
Steel'd and caparison'd for lawless fight,  
Whilst plumed Mars breathed horror on their helms:  
And to the plenteous palaces of pride,  
The towers of grandeur, and the thrones of state,  
Too glorious to be good.'—pp. 36, 37.

An equal degree of spirit and correctness is displayed in the exultation of the Grecian Herald:

'Why we may take our station,  
Borne on the wings of fame o'er sea and land,  
And show our glories to the dazzling sun,  
Proclaiming as we go—'These are the spoils  
'The Greeks have taken from the towers of Troy,  
'And hung them in the temples of their Gods,  
'A blazonry for ages yet to come.'—p. 53.

We now pass on to that part of the Drama, where the frantic and inspired Cassandra utters, in wild and mysterious expressions, the approaching fate of herself, and of Agamemnon: and here, we are constrained to say it, Mr. Symmons has *completely* failed. We are well aware of the difficulty of the scene, and readily grant that the sober stateliness of verse, in which the language of one in calm possession of his senses

would be expressed, must yield, to a certain extent, to the sallies of a disordered imagination: but, in such jingling and ballad-rhyming strains is this part of the translation executed, that—unless we are very greatly mistaken—every classical reader will be tempted to exclaim of Cassandra in the very language of our Author,

*'Alas! ye Gods, what is she thinking on.'*—p. 101.

Witness these effusions.

CASSANDRA.

*'Alas! ah wretch! ah! what art thou about?  
A man's in the bath—beside him there stands  
One wrapping him round—the bathing clothes drop,  
Like shrouds they appear to me, dabbled in blood!  
O for to see what stands there at the end!  
Yet 'twill be quick—'tis now upon the stroke!  
A hand is stretch'd out—and another too!  
As though it were a grasping—look, look, look!'*—p. 102.

CHORUS.

*'O sure thou art one of a deep-raging soul,  
Driven mad by a God, crying out  
All for thyself tunes of the sad woeful lay,  
Like her of dark hue, who ne'er has enough  
Of her cry, in the sadness of her vexed heart,  
The nightingale dark, Ityn, Ityn, who moans  
All her life in the shade, deep embowered in woes.*

CASSANDRA.

*Ah, ah! the shrill nightingale makes me to moan,  
To think of her fate, so unlike to my own;  
She has groves and green trees, and she lives in the glade  
A sweet life, embowered in yon darksome shade.  
She grieves not, she grieves not, though in her dark bower  
The sedgy brooks round her their lullabies pour!  
My doom is the axe and the sharp-edged spear.'*—pp. 106,  
107.

With these may be compared the following.

*'Who of mortals would not wish,  
As he hears the story told,  
That his own horoscope might be  
Beneath a low and harmless star?'*—pp. 125, 126.

*'O Helen, Helen! frantic queen!  
Thou hast slain full many a knight  
Under Troy walls in bloody fight;  
Full many and many a knight.'*—p. 136.

*'Discord high  
Built to the sky,  
Was that queen  
Of beauteous mien:'*—pp. 136, 137.



In addition to these specimens, numerous instances of lines, which are positively nothing better than prose run mad, might be produced from almost every part of the Translation. We cite a few.

- ‘ I say thou shalt see Agamemnon’s death !’
- ‘ Good man, you pray ; of murder are their thoughts.’
- ‘ My day is come ! vain flight were little gain.’
- ‘ Know then thou’lt suffer from being over bold.’
- ‘ Oh father ! Oh ! thou ! and thy noble sons !’
- ‘ Was n’t that a man to drive out from the gates.’<sup>1</sup>
- ‘ O ! O ! again ! another blow ! O ! O !’

O Johnny Symmons ! Johnny Symmons O !

Nor does our Author seem to be aware, that a very literal may be a very improper translation : the idiom of one language admitting what another must reject. From inattention to this obvious fact, we have several most extraordinary specimens. For example :

‘ Daring th’ undareable’—p. 39.

————— ‘ and lo ! *mud’s brother*,<sup>2</sup>

The parching, thirsting dust, proclaims his speed.’—p. 46.

To what dialect the following interjections belong, we are at a loss to imagine. Probably Mr. S. intends favouring us with a new Lexicon, explaining his peculiar phraseology

‘ O ! O ! hu ! hu !’—p. 113.

‘ Foh ! foh ! foh !’—p. 121.

In the last case, however, we perceive that our Author himself is at loss as to his meaning ; and therefore judiciously puts into the mouth of the Chorus the interesting question, ‘ *What means foh, foh ?*’

Numerous instances also of a most deplorable absence of taste occur. For example, alluding to Iphigenia, he makes Diana thus demand her as a sacrifice—

‘ Slay me that *fair two-footed beast*,’—p. 17.

a translation, for which, we need scarcely say, no parallel will be discovered in Æschylus.

So again,

‘ Warden of dead men *in the pale blue lake*.’—p. 130.

The next quotation we do not understand ;

<sup>1</sup> This strongly reminds us of the Nursery Rhyme,

“ And wasn’t that a dainty dish  
To set before a King ?”

<sup>2</sup> Κάσις πολλοῦ κόνης. l. 478. So also ἀρπαγαὶ διαθρομαν ὁμαιμονες. Sept. c. Theb.

'And bared his father's house to the dire edge  
Of naked ruin.'—p. 50.

But these examples may more easily be pardoned than some others, in which, by spinning out an additional line for the sake of rhyme, he completely destroys the beauty of a whole passage.

'Woman caused him toil and pain;  
Woman took his life away:  
*Alas! alas! the rueful day.*'—p. 136.

'Cursed genius of this house!  
He whose anger works us woe,  
Horrid demon! *oh! oh! oh!*'—p. 139.

'Alas! Alas!  
My king, my king, dead, cold, and pale!  
How shall I fondly o'er thee wail?  
The spider's web has closed thee round,  
In death's iron slumber bound:  
*Ha, ha! thou breathest thy life away,  
Gallant hart, at thy last bay.*'—p. 139.

Occasionally, the exquisite pathos which is infused into a verse by the presence of some Greek particle, is totally lost in Mr. Symmons's work. Thus;

'Behold my eyes  
'Weep with delight, and answer thee in tears,'—p. 51.  
is the tame and tasteless translation of the beautiful line,

ὄστ' εὐδακρύνει γ' ὀμμασιν χαρᾶς ἔπο.—l. 524.

So again,

'Others shared with you in that sweet disease,'—p. 51.  
corresponds with

τερπνῆς ἄρ' ἦτε τῆσδ' ἐπήβαλοι νόσου.—l. 525.

But it is an execrable task to point out the imperfections of an Author: and, however unceremoniously we may have appeared to handle the dissecting instruments, we can most honestly assure our readers that we experience no satisfaction from this critical Anatomy. We do not sit down with any sense of that intense enjoyment, which some imagine is to be derived from what is vulgarly denominated, "cutting up." As an evidence of our sincerity, we give the following selections, in which we conceive that the signification of the Original is expressed with fidelity and correctness, and exhibited in manly and vigorous lines.

'Thus then Atrides, in that baleful mood,  
Dared with his daughter's sacrifice complete  
The first piation of the wind-bound fleet,  
And speed War's iron muster with her blood,

In cause of Helen, perjured dame.  
 Mailed chiefs, whose bosoms burn  
 For battle, heard in silence stern  
 Cries that call'd a father's name,  
 And set at naught pray'rs, cries, and tears,  
 And her sweet virgin life and blooming years.

Now when the solemn prayer was said,  
 The father gave the dire command  
 To the priestly band,

Men with strong hands and ruthless force,  
 To lift from earth that maiden fair,  
 Where she had sunk in dumb despair,  
 And lay with-ropes all cover'd round,  
 Hush'd in a swoon upon the ground,  
 And bear her to the altar dread,  
 Like a young fawn or mountain kid :  
 Then round her beauteous mouth to tie  
 Dumb sullen bands to stop her cry,  
 Lest aught of an unholy sound  
 Be heard to breathe those altars round,  
 Which on the monarch's house might hang a deadly spell.  
 Now as she stood, and her descending veil,  
 Let down in clouds of saffron, touch'd the ground,  
 The priests, and all the sacrificers round,  
 All felt the melting beams that came,  
 With softest pity wing'd, shot from her lovely eyes.  
 Like some imagined pictured maid she stood,  
 So beauteous look'd she, seeming as she would  
 Speak, yet still mute : though oft her father's halls

Magnificent among,  
 She, now so mute, had sung  
 Full many a lovely air,

In maiden beauty, fresh and fair ;  
 And with the warbled music of her voice  
 Made all his joyous bowers still more rejoice ;  
 While feast, and sacrifice, and choral song,  
 Led the glad hours of lengthen'd day along.'—pp. 22—24.

• When first she came to Ilion's towers  
 O what a glorious sight, I ween, was there !  
 The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen  
 Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,  
 Where on the damask sweet the glowing Zephyr slept ;  
 And like an idol beaming from its shrine,  
 So o'er the floating gold around her thrown  
 Her peerless face did shine ;  
 And though sweet softness hung upon their lids,  
 Yet her young eyes still wounded where they look'd.  
 She breathed an incense like Love's perfumed flower,  
 Blushing in sweetness ; so she seem'd in hue,  
 And pained mortal eyes with her transcendant view :

E'en so to Paris' bed the lovely Helen came.  
 But dark Erinnys, in the nuptial hour,  
 Rose in the midst of all that bridal pomp,  
     Seated midst the feasting throng,  
     Amidst the revelry and song ;  
     Erinnys, led by Xenius Jovè,  
     Into the halls of Priam's sons,  
     Erinnys of the mournful bower,  
 Where youthful brides weep sad in midnight hour.'—pp. 66,  
 67.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

' And thou shalt hear my just and solemn oath !  
 By the full vengeance taken for my child,  
 By Atè and Erinnys, at whose shrines  
 I've slain this man, a bloody sacrifice,  
 I think not in the House of Fear to walk,  
 Whilst on my hearth Ægisthus burneth fire,  
 As he is wont, his heart still true to mine :  
 For he's my boldness, and no little shield.  
 Low lies the man who did me deadly wrong ;  
 Low lies the minion of Troy's fair Chryseids :  
 And she his captive, and his soothsayer,  
 His paramour, his lovely prophetess,  
 She whom he trusted, true to him in bed,  
 And on the naval gallies as she rode.  
 Not unrequited, what these two have done !  
 For he e'en so ; and she most like a swan  
 Kept singing still her last song in the world,  
 A deadly, wailing, melancholy strain :  
 Now on the earth she lies, stretch'd out in blood,  
 And her dishevell'd tresses sweep the ground :  
 Cold sweats of death sit on her marble face ;  
 His love ! his beauty ! 'Twas to me he brought  
 This piece of daintiness to cheat my bed !'—pp. 133—135.

It now only remains for us to give a connected opinion of the work before us, on detached portions of which we have already pronounced our judgment. Parts of this Translation are marked by a just approximation to the sense of the Original, and are executed with great force and success : in other parts we consider that, although the signification has been retained with considerable fidelity, there are, in other respects, most overwhelming blemishes. The imperfections are indeed, as must have been perceived, numerous throughout the work ; and some of them are of a nature to offend both the ear and taste. In short, we consider about one half of the Volume as deserving regard ; and the other half as infinitely below mediocrity.

With regard to our Author's scholarship, we should be inclined to judge favourably, did we not suspect, that the

Quarterly Review was the chief source, whence he has derived his critical remarks. At all events, he might have spared several very flippant expressions, when opposing the readings and opinions of Dr. Blomfield, with whom, we trust, he has not sufficient vanity to compare himself, either in ability, or attainments. We should think that Mr. Symmons is an exemplification of the well-known adage,

*Poeta nascitur, non fit;*

as very many parts of his Version seem to indicate, that he is a poet rather from labour and practice, than from genius and nature. But the copious extracts, in which we have indulged, will have enabled our readers to judge for themselves as to the merits or demerits of this publication; and we have indulged in them with the less reluctance, because we were willing that they should be capable of forming such a decision. In this hasty sketch, we have doubtless omitted many points, which should have been noticed; have passed over many blemishes; and, we are willing to believe, overlooked some beauties: time, however, forbids us to retrace our steps, for the purpose either of detecting imperfections, or of bringing excellencies to light. We can only add, that, if ever we again meet Mr. Symmons as the Translator of *Æschylus*, we hope to find him equally correct with respect to the *general* meaning of his Author—and immeasurably improved in the structure of his verse, in his taste, and in the tone of his criticism: so that a more worthy offering may be presented by him at the shrine of his Alma Mater, than the present attempt at a translation of the *Agamemnon*.

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#### ERRATA.

##### No. I.

P. 161, l. 14, For 'connects,' read 'corrects.'  
 161, l. 24, For *†*, read *†γ*.

##### No. II.

196, l. 18, Dele Note of interrogation.  
 242, l. 23, For 'figurately,' read 'figuratively.'  
 246, l. 24, Apostles', read 'Apostle's.'

# **ACADEMICAL REGISTER.**



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We have the permission of the Author to insert the following " Essay on the Internal Evidence of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion." It may be necessary to state, that it obtained the Norrisian Prize in the University of Cambridge in the year 1822; and that circumstances, with which it is needless to acquaint the public, prevented its appearance in the usual form.

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# ACADEMICAL REGISTER.

MARCH, 1824.

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## ART. I. *An Essay on the Internal Evidence of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion.*

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Ἡ αὐτὴ γὰρ ἀρίστη Διδασκαλία.

Xenoph. Cyropæd. Lib. 8. c. 7.

Πόθεν τούτῳ ταῦτα· καὶ τίς ἡ σοφία ἢ δεδεῖσα αὐτοῦ;

Evang. sec. Marc. VI. 2.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN the History of the Life and Ministry of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the Gospels, it is stated that he performed a great number of the most surprising miracles, in attestation of the Religion, which he was sent into the world to promulgate. It is further stated, that these mighty works were manifested at all times and in all places: and that their effects were so palpable and permanent, as to defy all contradiction or doubt. But, though it was impossible to dispute the facts, still there were some, who did not hesitate to impugn the means by which they were produced, and to ascribe them to the agency of the Devil. Such was the infidelity of the early ages of Christianity; and it has come down to the present times, varied only according to existing circumstances. The primitive sceptic could not refuse his assent to the works themselves, and therefore impiously questioned the means of their performance;—The modern infidel asserts the insufficiency of all testimony whatever to miraculous facts, because the visible manifestation of divine power has, for wise reasons, been withheld from his own experience. For this cause, it has become necessary in these later days to establish the truth of our Religion by appealing to its internal character. And, by the mercy of God, the intrinsic excellence of the Religion itself, and the wisdom displayed in its several parts, are abundant proofs, that “we have not followed cunningly devised fables.”

It is not to be denied, that the most direct and effectual method of vindicating the divine authority of the Gospel is by the argument from *miracles*. Our faith is founded upon *facts*; and supported by the strongest testimony, both divine

and human, to those facts.<sup>1</sup> These facts, and this testimony, the most strenuous exertions and insidious artifices of open and concealed enemies have been unable to disprove, or invalidate. To the sincere believer the external evidences still remain a sufficient and unanswerable reason for his belief. But, overpowered by the weight of argument, which can be adduced against him by means of this portion of the Christian testimony, the designing infidel resorts to the less hopeless task of weakening our faith by abstract reasonings on the *principles* of the Gospel Economy. Whatever may be the arrogance and presumption of these endeavours, as implying a question of the wisdom of the Almighty, and claiming to examine his counsels by the insufficient standard of human reason, it is yet our duty to meet the enemy on his own ground, and defend the fortress of Christianity by the strength of her Internal Evidence.

If pursued, however, with the intention of candid inquiry, unaccompanied by the desire of pushing his researches beyond the prescribed limits of human observation, to the believer himself the examination of the intrinsic merits of the Gospel will be no useless employment. He will thus perceive how the different methods of investigating its truth conspire to the same point, and agree in the same consequence. He will see how beautifully the doctrines illustrate the miracles, and the miracles confirm the doctrines. In this, however, there is no confusion,—nor the most distant appearance of an argument in a circle: for the proofs of the one, and the other, are perfectly distinct; and the conclusion respecting them is derived from independent sources. The reality of the miracles is collected from a review of external facts; and the doctrines are established by the evidence of their innate excellence.

The internal proofs of the divine origin of the Christian Religion are derived from a consideration of the nature and tendency of its doctrines and its precepts:—of the hopes and the motives, by which mankind are encouraged to belief and obedience;—and of the rapid progress, which it made in the world. In the present inquiry, therefore, it will be necessary to shew, that the doctrines which it teaches, as they could not have proceeded from human reason, so are they perfectly agreeable to the wisdom and goodness of God, and the welfare of his creatures:—that the duties, which it enjoins, are superior to all other systems of morality whatever, and better calculated to promote the virtue and happiness of mankind;—and that the hopes and the motives, by which faith is strengthened, and practice enforced, are those, which alone could have been effec-

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<sup>1</sup> Van Mildert's (now Bishop of Landaff) *Sermons on Infidelity*. Sermon 13.

tual and sufficient. From these considerations, and the manifest insufficiency of the means employed in its propagation, considered in the light of mere human exertions, the truth of Christianity may be conclusively argued. To pretend to novelty in the attempt would evince the highest degree of presumption. The subject has been so repeatedly and ably discussed, as to have left not the slightest room for any addition of argument to those, which have been already produced. But, as Infidelity continues to direct her old and hackneyed objections against us, it cannot be improper to assist the wavering by means, which have heretofore been applied with advantage.

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## CHAP. I.

Summary of the Christian Doctrines—Absurd Opinions of the Heathens respecting a Future State—Theories of the Philosophers—Simplicity and excellence of the Gospel Doctrine—The Hopes by which it animates the Believer—Originality of the Christian Doctrines—Plato's Trinity—Resurrection of the Body—Efficacy of the Gospel Doctrines in promoting God's Glory and Human Happiness, exemplified in the Trinity, and other Doctrines—Harmony in the Doctrines—Mysteries in Religion—no Argument against its Truth, but a Confirmation of it.

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THE principal doctrines delivered by Christ and his Apostles, and received as the rule of Faith by the members of the Christian church, are those of the Trinity in Unity, the Original Corruption of Mankind, the Atonement, the Resurrection of the Body, and a Future State after death. The ideas, which these doctrines convey of the nature of God and man, and the prospects, which they exhibit of futurity, are not to be discovered in any of the writings or opinions of Pagan antiquity. Even that important truth, that the present life is only a state of probation, intended to prepare us for eternity, was little known, and less understood. The Jews themselves, who had been favoured with a previous Revelation from above, had very imperfect views of a future state; so much so, that it has been asserted by a very celebrated Divine, that the doctrine "is not to be found in, and did not make part of, the Mosaic Dispensation."<sup>1</sup> But, if the favoured people of God had very in-

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<sup>1</sup> Warburton's Divine Legation. Book 5. §. 1. It is the object of the fifth book of this ingenious and learned work, to prove this position.

distinct notions of a future retribution, the Heathens were still more lamentably unacquainted with it. Their ideas on the subject were not only imperfect, but erroneous. The common belief respecting it abounded with superstitions so strange and ridiculous, that the doctrine itself must have appeared incredible, from the monstrous absurdities, with which it was attended.

Nor were the systems of the Philosophers free from the grossest misconceptions of this doctrine. It were vain to attempt an explanation of the terms, which they employ in their descriptions of the soul. The manner of its formation, and of its union with the body:—its removal after death into a place congenial with the habits it may have formed during life;<sup>2</sup>—and its re-assumption of a new mode or form of existence at the expiration of a thousand years,<sup>3</sup> are detailed in language far more elegant than instructive. The well-known Pythagorean theory of transmigrations is so truly whimsical, that it almost exceeds in extravagance the poetic fictions of Styx and Lethe, Tartarus and Elysium.

Perhaps there was no topic canvassed with greater pertinacity among the Heathen, than the doctrine in question: and on none was there a greater diversity, or rather contradiction, of opinions. The natural tendency of these fruitless discussions could not have been the advancement of its credibility. Their doubts also extended to the particular description of persons, who would be thought worthy of admission into the territories of the blessed. Plato shuts the gate of Heaven against all but Philosophers:<sup>4</sup> Virgil enlarges the number of its inhabitants by the introduction of Heroes and Poets:<sup>5</sup>—and Aristotle, after assigning the most distinguished happiness to the contemplative Philosopher, admits the virtuous also to a secondary portion of delight.<sup>6</sup> So that each conferred the most exalted privileges on the adherents of his own particular persuasion.

The theories of the antient sages, therefore, were not, it may be presumed, very intelligible to the generality of mankind; and it may fairly be doubted, if they were altogether within the comprehension of their authors and advocates.<sup>7</sup> This however is certain, that among so many different opinions all could not be right; and the more natural conclusion is, that they all were wrong. On the contrary, the simplicity of the Gospel doctrine argues very forcibly in favour of its truth. In the allusions there made to a Future State, the great Author of

<sup>2</sup> This is the δόξερα γένεσις of Plato. See the *Timæus*, Edit. Serran. p. 42.

<sup>3</sup> γυλιότης πορείας. Platon. *Phæd.* p. 248. et seq. <sup>4</sup> *Phæd.* p. 82. B

<sup>5</sup> Virg. *Æneid.* VI. 665.

<sup>6</sup> Aristot. *Ethic.* Lib. 10. c. 7, 8.

<sup>7</sup> *Rerum obscuritas facit, ut non intelligatur oratio, qualis est in Timæo Platonis.* Cicero de *Finibus*, l. 1. c. 5.

our Faith, without any remarks on its possibility or probability, directly asserts its certainty. He abstains altogether from any detailed description of the delights of Heaven, and the torments of Hell. And, as to the class of persons who will be received and rejected, he opens the gates of his kingdom indiscriminately to all sincere believers. All is plain, but positive :—there is no account of the precise nature of the doctrine, but there is the most clear and authoritative declaration of its truth.

The Christian doctrine of a Future State may be favourably contrasted with the Pagan system, in point of the consolation, which it affords to its professors. While the latter admits only particular candidates to the joys of the blessed, the rewards of the Gospel are offered indifferently to all. Whatever may be a man's attainments in philosophy or learning, or whatever his situation or calling in the world, he is fully assured of Salvation, on fulfilling the conditions of the Gospel covenant. This assurance must be far more favourable to the interests of Religion, than the unintelligible jargon of the Heathen Theology. It is in fact the only view of the doctrine, consistent with divine justice, and capable of supporting the virtuous in the trials and sufferings of mortality. Animated by the certainty of future reward, adversity in this life is sweetened into pious resignation ; and prosperity is humbled into religious gratitude. While the hopes of the Heathen were confined to the light and worthless enjoyments of this world, those of the Christian extend to a never-fading and eternal weight of glory.

A Future State then, as taught in the New Testament, is such, as had never occurred to human imagination, before it was taught by Jesus Christ. The other Articles of the Christian faith are equally original, both in their nature, and in the hopes, which they excite in the breast of the sincere believer. No Heathen Philosopher ever gave such *exalted views* of the DEITY as those, which the sacred writings afford. It would be a fruitless endeavour to trace any thing like the Scriptural account of the *Fall of Man*, and the necessity of the atoning blood of a Redeemer, in the writings or opinions of any Heathen Sage. It is not to be denied, that there are some noble attributes ascribed to the Deity by the ancients ; but they are so mingled with degrading notions of the Supreme Being, that it requires some care to distinguish them. They had also certain conceptions of human frailty : and the death of Christ as an atonement has been likened to the devotions of those, who gave themselves a voluntary sacrifice for the good of their country.<sup>a</sup> But the difference of the two cases is sufficiently

<sup>a</sup> Origen. Cont. Cels. Lib. I. p. 25. Ed. Spencer.



apparent, particularly as to the *extent* of the Gospel Redemption.

It has been asserted, however, by the sceptical Author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, "that Plato has marvellously anticipated one of the most surprising discoveries of the Christian revelation."<sup>9</sup> It is well known, that he here alludes to the doctrine of the Trinity, and more particularly to the appellation of the Second Person. But it is necessary to remark, that the *λόγος* of Plato differs from that of St. John materially, and in the most important point. The former is merely an *attribute*, the latter is a *person*. Indeed Gibbon himself terms the component members of Plato's Trinity, "metaphysical abstractions."<sup>10</sup> It is moreover to be remarked, that the advocates for the Platonic doctrine derive their notions from the works of the Platonists of the second and third centuries, whose ideas differed widely from those of their master.<sup>11</sup> They had confounded the institutions of Plato and of Christ, and formed a mixed system of Platonism and Christianity. It is well known, that the real Platonic Theology was composed of two distinct principles, God and Matter; which, although both eternal, were perfectly independent of each other.

But, if ingenuity can trace resemblances between some of the doctrines of Christianity and those of the antients, there is one point at least of the Christian Belief, which is without a fellow in the Heathen Theology. The Resurrection of the body is a revelation peculiar to the Gospel, and of which no Pagan whatever seems to have entertained the smallest conception. Nor is it to be expected, that such a doctrine should have been discovered by the unassisted powers of human reason. The body, after death, becomes completely decomposed, and is not distinguishable from the earth, to which it is consigned. In process of time, the bones themselves crumble into dust. There is no external appearance, which could raise the smallest expectation of its resuscitation, and re-union with the soul. On the contrary, every outward circumstance must tend to prevent any such expectation. What then, except the greatest ridicule and contempt, would a person have met with, who had endeavoured, before the publication of the Gospel, to foist such a doctrine upon the belief of the people? But, when once revealed, and enforced by the necessary proofs of a Divine Revelation, all is easy. The doctrine itself

<sup>9</sup> *Decline and Fall*, chap. 21.

<sup>10</sup> *Decline and Fall*, ubi supra.

<sup>11</sup> Non audiendos monemus juniores Platonicos, quoniam mentem Platonis conditoris sectæ turpissimè adulterarunt. Bruckeri Hist. Phil. Tom. 1. Part 2. L. 2. c. 6. See also Moahem. ad. Cudworth. p. 682. Not. 49.

is perfectly agreeable to the dictates of reason, and consistent with the strictest principles of equity. It is equally reasonable to suppose the Almighty capable of raising, as of creating, the human body; and he is as able to unite it with the soul, at its resurrection, as at its creation. And, on the score of justice, there is scarcely a sin which a man commits, in which the body does not participate. The soul indeed consents to the action, but it is the body which performs it; and it is therefore justly doomed to share the punishment assigned to the offence.<sup>12</sup>

The unbiased inquirer, therefore, will not be disposed to deny the perfect Originality of the doctrines of the New Testament, and more particularly of that last noticed. We say *perfect originality*, because, although it has been observed, that an analogy may be traced between some of them and the Pagan Institutions, still that analogy is so remote, as to render the resemblance almost imperceptible. Besides which, it might easily be proved, that the Pagan doctrines themselves were obtained from remote traditions derived from Revelation, and are mere corruptions of the Jewish creed. But the *originality* of an institution will go but a little way in establishing its Divine Origin. A new doctrine is of no avail, unless it surpasses those, which have gone before it. The foundation of all religion is the relation, which exists between God and man; and the ideas, which it conveys on this subject, must accordingly be exalted and pure. That this is the case with Christianity, a review of the doctrines themselves will readily testify.

The Heathens had the most absurd and degrading notions of the Supreme Being. Not to mention the polytheistic tenets of Pagan Antiquity, even those, who maintained the unity of the Godhead, had very unjust and mean conceptions of the Deity. They regarded him as confined by certain laws, and excluded him from the exercise of some of his most glorious attributes. Most of them considered Him merely as the Soul of the World,<sup>13</sup> or the Spirit which directs the system of the Universe: and it was from this opinion perhaps, that they inferred the necessity of some pre-existing materials for its creation. Aristotle<sup>14</sup> denied to him the properties of Omnipresence and Infinity: and Plato circumscribed his attributes of Power<sup>15</sup> and Justice.<sup>16</sup> Epicurus asserted the impossibility of his interfering in human affairs; and hence perhaps arose the opinion, very generally prevalent, of his incapability of

<sup>12</sup> Bp. Beveridge's private thoughts. Art. 11.

<sup>13</sup> Plato and Aristotle in particular maintained this doctrine. See Warb. Div. Leg. B. 3. § 4.

<sup>15</sup> Timæ. p. 69. B.

<sup>14</sup> Moshem. ad Cudw. IV. § 24. Not. 21.

<sup>16</sup> He was only just, *ὡς εἰς τὴν*. Theætet. p. 176.

inflicting punishment.<sup>17</sup> With such ideas of the Deity the belief of a particular Providence, and of God's moral Government of the world, is wholly inconsistent; and must have been unintelligible even to those, by whom it was professed. But how different, and how comfortable, is the Christian creed! We are there gratified with the most exalted descriptions of the Triune God, who made the heavens and the earth out of chaos, and still preserves what he has made. Endued with the attributes of Omniscience and Omnipotence, he both knows what is for the good of his creatures, and is able to perform it. And, though his justice would often bring down vengeance on our sins, yet, in his mercy, he is not extreme to mark what we do amiss. What can be a more sure ground of reliance upon God, and what more conducive to happiness, than this well-grounded reliance?

Equally calculated are the other doctrines of the Gospel to promote the glory of God, and the happiness of man. A consciousness of the corruption of Human Nature will teach mankind not to think of themselves more highly, than they ought to think; and not to trust to their own merits for acceptance with God: but, relying on the intercession of a crucified Saviour, anxiously to fulfil the conditions of the covenant. These endeavours will be encouraged by the assurance of salvation, as their final and everlasting reward. And, as a farther incitement, what can be more effectual, than the certainty of the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, in the performance of their Christian duties, if they sincerely ask it? What has already been said of the Resurrection of the body, and the Life Everlasting, is sufficient to prove, that, while they are the only means of reconciling the apparent inconsistencies in God's Providence in the present life, they are the most rational source of hope and consolation to the pious Christian.

Having thus considered the tendency of each respective doctrine to answer the great purposes of Religion, it may not be improper to remark, that they form together the most connected and rational scheme of the whole spiritual history of man. Every particular doctrine is related to each, and all the rest; and forms a necessary part of one harmonious whole. The redemption of mankind by the Atonement of Christ is intimately connected with the Original Corruption of Human Nature; which again necessarily looks for the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit; and the whole is wound up in the rewards and punishments of a Future State. It were vain to seek for a harmony of this nature in the discordant tenets of

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<sup>17</sup> Cic. de Offic. L. 3. c. 28.

the sages of antiquity; amongst whom the wisdom of the wisest in religious matters is the most aggravated folly.

If then the doctrines of the Gospel, whether considered individually, or collectively, are such, as were perfectly new and unheard of, before its publication;—if they are most admirably calculated to promote the glory of God, and the welfare of man;—and if the hopes, which they present for the encouragement of the faithful servants of Christ, are the most animating and sublime;—if, on the other hand, the best of the Heathen Sages were grossly mistaken in their notions of a Future State, and exhibited unjust and degrading pictures of the divine attributes:—what is the necessary inference? Does it not conclusively follow, that the discovery of doctrines, so pure and so beneficial, argues the supernatural qualifications of their author? What conceptions can we form of a person, who alone, from the foundation of the world, has been able to “teach philosophers and senators wisdom?”

Many of the Christian doctrines are doubtless beyond the reach of human reason. It were vain to endeavour to develop the mysteries of the Trinity;—to reconcile the necessity of God's preventing Grace with the free-agency of man;—or to investigate the union of the divine and human natures in the person of the Redeemer. From this circumstance objections have been repeatedly urged against the Divine Origin of the Gospel. This is evidently owing to an erroneous idea of the proper subjects of rational inquiry, and to the jealousy, with which reason regards her supposed privileges. Human Reason is doubtless a test of truth, so far as her capacity, which is confessedly limited, extends;<sup>18</sup> and never is she more honourably employed, than in candidly investigating the truths of Revelation. But there is a certain point, at which she invariably stops; whatever may be the nature of her inquiries. Not only in religious, but also in natural researches, the powers of the understanding are circumscribed, but the necessity of belief is infinite. The human frame involves a series of the most surprising mysteries. The nature of the organs of sight, the process of animal secretions and excretions, and the union of the soul and body, defy the curiosity of man, and compel him to believe what he cannot comprehend. But it is not so with the Bible Sceptic. He sees certain articles proposed to him as trials of Faith, to which he impiously refuses his assent, because they are not reduced to the level of his understanding. But is it not unworthy of common sense, to dispute the reality of a position, unless it is competent to disprove it, or at least to weaken its pretensions?<sup>19</sup> It does not by any means follow, that, because a doctrine is beyond the reach of Human

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<sup>18</sup> Van Mildert on Infidelity. Sermon. 17.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid

Reason, that it therefore necessarily contradicts it. On the contrary, every doctrine of the New Testament, though infinitely above the powers of man's limited understanding, is perfectly consistent with it, and would baffle its utmost endeavours at its refutation. For instance, is there any thing irrational in the scheme of Man's Redemption, or can any thing reasonable be urged against it? The divinity and incarnation of our blessed Lord, and his atonement for the sins of the world, it would be worse than presumption to endeavour to unfold: but it is perfectly reasonable to suppose, that an all-merciful God would adopt them, as means for reconciling to himself his fallen creatures. Is it not, therefore, worse than impious, to cavil at the method, by which so gracious a purpose is effected? Surely it were better for man, whose finite capacities cannot so much as discern the nature of the objects around him, to check his inquisitive researches into the hidden things of God. "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not; how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?"<sup>20</sup>

If, however, the doctrines of the Gospel are infinitely beyond the reach of Human Reason, they are exquisitely adapted to our spiritual necessities. The belief in the Trinity, for example, is perfectly adequate, and indeed perfectly necessary, for the religious wants of man. The corruption of his nature, which renders him incapable of giving that perfect love and obedience, which is evidently due from a creature to his Creator, naturally calls for some satisfaction. This satisfaction is offered in the atonement of the only begotten Son of God, the Second Person in the Trinity; and it seems almost impossible, that any other would have been a sufficient sacrifice. It would be clearly preposterous for any one human being to look up to another mere human being, who by his own merits should have acquired such influence with the Supreme Being, as to atone to Him for the transgressions of his fellow-creatures. But that strict harmony, which exists between the Atonement, and the Divinity of Christ, renders the case plain and consistent.<sup>21</sup> The part also, which the Holy Ghost takes in the Trinity, is well-suited to the wants of humanity. There are certain conditions to be performed by the member of the Christian covenant, for which he is incompetent from the frailty of his nature; and in which the assistance of any being like himself would be altogether unavailable. But the difficulty is removed by the assurance of the co-operation of God's Holy Spirit in his endeavours after righteousness.

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<sup>20</sup> John, iii. 12.

<sup>21</sup> Dr. Graves' Scriptural Proofs of the Trinity. p. 115.

Mysteries, therefore, can be no objection to a Divine Revelation. The doctrines of Christianity are the counsels of an all-wise God; and it seems almost incompatible with the nature of things, that they should not be mysterious. For, on a different supposition, they would imply the revelation of Infinite Perfection to a finite understanding. To a candid inquirer indeed, such mysteries would rather appear to be intrinsic marks of the truth of a Religion. Their incomprehensible nature renders it preposterous to suppose them to have proceeded either from the knowledge, or invention, of man. The only possible method, therefore, of accounting for their origin, is, by referring it to the unlimited conceptions of a Divine Intelligence.

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## CHAP. II.

Heathen Morality defective in principle and motive—Sufficiency of the Gospel System in these respects—Principle—Motive—Jenyns' Argument—Precepts common to Heathenism and Christianity—Wherein different—Scattered in the writings of the Philosophers—Comprehensiveness of the New Testament compared with its size—Sufficiency and universal application of Christian morality—Peculiar manner of our Saviour's Teaching—Preaching, a peculiar excellence in Christianity—Excellence of Christ's character—Case of Imposture and Enthusiasm.

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THE greatest infidel, that ever cavilled against the Gospel, cannot withhold his admiration from its Morality. He may argue for the greatest extent of human reason;—he may coin objections against the doctrines of Christianity, and presume to disbelieve the *whole* of the Religion, because there are *parts* of it, which he cannot comprehend;—but it were worse than vain to dispute the excellence of the Precepts, which it contains. There is nothing equal to them in any of the systems of Ethics, which the antients have left us. In fact, there were no moral institutions whatever, before the publication of the Gospel, adequate to the necessities of man. Even the best of the ancient moralists acknowledged their ignorance on some points of duty; and it is very probable, that most of their precepts, if closely examined, would prove defective. “Ye may even give over,” says Socrates, “all hopes of amending men's manners for the future, unless God be pleased to send you some other person to instruct you.”<sup>1</sup> It is not, that there are

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<sup>1</sup> Plato in Apol. Socrat. as quoted by Clarke, in his Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. p. 308.

no excellent precepts to be found in the annals of the antient Sages, but they are erroneous in *principle*, and insufficient in *motive*.

The ruling *principle*, on which the Christian morality is founded, and on which the whole system rests, is Love: that perfect love, which "seeketh not her own," but is ever anxiously watchful for the good of mankind. "A new commandment I give unto you," says our blessed Lord, "that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another; by this shall all men know, that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."<sup>2</sup> He knew, that happiness could only be promoted by mutual good-will, and universal benevolence. It is doubtless owing in a great measure to the absence of this salutary principle, that so much evil prevails in the world. Were Christian Charity cultivated to the full extent of the Gospel appointment, human life would be one continued scene of harmony and peace. There would be no dissensions in families, no discord between man and man. Friendship would be strengthened by sincerity; and tumults and wars would cease in the world.

Amidst the variety of tempers and dispositions, which prevails among men, there is but little hope, that this principle will flourish to any great extent. But it requires very little judgment to discover, that human happiness must increase in proportion to the advance of Christian Charity. If all men were anxious in promoting the public welfare, the general prosperity of society must be the consequence; and the fewer there are to disturb this prosperity, there is the smaller probability of discord and confusion. Accordingly, every precept in the New Testament seems to have been benevolently framed in subservience to this prominent duty. While the characters in the greatest repute among the Heathens were fiery and impetuous, the peculiar features in the Christian's deportment are humility and meekness. Upon every occasion, our blessed Lord endeavours to press upon his disciples the necessity of practising these virtues. Forgiveness of injuries also, and patience under offence, are indispensable qualifications of the true disciple of Jesus Christ. Were the dispositions, which the practice of these virtues are calculated to produce, more prevalent in the world, the beneficial results would bear ample testimony to the superior pretensions of Jesus Christ, even as a practical moralist, to the most celebrated names of Pagan Antiquity. The spirit of concord and unanimity, which would be their necessary consequence, must undeniably be more conducive to peace and happiness, than the tumult and

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<sup>2</sup> John, xiii. 34.

bloodshed, which were the inevitable attendants of the active courage, and the restless ambition, which characterized the antients. It is true, that the latter qualities are more generally admired and commended; but this most probably arises from the circumstance of their attracting more general notice. The unpretending, inobtrusive virtues of the humble Christian escape the gaze of the world; while the lofty projects of ambition court its observation. There may be something also in the delight and enthusiasm, with which we are accustomed to peruse the classic pages of antiquity, that calls forth a ready admiration of the qualities, which are eulogized in them:

Such then is the beneficial tendency of the principle, upon which the Gospel morality is founded; such the dispositions; which the cultivation of that principle is calculated to produce. As to the *motives*, by which the Christian is encouraged to obedience, it is almost superfluous to shew their superiority to the views, which influenced the practice of the Heathens. They were merely actuated by the prospects of worldly riches, and the applause of man; but the Christian is prompted to the pursuit of virtue by the expectation of a blessed eternity. Those of the antient Heathens, who professed their belief in the soul's immortality, entertained the most perplexing doubts, respecting the state, into which it would be admitted after death. The closing remark of Socrates, in his address to the judges, is sufficient to convince us of the uncertainty, in which he was involved with regard to futurity.<sup>3</sup> Even in the theological writings of Varro, who lived but a short time before the appearance of Jesus Christ upon earth, we may search in vain for any thing like an expectation of eternal life.<sup>4</sup> It has been well remarked, that "sublime and magnificent as was the philosophy of the antients, all their moral systems were deficient in these two important articles. They were all built on the sandy foundations of the innate beauty of virtue, or enthusiastic patriotism; and their great point in view was the contemptible reward of human glory:—foundations, which were by no means able to support the magnificent structures, which they erected upon them: for the beauty of virtue, independent of its effects, is unmeaning nonsense: patriotism, which injures mankind in general for the sake of a particular country, is but a more extended selfishness, and really criminal; and all human glory but a mean and ridiculous delusion."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ἡμὸν μὲν ἀπεθανόμενον, ὑμῶν βιωσομένων· ὁπότεροι δὲ ἡμῶν ἔρχονται ἐπὶ ἄμεινον πρῆγμα, ἀδελοὶ παντὶ πλὴν ἢ τοῦ θανάτου.—Plato in Apol. Socrat.

<sup>4</sup> Augustin. de Civit. Dei. L. 6. c. 5. 9.—Ireland's Westminster Lectures, p. 208.

<sup>5</sup> Jenyns' Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.



The reformation of the moral condition of mankind, which had so completely baffled the exertions of the ablest Philosophers, was not likely, it may be presumed, to be ever effected by human means. If the wisdom of the wisest among men had failed in producing a correct system of morality, it is not to be supposed, that so pure, so sufficient, and so original a body of precepts, as the Gospel presents, could have been the result of mortal wisdom. The actions and the dispositions which it recommends, while they are most excellently adapted for the advancement of happiness and virtue, are yet so directly opposite to those, which mankind have been accustomed to hold in esteem, as to render their adoption, on human considerations, highly improbable. When, therefore, it is further added, that, from the religious wants of man, a Revelation was evidently necessary, is it not fair to conclude, that the Gospel is such a Revelation?—The argument here adduced, to a certain extent, is that of Soame Jenyns, in his Treatise on “the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.”

In the writings of the antient Philosophers many precepts may be found, which resemble some of the moral rules of the Gospel. But, if the precepts are the same, there is a striking difference in the *manner*, in which they are delivered, and in the *motives*, by which they are enforced. It is also observable, that none of them refer to the regulation of the temper or disposition; but simply to practical duties. They are all external injunctions, if so they may be termed, respecting the outward actions. But it was the endeavour of our blessed Saviour to inculcate internal holiness: to regulate the affections and the thoughts. The sincere Christian, for instance, must not only be free from actual revenge, but he must bear no malice or hatred in his heart. He must go even farther than this, and endeavour to check all ill-will and anger in others. “Blessed are the peace-makers,” we are told, “for they shall be called the children of God.”<sup>6</sup> Now this regulation of the thoughts is the only discipline, which can be effectual; for meditation upon any sin is a certain prelude to the commission of it.<sup>7</sup> This, therefore, is a particular excellence in Christianity. Revenge, indeed, was considered by the Heathens as the mark of a little mind, if we may believe the Roman Satirist;<sup>8</sup> and therefore, the contempt attached to it might sometimes prevent its effects. But how much superior are the motives, which the Gospel holds out to the practice of the opposite virtue, forgiveness of injuries! The one is inculcated by the highest sanc-

<sup>6</sup> Matt. v. 9.

<sup>7</sup> Paley's Evidences. Part. 2. Ch. 2. §. 2.

<sup>8</sup> ——— quippe minuti  
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas  
Ultio.—*Juv. Sat.* 13. l. 189

tions; by appeals to our noblest affections, and to our sublimest hopes;—the other was simply condemned, as a principle unworthy of Human Nature.

But to proceed from particular precepts to a general rule of conduct. In the Christian economy there are two great commandments, on which “hang all the law and the prophets.” Each of these commandments is subservient to the same principle; viz. our relation to God, as our common Parent. They comprise our whole duty in a few concise and plain terms: and, for comprehensive simplicity, surpass every thing, that human wisdom ever produced. Supreme love to God, and universal goodwill and charity toward all mankind, are inculcated in the most impressive manner, and urged by the strongest motives. Now the duty of universal benevolence is certainly laid down by many Heathen moralists, but on principles perfectly distinct from those of the Gospel. Cicero considers it incumbent on man, considered simply as a member of Society;<sup>9</sup> but the Scriptures enforce it from the common relation, in which we stand to the Almighty. Thus we become not only fellow-citizens, and fellow-countrymen; but “brethren together with Christ,” and have “one Lord, one faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all.”<sup>10</sup>

But, although many of the precepts of the Gospel may be found in the works of antiquity, it is only in scattered and detached portions of them. They are not all to be met with in Socrates, or in Plato; but some in one, and some in another writer; and so mixed up with other speculations, that it requires no little time and patience to pick them out. “The Gentiles,” says Dr. Jortin, “though in their searches after wisdom and knowledge they had fallen into many errors, yet had discovered many excellent truths; and if a judicious collection had been made of the useful doctrines, which some or other of them in various times and places had taught, a system of morality might have been drawn up, which would bear no small resemblance to the precepts of the Gospel.”<sup>11</sup> Now allowing with him that such a system might be formed, which however may be fairly questioned, it is still by making a judicious selection from their different writings. But in the New Testament singly and individually may be found every sound moral precept of former ages, carried to a much higher degree of perfection than had been before attained, and enforced by motives far more sufficient and encouraging. It farther enjoins many new duties, which tend to increase the happiness and to

<sup>9</sup> Cic. de Off. L. 1. c. 16.

<sup>10</sup> Ephes. iv. 5.

<sup>11</sup> Jortin's Discourses concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion. Disc. 2. p. 65.

promote the virtue of mankind infinitely more than the Ethicks of former ages. And it omits or condemns all those injunctions, which were founded on wrong principles, and which therefore tend to produce mischief among men. The New Testament, in short, comprises all the good, and condemns all the hurtful, morality, of all the moralists, that have appeared either before or since its publication. Now the New Testament is a small Volume, and its contents are partly narrative, partly controversial, and partly didactic. Except in some few chapters, which are entirely preceptive, the injunctions of morality are scattered in fragments through the whole. Still is the volume perfectly adequate to every possible contingency in human Life; not only for the direction of conduct, but for the regulation of the affections, and criterion of motive.<sup>12</sup>

Such is the extraordinary character of the New Testament. It is not, however, by direct precept alone that it conveys instruction: by the application of its History to our own peculiar circumstances, every page of it teems with lessons of virtue. And, although every spiritual want is abundantly provided for, still every portion of it is free from the least appearance of enthusiasm:—there is nothing superfluous, nothing extravagant. Now allowing that any mortal could have devised so noble a plan, as the perfect and complete reformation of human nature, nothing less than which is the *final* view of Christianity, he would have failed by *excess* of Instruction.<sup>13</sup> Mankind, when engaged in any great undertaking, are very apt to carry their views too far. They cannot discern the exact line of separation between the extremes of deficiency and superfluity. But, while the precepts of the Gospel are few and brief, their application is *universal*. And this universality may fairly be considered as an additional proof of their excellence. It might justly have been expected, that our Lord's discourses, directed as they were to one particular nation, the Jews, and abounding with local allusions, would have been confined to topics of limited usefulness; and that their instruction would have ceased with the occasion that gave rise to it. But this is very far from being the case. The lessons, which our Saviour delivered, are designed for, and adapted to, the use of his disciples in all ages, and in all countries of the World.<sup>14</sup>

The last observation leads us from a consideration of the precepts of our Lord, to the peculiar manner of his teaching; which at the same time that it was entirely original, was beau-

<sup>12</sup> This observation is applied in "Millar's Bampton Lectures," to the whole Bible. Its force when referred to the New Testament, singly, is if possible more apparent. Lect. 4. p. 77.

<sup>13</sup> Millar's Bampton Lectures, ubi supra.

<sup>14</sup> Maltby's Sermons, Vol. 2. Sermon. 2. p. 24.

tifully adapted to the purpose of Instruction. He suffered no circumstance to escape, however trifling and unimportant in itself, without improving it into the means of religious contemplation, or moral edification. His inimitable Sermon on the Mount is full of observations suggested by the objects, which surrounded him. The fowls of the air, the lilies of the field, the salt of the earth, furnished him with subjects of the sublimest interest.<sup>15</sup> His parables, most of them at least, arose from some incidental observation in conversation, or from the scenery of the adjacent country. Thus he spoke to the eyes, as well as to the ears of his auditors, by which means his addresses were most likely to excite not only a passing reflection, but to make a vivid and lasting impression on the mind; more particularly as they were delivered in a tone of conscious authority.<sup>16</sup> Now, when we consider the short duration of our Saviour's ministry, and the numerous places, which he was required to visit during the course of it for purposes of instruction, the impression naturally produced by these concise and well-timed precepts, seems particularly adapted to the necessity of the case, and consequently argues the superior wisdom of the Teacher.<sup>17</sup>

The necessity for these impressive maxims, so admirably suited to the contracted period of our Lord's ministry, ceased at its close. He had left a system of morality so perfect, as to render any addition to it, not only needless, but impossible. His lessons and history were also consigned to writing a very short time after his death; which contributed to preserve them from corruption, or destruction. It is a lamentable fact, however, but not on that account the less certain, that no species of writing whatever is so little regarded, as treatises on morality. Hence arose the necessity of some method of Instruction, by which to keep up the remembrance, and enforce the practice, of the Christian duties. Accordingly, we may trace back to the Earliest times of the Church the custom, which is still in force at the present day, of public Preaching. A regular Order of Ministers, instituted by the Apostles, (and doubtless by the command, either verbal or revealed, of our blessed Lord himself,) has always existed in the Christian Church: a prominent part of whose duty is, to preach and explain the Holy Scriptures on the Lord's day. The beneficial effects,

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<sup>15</sup> Jortin's Discourses. Disc. 6. p. 125.

<sup>16</sup> In this particular, the antient Philosophers were lamentably deficient; which would render the effect of their discourses unimpressive and transient. "Nihil ponderis habent illa præcepta," says Lactantius, "quia sunt humana, et auctoritate majori, (i. e. divinâ) illa carent. Nemo igitur credit: quia tam se hominem putat esse, qui audit, quam est ille qui præcipit. Divin. Institut. Lib. 3. c. 27.

<sup>17</sup> Paley's Evidences, Part 2. c. 2.

arising from this institution, cannot be disputed. Even the lessons of morality, which were delivered by the early Philosophers, were productive of some advantage, in regulating the conduct of the Heathens. Indeed the result of the Instructions of some of them was so salutary, that it has been supposed, that they were raised up purposely by God's appointment for the melioration of mankind, and to prepare them to receive the Gospel.<sup>18</sup> Now, if this was the case with persons, who had no authority but their own for the precepts, which they delivered; and who were possessed of temporal sanctions alone for their enforcement; it is not unfair to expect the most happy success in inculcating the duties of a Religion, which "has God for its Author, Salvation for its end, and Truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."<sup>19</sup>

This institution, however, seems to be a particular feature in Christianity; and therefore, as such, it is a particular excellence in it. Ministers of Religion doubtless have existed in all ages and countries, whatever may have been the complexion of their Theology. Wherever any idol was set up, or any Pagan God adored, there were of necessity altars and sacrifices; and consequently there must have been Priests to perform the solemnities. But it is well known, that at all these ceremonies, the chief object was the furtherance of Political or private views; and that, instead of lessons of virtue and morality, there were exhibited the most alluring temptations to vice. Nor can the Lectures of the Philosophers be compared with the Instruction of the Christian Preacher. Their Schools were more generally the scenes of theoretical discussion, than of moral inquiry. It is true that some advantage, as it has been already stated, was the result of the discourses of these sages; but their inquiries on the subject of morality were merely speculative, and incomprehensible to the vulgar:<sup>20</sup> and therefore the effects produced must have been without any solid foundation. If any similarity can be traced between this prominent part of the Office of the Christian Ministry and any other Institution, it is in the duties of the Levitical Priesthood. It was the province of the Levite, to "teach Jacob the judgments, and Israel the Law"<sup>21</sup> of the Lord;—to guard the people from Idolatry; and to direct them in the worship of the one true God. But the inculcation of morality seems to have been a very secondary part of their employment; and chiefly confined to the reading of the Law in the year of Release.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Just. Mart. Apol. 2. and Clem. Alexan. Strom. 1. as quoted in Clarke's Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. p. 286, 7.

<sup>19</sup> Locke's posthumous Works.

<sup>21</sup> Deut. xxxiii. 10.

<sup>20</sup> Cic. Tusc. Disp. Lib. 1. c. 1.

<sup>22</sup> Deut. xxi. 10.

Agreeable to the purity of his precepts was the unblemished character of our blessed Lord. Himself the brightest example of the virtue he inculcates, there was not a duty which he enforced, that he did not practise with the strictest punctuality. If in his instructions he recommends the most profound reverence to the Almighty, and the most devout resignation to his will;—let us follow him to the Garden of Gethsemane, and behold a living pattern of his admonitions.<sup>45</sup> If the leading feature of the disposition, which he recommends, is meek humility, do not the circumstances of his Birth, and every action of his Life, afford the transcript of his lessons? If he advocates the principles of universal charity, do not the miracles, which he performed, display the unfeigned benevolence of his own unbounded Love? If he recommends to his followers the forgiveness of their enemies, can we listen to his rebuke of Peter,<sup>46</sup> and his dying prayer on Calvary,<sup>47</sup> without acknowledging the sincerity, with which he forgave his own? In a word, whatever reproaches were heaped upon him by the Jews;—though they attributed his miracles to the operation of the Devil; and argued from his lowly situation that he could not be the Christ;—there was not one, who ventured to calumniate his moral character, or to utter a suspicion against his virtues.<sup>48</sup> “Which of you convinces me of sin?” He asked upon one occasion; and they answered by reviling him as a Samaritan and a madman.<sup>49</sup> But, though every moral perfection was conspicuous in the character of Jesus Christ, there was no extravagance in his behaviour. He was religious, without austerity; meek, without dejection; firm without rashness; and pious, without enthusiasm. Without any exaggerated qualities, his demeanour was unexceptionally correct, and his actions unquestionably pure. Now, that there were many virtuous and upright men among the Heathens, no one will pretend to deny; but it was only comparatively. The best of the antient Sages were polluted with some moral stain;<sup>50</sup> and even Socrates himself is not free from the imputation of licentious impurity. Herein, therefore, consists a striking difference between the lessons of Jesus Christ, and those of the Heathen Philosophers. The latter laid down many excellent rules for the conduct of life; but they went no farther:—the former confirmed his precepts by his example. It is easily conceivable, who were the most competent Teachers.

<sup>45</sup> Matt. xxvi. 36. 47.

<sup>46</sup> John, xviii. 11.

<sup>47</sup> Luke, xxiii. 34.

<sup>48</sup> Origen con. Celsum. Lib. 3.

<sup>49</sup> John, viii. 48. *Sanctus tunc* is explained by *palmarum*. John, x. 20. See Macknight's Harmony, Sect. 77. Vol. 2. p. 429.

<sup>50</sup> Many examples to this effect are quoted by Paley, in his Evidences, Part. 2. c. 2. from Grotius, de Verit. Christ. Rel. Lib. 2.

When we consider, therefore, the superior excellence of the morality of Jesus Christ, and its tendency to promote the virtue and happiness of human nature by the encouragement of dispositions, directly opposite to those in favour with the generality of mankind;—when we contemplate the wisdom manifested in the manner of his Teaching, and in the provision which he made for the future instruction of his disciples;—and when we behold the spotless purity of his life, in strict conformity with the principles which he delivered;—it would seem almost impossible to deny the truth and divine Origin of the Religion, which he endeavoured to establish. Such considerations will not admit the supposition of Enthusiasm or Imposture; which are the only causes, to which the establishment of false Religions can be referred. It is the general character of Enthusiasm to weaken the understanding, and restrain the judgment. It cannot, therefore, be supposed to have been instrumental in making discoveries, which had eluded the penetration of former times; or in framing a scheme of moral virtue, which surpassed the wisdom of the greatest men of earlier ages. And still less room is there for the other alternative. To support truth by lying, and uphold virtue by deceit, is a contradiction of so extraordinary a nature, that it is utterly incompatible with our common notions of human motives. The only inference, therefore, which remains, is;—that Jesus Christ, the Author of the Religion which we profess, was, as he declared himself to be, the Son of God.

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### CHAP. III.

Present State of the Argument—The utmost extent of it not yet attained—Universality of the Gospel—Rapid Progress of Christianity—Astonishing Zeal of the First Disciples—Success attending their exertions—Only one method for accounting for it—Corruptions of Christianity—No Argument against its Truth.

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It has been seen, that the doctrines and the duties, the *credenda* and *agenda*, of the Gospel Covenant, exceed in wisdom and excellence all the systems of Theology and Morality, that ever appeared in the world. Now the promulgation of the Religion, of which these doctrines and duties are the substance, took place in an age, in which the inquiries after Truth were as unwearyed, as they were ineffectual. The wisest, and the best, failed in their speculations; but the failure

seems only to have increased the ardour of research. Whence then did a scheme of Theology so pure, so complete, and yet so contrary to all former systems, arise? Is it probable that, after the baffled exertions which only increased the perplexities of the greatest among the Learned, any one unassisted mortal should suddenly start up, and make a discovery, which had eluded the diligence and investigation of all preceding inquirers? If the comprehensive mind of a Newton caught the first idea of the Theory of Gravitation, he only opened the way for succeeding Philosophers to investigate its principles, and confirm its Laws.—It is evident, therefore, almost to demonstration, that the Christian Religion owes its rise to no human ingenuity;—but that it originated in the divine counsels of Infinite Wisdom. Such is the state of the argument, contained in the foregoing chapters.

But it is conceived, that the reasoning has not yet been carried to its utmost extent. The production of the Christian System evidently surpasses the intellectual capacity of any Human Being whatever. How infinitely must it therefore have exceeded the ability of its reputed Author, if we remove his divine pretensions out of the question! That a poor Carpenter's Son of Galilee should devise a plan so extraordinary as that of changing the Religion, and reforming the morals of the whole world, is totally unprecedented, and equally improbable. But, that in conformity with such conceptions, he should produce a system of the most sublime Theology, and heavenly morality, such as never entered the imagination of the wisest men before or since, is absolutely incredible. Such, however, was Jesus of Nazareth, in all external appearance;—such was the intention of his ministry;—and such is the nature of his Religion. "From whence then hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him?"<sup>1</sup> Even could it be supposed, that his different precepts could be collected from the writings of the antient moralists, he could not possibly have been acquainted with them.<sup>2</sup> Neither could they be collected from Moses, and the Prophets of the Jewish Dispensation. The Law indeed had "a shadow of good things to come;"<sup>3</sup> but then it had only a *shadow*. Its Theology was confined to one particular Nation, and was chiefly ceremonial:—that of Christianity is universal and spiritual:—and the precepts of the Mosaic Economy were improved and extended by the Gospel of Christ. And, though the predictions of the Old Testament foretell the *Tendency* of the New, they do not anticipate any of its institutions. They describe it

<sup>1</sup> Mark, vi. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Paley's Evidences, ubi supra.

<sup>3</sup> Heb. x. 1.



as intended for the benefit of all mankind; but they contain no allusion to the precise nature of this universality.

It may not be improper, in speaking of the universality of the Gospel, to notice, as an additional mark of its excellence, its admirable calculation for general reception. While other religions are evidently intended for particular people, in particular ages and situations, Christianity is accommodated to all mankind, without any exception or reserve. Under whatever form of civil Government, how far soever advanced in national policy, and in whatever manner connected with foreign powers, every nation and people alike are called upon to embrace the Gospel. "The Kingdom of Christ is not of this world:"<sup>4</sup> and its extent and welfare are to be promoted by other means, than those of an earthly Kingdom. It is not requisite, that a man should live under a Republican or Monarchical government in particular, to be a Christian. The payment of Tribute to Cæsar might have made a loyal Roman; but it is Repentance toward God, and Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, that constitute a pious Believer. Hence the Religion of the Gospel contains no regulations regarding political questions, or the affairs of nations: and it is observable that, whenever an opinion on these topics was sought from our blessed Lord, it was his invariable practice either to evade the question, or refuse an answer.

But to return. The inefficiency of the Origin of the Christian Religion, considered as a mere human fabrication, leads us to the consideration of the nature of its progress. At the close of the ministry of Jesus Christ, its publication had not been carried beyond the precincts of Judea; and even there it was but very partially received. And, to all human appearance, the hopes of a very speedy increase of its reception were not very promising. The Apostles, upon whom the task of its promulgation had devolved, had never yet lost sight of the prejudice of their countrymen in favour of the temporal Dominion of their Master. Elated with this expectation, they applied to him for situations of rank and trust under his government:<sup>5</sup> and the repeated admonitions, which he gave them respecting the true object of his mission, and the conclusion of his ministry, were received with the greatest disappointment.<sup>6</sup> So deeply was this persuasion rooted in their minds, that, even after his resurrection, their former prejudices revived; and it required some time to convince them of the mistake, under which they laboured.<sup>7</sup> It is natural therefore to suppose, that the death of Christ, which cut off all their brightest hopes and cherished expectations, and exposed

<sup>4</sup> John, xviii. 36.

<sup>5</sup> Mark, x. 35.

<sup>6</sup> Matt. xvi. 22.

<sup>7</sup> Acts, i.

them to the ridicule and ill-usage of their enemies, would deaden, if not destroy, their exertions in his favour. Poor, illiterate fishermen, who had trusted to the future exaltation of their Master for the propagation of his doctrines, and looked more to his temporal influence for the adoption of his precepts, than to the hopes of reward, which his Religion held out;—they could not be expected to be very active, or zealous, in its support. At the time too, when the Religion was first published to the world, all nations were immersed in the grossest Idolatry; and therefore very unlikely to receive its doctrines;—the universal prevalence of vice and luxury must have been considerably powerful in counteracting the adoption of its strict and unaccommodating morality;—and the pomp and ambition, which were the ruling characteristics of the age, must have contributed in no small degree to bring contempt and neglect upon its humble advocates. In the face, however, of these mighty impediments, and contrary to all human expectation, they came voluntarily forward; and exerted themselves with unyielding energy in its behalf.

Conduct, such as this, cannot be explained on the ordinary principles of reason. It could not be any worldly or temporal promotion, that could induce them to engage in an employment, which had lately proved fatal to its author, and had all along opposed their most strong and favourite prejudices. Had it been a cause, which flattered or increased, instead of disappointing and destroying, their hopes, there might have been some ground for such a supposition. But, as the affair at present stands, no motive of human action can account for behaviour so extraordinary. That a set of men should suddenly return to the support of an undertaking, as hopeless, or more so, than when they deserted it, is utterly incomprehensible on any common considerations. But let us turn to the account of the matter, as recorded in the New Testament; and every thing becomes plain and satisfactory. The Gift of Tongues, and the continued assistance of the Holy Spirit, banished their former prejudices, and endued them with zeal and power in the propagation of the Gospel. These circumstances supply the solution of the wonder; and there are no other means whatever of accounting for it. The fact itself is allowed on all hands, and attested even by the adversaries of Christianity. It remains for the Infidel to assign any other cause, which would have been adequate to the production of so wonderful an effect. The doctrine preached by the Apostles was “Christ crucified:”—would they have preached, if they had not been well assured of his resurrection, and power to assist them?

The zeal displayed by the first Teachers of Christianity was

not more surprising, than the success, which attended their exertions. It is an Historical fact, that the Religion, which they preached, in a few months after the death of its founder, received an extraordinary increase of professors. Though, during the personal ministry of Christ, it had scarcely extended beyond Judea and its immediate neighbourhood, in a few years after his ascension it was received in the principal parts of Asia and Europe; and in three centuries it became the general belief of the then known world. Thus it was reserved for a few illiterate fishermen of Galilee, and their immediate followers, to effect a change in the sentiments, the morals, and the Religion of mankind. The doctrines, which they taught, and the precepts which they delivered, neither flattered the prejudices, nor favoured the propensities, of Believers. The beneficial tendency of their Instructions, would not have been readily admitted; and perhaps not immediately seen. Rome was then at the very height of her power, and pride; and therefore she would not be very soon brought to listen to the pretensions of a few Jewish preachers. Whether we look then at the cause itself, or the manner in which it was supported, its rapid and unprecedented success contains a forcible “demonstration of the Spirit and power of God;”<sup>a</sup> and proves, beyond the possibility of refutation, “the certainty of those things, wherein we have been instructed.”<sup>b</sup>

In the preceding inquiry no attention has been paid to the tenets and opinions of any particular sect of Christians. The Religion, which it has been the attempt of the Writer to advocate, is the Religion of the Gospel;—“the Truth as it is in Jesus.” With the doctrines of Socinus, of Calvin, and others, he has had little business, and less inclination, to interfere. Could he for a moment admit, that the doctrines broached by these Teachers were the doctrines of Christianity, it would go no little way in lessening in his mind the value of the Gospel Evidence. When the Divinity of our Blessed Lord can be disproved by appealing to the New Testament, as the Socinians would persuade us; when the justice and mercy of Almighty God are called in question by the limited Redemption of the Calvinists;—and when the whole system of Christian Faith and practice is overthrown by those, who would take away all efficacy from the pious endeavours of the sincere Believer, or rather who deny the possibility of his making any such endeavours at all;—when such principles can be maintained upon the authority of the Gospel, then, but not till then, will there be an end of all hopes of vindicating the internal tes-

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<sup>a</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 4.

<sup>b</sup> Luke i. 4.

timony to its Truth. It is perhaps a hard saying, but it is not less true on that account, that these tenets may be traced to the same origin, as Infidelity itself. The Sceptic presumes to disbelieve the Religion of the Gospel, because he is unable to comprehend its holy mysteries. And whence arise the corruptions of Christianity, scarcely less dangerous than Scepticism, but from the same presumptuous Jealousy of the privileges of rational Enquiry? It is clearly impossible for man to unravel the mysterious union of the two natures in the person of Christ; and therefore the Socinian denies the divinity of the Redeemer. But, if any doctrine is inculcated in the New Testament, it is that of the divine nature of the Son of God. The man, who will not admit this, may as well assert, that the Gospel does not contain the history of Jesus of Nazareth: and to refuse our assent to the doctrine itself, because it is incomprehensible, is just as reasonable, as to disbelieve the growth of a plant, because we cannot investigate the process of Vegetation.

But it may be asked, are not these corruptions, by their very existence, an argument against the Truth of the Gospel? If Christianity were a divine Revelation, would not every part of it be so clear, as to admit of no corruption? It might just as well be asserted, that, as man was made by the hand of God, it would be impossible for him to fall into error. If the doctrines of the New Testament have been perverted to satisfy the particular opinions of different Sectaries, the fault must not be attached to the Religion itself, but to those, who have so perverted it. Could it be proved, that the preposterous dogmas, which are advanced by certain sectaries, were countenanced by the real principles of the Gospel, there might be some colour of reason for the charge in question. But, as Christianity is not responsible for the errors of her professors, the corruptions, which they have introduced, cannot detract from the evidence of its divine Origin. The Sacred Records themselves, unadorned but by the native simplicity, and undesigning candour of their writers, and untainted by the particular tenets of deluded or artful men, carry in themselves the most convincing evidence of their Truth. "If wisdom, and mercy, and justice, and simplicity, and holiness, and purity, and meekness, and contentedness, and charity, be images of God, and rays of Divinity;—then that doctrine, in which all these shine so gloriously, and in which nothing else is ingredient, must needs be from God."<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Bishop Taylor's *Moral Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion*, as cited by Beattie; *Evidences*, Vol. 2. p. 31.

**ART. II. *Lays of the Early Martyrs.*****No. I.****1.**

THE iron chain hath bound him,  
Which Mercy never broke ;  
The echoes sleep around him,  
Which Gladness never woke ;  
No bright ray cheers his dungeon-gloom,  
Meet prelude to the darker tomb !

**2.**

His young bride knelt imploring,—  
They recked not of her prayer ;—  
His aged Sire was pouring  
The plaints of wild despair :—  
In vain—they dragged him to his cell,  
Scarce might he pause to breathe, ' Farewell.'

**3.**

Yet calmly is he sleeping  
On earth, his only bed ;  
While armed guards are keeping  
Their vigil o'er his head ;  
And voices through the midnight gloom,  
And hurrying steps proclaim his doom.

**4.**

A Tyrant's wrath enchains him  
To die the death of shame ;  
The only guilt that stains him,—  
He bears a Christian's name ;  
That name—unhonoured—unforgiven—  
So leathed by man—so loved of Heaven !

**5.**

Now joyous morn is breaking  
Bright o'er th' empurpled sky ;  
The fettered captive, waking,  
Remembers death is nigh :—  
Yet his firm air, and placid brow,  
Nor signs of doubt, nor dread avow.

**6.**

A quenchless hope shall cheer him,  
In Nature's weakest hour ;  
His Lord is ever near him,  
With arm of matchless power :—

And ~~guilt~~ may fear,—or falsehood fly—  
The faithful Christian dares to die.

7.

One prayer for her, the dearest,  
His own beloved bride,  
In peril's hour the nearest,  
And firmest at his side :—  
Then on without a tear or sigh,  
On to the scene of agony !

8.

But soon shall he awaken,  
On realms more bright and fair :  
Here lone,—though not forsaken ;—  
By Angels welcomed there.  
Where, Death, shall then thy triumph be,  
And where, O Grave, thy victory ?

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No. II.

THE MAIDEN TO HER APOSTATE LOVER.

1.

Live—if thou wilt deny thy God,  
Thy plighted bride betray,  
And from the path thy fathers trod,  
A recreant turn away ;—  
Yes—live—since for a few short years  
Of sorrow, toil, and care,  
Thou canst forget a Mother's tears,  
A Father's parting prayer.

2.

I scarce had wept to see thee bear  
The doom thy sires have borne ;  
To die the death—and dying hear  
The crowd's unfeeling scorn :—  
Then but a few short hours were thine  
To bow beneath the rod,  
Till thou hadst won a wreath divine,  
And reached the throne of God.

3.

Live then—nor think of her who dies—  
Whose keenest pang must be,  
Though plighted thine by fondest ties,  
She may not die with thee !

Yes—live—but not to feel thy breast  
With hopeless anguish riven ;  
Live, that thy guilt may be confessed,  
Repented, and forgiven !

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No. III.

THE WIFE'S ADIEU.

1.

I soar to the realms of the bright and the blest,  
Where the mourners are solaced, the weary at rest ;  
I rise to my glories, while thou must remain  
In this dark vale of tears, to dejection and pain.

2.

And hence, though my heart throbs exultant to die,  
And visions of glory expand to mine eye,  
The bosom, that struggles and pants to be free,  
Still beats with regret and affection for thee.

3.

I fear not another, more fond and more fair,  
When I am forgotten, thy fortunes should share ;  
Oh ! find but a bosom devoted as mine,  
And my heart's latest blessing for ever be thine !

4.

I fear, lest the stroke, that now rends us apart,  
From the faith of the Christian should sever thy heart ;  
Lest, seeking in anguish relief from despair,  
The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.

5.

But oh ! should it tempt thee awhile to resign  
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine ;  
Should the light of His glory be hidden from thee,  
In the hour of thy darkness, Oh think upon me !

6.

Remember the hope, that enlivens me now,  
Though the dews of the damp grave are cold on my brow ;—  
The faith, that has nerved me with transport to see  
The hour of my doom, though it tears me from thee !

No. IV.

THE HUSBAND'S REMEMBRANCE.

1.

Since thy pure soul has burst the chain,  
That o'er its clay too harshly prest ;  
Since—freed from earthly bliss or pain,—  
I too am blotted from thy breast ;—  
I would not break thy dreamless rest,  
If rest like thine disturbed might be ;—  
Or grieve to think that thou art blest,  
Although thou art not blest by me.

2.

The Victor's promised pure attire—  
The wreath approving Angels twine—  
A Seraph's strain, a Seraph's lyre,  
And—more than all—the love divine  
Of Heaven's Eternal King are thine :—  
Yea—thine for evermore shall be ;—  
And could I call thee thence to pine  
In this drear wilderness with me ?—

3.

No—in ecstatic raptures there  
Thy Saviour and thy God adore,  
While I in patience meekly bear  
The cross my happier consort bore ;  
Soon will the last dread strife be o'er ;  
And soon the chains of earth shall sever ;  
We part—but not to meet no more—  
We meet—to part no more for ever !

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ART. III. *On the Force and Signification of Particles in the Greek Dramatic Writers.*

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AN acquaintance with the force and signification of certain Particles is indispensable to every one, who would peruse with satisfaction the Dramatic compositions of ancient times. Ignorance upon this subject will at once involve the student in continual perplexities ; and induce an opinion, that such Particles are merely unintelligible expletives. There is, therefore, little cause for astonishment, if no inconsiderable portion of interest is abstracted from various passages, which, when properly com-



prehended, are possessed of peculiar and intrinsic beauty. In those sentences, especially, where intenseness of feeling is portrayed, how frequently is the pathos in great measure derived from the force of some monosyllable, which is recognised and admired by experience alone. So likewise, in descriptive and sarcastic expressions, is this same observation correct. In a word, these Particles are universally discoverable; and, in every instance, add some peculiar expression to the clause, in which they occur.

In the hope, therefore, that a succinct account may prove beneficial to those, who are entering upon the study of the Greek Tragedians, the following observations are submitted to their consideration. To such persons, as are deeply initiated in the arcana of ancient literature, they will afford no additional information; and can, therefore, advance no very powerful incitement to obtain from them a patient investigation.

A more extensive acquaintance with this subject will be obtained by an examination of Hoogeveen's elaborate Treatise on Greek Particles; of the Notes of Drs. Monk and Blomfield, contained in those plays, which they have respectively edited; and of Matthiæ's Greek Grammar. Having made this general acknowledgment, we shall not deem it necessary to particularize each instance, in which we are indebted to these publications.

Thus much premised, let us proceed to an investigation of the Particles themselves.

I. *ἄρα*—1. 'truly'—2. 'then.'

1. *ὡς οὐκ ἄρ' ᾔδη τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν κατὰ*. Soph. Elect. 1184.<sup>1</sup>

'since truly, till the present moment, I knew comparatively nothing of my misfortunes!'

2. *ὦ στυγρὴ δαίμων, ὡς ἄρ' ἔψευσας φρενῶν Πέρσας*. Æschry. Pers. 478.

'how then hast thou,' &c. &c.'

*οὐ τ' ἄρα λύει τοῖς ἐρῶσι τῶν πέλας*. Eurip. Hipp. 443. Edit. Monk.

'why then! it is no profitable concern to those, who love their neighbours.'

In such instances as this last, τ' ἄρα is not a contraction of τὲ ἄρα, but a crasis of τοὶ ἄρα: consequently the first syllable of τ' ἄρα is long.

II. *ἄρα*—1. 'whether,' in interrogative sentences—2. 'then.'

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<sup>1</sup> The Editions quoted in this Article are, Bruck's Sophocles, Matthiæ's Euripides, Blomfield's Æschylus, and Burmann's Aristophanes. Some citations are made from Dr. Monk's Hippolytus and Alceste; in which cases, the Edition is specified.

1. ἄρ' ὑμῖν ὡς ἀλγέστα καθισταμένη  
θεῶς βασίλειαι κατεκταμένης δεικνύει  
τὸν ὕμνον ἢ δύστηνος δὲ ἐκείνη; Soph. Elec. 804.

It is also not unfrequently used in interrogative passages in the sense of 'nonne.'

- αἶρά μοι στένειν πάρα,  
τοιῦτοδ' ἀμαρτάνωντι σιζύγου σέθεν; Eur. Alcest. 351. Ed. Monk.  
'have I not cause for lamentation,' &c.?

2. ὦ μοι ταλαλῆς ἄρα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς. Soph. Elec. 1176.  
'Ah me then! this sad misfortune!

III. αἶθις.—1. 'again.'—2. 'henceforth.'—3. 'afterwards,'  
'at some future period.'

1. 'Again.'

ΕΛ. αἶθις κέλευσεν, ἵνα σαφεῶς μάθωσί σου.

ΘΕ. αἶθις κελεύω, καὶ τρίτον γ', εἴ σοι φίλον. Eur. Helen. 1416.

When used in this sense, αἶθις is not unfrequently joined with πάλιν; and sometimes with αὖ πάλιν.

See Eurip. Alc. 189. Ed. Monk. and Soph. Philoct. 952.

2. 'henceforth.'

τοιῦτοδ' ἀνδρὸς αἶθις λίσσασθαι σιγᾶν πέρι. Eur. Hipp. 312. Ed. Monk.

'I entreat you henceforth to be silent respecting this man.'

3. 'afterwards'—'at some future period.'

ἢ κάρτα πολλοὶ ἦν φίλοι, καίθις πικροί. Soph. Aj. 1359.

IV. γάρ. Its usual signification is too well known to require illustration. In many instances, particularly in dialogue, it is equivalent to 'Yes, for,' &c.; or 'No, for,' &c.; according to the nature of the preceding sentence. Examples, illustrative of this remark, will continually present themselves.

Γάρ is also used in interrogations, especially when preceded by τί: and is then equivalent to 'what?'

ΟΡ. εἴπερ ἐμψυχὸς γ' ἐγώ.

ΗΑ. τί γάρ σὺ κείνος; Soph. Elec. 1221.

'what? art thou he?'

ἢ γὰρ τί λοιπὸν τῆσδε πημάτων εἰρεῖς; Æschy. Prom. v. 770.

'what? have you any more calamities to relate, which shall befall her?'

V. γέ. Of all the Greek Particles this perhaps conveys the greatest force, and most exquisite beauty to the sentence, in which it is placed. Its significations may be comprehended under the two following:—

1. 'Aye,—'Yes.' This sense is principally found in reply to an interrogation. Take the following examples.

III. ἀλλά μ' ἐξελαῖς χθονός;  
 ΘΗ. πέραν γε πύργου, καὶ τόπων Ἀτλαντικῶν,  
 εἴ πως δυναίμην, Eur. Hipp. 1055. Ed. Monk.  
 'Aye,—beyond the sea,' &c.

XO. ἦ γὰρ τί λοιπὸν τῷδε πημάτων ἐρεῖς;  
 ΠΡ. δυσχείμερόν γε πέλαγος ἀτηρᾶς δόης. Æschy. Prom. v.  
 770.

2. 'at least.'

ὁμῶς δ' γ' Ἄδης τοὺς νόμους ἴσους ποθεῖ. Soph. Antig. 519.  
 'yet Hades at least' &c.

καὶ συμφορά τις μὴ εἶδέναι σέ γ', ἥ τις εἶ. Soph. Trach. 320.  
 'since it were a species of misfortune not to know who you at least are.'

It is frequently found in the sense of 'at least,' after εἴπερ and πλήν.

εἴπερ γ' Ὀρέστου σῶμα βαστάζω τόδε. Soph. Elec. 1212.  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ Ὀρέστου πλήν λόγῳ γ' ἡσκήμενον. Ibid. 1214.

In some examples, it very nearly answers to 'since.'

πῶς δ' οὐ, τριταίαν γ' οὖσ' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν; Eur. Hipp. 275.  
 Ed. Monk.

'and how should it be otherwise, since this is the third day, on which she has taken no food?'

It also adds peculiar force to a sneer. Thus, in reply to the taunting address of Hermes, Prometheus says;

σεμνόστομός γε καὶ φρονήματος πλέως  
 δ' μὴθός ἐστιν. Æschy. Prom. v. 989.

VI. δέ. Its common significations are too well known, to require any comment.

There are some instances, in which it is equivalent to 'and yet.'

In the Ajax of Sophocles, Agamemnon is advised by Ulysses to relinquish his intention of leaving the corpse of Ajax unentombed. Agamemnon, surprized that Ulysses, the inveterate enemy of Ajax, should oppose him in this instance, inquires;

σὺ ταῦτ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, τοῦδ' ὑπερμαχεῖς ἐμοί;

Ulysses replies;

ἐγὼ γ' ἐμίσουν δ' ἦνίκ' ἦν μισεῖν καλόν. Aj. 1346.

'I do: and yet I hated him, whilst it was honourable to entertain hatred towards him.'

VII. δὲ. 'indeed,' is generally employed to render the word immediately preceding it, or the sentence in which it occurs, emphatic.

ἔστιν δὲ δὴ  
λόγος τις. Eur. Helen. 17.

‘and there is indeed a report.’

ἐνθα δὴ κλείσται θάων  
δὴν τε, λυμῶ τ’, κ. τ. λ. Æsch. Pers. 497.

ἦ δὴ δεῖ με δουλεύειν πάλιν, Soph. Elec. 814.

The force of δὴ in this last example is peculiarly beautiful ; as will be seen by an examination of the passage, in which it occurs.

In interrogative sentences where intense feeling is expressed, especially when preceded by some such word as τίς, or πότε, it may be rendered in English by ‘Ah!’ or ‘Oh!’

κρίπτω· τὸ δ’ ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος  
σῶμα καλύψει; Eur. Hipp. 250. Ed. Monk.

‘but ah! when will death,’ &c.?

ὦ Ζεῦ· τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώποις κακὸν  
γυναῖκας εἰς φῶς ἤλλου κατῴμισας; ibid. 613.

‘O Jove, Oh! why’ &c.?

VIII. ὅγτα—1. ‘indeed’—2. ‘then.’—3. ‘I pray.’

1. ‘indeed.’

ἰὼ, ἰὼ,  
δύστηνε ὅγτα διὰ πάντων πάντων φανεῖς. Soph. Phil. 760.

2. ‘then.’—particularly in interrogative sentences.

τί ὅγτ’ ἐμοὶ ζῆν κέρδος; Æschy. Prom. v. 772.

πῶς ὅγτ’ ἐκείνῃ δυσσεβῇ τιμᾷς χάριν; Soph. Antig. 514.

3. ‘I pray.’

περὶ τοῦ μάχῃ νῦν ὅγτα; Aristoph. Vesp. 191.

τί θηρῶν ὑμᾶς ὅγτ’ Ἀδραστος εἵκασε; Eur. Phœn. 420.

There are also examples, in which ὅγτα occurs in senses differing from the preceding.

In deprecation, it is used with considerable effect. Thus;

ΗΛ. θανεῖν Ὀρέστην κᾶμ’ εἶδοξε τῆδε γῆ.

ΕΡ. μὴ ὅγτα. Eurip. Orest. 1513.

‘no—by no means,’—‘Heaven forbid.’

So also in negations.

Ν. μὴν ἄλλος ἴσχεις τῆς παρεστῶσης νόσου;

Φ. οὐ ὅγτ’ ἐγώ γε. Soph. Philoct. 735.

‘No, not I.’

Α. ὦ δημοκρατία, ταῦτα ὅγτ’ ἀνασχετά;

Δ. οὐ ὅγτα. Arist. Acharn. 619.

‘By no means.’

D

It also gives great earnestness to entreaty. Thus :

πρὸς θεῶν, πῶτοι' ἂν δῆτά μοι τι, παρθένε. Eur. Orest. 92.

There are other instances, in which this Particle gives an emphatic expression to a sentence, which is more easily seen, than rendered into English. Let the following example suffice.

λαβοῦ, λαβοῦ δῆτ', ἐκ δ' ἄραξον ἀθλίου  
στόματος ἀφράδῃ πέλαων, ἡμεράτων τ' ἐμῶν. Eur. Orest. 309.

IX. εἰεν—'well!'

εἰεν διδάξον δὴ με τοῦ χάριν τίνων  
ἔθυσεν αὐτήν. Soph. Elect. 534.

X. ἔμπης—'nevertheless.'

It is sometimes followed by καίπερ.

ἐποικτεῖραι δέ νιν  
δύστηνον ἔμπης, καίπερ ὅντα δυσμενῆ. Soph. Aj. 121.

'though my enemy, yet I pity him in his present wretched condition.'

XI. ἥμιστά, ἥμιστά γε—'by no means.' They are generally used in reply to a question,

ΘΕ. βούλει ξυνεργῶν αὐτὸς ἐκπέμψω πτόλον;

ΕΛ. ἥμιστά. Eur. Helen. 1428.

τοῖανδ' ἐγὼ κηλῖδα μηνίσας ἐμὴν  
ὀρθοῖς ἔμελλον ὁμῖαισιν τοῖτους ὀρᾶν;  
ἥμιστά γε. Soph. Æd. Tyr. 1384.

In the opposite sense μάλιστά γε is used.

ΑΓ. ἦ ρητόν; ἦ οὐχὶ θεμιτὸν ἄλλον εἰδέναι;

ΟΙ. μάλιστά γε. Soph. Æd. Tyr. 993.

'Yes, assuredly'—'by all means'—'certainly.'

In the same signification as μάλιστά γε, καὶ κάρτα is frequently employed. See Soph. Æd. Col. 301.

XII. μέντοι—'however.'

ἐπεὶ γε μέντοι λευκόπυλος ἡμέρα  
πᾶσαν κατέσχε γαίαν Æschy. Pers. 392.

XIII. μήν.

1. 'indeed.'

ΟΡ. καὶ μὴν τοῦδ' ἔρξας, δις θανεῖν οὐ χάριςμαι

ΠΤ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐγὼ μήν. Eur. Orest. 1109.

'nor I in truth,'—'nor I neither.'

2. 'Lo!'—'hark!'—'In this sense it is frequently followed by γέ.'

καὶ μὴν ἀκούω γ' ἱππικῶν φρναγμάτων. Æschy. Sept. c. Theb. 231.

3. μὴν ἔδε—‘here comes.’

καὶ μὴν ἀναξ ἔδ’ αὐτός. *Æschy. Sept. c. Theb. 368.*

Sometimes a verb of motion is added. Not unfrequently *ἔδε* is found without *μὴν*.

ἀλλ’—εἰσορῶ γὰρ τὸνδε παῖδα θηρόως  
στείχοντα.—*Eur. Hipp. 51. Ed. Monk.*

4. καὶ μὴν γέ—‘and yet’—‘however.’

καὶ μὴν τίνος γ’ ἂν τῇ τεθνηκυῖα τροφάς. *Eurip. Orest. 109.*

In the following example, it answers to our colloquial expression, ‘Come.’

καὶ μὴν θρέψω γ’ αὐτὸν, παρέχων  
ἕσα πρεσβύτη ξύμφορα. *Arist. Vesp. 735.*

‘Come, I’ll maintain him,’ &c.

XIV. ὅμως—‘nevertheless.’

πίθου γυναῖκα, καίπερ οὐ στέργων, ὅμως. *Æschy. Sept. c. Theb. 709.*

Sometimes *ἀλλὰ* is placed before *ὅμως*.

ἀλλ’ ὅμως ἐμοῖ  
ζώσης γ’ ἔλαλεν εὐτυχιστέρῃ πότμῃ. *Eur. Troad. 634.*

Euripides it may be remarked, frequently employs *ἀλλ’ ὅμως* as the conclusion of an Iambic line.

*ὅμως* is likewise followed by *γέ μὴν*, in the sense of ‘nevertheless.’

αὐτὸν καλῶ θύραζε. κ. τ. λ. *Arist. Nub. 631.*

XV. *ὦτος* sometimes signifies ‘halloo there,’—‘You Sir.’

*ὦτος*, τί σεμνὸν καὶ πεφροντικὸς βλέπεις; *Eur. Alc. 789, Ed. Monk.*

*ὦτος*, σὲ λέγω μὲν τοι. *Arist. Ran. 172.*

XVI. *ποτε*.—‘formerly’—‘once upon a time.’ Upon these significations, from their notoriety, it is needless to dwell.

*ποτέ* adds peculiar force in interrogative sentences; and is employed with great effect in pathetic and impassioned passages.

τί δὴ ποτ’, ὦ ξέν’, ἀμφ’ ἐμοὶ στένεις τάδε; *Soph. Elec. 1180.*  
‘why in the world do you,’ &c.

ἰὼ γὰρ, καὶ φῶς,  
πᾶ ποτ’ ἐξαλύξω τέχνας; *Eur. Hipp. 670. Ed. Monk.*

‘by what means in the world shall I,’ &c.

XVII. *τάχα*—1. ‘quickly’—2. ‘perhaps.’

The former signification it is needless to illustrate by examples.

2. The following passage will furnish an instance, in which *τάχα* and *ἴσως* are indifferently used in precisely the same signification.

*τάχα δ' ἂν*  
 διὰ τὸν χρεσινὸν γ' ἄνθρωπον, ὃς ἡμᾶς διεδίκετ'  
 ἐξαπατῶν, καὶ λέγων ὡς φιλαθήναιος ἦν, καὶ  
 τὰ 'ς Σάμῳ πρῶτος κατείπει, διὰ τοῦτ' ὀδυνηθεὶς,  
 εἴτ' ἴσως κείται πυρέττων. Arist. Vesp. 280.

Sometimes we find *τάχα* and *ἴσως* in the same sentence, separated only by *ἂν*. Thus;

*τάχα δ' ἂν ἴσως οὐκ ἐθέλοι.* Arist. Vesp. 1447.

In such cases *τάχα δ' ἂν ἴσως* will be equivalent to 'perhaps it may so happen that.

#### XVIII. *τοι*—'in truth'—'indeed.'

*εἰ τοι λέγεις,* Arist. Pax. 933.

In many instances it is simply employed to render the sentence emphatic; and cannot be rendered in English.

From *τοι* are derived the compounds *τοιγάρ* and *τοιγαροῖν*: both which are used in the sense of 'wherefore.' See Soph. Aj. 666.—Arist. Vesp. 1093.

#### ART. IV. *Pompeii*.

"LOUD in thy praise my glowing numbers swell,  
 "Fair Clime, where Gods have dwelt, and Heroes dwell;  
 "And my proud heart exults to draw its birth  
 "From thee, the gem and glory of the Earth.  
 "Where'er yon sun his radiant orb displays,  
 "Thine Eagle soars undazzled in his blaze;  
 "The wild barbarian dreads thy conquering sword,  
 "And tyrants tremble at their Roman lord.  
 "Nor this thy only praise, O wondrous land,  
 "Matchless in beauty, as in high command;—  
 "Thine are the blooming groves, the fragrant flowers,  
 "Which fancy pictures in Elysian bowers;  
 "And pure transparent streams, and golden plains,  
 "Favoured of Heaven, where Spring eternal reigns;  
 "And wood-crowned hills, and Summer suns, that shine  
 "In cloudless skies, fair Italy, are thine."

Thus, while his bosom burned with patriot fire,  
 The Bard of Mantua swept his lofty lyre;  
 And wreathed enraptured round his country's name  
 The living laurels of immortal fame.  
 Yet, ere he sung, that daring soul was fled,  
 Which o'er her sons such passing grandeur shed:

High o'er the prostrate world her banner waved,  
 But, Rome—the mightiest—was herself enslaved;  
 Nor recked it much, when Freedom was no more,  
 What specious names her lawless Tyrants bore.  
 King—Consul—Cæsar—'tis not in a name  
 To veil a Despot, or to hallow shame;  
 And Rome shall wake too late, and strive in vain  
 To burst the bonds of Slavery's galling chain.  
 Still on the Empire, darkening to decay,  
 Transcendent Genius beamed its parting ray;  
 And proudest then the Roman glories shone,  
 When Glory's soul, proud Liberty, was gone.  
 So, where the tempered rays of Evening shine,  
 The floating clouds concentrate and combine;  
 And, when the Sun's bright orb has sunk to rest,  
 Reflected lustre lingers in the West;  
 Till wide o'er Heaven's resplendent robe is cast  
 That gleam, at once his loveliest,—and his last.

Nor yet was wanting many a fateful sign,  
 (So Superstition deemed,) of wrath divine;  
 Convulsive shocks the smiling land deform,  
 And Vengeance thunders in the rolling storm.  
 Alas! inglorious ease, and conscious shame,  
 Had quenched each spark of Freedom's generous flame;  
 They dared not rise to break their galling chain,  
 And tempests roused, and omens warned in vain.

Go! from the hoary dotard's lovely isle,<sup>1</sup>  
 (Ah! why should Guilt so fair a spot defile?)  
 Glance on the waters of yon bright blue bay,  
 Whose clear waves sparkle in the noontide ray;  
 Mark, where the harvest of the golden grain  
 In rich profusion glitters o'er the plain;  
 And the light tendrils of the purple vine  
 Round the tall elm in wild luxuriance twine.  
 Circled by smiling meads, and genial bowers,  
 There proud Pompeii lifts her regal towers;  
 While, far beyond, Vesuvius seems to rise  
 Aloft from Earth, and mingle with the skies.  
 On his green sides the towering forests bow,  
 A wreath of clouds invests his hoary brow.  
 Search, if thou wilt, to Earth's remotest bound,  
 Search every clime for beauteous scenes renowned,  
 Save those blest isles, where suns eternal shine,—  
 The loveliest plains, fair Italy, are thine.

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<sup>1</sup> The island of Caprea, on the coast of Campania, a spot which has been rendered infamous by the debaucheries of the dissolute Tiberius.



The skies grow dim—a dark portentous cloud  
O'er stern Vesuvius hangs its sable shroud ;  
A sullen calmness deadens in the air,  
Herald of tempest, presage of despair :—  
No breath is felt to move the tapering tree,  
No light wave trembles o'er the stagnant sea ;  
And, as the Sun, involved in mist, retires,  
His parting rays dart forth ensanguined fires.  
That black cloud spreads with thick increasing gloom,  
While prisoned flames its wreathing folds illumine ;  
And fiery spots with dusky redness gleam,  
Like the wan meteor's faint and fearful beam.  
Father of Heroes ! o'er thy destined towers,  
O'er fair Pompeii's lovely plain it lowers :—  
So frowns the nightly tempest o'er the sky,  
And warns the shuddering mariner to die.

It swells !—it bursts !—a deep and blood-red glare  
With sudden flash illumines the misty air ;  
Then pours resistless on the plains beneath,  
The blasting shower of pestilence, and death.  
Fiercely it falls !—while, frantic with dismay,  
Commingling thousands throng the crowded way :—  
For life—for life—their desperate course they speed,  
Urge the swift car, and spur the foaming steed :—  
Whilst, driven by fate, conflicting numbers fly,  
The weaker fall—and they, who fall, must die ;—  
For who would pause to start, and shrink to tread  
Over the maimed, the dying, and the dead ?—  
The plain is gained :—from that o'er-clouded sky  
No ray shines forth to guide them, as they fly ;—  
Save when yon pyramid of fire ascends,  
Shoots through the air, and o'er the mountain bends ;  
Save when the lightning's vivid fires illumine,  
And instant darken into deeper gloom.

Haste to the sea !—that yet is calm,—and there  
Remains their only refuge from despair.  
Oh ! for some friendly vessel on the strand,  
To bear them, yet uninjured, from the land ;—  
Some favouring gale to waft them o'er the wave,  
Ere yet they perish in their Country's grave.

By yon wild flash, which sweeps along the skies,  
With sudden swell behold the Ocean rise !  
Wave rolls on wave—and thickening billows pour  
Their foaming torrent o'er the frightened shore :—  
And yet no instant impulse of the blast,  
No rising whirlwind o'er the waters past ;

And nought was heard awhile, save one low sound,  
Which muttered deep and fearful from the ground :  
So rolls the rushing cataract afar,  
So swells the echoing din of distant war.  
And hark ! a sudden crash—less deadly loud,  
Bursts the dark bosom of the thunder-cloud.  
The rooted mountain's firm foundations rock,  
Earth rends, and reels, beneath that staggering shock ;  
As if stern Jove his flaming bolts had hurled,  
In ruthless vengeance, on the guilty world ;  
Or Earth's gigantic brood had burst their chain,  
And rose from Hell to brave the Gods again.

And with that crash a shriek of wild dismay  
Rose o'er the shore, and instant died away ;  
But, dying, seemed the very air to swell  
With something strange—unearthly—terrible.  
By the next flash, that reddened o'er the main,  
Th' amazed survivors sought their friends in vain ;  
They looked—the sea was calm—the strand was bare—  
Nor living thing—nor sign of life was there.  
But Fate decrees one common destiny  
To those that linger, and to those that fly ;  
They fall on Earth, who sunk not in the wave :—  
And what avails the difference of a grave ?<sup>2</sup>

How many a wretch, on that disastrous day,  
Breathed his last gasp in loneliness away !  
To whose fond glance, in happier hours, the eye  
Of meek affection turned with soft reply ;  
His sterner mood delighted to beguile,  
Wept at his woe, or brightened at his smile.  
Now, all unsheltered from the rushing storm,  
On the bare earth is stretched his prostrate form :  
Sense yet remains to mark its own decay,  
And life, to feel existence ebb away.  
His fainting head no faithful arm sustains,  
No pitying accents soothe his parting pains ;  
And she—whose hand should close his dying eye,  
Doth she forsake him in his agony ?  
Ah ! no—he brooks not to believe her fled,  
And for her doom his burning tears are shed.  
Such tears may flow for others' fate alone ;—  
Man mourns indeed—but rarely weeps his own.

Yet, should her lips receive his latest breath,  
What thought shall soothe the bitterness of Death ?

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<sup>2</sup> The description of the circumstances, attending the eruption of *Vesuvius*, is taken, almost literally, from *Pliny's Letters to Tacitus*.

What heavenly hope with quenchless beams illumine  
The dark and dreary desert of the tomb?  
Alas! he knows not—in this awful hour  
The Bard's impassioned dream hath lost its power.  
If realms unseen contain a bower of bliss,  
How shall he deem those lovely bowers are his?  
Or if the soul, that seat of warm desire,  
That emanation of celestial fire,  
Sprung from the Gods, must perish with his clay,  
Recoiling Nature shudders at decay.

Peace to the world—through Error's cheerless night  
The Sun of Glory sheds celestial light;  
Unfolds the bud of Hope, and bids it bloom,  
In pure unfading beauty, o'er the tomb.  
Now, when in Death the frame convulsed expires,  
Triumphant Faith th' immortal spirit fires;  
The last wild struggle ends in victory,  
GOD is his strength, and man exults to die.

Myriads in ruin sunk—but how they fell,  
Involved in night, the living could not tell;  
Nor can that tale of horror ere be known  
From “ storied cenotaph,” or sculptured stone.  
One solemn truth remains—and all beside  
Were falsehood, pride, or vanity—they died.—  
Died, when the date, which Heaven assigned, was o'er,  
And what could Cæsar, what could Titus more?  
So fall the mighty :—Decius died, who saved  
His native Rome, and Sylla who enslaved;  
And as the herald warned that Chief of old,  
Whose despot sway degraded Greece controlled;  
So still to us the voice of Conscience cries,  
“ Remember thou art mortal—and be wise.”

Oh! when shall morn that welcome ray restore  
The sad survivors think to greet no more?  
When shall that storm of desolation cease,  
And Heaven compose the warring world to peace?  
Stern horror reigned with deep unvaried hue,  
Nor day from night, nor night from day, they knew.  
Whate'er in Time's account that term might be,  
Oh! who shall fix its bound to misery?  
Suspense and suffering, danger and dismay,  
May crowd the grief of ages in a day;  
And sleepless memory, in one hour of pain,  
Wake countless woes, and live past years again.  
Feebly at length the sun's emerging ray  
Shone through the mist, slow brightening into day:

His powerless beams a feeble lustre shed,  
Like the wan smile, that lingers on the dead.  
Yet to the pale survivors of that strife  
Those beams were light, and ecstasy, and life :  
Their weakened sight had never borne to gaze  
On the full glory of his wonted blaze.

Impelled by generous pity, prompt to feel,  
And mitigate the woes it could not heal,  
The Friend and Father of the desolate,  
Imperial Titus, left his halls of state,  
To guard the helpless—soothe the orphan's sighs,  
And grace the dead with worthy obsequies.  
Him nor the trophies of triumphant war,  
Nor captive Kings, chained crouching to his car,  
Nor e'en the glowing Bard's unfading lays,  
Have crowned immortal with his noblest praise.  
Blasted by Virtue's pure and piercing ray,  
The wreath of martial Fame may fade away ;  
But, through the age of slavery and of crime,  
His name shall rise superior and sublime ;  
The noblest name to man by Heaven assigned—  
The Friend of Peace, of Mercy, and Mankind.

How art thou fall'n, O region of the brave !  
Once the loved home of Freedom—now—her grave.  
Those fields, where erst thy princely Romans bled,  
And the bold warriors fell, who never fled,  
Now to a race of dastards are assigned,  
The very scorn and scandal of mankind :  
Base dupes of priestly art, and lost to shame,  
They catch no ardour from their Fathers' fame ;  
What though no servile chains their limbs controul ?  
Their's is the baser slavery of the soul.  
But here I must not pause ;—I would not dwell  
On deeds th' indignant Muse disdains to tell.  
Let themes like these Historic records stain ;—  
Seek we Pompeii's buried towers again.

Dark Mausoleum of the mighty dead !  
Sepulchral Shrine of pride and glories fled !  
With beating heart I hail thy hallowed gloom,  
Still as the lone recesses of the tomb.  
'Tis like another world !—no sound recalls  
The thought of life within it's dreary walls :—  
Such is the calm of Lethe's fabled shore,  
Where Misery weeps, and Passion wars no more.  
Imperial wreck of ancient majesty !  
A spell of mute enchantment dwells in thee ;

As in the tomb, where friends or kindred sleep,  
 And the pale mourner steals to wake and weep.—  
 But haste, the first full feeling past away,  
 Come we, the wonders of the scene survey;  
 Through the lone streets with pious caution tread,  
 Nor touch the sacred ashes of the dead.

Awe-struck I mark those relics of decay,  
 Unnumbered bones, that strew the pathless way;  
 Resistless feeling rushes to mine eye,  
 And my heart feels its own mortality.  
 Here, while that storm its fiery deluge shed,  
 The living sought a refuge with the dead.  
 Here many a Roman bowed him to his doom,  
 And breathed his last in his paternal tomb.  
 Alas! no friend with fond devotion paid  
 Sepulchral honours to his lonely shade;  
 Denied those rites, that grace the meanest slave,  
 One pitying tear to consecrate his grave.

Lo! on this spot, yon mingled ashes tell,  
 Some hapless Mother with her offspring fell.  
 Here, in the hour of Fate, she wildly prest  
 Her sweet unconscious infant to her breast;  
 While her young daughters to her garments clung,  
 Grasped her cold hand, or on her bosom hung.  
 Though life perchance were her's, had she resigned  
 Her helpless charge, and left her babe behind,  
 High in her arms her infant still she bore,  
 Prest onward still—till life availed no more:—  
 Then sunk submissive to her destiny,  
 Clapsed each loved child,—and laid her down to die.<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh! noble ardour of maternal love,—  
 No grief can quench it, and no dangers move;  
 E'en in the worst extremity of ill,  
 It watches—weeps—endures—and comforts still.  
 Such is the love, that warms a woman's breast,  
 In peace, in joy, dissembled, or suppress:  
 But in the hour of peril, or of pain,  
 When selfish fears man's colder heart restrain,  
 Then the fierce storm will generous woman brave,  
 And nobly perish, when she cannot save.

---

<sup>3</sup> A mother, dragging after her two daughters, and pressing to her bosom a little infant, appears to have fallen a victim during this scene of desolation. They seem to have crowded together; and their bones are so intermixed, that, in all probability, the mother and her children died in each other's embraces. Their remains were found near the wall of the portico in the street of tombs.

Hail! in thy sudden ruin more sublime,  
 Than the slow wreck of cold consuming time,  
 Thou mighty relic of superior state,  
 Majestic still—though dark and desolate!<sup>4</sup>  
 Prostrate on earth, or tottering to their fall,<sup>5</sup>  
 Still broken columns mark thy stately hall;  
 And thy proud statues, from their bases torn,  
 Low in the dust their sullied glories mourn.  
 Yon shapeless mass, on which rude steps have trod,  
 Was once perchance a Hero, or a God.  
 Yet, midst the desolation of the scene,  
 Enough remains to tell what once hath been:  
 A dome of majesty, the meet abode  
 Of Kings—nay more—of Romans.—Years have flowed  
 In long succession—Rome is swayed by slaves—  
 Oh! for a draught of Lethe's fabled waves!

Roam as thou wilt, where chance and fancy lead,  
 No guard arrests thee, and no walls impede.  
 Pierce where, till now, no stranger step hath been,  
 Where Beauty erst retired to blush unseen;  
 And Matron pride, and Virgin modesty,  
 Shunned the bold gaze of man's too ardent eye.  
 Once, hadst thou dared unbidden to intrude,  
 Thy bold intrusion dearly hadst thou rued:—  
 Now may'st thou tread, unchecked, the long arcade,  
 Where erst no stranger-footstep rudely strayed,  
 Sacred to Virtue—and the Roman Maid.

Say, would'st thou know where yon low arch doth lead?  
 Its' dark'ning gloom with trembling caution tread,  
 Slow wind the deep descent—explore, and tell  
 The hidden wonders of the vaulted cell—  
 Why doth thy quivering lip refuse to speak,  
 And instant paleness overcast thy cheek?  
 Why doth thine eye with sudden frenzy glare,  
 And fix unmeaning in the vacant air?—

'Twas here they perished—in that hour of dread,  
 When the red skies their fiery vengeance shed,  
 Sought the deep vault's impenetrable gloom,  
 And—seeking refuge—only found a tomb.  
 Oh! in that hour, what recked the lordly race  
 Of him, whose name ancestral glories grace?—  
 The slave forgot his chain, the sire his fame,  
 The blushing maid her sex's modest shame.  
 Alas! one doom involved them:—side by side,  
 The fettered slave, and free-born Roman, died:

<sup>4</sup> The temple of Isis.

<sup>5</sup> "Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall." *Dryden's Virgil.*

For death confounds the mighty and the base,  
And dooms to all an equal resting place.

And who wert thou, fair Julia?—On thy stone  
We trace thy fate, and read thy name alone :  
Save that in time-worn characters is seen,  
Thy patron power was Beauty's radiant Queen.<sup>6</sup>  
To other times hath vivid Fancy roved,  
And drawn thee blooming, lovely, and beloved ;  
Some aged Parent's solace, hope, and pride,  
Some ardent Lover's bright and blushing Bride.  
The melting softness of the large dark eye,  
The lofty mien of Roman majesty,  
Chastened by that meek modest gentleness,  
Formed woman to adorn, and man to bless ;—  
These once perchance were thine—Alas! and now  
What are thy vernal beauties—what art thou ?  
In the short compass of a narrow urn  
Thine ashes lie—and from thy tomb we learn,  
That thou hast lived and died :—but lasting Fame  
Shall consecrate thy memory, and thy name ;  
Nor doom thy dust to *their* ignoble lot,  
Who live—and weep—and die—and are forgot.

Explore yon arched recess, and wond'ring scan  
This mingled heap of dust :—That once was man !—  
And man too of the noblest :—faithful, brave,  
Follower of Virtue, even to the grave.  
Menaced by Fate, he stood undaunted here,  
Grasped in his firm right hand his ready spear :  
And if, as others, fondly linked to life,  
By treasured ties of parent, child, or wife,  
In anxious love exhorted them to fly,  
And—fixed in Honour's cause—remained to die.<sup>7</sup>  
Oh! quenchless ardour of heroic flame,  
O hero, worthy of immortal fame !  
Thy name we know not, but in thee we trace  
The dauntless grandeur of the Roman race ;  
'Twas thus they triumphed by superior worth,  
And spread their Empire to the bounds of Earth.

Dreams of the past steal o'er me :—I recall  
The gorgeous scene of Pansa's lordly hall.

---

<sup>6</sup> The following is the inscription :

IVNONI  
TYCHES· IVLIAE  
AVGVSTAE· VENER.

<sup>7</sup> In the recess, at the entrance of the gate of Herculaneum, was found a human skeleton ; the hand of which still grasped a spear : probably that of a centinel, who would not quit his post.

It's graceful shaft the Doric column rears,  
 The massive porch with spacious front appears;—  
 Lo! each enthroned on lofty pedestal,  
 The statues of his Fathers—Romans all;—  
 For Rome's proud grandeur there canst thou descry,—  
 The very marble breathes of majesty.  
 From crystal vases, crowned with flowery wreaths,  
 Her choicest odours subject India breathes;  
 And on the walls the living canvass glows,  
 Proud works of art, which conquered Greece bestows.  
 The Parian marble of the floor is veined  
 With varied streaks, with glowing hues distained;  
 Bright as the tints on Ocean's breast at ev'n,  
 When the calm wave reflects the calmer Heav'n.  
 And where in graceful folds yon drapery falls,  
 And richer paintings decorate the walls,  
 There erst the mansion's hospitable lord  
 Called the gay group, and spread the festive board,  
 With all that charms the heart, and lures the eye,  
 Athenian taste, and Roman luxury.

These fairy visions vanish into air,  
 This bright and false illusion flies—Ah! where?—  
 'Tis with the dream of youth,—the joyful day,  
 That rose in rapture, blessed, and passed away;—  
 'Tis with th' unfettered spirit's earthly lot,  
 With sorrows solaced, and with joys forgot;—  
 With love, that only lives in memory;—  
 With all that once hath been,—and ceased to be.  
 And thus, whate'er the wild and warm desire,  
 That sways thy bosom with impetuous fire;  
 Whate'er thy hopes, thy miseries, and thy fears,  
 The doubt that chills thee, or the hope that cheers;  
 Soon shall they fade, in utter gloom o'ercast,  
 Whelmed in the dark abysses of the past;  
 And thou—thy race shall close—thy sun shall set—  
 And weeping friends deplore thee—and forget.

ART. V. *On the Evidence discoverable in the Works of Homer, respecting the Age in which he lived.*

IT is a circumstance somewhat extraordinary, that the age of a Poet, whose compositions have called forth the admiration alike of earlier and more modern times, should never have been satisfactorily determined by some writer of antiquity. A speculation so interesting would, it might reasonably be imagined, have attracted attention, and excited investigation.



And yet this question has been transmitted to us, involved in uncertainty and obscurity. According to some persons, Homer flourished 168 years after the Trojan war. Paterculus fixes the æra to 968 B. C.; and the Arundelian Marbles to 907 B. C. Thucydides informs us that Homer lived long after the Trojan war.<sup>1</sup> Cicero affords testimony not more definitive;—"that, although his age is uncertain, he lived many years before the time of Romulus."<sup>2</sup> Herodotus, indeed, delivers an opinion of a more distinct and decisive character; one, which, from several concurrent circumstances, may be reasonably admitted: namely, that Homer flourished 400 years before his own age.<sup>3</sup> According then to this assertion, the Poet must have been born 884 B. C.

We are now, therefore, in possession of some information upon this interesting subject: but a more accurate conclusion may yet, we are of opinion, be deduced. The position, which in the following pages we shall endeavour to establish, is this;—that Homer wrote his poems before the return of the Heracleidæ. If we are successful in demonstrating this fact, the age of Homer will, with tolerable precision, be determined. For, since, according to Newton's Chronology, Troy fell 904 B. C.; and the return of the Heracleidæ occurred 80 years after that event; it is manifest, that Homer must have written between the years 904 and 824 B. C.

In following this investigation, it is by no means intended to produce an Essay, which will silence every objection, which ingenuity may advance. The simple design is, briefly to adduce such internal evidence in support of this opinion, as may be found in the writings of Homer himself. The proof thus obtained may be divided into *negative* and *positive*.<sup>4</sup>

I. That Homer wrote before the return of the Heracleidæ, the Iliad and the Odyssey exhibit distinct and conclusive negative testimony. For, had that event taken place, is it possible to imagine, that no allusion should any where be found to so momentous an occurrence:—an occurrence, by which a complete alteration was effected in the principal families, and even in the population, not only of Peloponnesus, but also of all the western coast of Asia Minor, and the adjacent islands? Nor let it be forgotten, that Homer's geographical description of Peloponnesus is so accurate and distinct, as to be the source, whence Strabo has obtained his account of that portion of Greece. Such then being the fact, is it conceivable, that no allusion whatever should be made to the subsequent

<sup>1</sup> Thucyd. Lib. I. c. 3.    <sup>2</sup> Cicero de clar. Orat. 10.    <sup>3</sup> Herod. Lib. II. c. 53.

<sup>4</sup> For the greater part of the succeeding observations the writer of this Article is indebted to Mr. Mitford. See History of Greece, Vol. i. p. 251—255. Octavo Edition.

changes in the government and partition of the country, had Homer flourished after the restoration of the Heracleidæ? "How naturally, upon many occasions, would some such pathetic observation have occurred concerning the Pelopid, the Neleid, and other families, as that which in his catalogue in the Iliad he makes upon the catastrophe of the royal family of Ætolia!"

οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' Οἰῆος μεγαλήτορος νῆες ἦσαν,  
αἰδ' ἄρ' ἔτ' αὐτὸς ἔην· θάινε δὲ ξανθὸς Μελίαργος.  
τῷ (Θεάντῃ) δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐτέταλτο ἀντισσέμεν Αἰτωλοῖσι.

II. 2. 643.

Again, various circumstances respecting Hercules, and also his wars both in Greece and Asia, are recorded: <sup>5</sup> scarcely possible, therefore, is it, but that some allusion should have been made to, or some compliment bestowed upon, the descendants of that hero, had they been in triumphant possession of Peloponnesus:—whereas the family of Æneas, the enemy of Greece, is that, upon which panygerick is conferred. If indeed Homer wrote his poems at that period, for which we contend, all this is intelligible: if a contrary hypothesis be assumed, it is perfectly unaccountable.

But there yet remain some characteristics of Homer, well worthy of remark. Amongst these we would enumerate his ignorance of idolatry and hero-worship; of republics and tyrannies; of a general name for the Greek nation; and of its division into Ionian, Æolian, and Dorian; and lastly his silence respecting the council of Amphictyons. Nor let another circumstance be forgotten;—the loss of his compositions in Peloponnesus after the return of the Heracleidæ, and their preservation amongst the colonists of Asia. The reason is obvious. To the new inhabitants of Peloponnesus these poems contained comparatively but little interesting information:—by the Asiatic Greeks they were regarded as immortalizing the achievements of individuals, from whom they boasted their descent. Let then an impartial view be taken of all these circumstances combined; and a strong presumption will be obtained, that Homer wrote his poems before the return of the Heracleidæ.

II. Let us now proceed to what may be denominated *positive* proof. And here would we deprecate the idea, that there are to be found any passages in Homer, which distinctly declare, that he wrote at the period, which we have been assigning to his compositions. All that is intended by *positive proof* is this;—that there are in the Iliad and Odyssey some

<sup>5</sup> II. xi. 689. xiv. 249. There are several other references to Hercules, which it is needless to enumerate.

expressions, which will enable an inquirer to ascertain, with some degree of precision, the time, when the Poet wrote. In the *Odyssey*, for example, we find this observation;—"that those subjects are preferred for celebration, in which, through the recency of the transactions, the hearers have a nearer interest:"<sup>6</sup>—an observation totally inapplicable, had the events described in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* occurred even *one* century before the birth of the first auditors of those poems.

Again, with respect to the fall of Troy, we find this declaration:—"The gods wrought the fate of Troy, and decreed the destruction of men, that there might be subjects for poetry to future generations."<sup>7</sup> Now, had Homer lived after the return of the *Heracleidæ*, that event would have furnished to all the Greeks a subject of more recent, and more intense interest, than the destruction of Troy.

Once more, we are informed by Homer, that he does not give his relation from personal inspection, but from report;

ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος ὄλον ἀκούομεν, οὐδὲ τι ἴδμεν  
Il. 2. 486.

This would have been an unnecessary and unmeaning declaration, had not the writer lived so near the period, which he celebrates, that it might have been imagined, that his youth was passed amongst those diversified scenes, which in his old age he described.

Finally, it has been observed, that much respect is manifested towards the posterity of *Æneas*; which renders it probable that some descendants of that hero were living at the time, when Homer wrote. Indeed the exact generation seems distinctly marked in a declaration made by Neptune;

νῦν δὲ δὴ Αἰνείας βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,  
καὶ παίδων παῖδες, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται. Il. xx. 307.

On great *Æneas* shall devolve the reign,  
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.

Pope.

But perhaps it may be urged, that, in one instance at least, internal evidence opposes that theory, for which we are contending. We allude to an objection, first produced by *Paterculus*, and afterwards adopted by *Gibbon*,<sup>8</sup>—that Homer must have flourished long subsequently to the Trojan war, because he describes his heroes as far surpassing in strength those of his own age.<sup>9</sup> This argument is easily refuted by the consideration, that these heroes are in general either sons or grand-

<sup>6</sup> *Odyss.* i. 251.    <sup>7</sup> *Odyss.* viii. 578.    <sup>8</sup> *Miscell. Works* Vol. iii. p. 70.  
<sup>9</sup> *Il.* v. 304. See also *Il.* xii. 383. 449. xx. 287.

sons of gods or goddesses; and consequently may reasonably be described as superior in prowess to a subsequent generation:

αἷται θνητοῖσι παρ ἀνδρασιν εὐνηθεῖσθαι  
φθάνεται γέλιναντο θεοῖς ἐπικειμελά τέκνα

Hes. Theog. V. 1019.

But there is yet another method of exposing its fallacy; and that too of a nature not less satisfactory. For Nestor institutes the same comparison between the contemporaries of his youth, and those of his old age.—Il. I. 272.<sup>10</sup>

Upon the whole, then, from this examination of internal evidence, both negative and positive, we consider ourselves authorized to conclude; that Homer wrote before the return of the Heracleidæ, and consequently between the years 904 and 824 B. C.

## ART. VI. *Poetical Fragments.*

### No. I.

#### DIONYSIUS OF PHOCÆA.

HEROD. ERATO. XVII.

#### 1.

MY own IONIA! since I may not see  
Thy freedom rescued, and thy fame restored;  
I will not pine in fetters, though for thee,  
Or crouch the vassal of a Persian lord;—  
Once have I bared, and will not sheathe the sword;—  
Eternal be the strife—as strife should be,  
Between the tyrant's race, accursed—abhorred—  
And those, who, like their Fathers, would be free.

Farewell, thou land of loveliness—Farewell,  
Beloved Phocæa, city of my sires;  
Henceforth the spoiler in my halls shall dwell,  
My childhood's home shall feed the vengeful fires;  
And thy sweet maids, a weeping band, must swell  
A Tyrant's train, and wait a Tyrant's wild desires.

<sup>10</sup> See Barnes's Note on Il. v. 304. and on xii. 383.

## 2.

But from this hour to me shall Ocean prove  
 A country, and the gallant bark my home ;  
 By Despot's frown undaunted, will I rove  
 ' Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam ;'  
 And though full oft before me as I roam  
 Ionia's well remembered shore shall rise ;  
 Ne'er shall my native land delight mine eyes,  
 Till I can change, or can avenge her doom.

But should the dastard Persian cross my path,  
 JOVE, on this head hurl down thy bolts divine,  
 But I will meet and crush him in my wrath ;  
 For he is Freedom's foe, and must be mine ;  
 Though darker taint the ruthless spoiler hath  
 Than mine or Freedom's foe—IONIA! he is thine !

## 3.

Yet—oh my country! Oh Ionia, yet  
 How shall I thus forsake thee?—I have dwelt  
 Enraptured on thy glories, and have felt  
 Thy wrongs, thy sufferings, till mine eyes were wet  
 With tears of wrath and madness—not regret ;  
 And I have bared my sword, and sternly sworn  
 Dearly thy Persian Lord should rue the scorn,  
 Which thou canst ne'er forgive, nor I forget.—

And I must now forsake thee! Hadst thou stood  
 True to thyself, thou hadst been free—and now  
 Thy noblest sons are stiffening in their blood,  
 And I must quit thy shores—or lie as low—  
 Yet, like the storm that hovers o'er the flood,  
 I only wait to strike a surer, deadlier blow !

## II.

## TO THE GREEKS.

## 1.

Arise to the strife of the sword!  
 Advance like the wave of the flood!  
 Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,  
 Till the Tyrants have bathed it in blood!  
 Your chains have been galling and keen ;  
 Ye have slept the dull sleep of despair ;  
 Yet awake for the glories of days that have been,  
 For a spell that *may* rouse you is there!

2.

Long ages of sorrow and shame  
Have rolled o'er the land of your birth!  
Though once without peer in the proud scroll of Fame,  
'Tis the taunt and the byword of Earth!  
The wrongs which your Fathers have borne,  
The wrongs which your children must bear;—  
Oh! your souls are subdued by the bonds ye have worn,  
Or a spell that *must* rouse you is there.

3.

The Lion is tame and debased  
While chained in the dwellings of men,  
Yet send the Wood-King to his own native waste,  
And his fury will waken again;  
And thus, though degraded are ye,  
The sway of your Tyrants but spurn,  
And the Faith and the Courage that dwell with the Free,  
To you shall with Freedom return.

4.

Then awake to the strife of the sword!  
Advance like the wave of the flood!  
Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,  
Till the Tyrants have bathed it in blood.  
Oh think on the days that have been  
Till they rouse you to do and to dare;  
Oh think on your bondage, so heavy and keen—  
A spell that **MUST** wake you is there.

III.

MOWBRAY, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

1.

Farewell! Farewell! my native land—  
I would the glance might be  
That lingers on thy fading strand,  
The last on Earth for me!  
I would the pang that rends my heart  
Thus loosing from thy shore,  
Could bid this hated life depart—  
Since thou art mine no more.

## 2.

It is not that I lightly grieve  
For honours, wealth, or fame ;  
My native shores I might but leave  
To win a nobler name :—  
Nor yet to ties of faithful love  
I mourn to bid adieu ;—  
Since these in other climes might prove  
As tender and as true !

## 3.

But Oh ! in this desponding breast  
A darker thought must dwell ;  
A thought no wealth can bribe to rest—  
No fond affection quell.  
Henceforth must I, an exile lone  
And homeless, stray through earth ;  
Tenant of every clime—save one—  
The land that gave me birth.

## 4.

The Hero, whom the trump of war  
Hath lured across the flood ;  
To seek a fleeting fame afar  
In fields of toil and blood ;  
The Mariner, by Fate consigned  
To plough the restless wave ;—  
Each in his country hopes to find  
A death-bed and a grave.

## 5.

But I in stranger-land must live,  
In stranger-land must die ;  
The Tyrant knows not to forgive,  
Nor formed to crouch am I.—  
Then O farewell, my native land !  
I would the glance might be  
That lingers on thy fading strand,  
The last on Earth for me !

# UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE,

FROM JAN. 1. TO MARCH 13.

## CAMBRIDGE.

### I. DEGREES CONFERRED JAN. 24.

#### LIST OF HONOURS.

##### WRANGLERS.

1	Ds. Cowling	John	17	Ds. Wailes	Cath.
2	Bowstead	C. C.	18	Lutwidge	Joh.
3	France	Trin.	19	Baldwin	Christ.
4	Buckle	Sid.	20	Start	Trin.
5	Hall	Mag.	21	Rising	Pemb.
6	Collins	Christ.	22	Remington	Trin.
7	Martin	Trin.	23	Beville	Pet.
8	Wedgewood	Chr.	24	Wood	Trin.
9	Arlett	Pemb.	25	Arnold	Caius
10	Warden	Emman.	26	Thistlethwaite	Trin.
11	Guest	Caius	27	Gibson	Trin.
12	Tennant	Trin.	28	Phillips	Jes.
13	Cori	Cai.	29	Crawley	Mag.
14	Gedge	Cath.	30	Teeson	Clare
15	Wilson	Joh.	31	Sandys	Pemb.
16	Saunders	Sid.			

##### SENIOR OPTIMES.

1	Ds. Greaves	C.C.	15	Ds. Hammond	C. C.
2	Atkinson	Pemb.	16	Bromilow	Joh.
3	Dayman	John	17	Green	Emm.
4	Parry	John	18	Fulcher	Sid.
4	Walker	Chris.	19	Benson	John
5	Garton	Regina	20	Gatenby	John
7	Burn	Regina	21	Holmes	John
8	Senkler	Cai.	22	Barham	Trin.
9	Wells	Sid.	23	Ruddock	Trin.
10	Foster	Trin.	24	Baines	Christ.
11	Lawson	John	25	Fearon	Emm.
12	Edwards	Trin.	26	Smith	Trin.
13	Malkin	Trin.	27	Carrighan	John
14	Brown	John	28	Gurney	Trin.

##### JUNIOR OPTIMES.

1	Ds. Frost	Cath.	5	Ds. Worsley	Pemb.
2	Dunderdale	Joh.	6	Furlong	Sid.
3	Mellish	Trin.	7	Williams	Joh.
4	Crosland	Mag.			



## B. A. DEGREES.

1	Do Beck	Queens	61	Do. Ricardo	Trin.
2	Laing	Pet.	62	Lafargue	Sid.
3	Madge	Queens	63	Mackay	Trin.
4	Place	Joh.	64	Image	Caius
5	Pearson	Trin.	65	Longhurst	Queens
6	Bagnall	Queens	66	Dunning	Queens
7	Tucker	Sid.	67	Owen	Mag.
8	Wilde	Joh.	68	Hotchkin	Emm.
9	Hopkinson	Trin.	69	Pooley	Pemb.
10	Evans	Mag.	70	Ford	Mag.
11	Lewis	Joh.	71	Meyrike	Queens
12	Wortham	Mag.	72	Hodgson	Mag.
13	Jeckell	Queens	73	Johnstone	Trin.
14	Young	Christ.	74	Pickford	Queens
15	Camidge	Cath.	75	Montague	Cath.
16	Hooper	C. C.	76	Ray	Emm.
17	Pyne	John	77	Taylor	Down.
18	Bazeley	Clare	78	Carles	Cath.
19	Murray	Cath.	79	Dighton	John
20	Pratt	C. C.	80	Beaver	Cath.
21	Evans	Pet.	81	Bateman	Trin.
22	R. Clarke	Joh.	82	Turner	C. C.
23	Walford	Cath.	83	Longfield	Joh.
24	Fry	Queens	84	M'Call	Joh.
25	Coleridge	Joh.	85	Campbell	Trin.
26	Ashworth	Jes.	86	Chabot	Joh.
27	Latten } <i>sq.</i>	Joh.	87	Hurst	Trin.
27	Law } <i>sq.</i>	Qu.	88	Patteson	Trin.
28	Lakes	Clare	89	Utten	Trin.
29	Senda	Caius	91	Blackburn	Mag.
30	Madden	Queens	92	Dovell	Joh.
31	Kinsey	Trin.	93	Fielden	Joh.
32	White	Trin.	94	Symes	Jes.
33	Hills	Joh.	95	Newcatre	Joh.
34	Lodge	Trin.	96	Wilmot	Joh.
35	Osborne	Joh.	97	Rockett	Pet.
36	Carter	Joh.	98	Wilson	Pet.
37	Hamilton	Pet.	99	Sturgess	Trin.
38	Valpy	Emm.	100	Fisher	Chr.
39	Whiting	Queens	101	Gery	Emm.
40	Finch	Mag.	101	Watson } <i>sq.</i>	Emm.
41	Hopper	Joh.	104	Adnult	Emm.
42	French	Trin.	105	Wake	John
43	Wimbolt	Pemb.	106	Lawton	Trin.
44	Blundell	Joh.	107	Padwick	Queens
45	Cock	C. C. C.	108	Hall	Cath.
46	Langdale	Jes.	109	Grant	John
47	Benyon	Joh.	110	Butterfield	Christ.
48	Bower	Jes.	111	C. Clarke	Joh.
49	Duck	Joh.	112	Herring	C. C.
50	Piggott	Trin.	113	Cosens	Cath.
51	Godfrey	Queens	114	Heberden	Down.
52	Palmer	Jes.	115	Hyde	Joh.
53	Turner	Pemb.	116	Lloyd	Emm.
54	Atkinson, sen.	Queens	117	Lockwood	Trin.
55	Adams	Sid.	118	Clayton	Caius
56	Arthy	Jes.	119	Chichester	Down.
57	Atkinson, jun.	Qu.	120	Lefevre	Trin.
58	Brice	Christ.	121	Gaiskell	Sid.
59	Rodmell	Trin.	122	Drake	Joh.
60	A. Smith	Joh.	123	Clay	Joh.

124	James	Joh.	155	King	Trin.
125	Knight	Sid.	156	Freeland	Sid.
126	London	Trin.	157	Budge	Christ.
127	Thomas	Trin.	158	Heneage	Trin.
128	Twiss	Caius	159	Waters	Christ.
129	Pear	John	160	Crawford	Dow.
130	Hervey	Christ.	160	Creswell	Trin.
131	Dunn	Queens	162	Buck	Trin.
132	Dearden	Pet.	163	Worsley	Christ.
133	Napleton	Sid.	164	Powell	Joh.
134	Spurgeon	C. C.	165	Walker	Caius
135	Green	John	166	Shaw	Jes.
136	Cobb	Pet.	167	Worsley	Pemb.
137	Codrington	Joh.	168	Rishworth	Emm.
138	Prentis	Christ.	169	Huxley	Joh.
139	Maxwell	Joh.	170	Layton	Queens
140	Sidney	Cath.	171	Flood	Trin.
141	Ferris	Joh.	172	Henry	Jes.
142	Jesson	Joh.	173	Halton	Joh.
143	Bagnall	Down.	174	Ramshay	Queens
144	Vesey	Trin.	175	Moore	Jes.
145	Crosse	Jes.	176	Maxwell	Caius
145	Weaver	Sid.	177	Moore	Caius
146	Courteney	Queens	178	Hartford	Emm.
146	Calcraft	Clare			
147	West	Pet.			
147	Thomas	C. C.	1	DS. Berry	Pet.
148	Lagden	Clare	2	Miller	Joh.
149	Manley	Jes.	3	Steele	Joh.
150	Phillips	Jes.	4	Severne	Chr.
151	Wade	Jes.	5	Villiers	Joh.
152	Wheat	Joh.	6	Foster	Joh.
153	Hanham	Joh.	7	Weeding	Caius
154	Longe	Down.			

ÆGROT.

EPITOME.

Wranglers	31
Senior Optimer	28
Jnnior Optimes	7
Ægrotat	12
B. A. Degrees	7
	180

Total, 265

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

In pursuance of a regulation of the Senate, a voluntary Classical Examination of those commencing Bachelors of Arts, who had previously obtained Mathematical honors, took place in the Month of February. The following were the Classes :

FIRST CLASS.

DS. Malkin	Trin.	DS. Tennant	Trin.
Barham	Trin.	Remington	Trin.
Gurney	Trin.	Gedge	Cath.
Baines	Christ		

## SECOND CLASS.

Dr. Foster  
Dunderdale

Trin.  
St. John's.

Dr. Greaves  
Furlong

Corpus Christi.  
Sidney.

## THIRD CLASS.

Dr. Smith  
Fearon  
Crawley  
Edwards

Trin.  
Emman.  
Magd. }  
Trin. } seq.

Lutwidge  
Wedgwood

St. John's  
Christ

## II. DEGREES CONFERRED AT VARIOUS PERIODS PREVIOUSLY, AND SUBSEQUENTLY TO, JAN. 24.

## DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.

Charles Robert Prinsep, Esq., St. John's.

## BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.

Rev. Charles Rookes, Jesus College.  
George Henry Storie, Trinity-hall.  
Henry George Hulton, Trinity-hall, (compounder.)  
Rev. Charles Thomas Gladwin, Jesus.

## BACHELOR IN DIVINITY.

Rev. William Jones, Fellow of St. John's College.

## MASTERS OF ARTS.

Sir Robert Gifford, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. (Honorary.)

Francis E. J. Valpy, Trinity College.

Rev. Daniel Tremlett, St. John's College.

## BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Charles Stephens Mathews, Pembroke-hall.  
John Gaitskell, Sidney.  
Gervas Harvey Woodhouse, St. John's.  
John Gore, Gaius.

## III. PRIZES ADJUDGED.

Hulsean Dissertation for 1823.—William Clayton Walters, Esquire, B. A. Fellow of Jesus College.—Subject, *The Nature and Advantages of the Influence of the Holy Spirit.*

Norrinian Essay.—James Amiraux Jeremie, Scholar of Trinity College.—Subject, *The Office and Mission of John the Baptist.*

## IV. SUBJECTS FOR PRIZES.

## HULSEAN DISSERTATION.

*The Doctrines of our Saviour, as derived from the four Gospels, are in perfect harmony with the Doctrines of St. Paul, as derived from his Epistles.*

## GREEK ODE.

Ὁ παῖς Ἑλλήνων, ἦε,  
ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε θί  
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, — εἰς τὴν ἐστὶν πάντων ἀγών.

## LATIN ODE.

*Aleppo Urbs Syria terre motu funditus eversa.*

EPIGRAMS.

*Scribimus indocti doctique.*

ENGLISH POEM.

*Athens.*

SEATONIAN PRIZE POEM.

*The Death of Absalom.*

MEMBERS' PRIZES.

SENIOR BACHELORS.

*An recentium ingenii vim instam veterum Poetarum exemplaria promouent?*

MIDDLE BACHELORS.

*Quenam potissimum cause Tragice Camæne apud Latinos effecerint.*

FORSON PRIZE.

Shakspeare, Merchant of Venice, Act. IV. Scene I.; beginning with  
*Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;*  
 and ending with  
*The penalty and forfeit of my bond.*  
 The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Acatalecticum.

V. MISCELLANEOUS UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Henry Fariash, B. A., of Queen's College, has been elected Foundation Fellow of that Society.

William Brett, Esq., B. A., and James Bowstead, Esq., B. A., both of Corpus Christi College, are elected Fellows of that Society.

James Packe, and Peter Still, Esqs., of King's College, have been elected Fellows of that Society.

Just Henry Alt, Esq., B. A., late of Pembroke-hall, and some time one of the Professors of Bishop's College, Calcutta, having returned to this country and resigned that situation, has been appointed "Auditor of Indian accounts for the College and the Establishments connected therewith," by the Incorporated Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Thomas Hall, Esq., William Crawley, Esq., and John Crosland, Esq., Bachelors of Arts, of Magdalene College, have been admitted Fellows of that Society.

George Whiteford, Esq., B. A. of St. John's College, is appointed to the Bishop of Ely's Fellowship in Jesus College.

SMITH'S PRIZE-MEN.

John Cowling, B. A., St. John's.  
 James Bowstead, B. A. Corp. Christ.

BELL'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

An Election of two Scholars upon Dr. Bell's Foundation will take place on Friday, the 2nd. of April next.

TYRWHITT'S HEBREW SCHOLARSHIP.

The Examination for a Scholarship on this Foundation will commence on Wednesday, the 5th. of May next.

PITT SCHOLAR.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy, St. John's.

BATTIE'S SCHOLAR.

Alfred Power, Clare Hall.

## SUBJECTS FOR EXAMINATION IN 1825.

In conformity with the Regulations passed by the Senate, March, 13th, 1822, notice has been given, that the following will be the Subjects of Examination in the last week of the Lent Term, 1825 :

1. *The Acts of the Apostles.*
2. *Paley's Evidences of Christianity.*
3. *The First and Second Books of the Odyssey.*
4. *The Twenty-first Book of Livy.*

The select preacher to whom the Sunday afternoon turns at St. Mary's church are assigned, for the present month, is the Rev. Dr. Maltby, of Pembroke-hall.

## CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The remaining meeting for this term will be held on the 29th inst. At one of the last meetings, a paper was read by Mr. Okes, on the fossil remains of several animals found in diluvial gravel. Also the copy of a letter from Sir Isaac Newton, to Mr. Arlaud, a celebrated painter, taken from the original in the public library of Geneva, by the Rev. W. Mandell; and a paper on the geology of Teesdale, by the Rev. Professor Sedgwick.

## OXFORD.

## 1. DEGREES CONFERRED AT VARIOUS PERIODS, BETWEEN JAN. 1. AND MARCH, 13.

## DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.

Rev. Anthony Grayson, Principal of St. Edmund-hall.

## DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.

Rev. David Williams, Head Master of Winchester, and late Fellow of New College.

## BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. William Thomas Phillips, Fellow of Magdalen College,  
Rev. Martin Davy, Fellow of Magdalen College.

## MASTERS OF ARTS.

Philip William Douglas, Esq., Student of Christ Church, grand compounder.  
Rev. Montagu Oxenden, Exeter College.  
Rev. John Morse, Pembroke College.  
William Gray, Christ Church.  
Thomas Lloyd Pain, Brasenose College.  
Rev. John Vesey Hamilton, Magdalen Hall.  
Rev. Francis Harriman Hutton, Wadham College.  
Rev. George Stamp Robinson, Fellow of New College.  
Rev. Frederick Aston, University College  
Rev. John Glanville, Balliol College  
Rev. Cecil Robert Smith, Balliol College.  
George Grey, Oriel College.  
Rev. Charles Anthony Hunt, Merton College.  
Rev. Robert Lawrance, St. Edmund-hall.  
Edward Hay, Student of Christ Church.  
Rev. Gilbert Gilbert, Wadham College.  
Rev. Francis Orton, St. Mary-hall.

Rev. Samuel Howe Harrison, St. John's College.  
 Edward Everett, Balliol College.  
 Rev. Robert Litch, Brasenose College.  
 Rev. George Parker Cleather, Exeter College.  
 Rev. Henry Adams Sergison Atwood, Queen's College.  
 Rev. Joseph Weld, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Rev. William Burdett, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Rev. John Digby-Wingfield, Exeter College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Edward Millard, Exeter College.  
 Thomas Vesey Bayne, Scholar of Jesus College.  
 Maximilian Geneste, Clerk of Queen's College.  
 John Edward Jeffreys, Student of Christ Church.  
 Augustus Page Saunders, Student of Christ Church.  
 John Charles James Hoskyns Abrahall, Scholar of Wadham College.  
 Theophilus Bennet Hoskyns Abrahall, Wadham College.  
 Miles Cooper Bolton, Queen's College.  
 Tobias Furneaux, Magdalen-hall.  
 William Robert Newbolt, Student of Christ Church.  
 Neil Malcolm, Christ Church.  
 Henry Fuller, St. Alban-hall.  
 Orlando Hamlyn Williams, Balliol College.  
 Thomas Fogg, St. John's College.  
 Edward Baldwin, St. John's College.  
 Robert Isaac Wilberforce, Oriel College.  
 John Bramston, Oriel College.  
 George Trevelyn, Oriel College.  
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 Anthony Berwick Lechmere, Christ Church.  
 James William Mylne, Balliol College.  
 Francis Chambre Steel, Jesus College.  
 James Thomas, Pembroke College.  
 Hon. George Sawyer, Esq. Balliol College.  
 Alexander Goode, Pembroke College.  
 St. Vincent Keane Hawkins Whitshed, Esq. Ch. Ch.  
 Thomas Henderson, Student of Christ Church.  
 Augustus Short, Student of Christ Church.  
 George Augustus Legge, Student of Christ Church.  
 Granville John Penn, Christ Church.  
 Hon. John Geo. Charles Fox Strangways, Christ Church.  
 Robert Wickham, Christ Church.  
 Scrope Milner Colquitt, Brasenose College.  
 Edward Duncombe, Brasenose College.  
 Charles Oakes, St. John's College.  
 Thomas Shaw Hellier, Exhibitioner of Lincoln College.  
 George Henry Webber, Student of Christ Church.  
 Honoratus Leigh Thomas, Student of Christ Church.  
 Francis Acres Hyde, Christ Church.  
 John M. Collard, Exeter College.  
 Robert Molesworth Carew Hunt, Exeter College.  
 Christopher Rice M. Talbot, Oriel College.  
 Charles Turner, Wadham College.

III. MISCELLANEOUS UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Augustus Page Saunders, and Frederick Whitlock Torrens, Commoners of Christ Church, have been chosen Students of that Society.

The Rev. J. Lupton, B. A., has been appointed Chaplain to Christ Church and also to New College.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Christ Church is appointed to the valuable Deanery of Durham, vacant by the death of Earl Cornwallis and Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

Samuel Smith, D. D. Canon of Christ Church and Prebendary of York, is appointed Dean of Christ Church, in the room of Dr. Hall, promoted to the Deanery of Durham, and we understand Dr. Woodcock of Christ Church, will succeed Dr. Smith, as Canon of Christ Church.

The Rev. A. Grayson, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College, has been presented to the Principality of Saint Edmund-hall, together with the Vicarage of Bramley, in the county of Hants.—Patrons, the Provost and Fellows of that Society.

The Rev. A. Grayson, M. A. having been previously presented by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, was admitted Principal of St. Edmund-hall, with the usual Ceremonies, by the Rev. Dr. Hall, Vice Chancellor.

The Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Harrison, and Vane, M. A.s have been elected Fellows on the old Foundation of Queen's College; and the Rev. Thos. Procter, B. A. of Jesus College, Fellow of Queen's College, on the Michell Foundation. Messrs. Fox, Priestman, Braithwaite, and Jackson, have been admitted Probationary Scholars on the old Foundation of the same Society.

Charles Awdry has been admitted Fellow of New College.

Rev. Charles Thomas Longley, M. A. Student of Christ Church, and the Rev. Joseph Dornford, M. A. Fellow of Oriel College, are appointed Public Examiners.

The Sum of 170*l.* has been granted from the University Chest, towards defraying expenses which have been incurred by Alterations and Improvements in the Ashmolean Museum.

Mr. John Richard Frederick Billingsley, Mr. Henry Vincent Shortland, and Mr. Knight, have been admitted Exhibitioners of Lincoln College.

Edmund Hammond, B. A. of University College, Algernon Grenfell, Exhibitioner of Corpus Christi College, and Peter Hansell, Commoner of Wadham College, have been elected Scholars of University College, on the Foundation of Sir Simon Bennet, Bart.

Hugh Seymour Tremeneheere and William Goodenough Bayly, have been admitted Scholars of New College.

Philip Williams, Esq. B. C. L. late Fellow of New College, Barrister-at-law, was unanimously elected Professor of Common Law on the Vinerian Foundation, in the room of Jas. Blackstone, Esq. D. C. L. who has resigned.

John Edward Willis, M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, and of Richmond-place, Clifton, has been called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.

Rev. W. Buckland, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, in this University, has been elected President of the Geological Society of London.

Mr. Henry Lemesurier is admitted a Scholar of New College.

Henry Dean, Fellow of New College, and Student in Civil Law, has been unanimously elected Scholar in Common Law, on the Vinerian Foundation.

#### PREACHERS.

Rev. Mr. Conybeare, Christ Church, Bampton Lecture, Sunday Morning, at St. Mary's.

Rev. Mr. Eliot, Exeter College, Afternoon, at St. Peter's.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

N. B. Those livings marked \* pay no first fruits.—C. V. Implies that they are entitled from their clear yearly value to the benefit of the Augmentation Acts.

R. Rectory.—V. Vicarage.—C. Perpetual Curacy.—P. Prebend.

The Honourable and Rev. HENRY RYDER, D. D. Lord Bishop of Gloucester, has been translated to the See of *Litchfield and Coventry*. (First fruits, 559*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*) His Lordship was consecrated Bishop of Gloucester, A.D. 1815.

The Very Rev. CHRISTOPHER BETHEL, D. D. Dean of Chichester, is to succeed to the Bishopric of Gloucester (First-fruits, 315*l.*)

The Very Rev. C. H. HALL, D.D. Dean of Christ Church, has been appointed to the Deanery of Durham, vacant by the death of the Bishop of Lichfield.

The Rev. Samuel Smith, D.D. has been promoted to the Deanery of Christ Church.

The Rev. Henry Woodcock, D.D. to a Canonry of Christ Church.

The Rev. Samuel Slade, M. A. formerly Student of Christ Church, is appointed to the Deanery of Chichester.

The Rev. Christopher Lipcombe, M. A. Fellow of New College, Oxford, is appointed Bishop of Jamaica, in the West Indies.

## II. ARCHDEACONRIES.

The Hon. and Rev. Henry Stopford is appointed to the Archdeaconry of Leighlin, in the Diocese of Ferns.

The Rev. Hobbs Scott is appointed Archdeacon of Australasia, in New South Wales.

## LIVINGS.

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Preferred.	College and University.	Preferment.	County.	Diocese	Value in King's Books	Patrons.
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Williams, J. B.		Lantist Major, cum Lisworn	Glam.	Land.		Dean and Chapter of Gloucester.
Wrangham, F. (Archdeacon)		Prebend. Stall in York Cathedral,				

## III. CHAPLAINCIES.

Rev. W. Bradley, M.A. of Brasen-nose, Coll. Oxford, is appointed Domestic Chaplain to Lord Howe.—The Rev. T. Wilkinson, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Marquis of Londonderry.—The Rev. H. W. Simpson, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Duke of Buckingham.—The Rev. Jos. Gedge, of Jesus College, Cambridge, to the Earl of Stanhope.—Rev. T. Burroughes, B.A. of C. C. C. Cambridge, to H. R. H. the Duke of York.—The Rev. J. H. Dunsfoir, of Wadham College, Oxford, to the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire.—The Rev. W. Hughes, M.A. Rector of Badenharn, and Pitchcot, Bucks, is appointed Chaplain to F. W. Martin, Esq. of Leeds Castle, High Sheriff of the County of Kent.

The Rev. John Ousbey, late Minister of Tavistock Episcopal Chapel, is appointed Chaplain of Cold Bath Field's House of Correction, Clerkenwell.—The Rev. G. Norris, is appointed Chaplain to the Wilton House of Correction.

## IV. LECTURESHIPS.

The Rev. C. Heath, M.A. is chosen Evening Lecturer of Lymington, Hants.

The Rev. Robert Black, to the Lectureship of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

The Rev. W. Havness, M.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, to the Evening Lectureship of St. Mary-Le-Bow, Cheapside.

## V. SCHOOLS.

The Rev. Mr. Bean has been appointed to the third mastership of St. Paul's School, vice the Rev. W. Durham, who has been raised to the second mastership in that Foundation.—The Rev. J. Cooper has been elected fourth Master.

The Rev. William Blunt, B.A. of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has been elected-Under Master of Merchant Taylor's School.

The Rev. Aldersey Dicken, M.A. Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, is appointed to the Mastership of the free and endowed School of Tiverton, by the Feoffees and Trustees.

The Rev. Joseph Cox, M.A. Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, has been appointed Master of the Grammar School of Gainsborough, vice the Rev. Dr. Cox, who resigns at Midsummer next.

## WORKS PUBLISHED

BY MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

A Defence of the Apostle St. Paul against the Accusations of Gamaliel Smith, Esq. in a recent Publication entitled, "Not Paul, But Jesus." By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Christian Advocate in that University, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Part 1.

The Comedies of Aristophanes. By T. Mitchell, A.M. late Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. 6d.

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#### ERRATUM.

Page 40. line 21, for 'ere,' read 'e'er.'

# ACADEMICAL REGISTER.

JULY, 1824.

## ART. I. *Observations on the ANTIGONE of SOPHOCLES.*

THE Edition of Sophocles, which is generally and deservedly preferred by Students, is that of Brunck,—a Scholar, whose nice perception of the beauties of the Greek Dramatic writers, it is impossible to deny. The benefits, however, which he has indisputably conferred upon this department of Classical Literature, would have been proportionably enlarged, if the extent of his reading and research had been commensurate with his taste and discernment. From his deficiency in this respect arose the hasty, and frequently injudicious alterations of the text, and other blemishes, critical and explanatory, which abound in his Editions of the Ancient Drama. With a view to obviate the errors of this nature, and to illustrate such other topics as he has left untouched, which may be of service to the classical student, in one of the noblest of the Greek Tragedies, the following observations have been drawn up: in which it has been the main object to compress into a small compass so much of the best Commentators as would really assist the reader without greatly involving him in the depths of verbal criticism, or impede his progress by minutely discussing every disputed point. The plan will probably be followed up in future Numbers; though we shall not confine ourselves exclusively to the Greek Dramatic writers.

Verse 2. ἀρ' οἶσθ' ἔ τι Ζεὺς. For ἔ τι Hermann would read ἔ τι, which Erfurdt adopts, and defends by the Aldine reading of Œd. Tyr. v. 1401. ἀρχ' μου μέμνησθ' ὅτι 'Οἱ' ἔργα δράσας ἔμιν, εἶτα δ' αὖρ' ἰὼν 'Οσοι' ἔπρασσον αἰθις;—Elmsley ad loc. corrects μέμνησθέ τι, and compares Eur. Hec. v. 978. This would sanction ἀρ' οἶσθα τι Ζεὺς. Schæfer seems to favour the reading of Brunck, understanding ἔ τι in the sense of ἐτιῶν, ἐτιδύκοντε. Comp. Callim. H. in Dian. v. 18. πόλιν δέ μοι ἦντινα νεῖμον, ἦντινα λῆς. Pausan. ii. 9. 7. τόπον ἦντινα ἐνέων.

V. 4. οὐτ' ἀτήριον. The vulgar reading, οὐτ' ἀτης ἀτερ, being in direct opposition to what the sense requires, must be incorrect. We do not, however, remember to have elsewhere



seen the word ἀτίμιος, except in Æsch. Eumen. v. 1005, where the metre, as Brunck himself observes, requires ἀτιμῶν. [N.B. Maltby, after Morell, ad voc. ἀτίμιος, ἀτιμῶς, cites the line from the Agamemnon, and adds "*locum reperire nequeo.*"] The form ἀτιμῶς occurs in Trac. v. 264. Ph. 1272. Æsch. Prom. 772. Eur. Hipp. 626. Erfurdt would read οὐτ' ἄγχις ἄτερ, which does not seem to accord with the sense. Ἄγχι, ζῆλος. Hesych. ex Æsch. Thressis fr. The best correction is that of Porson, οὐτ' ἄτης ἔχων. This use of ἔχω with a genitive is not unfrequent. Œd. T. 709. μαντικῆς ἔχων τέχνης.

V. 10. στέλχοντα is the neuter plural, and must be joined with κακά. Comp. v. 185 infra.

V. 11. μῦθος—φίλων, *Information respecting our friends.* So Aj. 221. ἀνδρὶς εὐνοίας ἀγγελλῶν.

V. 14. διπλῇ χειρ. "*mutua manu.* cf. v. 170." Musgr.

V. 20. καλχάινουσ'. Hesych. Καλχάινω ταρασσῶ, φροντίζω, ἐν βυθῷ ταρασσόμεαι. Anglicè, *To be deep in thought.* The word occurs only here, and once in Eurip. Herac. v. 40. cited by Brunck.

Vv. 21, 22. οὐ γὰρ τάφου κ. τ. λ. This construction, in which after the form ἰ μὲν, ἰ δέ, the case of the article is used instead of the Genitive, is not unusual. Thus Thucyd. Lib. 3. c. 105. Οἱ δὲ Ἀκαρῶνες, οἱ μὲν ἐς Ἄργος ἐπισβόησαν, οἱ δὲ κ. τ. λ. So also in Latin: Sallust. B. J. c. 16i. *Capti ab Jugurthâ, pars in cruce acti, pars bestiis objecti sunt* And. Virg. Æn. 12. v. 277.

*At fratres, animosa phalanx, accensaque luctu,  
Pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum  
Corripiunt.*

V. 22. ἀτιμῶσας ἔχει; The verb ἔχει is frequently joined with the active participle of another verb, and the phrase expresses the continuance of the action indicated by the participle. Compare infra vv. 32. 77. 180. Œd. T. 699. 701. See Matthiæ's Gr. Gr. §. 559. This idiom is precisely the same as the English.

V. 23. σὺν δύνῃ χρησθεῖς. Musgrave thinks that the preposition is redundant, and compares v. 1266. infra and Soph. Phil. 61. Brunck's Translation also favours this supposition. Perhaps Erfurdt is right in considering αὐτῷ, i. e. Ἐπειδὴ, understood, in conformity with Porson's observation on Med. 754. "Græci scilicet, cum verba duo, diversos casus regentia, ad idem nomen æquè referantur, ne nomen proprium aut pronomen minus suaviter repetatur, in utrovis regimine semel ponunt, altero omisso." But see Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 401.

V. 25. ἐνταμιον θεῶς. The original reading νεκρῶς is correct. It was supposed, as Musgrave observes, that an unburied corpse, or one that had not been honoured with the accus-

tomed obsequies, was treated with contempt by the dead.  
Æsch. Eum. 97. Ὀνειδὸς ἐν φθιτοῖσιν ὡς ἀπώλλυται.

V. 27. Cf. Æsch. Sept. Teb. v. 1015.

V. 31. ἀγαθὸν. Ironical.

V. 32. λέγω γὰρ καί με. Erfurdt explains these words thus:—"parum me norat Creon, qui mihi quoque non dubitaret edicere, quæ cum pietate in fratrem pugnant."

V. 33. κῆσθαι. This verb, like εἶμι, *eo*, is generally used in a future Signification. It has been conjectured that it is only a form of the old future κέσσεσθαι, which having dropt the *σ* *euphonia* causâ, was contracted into κῆσθαι. For the use of εἶμι in the future sense, we would refer our readers to an excellent note by Mr. Kidd, in his Edition of Dawes's Misc. Crit. p. 125.

V. 35. παρ' οὐδέν. *Of no account*. So infra v. 466. See Blomfield's Gloss. ad Æsch. Agam. v. 221.

V. 35. ἀλλ' ὅς ἂν τούτων τι δρῷ. We may here notice a remarkable ellipse of the word παντὶ οἱ τούτῳ. See Dawes. M. C. p. 544. ed. Kidd, and Compare Xen. Anab. 7. 1. 11. cited in the note.

V. 36. δημόλειστον. *lapidibus a populo obrutum*. from δήμος. and the old verb λύν, *to stone*. "Frequens est apud veteres Scriptores lapidationis mentio, quo genere supplicii utebatur populus, quum subita indignatione commotus esset, quia scilicet lapides ad manum et præsto cuique jacebant." Blomf. Gloss. ad Æsch. Agam. v. 1606.

V. 38. ἐσθλῶν, sc. γυναικῶν.

V. 40. λύνειν ἂν ἢ φάπτουσα. That the vulgar reading is wrong is certain; and Bruncks Emendation no less so. It would puzzle a tolerable Critic to discover, how he can render ἐφάπτουσα, either with or without τὰ νόμον, by *legem astringere*. The well-known custom of the ancients of washing their dead previous to interment, almost necessarily suggests the true reading, λύνειν ἂν ἢ θάπτουσα, which Erfurdt adopts. Compare v. 900. infra. Musgrave's objection amounts to nothing: for although Antigone has not positively declared her intention, it is intimated throughout the preceding speech. We consider this emendation, from its simplicity, far preferable to Porson's, who would read λύνειν ἂν ἢ θάπτουσα, which he supports by Aj. 1316: and observes that εἴτε occurs in a similar situation, (Ed. T. 517. Æsch. Agam. 1405.

V. 44. ἀνέμνητον πῶλε; This is the Nominative case used impersonally, the participle ᾧ being understood. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 564. "Id quod publicè prohibitum est." Musgr.

V. 51. πρὸς αὐτοφώρῳ ἀμαλακημάτων. 'On account of, i. e. impelled by his manifest offences.' See Matt. Gr. G. §. 590. αὐτοφῶρος, *self-detected*; (αὐτὸς γὰρ ταντὸν ἐφώρασε. Schol.) Its sense

is somewhat different in Aristoph. Plut. v. 455. ἐπ' αυτοφάρεν δεινὰ δρῶντ' ἐιλημμένοι. Anglicè. *Caught in the very act.* So in New Test. John, viii. 4.

V. 52. ἤρεις ἀράξας. *Striking against his eyes.* Ἀράσσω pulso. Compare v. 976 infra. Œd. T. 1276. See Blomf. ad. Æsch. Pers. 466. and add to the examples there cited, Theocr. Idyl. 2. v. 159. αἰ δ' ὅτι κήμ' Ἀντῆ, τὰν Ἀἴδαο πύλαν, καὶ Μοίρας, ἀράξει.

V. 53. διπλοῦν ἔπος. Schol. διπλοῦν ὄνομα ἔχουσα, μήτηρ τε καὶ γυνή.— So Senecæ Herc. Fur. 388. *Mistumque nomen conjugis, nati, patris.*

V. 54. ἀνιδναύσι. *Laqueis.* “Quo genere mortis uti solebant feminæ. Exempla ubivis obvia sunt.” Blomf. Gloss. ad Agam. v. 1059. Vide Œd. T. 1266.

V. 56. ἀντοκτενῶντε. Read with Erfurdt. ἀντοκτενοῦντε. Verbs thus derived from the perfect middle retain the form of the antepenultima. Thus λέγω, λελογα, πρωτολογῶ,—δρέμω, δέδρομα, παλινδρομῶ. In Eurip. Herc. Fur. 865. correct ὃ ἐγὼ σταδιοδρομοῦμαι.

V. 58, 59. μίνα—διδόμεθα. The verb is here used in the first person plural with the nominative in the Dual. See Elmsley ad Arist. Acharn. 733., who observes that the first person dual was never used by the old writers. Compare Eur. Orest. 1060. Iph. Taur. 777. Elect. 1241.

V. 61. γυναῖχ' ἔτι κ. τ. λ. The Scholiast compares Eur. Med 265. γυνὴ γὰρ τὰλλα μὲν φόβου πλεά, Κακὴ τ' ἐς ἄλλων, καὶ σίδηρον εἰσσερᾶν.

V. 66. ὥς for ἐπει, *Since, because.* So Aj. 274. Ph. 117. Eur. Hec. 971.

V. 67. τοῖς ἐν τέλει. A phrase of frequent occurrence in the Tragic writers. *Iis qui auctoritatem habent.* Anglicè, *Rulers.* So Phil. vv. 385. 925.

V. 68. περισσὰ πράσσειν. See Eurip. Hipp. 785. and Monk's note ad locum.

V. 70. ἡδέως, sc. ἐμοί. Anglicè, *With my consent.*

V. 71. ἴσθ' ἐποῖα.—ἐποῖα is not the Neuter plural, as in Brunck's note; but the Feminine singular; and should be therefore accentuated thus; ἐποῖα: for ἴσθ' is not from ἴσημι, as in v. 98 infra, but from ἐμί.

V. 74, 75. ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος κ. τ. λ. Cf. Cic. ad Attic. xii. 18. “*Longum illud tempus, Cum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.*” In this passage the Comparative is followed by the genitive of the Comparison in a somewhat remarkable construction; τῶν ἐνθάδε being here put for ἢ τοῖς ἐνθάδε, and that too with an Elliptic expression besides, which filled up would run thus: πλείων χρόνος ἐκείνου, ὢν δὲ μ' ἀρέσκειν τοῖς ἐνθάδε.— See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 453. 4. and Herman. ad Viger. p. 574. ed Oxon.

V. 76. Read αἰ.

V. 78. ποιῶμαι. "*Habeo. existimo.*" Musgr.

V. 78. τὶ δεῖν. The infinitive with the article instead of the infinitive without the article. So infra vv. 256. 664. 1106. See Matt. Gr. Gr. § 542.

V. 80. προῦχοιο. Hesych. προφασίζοιο. So Eustath. ad. Il. P. p. 1109. 37. Anglicè, *pretend.*

V. 83. ἐξέρδου. *Erige*, i. e. *confirma.* Passive for Active.

V. 84. ἀλλ' ὅν προμηνύσῃς γε κ. τ. λ. "Sic rectè edd. omnes, præter eas quæ Trichinianam recensioem exhibent, in quibus legitur προμηνύσει. Malè igitur hoc exemplo futuri pro imperativo positi utitur Matthiæ Gr. Gr. §. 511. 5." Elmsley ad Eurip. Med. v. 804. p. 205. The Future would have been followed by οὐδέν, not by μηδέν. See v. 96 infra; (where Mr. E. proposes to read πελομαι γὰρ ὅν, comparing Phil. 766. Eur. El. 290.) Compare Eur. Iph. T. 1220. θαυμάσῃς μηδέν. Tro. 458. θαυμάσῃς μηδέν. Herc. F. 215. δράσῃς μηδέν. So, on the other hand, in N. T. Matt. v. 21. Οὐ φονεύσεις, *Do not Kill.* See Matthiæ himself Gr. Gr. §. 516. 2.

V. 86. πολλὰν ἐχθρίαν. Bentley asserts that πολλὰν is never used as an adverb by the Attic Writers. Porson ad. Hec. 624. proposes πλείον ἐχθρίαν, a form of double comparative very common in the Tragic writers. See Monk ad Eurip. Hipp. v. 487. Dr Parr would read μάλλον. See Maltby ad Morell. voc. Καταυδάω. So. v. 1210 infra. μάλλον ἄσπον. The disputed form is repeatedly used by Homer; Thus: Il. Z. 479. πατὴρ δ' ὄγε πολλὰν ἀμείνων.

V. 88. Σεμνήν, *audacem.* So Trach. v. 1048. ὃ πολλὰ δὴ καὶ Σεμνὰ καὶ λόγῳ κακὰ καὶ χειρὶ καὶ νότοις μοχθήσας ἐγώ. Arist. Plut. 415. ὃ Σεμνὸν ἔργον, κἀνόσιον, καὶ παράνομον. Vesp. 318. Σεμνὸς γὰρ ἄνηρ οὐδὲν ἤττον τῆς φανείας. So Σεμναίνω, *audacter agere*, Æsch. Choeph. 1001.

V. 89. ψυχροῖσι. *Ineptis, inutilibus.* So Lucian T. 1. p. 155. ψυχρὰ καὶ ἀνωφελῆ ὀνόματα.

V. 92. ἀρχὴν. Used adverbially; *omnino, prorsus*; Anglicè, *at all.* So Phil. 1239. Elect. 439. Aj. 92. The article however is rarely omitted.

V. 93. ἐχθρανεῖ. Read ἐχθραρεῖ. The form ἐχθραίνω is never used by the Tragic writers. See Porson ad Med. 555. The other form occurs infra v. 129. Aj. 458. Ph. 59. Elec. 177. 1034, 1363.

V. 104. ἀμέρας βλέφαρον, *Diei Oculus.* This form of Expression is very common. So infra v. 879. λαμπάδος ὄμμα. Eurip. Phoen. 553. νυκτὸς βλέφαρον. Æsch. Sept. Theb. 386. νυκτὸς ὀφθαλμός, where Blomfield compares Eurip. Iph. T. 194. and Æsch. Pers. 434., and adds: "Tragicorum in his rebus grandiloquentiam ridet Aristoph. Nub. 234. ὄμμα γὰρ αἰδέρος ἀκαμά-

το σπλαγχεῖται Μαρμαραΐσιν ἐν ἀνυαῖς, quod monuit Valckenaer Animadv. in Ammon. p. 76.

V. 106. λείκασπιν φῦτα. The Scholiast compares Eurip. Phoen. 1115. λείκασπιν εἰσπρῶμεν Ἀργείων στρατῶν and Brunck considers the expression as an Enallage for the whole Argive army; which is probably true, although it may refer more particularly to Adrastus.—Instead of ἐξ Ἀργείων, Erfurdt supplies ἀπ' Ἀργείων, which agrees better with the Antistrophic verse.

V. 108. πρόδρομον, *Headlong, precipitate*. See Blomf. ad Æsch. Sept. Theb. v. 196.

V. 113. ὑπερέπτα refers both to ἐπὶ γῇ and ἐς γῆν.

V. 115. λευκῆς χιόνος πτέρυγι, *A snow-white wing*. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 314. Obs. 2.

V. 117. στάς; ὑπὲρ μελῶδρον, *supra ades*: in the same sense as, *supra caput esse*; Liv. Lib. 3. c. 17. Sallust. B. C. c. 52.

V. 119. ἐπτάπυλον στόμα. So Eurip. Phoen. 204. ἐπτάστομον πύργημα.

V. 125. πάταγος; “*Streptitus, quem precussum quid edit; a πατάσσω. Anglicè, A clatter.*” Blomf. ad Sept. Th. 100.

V. 125. ἀντιπάλῳ δυσχεῖρμα δράκοντι. Musgrave agrees with the Scholiast in referring δράκοντι to the Thebans; Erfurdt and Bohtè suppose that the Argives are intended. The latter is certainly more consonant with the analogy of the Language, and with the sense of the passage. If this be admitted, we may render the words thus: “*Difficultas ab hoste minimè superanda.*” This latter sense is also recognised by the Scholiast; and the force of the appellation is derived from the danger with which Polynices and the Argives threatened the Thebans. The same is said of Tydeus, and for the same reason, by Æschylus: Sept. Theb. v. 377.

V. 127. Cf. Æsch. Pers. 832. Eurip. Herac. 588.

V. 129. προσπισσομένους. *Appropinquantes*. On this word See Blomf. Gloss. ad Æsch. Prom. 450.

V. 129. ὑπερηπλιάς. It is proved most satisfactorily by Dr. Maltby in his *Observations* appended to Morell's Prosody c. 25. that those words, which in Ionic writers end in *ιη*, in the Attic end in *ια*. Among the few exceptions is the word *ὑπερηπλία*, *Arrogantia*, which is found with the penult. long in Hom. Il. A. 205. and again in this place. We should recommend to the inquisitive student an attentive perusal of the whole chapter, which is replete with valuable information. See also Blomfield. Gloss. ad Æsch. Prom. 93. Hermann corrects this passage by pointing after χρυσῷ, and reading δ' ὑπερηπλιάς.

V. 130. ναυαχῇ. *Streptitu*. Hesych. ναυαχῇ ψόφος. Hom. Il. π'. 104. δεινὴν δὲ περὶ προτάφους φαινή Πήληε βαλλομένη ναυαχὴν ἔχει.

V. 131. βαιβίδων. βαιβίς—Properly, *a startling post.*

Hence metaphorically, the *beginning* and also the *end* of any thing. In the latter of these senses it occurs, Eurip. Med. 1240. βαλβίδα λοπηρὸν βίου. Nearly allied to this is its sense in this present passage: viz; *the edge of a battlement*: Hesych. βαλβίς, ἔρεισμα.

V. 139. ἑρμῶν'. Singular for plural. The Chorus suddenly changes from a *general* to a *particular* narration, as if suddenly reminded of the arrogant demeanour of Capaneus.

V. 138. ἀλαλάζει. *To shout triumphantly*. Hesych. ἀλαλάζει, ἐπικύλιος ἦχεϊ.

V. 134. ἀντίτυπα. Read ἀντιτύπα.

V. 134. ταυταλαδεῖς. *deturbatus*. Schol. διασεισδεῖς. Eustath. p. 1701. 17. ἦγουν τὸ τοῦ Ταυτάλου παθόν. The whole of this passage should be compared with Eurip. Phoen. 1188. et sq, and Æsch. Sept. Theb. 428.

V. 136. ἐπιπνέει ῥιπαῖς ἐχθίστων ἀνέμων, *acerbissimo odii flatu in nos efflavit*, i. e. *sacit*. Unless Ἐπιπνέω is followed by an accusative, as in Eurip. Hipp. 563. δεινὰ ἐπιπνέει, an accusative is understood after it. Thus Æsch. Sept. Theb. 334. μαιώμενος ἐπιπνέει λαοδάμας μαιίνων εὐσεβέαν Ἀρης, *incendium, scilicet, infundendo excitat*.

V. 138. εἶχε δ' ἄλλα κ. τ. λ. Erfurdt reads the passage thus; εἶχε δ' ἄλλα τὰ μὲν,—ἄλλα δ' ἔπ' ἄλλοις ἐπ. στ. κ. τ. λ.—and compares two passages of Pindar where τὰ μὲν is followed by ἄλλα δέ: Olymp. ii. 132. Nem. viii. 51. There is a corruption in the passage which it appears almost hopeless to remove; perhaps Erfurdt's conjecture is the best. Brunck's reading does not correspond with the Antistrophe.

V. 139. ἐπενόμα. See Brunck ad Phil. 168.

V. 142. Cf Eurip. Phoen. 712. ἴσους ἴσοις πολεμίοισιν ἀντιδείξ. —Apollodor. iii. p. 154. Ἐτεκλήης, κατὰσθησας ἡγμένους, ἴσους ἴσοις ἔταξε.

V. 145. Καθ' αὐτοῖν. i. e. κατ' ἀλλήλοιν. So ἀντοκτανούντε for ἀλλήλοκτανούντε, v. 55. supra. See Brunck's note, and Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 489. 3. This line is marked as spurious by Bohtè, who understands ὅτε after πατρὶς ἐλπίς. See Brunck. ad v. 156.

V. 148. Ἀλλὰ γὰρ, here signifies the same as ἀλλ' ἐνεί. See Elmsley ad Eur. Herac. 481. The full point should therefore be removed after Θίβε. So infra v. 392.

V. 149. ἀντιχαρίζεσθαι, *invicem gratificans*. Schol. ἀντὶ τοῦ, ἴσων ἀντὶ χαρίζεσθαι ὡς ἀντιδίδεσθαι ἢ ἀντὶ τῶν κακῶν χαρίζεσθαι. "Cæterum observatione dignum est, altum esse de hac voce silentium, non solum in Lexico Sophocleo, et in Brunckii notis verum etiam in omnibus Lexicis, uno excepto, quæ mihi videre contigit." Maltby ad voc.

V. 151. δίδεσθαι for δόμεσθαι; or δέ may be understood:—See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 544. The whole passage may be thus ren-

dered; "*post bellum igitur presentia mala obliviscamur &c.*"

V. 153. ἰ Θήβας Βακχεύς, i. e. *Bacchus Thebis oriundus.*

V. 154. ἐλελίζων ἄρχοι. Schneiderus in Lexic. Gr. "*latum clamorem incipiat.*" But the verb ἐλελίζω is sometimes used to express lamentation. Eur. Phoen. 1320. τάλαυ' ὡς ἐλελίζω.

V. 155. ἀλλὰ γάρ. This expression, or simply γάρ,—as also καὶ μὴν, or simply μὴν with ὅτε and its cases, are the usual forms of introducing a new character in the Drama. Æsch. Prom. 977. Theb. 859 Eurip. Phoen. 1328. Hipp. 51. Soph. Œd. C. 549. 1106. 1249. infra vv. 526. 1256. 626.

V. 158. ἐρέσσαν. Ερέσσα, *Remigo*. Trach. 561. Hence metaphorically applied to any mental exertion. Aj. 251.

V. 163. πολλὰ δὲ σάλω σέλασσαντες. Cf. Œd. T. 23. πόλις γάρ, ὥσπερ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐισορᾷς, ἄγαν Ἥδη σαλεύει. Herodian. Lib. 5. 1. ἐφ' ᾧ πᾶσα Ρωμαίων ἐσάλευεν ἀρχή.

V. 165. ἔσται. See Brunck ad Œd. T. 434.

V. 175. πρὶν ἂν φανῇ. We cannot do better than refer our readers to an excellent and learned note of Mr. Elmsley ad Med. 215. 6. p. 119 on the use of πρὶν with the Optative and Subjunctive moods, which never occurs in the Tragedians, unless a negation is expressed or understood in the first member. In this passage ἀμύχανον ἐκμαδεῖν evidently implies such negation, being equivalent to οὐκ ἂν ἐκμάδοις, as in Trach. 2.

V. 175—190. These lines are cited by Demosthenes de falsa Legatione, §. 70.

V. 182. μέλζω' ἀντὶ τῆς α. π. It is very usual with the Tragic writers, to place the preposition ἀντὶ before the Genitive, which follows a comparative. Trach. 577. στέρξει γυναῖκα κείνος ἀντὶ σοῦ πλέω. Arist. Vesp. 210. ἡ μοι κρεῖττον ἦν τηρεῖν Σικανὴν ἀντὶ τούτου τοῦ πατρός. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 450. obs. 1.

V. 184. Ζεὺς ὁ πάνθ' ὀρῶν. So Elect. 175. Hesiod. Op. et D. 267.

V. 190. τοὺς φίλους ποιούμεθα. We confess that these words surpass our comprehension. Erfurdtd renders them; "*comparamus nobis eos amicos, quos nobis comparamus,*" which, though an evident truism, does not seem to throw much light upon the passage. Perhaps Bohtè is nearer the truth, who reads οὗς for τοὺς, so that the sense will be;—*that our country preserves both ourselves and our friends.*

V. 192. ἀδελφὰ τῶνδε. His congruentia. Plato in Phœd. ἀδελφῶν ἰκιδυμῶν. Isocr. Hel. ἰξ ἀδελφῶν δὲ γηγόντες, ἀδελφὰς καὶ τὰς ἐκιδυμίας ἔσχον.

V. 196. καὶ τὰ παντ' ἰφαγρίσαι. Probably this may be the correct reading; but the passage has greatly puzzled the commentators. Toup comparing v. 255 infra, would read καὶ τὰ πάντα γ' ἀφανίσαι, which Porson (App. ad Toup. Emend.), de-

cidedly rejects. Canter, Scaliger, and others propose ἀφαγρίσαι which derives some support from Eurip. *Alcest.* 1165. ὅπως δέ-  
μας σοι τῆσδε προσφωνημάτων Κλέων, πρὶν ἂν θεοῖσι τοῖσι νεκτέροις Ἀφαγρίσθη-  
ται. Suidas: ἀφαγρίσαι. καθιερῶσαι.

V. 197. ἔρχεται κάτω. It was believed that the libations which were made upon the Tombs of the departed proceeded under the earth, and entered the regions of the dead. Thus *Æsch. Persæ.* 630. σὺ τε πέμπε χάρις θαλάμους ἐπὶ γῆς.

V. 199. ὃς γῆν πατρώαν κ. τ. λ. Nearly the same line occurs *Æsch. Sept. Th.* 579. θεῶς ἔργανεις, qui jura affinitatis tuen-  
tur. Plato calls them ἑμύργιοι θεῶν. So *Ced. Col.* 1333. Of the same class was Ζεὺς ἑβόαιμος, v. 658. infra. See Musgr. ad *Elect.* v. 430.

V. 202. πάσασθαι, *gustare*. Hesych. παστέται. ἐσθίει. "In πά-  
σασθαι ubicumque gustandi et comedendi potestate pollet, prima  
syllaba brevis est: et ubi longam postulat versus, poetæ πά-  
σασθαι scribere consueverunt. Contra πάσασθαι pro κτήσασθαι  
primam producit." Valckenær ad *Ammon.* p. 187.

V. 203. Read ἐκκεκήρυκται.

V. 204. κτερίζειν. *Exequias celebrare*, a κτέρεια exequiæ.  
Hesych. κτερίζω: ἐνταφιάζω. Infra v. 1209. ἀντερίστων is explained  
by ἀταφον, *insepultum*. Hom. *Od.* A. 291. σῆμά τε οἱ χεύσας, καὶ  
ἐπὶ κτέρεια κτερεῖται. Eustath. in loc. κτέρεια κτέατα, ἦτοι κτήματα νε-  
κρῶν.

V. 206. αἰκιστὸν τ' ἰδεῖν. This reading is right, but Brunck's  
construction is wrong.—The order evidently is: εἰάν δέμας ἀθαν-  
των καὶ θεοστὸν πρὸς εἰανῶν καὶ πρὸς κυτῶν, αἰκιστὸν τ' ἰδεῖν.

V. 207. Read ἐξ ἔμου. See Monk ad Eur. *Hipp.* v. 1107.

V. 212. τὸν τῆδε δέονον—i. e. concerning, or with regard to  
this Polynices. The substantive, containing the leading idea  
of a proposition, is frequently placed unconnectedly, particu-  
larly in the beginning of a sentence. *Œd. T.* 717. Hom. *Od.*  
A. 275. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 426. 2.

V. 213. For που τ', Erfurdt properly reads τουτ', which is  
frequently redundant: as in v. 706. infra.

V. 218. ἄλλο τῶδ'—τῶτ' is the proper reading. The Tragic  
writers never used ἄλλος with a genitive. See Porson ad *Toup.*  
p. 486.

V. 221. καὶ μὲν γ'. And yet. Hesych. καὶ μῆν καὶ ἔτι. See  
Blomf. Gloss. ad *Æsch. Prom.* v. 1018.

V. 231. ἦνυταν. from ἀνίτω, *advenio, viam conficio*. Infra v.  
805. *Trach.* 319. In the end of the line Erfurdt adopts the  
reading mentioned by the Scholiast; ταχίς; i. e. "although  
quick, I have come slowly." There appears to be no reason  
for the change.

V. 234. σὺ, καὶ τὸ μὴδεν—The word σὺ, according to  
Brunck's pointing, is excessively tame. We should place a



comma after *μολειν*, and read the line thus ; *σαί, καὶ τὸ μὴδὲν ἐξεῦθ', φράσων ὅμως*. Verbs of motion are regularly accompanied by participles future in order to express their object. Thus Herod. i. 194. *ἐρχομαι φράσων*. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 556. 7.

V. 234. *μὴδὲν*. i. e. *μὴδὲν τεκνέον*. "Although I can tell you nothing agreeable."

V. 241. *εἰ γε στοχάζῃ*. Read *εἰ γε στοχάζει*. The words refer to the last line, thus : *bene quidem conjicis, te non malo dignum esse*.

V. 247. *παλύνας*, *conspersgens*. Hom. Od. Ξ 429. *καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε, παλύνας ἀλφειτοῦ ἀκτῆ*.

V. 249. *γεγηθὸς πλῆγμα*—the stroke of a mattock, as distinguished from *δικέλλη*, a spade. v. 250.

V. 250, 1. *γῇ—χέρσος*. Pleonasm of this kind are not unfrequent. See Porson ad Eurip. Phoen. 22. Hesych. *χέρσος* ἢ ἔρημος γῇ καὶ τραχεῖα.

V. 253. *Ἡμεροσκοπος*. *Speculator diurnus* : Anglicè. *A sentinel*. Arist. Av. 1174. *φύλακας-ἡμεροσκοπούς*. In a similar sense *κατοπτῆρ* is used. Æsch. Sept. c. Theb. 36. See also Glos. Æsch. Prom. Vinc. 307. Blomfield.

V. 256. *ἄγος*, *piaculum*. infra. v. 775. Œd. T. 1426. Ælian. V. H. Lib. 5. c. 14. *Νόμος καὶ οὗτος Ἀττικὸς ὃς ἂν ἀτάφῳ περιτύχῃ σῶματι ἀνθρώπου, πάντως ἐπιβάλλειν αὐτῷ γῆν*. Comp. Hor. Carm. i. 28. 23. et sq. Virg. Æn. 6. v. 346. Lucan. Phars. viii. 751.

V. 260. *φύλαξ ἐλέγχων φύλακα*. The nominative absolute. To Brunck's examples add, infra v. 413. Œd. T. 60. 101. Œd. C. 380. 1120. Eurip. Phoen. 290. Androm. 669. Bacch. 1130. Iph. T. 947. 964.

V. 263. *ἐναργής*. *Evidens*. infra. v. 795. Œd. T. 535. Œd. C. 910. Elect. 878. Æsch. Prom. 648. Theb. 128. Pers. 184.

V. 263. *τὸ μὴ εἶδέναι*. The same Crasis occurs v. 33. supra. See Monk. ad Eur. Hipp. 1331. Blomf. ad Æsch. Theb. 193. Erfurdt properly erases τὸ before *μὴ εἶδέναι*.

V. 264. *μύδρους*. *Μύδρος*. *A mass of red-hot Iron*. Callim. Hym. Dian. 49. Herod. i. 165.

V. 265. *ὀρκωμοτεῖν*. On this word see Blomfield ad Æsch. Theb. v. 46.

V. 268. *ὅτ' οὐδὲν ἦν ἐρευνῶσι πλέον* *As we made nothing out of our inquiries*. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 384.

V. 272. *ἀνωστέν*. So Eurip. Phoen. 1746. *Σφιγγὸς ἀναφέρεις ἄνεις*;

V. 275. *τάλας*. *Sors*. On this word see Blomfield Gloss. ad Æsch. Theb. v. 55.

V. 275. *καθαιρεῖ*, *Condemns*. Eurip. Or. 852. *καθεύρων ἡμᾶς, κατὰκρίσαν θαντεῖν*.

V. 277. στέργει γὰρ κ. τ. λ. Compare *Æsch. Pers.* 258. ὦμοι, καὶ μὲν πρῶτον ἀγγέλλειν κακά.

V. 278. μὴ for εἰ, *if, whether*. Eurip. *Herac.* 482. κάμαν-  
τῆς πέρι θέλω πιδέσθαι, μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς πάλοις Προκείμενόν τι πῆμα σὴν  
δάυνει φρένα. So infra vv. 632. 1253. Phil. 30.

V. 280. λέγων is not to be referred to παῦσαι, as in Brunck's  
note, but to be construed before μεστῶσαι.—When partici-  
ples or adjectives are joined with an infinitive mood, it is usual  
to find them in the same case, as the noun or pronoun, to  
which they refer.

V. 293. ταύτας. *The sentinels.*

V. 295. sq.—οὐδὲν γὰρ κ. τ. λ. Compare Virg. *Æn. Lib.* 3.  
v. 56. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis Auri sacra fames?*  
Hor. *Carm.* iii. 16. 9. *Concidit auguris Argivi domus ob lu-  
crum, Demersa exitio.*

V. 299 ἴσταςθαι. *To yield, to give way.* Thucyd. vi 34. τῶν  
δὲ ἀνδράπων πρὸς τὰ λεγόμενα αἱ γυνῆμαι ἴστανται.

V. 308. οὐκ ἔμιν Ἀιδης—The Scholiast compares Hom. II.  
B. 392. οὐ οἱ ἔπειτα Ἄρμιον ἰσσεῖται φυγέειν κῆρας ἢ δ' ὠκυόεις. Comp.  
also Shakspeare, *Macbeth.* Act. 5. sc. 6. *Upon the next tree  
shalt thou hang alive. Till famine cling thee.*

V. 311. ἀρπάξῃτε. Read ἀρπάξῃτε. The common reading is  
not the Attic, but the Doric, form; of which the instances in  
the Tragic writers are very rare.

V. 318. ῥωδιμῖζεις. Schol. σχηματίζεις. ῥωδιμῖζω. *To con-  
jecture.* “Metaphora a verbis desumpta quæ in rhythmum redi-  
guntur et coercentur.” Blomf. Gloss. ad *Æsch. Prom.* 249.

V. 319. ἀνιά. “Verbum ἀνιάω vel ἀνιάζω apud epicos poe-  
tas secundam plerumque producit, ut in Soph. *Ant.* 319.—  
Semper, nisi fallor, secunda in ἀνιαρὸς ab Euripide et Aristot-  
phane corripitur, producitur a Sophocle *Ant.* 316.” Porson ad  
*Eur. Phoen.* v. 1334.

V. 320. λαίλημα for λάλος, *A prater, a babbler.* So in  
Phil. 622. Ulysses, and in *Elect.* 301. *Ægisthus*, are called,  
ἡ πᾶσα θλάβη. Comp. Eurip. *Andr.* 930. See also Brunck's  
note. We have similar examples of the *Res pro personâ* in-  
fra vv. 650. 756. where see Brunck's note.

V. 321. οἴκουν τὸδ' ἔργον ἐμὲ ποιήσας ποτέ. So Brunck. Erfurdt  
reads, οἴκουν τὸ γ' ἔργον τοῦτο ποιήσας ἐγώ. We should certainly pre-  
fer the correction proposed by Hermann; οἴκουν ποτ' ἔργον τοῦδ' ὁ  
ποιήσας ἐγώ.

V. 328. καὶ for εἴν τε. “Whether he shall be taken, or  
not.” See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 608. 5.

V. 332. δεινὰ, *expert, skilful.*

V. 343. κουφόνων. *levi mente præditarum.* The word oc-  
curs infra v. 617. and *Æsch. Prom.* 391. where Blomfield has  
accidentally marked it as peculiar to *Æschylus*.

V. 348. περιφραδῆς. The proper reading ἀριφραδῆς is preserved

by Eusthathius, p. 135. 24. ὅθεν σύνδετον ἡ παρά Σοφοκλέους ἀμφραδὴς ἀνὴρ. The passage is cited in the Lex. Sophocl. but without any reference.

V. 351. *ὕπάζεται*. The future is here used in the sense of "to be wont:" a signification which is common to most other tenses. Thus κρατεῖ, v. 349, διδάσκει, v. 356. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 503.

V. 354. φδέγμα, *Language*. ἱψημέν, *Lofty, sublime*: Hesych. ἱψημέν, ὑψηλόν. "Lege ἀνεμῖεν ex Aldinā." Pors. Advers. p. 170.

V. 355. φρόνημα, *Science. Philosophy*.

V. 355. ἀσυνόμους ἔργας, *Civiles mores, civilia instituta*. So Ajax. v. 639. οὐκ ἔτι συντρέφεις ἔργαῖς ἔμπειδος.

V. 357. δυσάυλων πάγων αἰθρία. To complete the verse, which is evidently defective, Erfurd reads with some probability, δυσάυλων ἰδρις πάγων αἰθρία. The observation of the Scholiast, εἰσαίσθητός ἐστι καὶ οἰκοδομημάτων, renders it probable that some such word should be supplied. δυσάυλων πάγων βέλη, *the severity of inhospitable frost*.

V. 368. παρείρων. Read with Schaefer, νόμους γὰρ αἶρων. i. e. observing, respecting the laws. αἶρειν, ὑψεύς, μεγαλύνειν. Gloss. ad Arist. Ran. 378.

V. 384. ἦδ' ἔστ' ἐπείνη. "Ita olim correxerat Porsonus." Advers. Edit. p. 170.

V. 387. ποῖα ξύμμετρος πρόβη τύχη; Elmsley ad Eur. Herac. 461. tacitly reads ποῖα ξύμμετρος προβήν τύχη; which is probably the true reading. At all events, it is fully sanctioned by the preceding line.

V. 389. ψεῖδει, *contradicts, reverses*. This sense of ψεῖδω is very uncommon, if indeed it is elsewhere to be found. For the sentiment Compare, Eur. Hipp. 438. αἱ δεύτεραι πικρὰ φροντίδες σοφώτεραι. Supp. 1082. ἀλλ' ἐν δόμοις μὲν ἦν τι μὴ καλῶς ἔχον, ἐνώμαισιν ὑστέραισα ἐξορδομέμεθα. So Cic. Philip. xii. 2. posteriores cogitationes, ut aiunt, sapientiores solent esse.

V. 390. σχολῇ ποδ' Read with Erfurd σχολῇ γ' ἂν. Suidas. σχολῇ γ' ἂν, ἀντὶ τοῦ, οὐδ' ὅπως, βραδείας, οἰδαμῆς. Σοφοκλῆς (Oed. T. 433.) where however the common reading retained by Brunch, is, ἐπεὶ σχολῇ σ' ἂν ὅπως τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐστοιμάμην. Elmsley ad loc. very appositely compares Shakspeare, Tit. Andron. A. 1. Sc. 2. *Ill trust by leisure him that mocks me once*.

V. 391. ταῖς σαῖς ἀπ. i. e. διὰ τῶν σὺν ἀπειλῶν. We have the same construction infra v. 691. λόγοις τοιούτοις οἷς σὺ μὴ τέρπει κλύων. So Oed. C. 1280. Eur. Hip. 969. So in N. T. Acts, x. 29. τίνι λόγῳ μετεπέμψασθε με; 1 Cor. xv. 2. τῷ λόγῳ ἐπηγγελισμένην ὑμεῖν;

V. 391. ἐχειμάσθην: The verb χειμάω properly relates to a *Storm at sea*. Hence metaphorically, *to trouble, to terrify*.

Pind. Pyth. ix. 56. φ'βη δ' οὐ κειμήματα φρένες. Œd. T. 101. Œd. C. 1504. Phil. 1460. Eur. Hipp. 315.

V. 393. μήκας for μέγας. Suband. κατά. So v. 446. infra.

V. 393. οὐδέν, for οὐραμῶς.

V. 405. ἀπειπας. Dawes very properly reads ἀπειπας. Alc. 754. Eur. Hec 930. Herc F. 1354. ἀπειπῶν. Soph. Œd. C. 1760. Trac. 791. ἀπειπεν. Alc. 503. 753. ἀπειπειν. Eustath. ad. Hom. Od. 1405, 61=82, 22. φησι γὰρ Ἀίλιος Διονύσιος ὅτι ἔΙΠΟΝ καὶ ἔΙΠΑ, ἀμφότερα παρὰ Ἀττικοῖς μᾶλλον δὲ τὸ πρότερον. See Kidd. ad Dawes. M. C. in loc. cit. Brunck's not. ad v. 404.

V. 408. πρὸς σοῦ τὰ δεῖν ἐκεῖ' ἐκπαιλεγμένοι, for εἰς τὰ δεινὰ ἐκεῖνα ἐκπαιλεγτο. Those verbs which in the active take a dative of the person, are referred to this person as a subject in the passive, and are followed by an accusative of the thing. Thuc. l. 126. οἱ τῶν Ἀθηναίων ἐκτετραμμένοι τὴν φυλακὴν. The same construction is sometimes used in Latin. Hor. Sat. i. 6. 74. *Læto suspensi loculos, tabulamque lacerto.*

V. 409. ἡ κατεῖχε τὸν Νέκυν. The article at the close of the line is very inharmonious. Sophocles never separates the article in one line from the noun in the following, except with a particle, or an adjective intervening. Œd. T. 553. τὰ δὲ Πά-δην'. 995. τό τε Πακρῶν αἷμα. Œd. C. 285. τὸ γε Σῶμ'. 577. τὰ δὲ Κέρη. Trach. 383. τὰ δὲ Λαθραῖ'. Aj. 1015. τὰ σὰ Κράτη. Ant. 453. τὰ σὰ Κηρύγματ'. Phil. 263. ὃν οἱ Διοσσοὶ στρατηγῶν. Read therefore with Hermann and Erfurdt, ἡ κατείχετο νέκυς. The correct reading of Œd. T. 1266 is, ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆ ἔνεστο τλήμων, δεινὰ γ' ἦν τάνδ' ὁδ' ὁρᾶν.

V. 411. καθήμεδ' ἄκρον ἐκ πάγων ὑπνέμεναι. Of the construction of ἐκ after verbs which properly imply rest, in order to connect with them an idea of motion also, See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 596. In the word καθήμεδα the idea of an ambush seems to be implied, with which is connected the direction of the eyes to another place.

V. 412. ἀπ' αὐτοῦ. The right reading is ἀπ' αὐτοῦ, which Brunck rejects. The construction is, πεφευγότες δομῇν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ, μὴ βάλοι'. *Avoiding the stench arising from it, (i. e. the body) lest it should reach us.*

V. 413. ἐγερτι. See an excellent note on adverbs of this form in Blomf. Æsch. Prom. 216. Read ἀνατὶ v. 485. infra.

V. 413. ἐπιβόδοις. *Reproachful, angry.* From βόθος, *undarum Strepitus.* See Blomf. Gloss. Æsch. Theb v. 7.

V. 418. σκηπτὸν. *A Tempest.* Hesych. κεραυνὸς ἀνωθεν διάπυρος. Schol. πνεῦμα θυελλώδες. Œd. T. 27. ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς Σκῆψας ἐλαύνει λόφος, ἔχθιστος, πῶλιν.

V. 418. οὐράνιον ἄχρς "Absurdè post Hesychium et Photium VV. DD. intelligunt pulverem ad calum sublatum, cum sit calamitas divinitus orta." Blomf. Gloss. ad Æsch. Pers. 579. So Ajax. 195. ἄταν οὐρανιαν, which the Scholiast interprets,

τὴν ἐξ οὐρανοῦ πεμφθεῖσαν. In the same sense we have *δεινὸν νόον* v. 421. *infra*.

V. 420. ἐν ᾧ Hesych. πρὸς τοῖς δὲ, ἐν αὐτοῖς δὲ. *Œd. C.* 55. *Trach.* 207. *Aj.* 675. See Elmsley ad *Œd. T.* 27.

V. 425. εὐνῆς λέχος. So *Æsch. Pers.* 549. λέκτρον εὔναι. *Eurip. Med.* 436. κοίτας λέκτρον. *Alc.* 948. λέκτρον κοίτας. Similar Pleonasmns abound in the Tragic writers. Thus *infra* v. 674. μάχη δορός. *Eurip. Hipp.* 1161. ἀρμάτων ἔχος, *Supp.* 662. ἀρμάτων ἐχήματα. *Troad.* *Σηρῶν* ὄδυμαι. *Hec.* 302. ὄδυμάτων *Σηρῶν*. ubi vide Porsonum.

V. 430. εὐκροτήτου. *Well-wrought.* *Eurip. Elect.* 819. εὐκρότητον *Δαρίδα*.

V. 441. σέ δὲ, σέ τὴν ν. The verse of the *Helen.* 555. in Musgrave's note to which Brunck refers, is this: σέ, τὴν ὄρεγμα δεινόν, ἡμιλλημενην *Τυμβου* 'πὶ κρηπῖδ' ἐμπύρους τ' ὀρθοστάτας. The verb however is in many instances expressed, *Œd. C.* 1578. σέ τοι κυλήσκω, τὸν αἰὲν ἄπικνω. *Aj.* 1226. σέ δὴ—σέ τοι τὸν ἐκ τῆς αἰχμαλωτίας λέγω. *Eur. Herc. Fur.* 1217. σέ τὸν θάσσοντα δυστήρους ἑδρας αἰδῶ. *Ion.* 219. Σέ τοι, τὸν παρὰ παῖν, αἰδῶ.

V. 442. καταρῆ μὴ δεδρακέναι τάδε; The negation μὴ is frequently added to the infinitive, which follows verbs containing a denial. Thus, in the following verse, οὐκ ἀπαρνούμαι τὸ μὴ, sc. δρᾶσαι. *Arist. Equit.* 572. ἡρῶντο μὴ πεπτοκέναι.

V. 452. εἰ τοῦδ' ἐν ἀνδράσις ὤρισαν νόμους. This line displeases the Critics, who cannot trace its connexion with the preceding lines. We see no difficulty in the matter. The words τοῦσδε νόμους are evidently repeated after *Creon* in v. 449. and refer to the same subject: viz. the Edict respecting the non-interment of *Polynices*; which *Antigone* declares to be of a different nature from those, which the Gods would impose upon men.

V. 455. *Σηρτὸν ὤσθ*. Erfurdt would refer these words of *Antigone* to *Creon*, which is evidently wrong. In the first place, such a construction would violate the celebrated Canon of Dawes, "Si mulier de se loquens, pluralem adhibet numerum, genus etiam adhibet masculinum; si masculinum adhibet genus, numerum etiam adhibet pluralem." See Porson ad *Eurip. Hec.* 39. And, secondly, the sense will not admit of such a construction; the verb ὑπερτρέχω not bearing the sense of ὑπερβαῖν to violate, but of κρατεῖν, to excel, to be superior. *Eurip. Phoen.* 581. ἦν δ' αὖ κρατηδῆς, καὶ τὰ τοῦδ' ὑπερδραμῆ. See Valckn. in loc.—Comp. *Eur. Ion.* 992. καὶ πῶς τα κρείσσω, *Σηρτὸς ὤσθ*, ὑπερδράμω;

V. 456. οὐν γε κἀχθές. Read with Hermann. in Not. MSS. οὐν τε. *Arist. Ran.* 726. οὐν τε καὶ πρόην. *Catull. Epithal. Jul. et Manl.* 137. *Hodiè atque heri.* See *Erasmii Adagia.* Ch. 2. c. 5. The sentiment is similar to the opening of the beautiful chorus in *Œd. T.* 863.

V. 463. ἴσται γὰρ—Compare Æsch. Prom. 775. κρείσσον γὰρ εἰς ἀπαξ θανεῖν ἢ τὰς ἀπάσας ἡμέρας πάσχειν κακῶς. Eurip. Troad. 632. τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρείσσον ἐστὶ κατθανεῖν. Sallust. B. C. 50. *In luctu atque miseriis mortem ærumniarum requiem, non cruciatum, esse.*

V. 475. περισκελῆ. *durum, rigidum.* Hesych. περισκελές, σκληρόν. See Brunck's note on Aj. 649.

V. 478. καταρτυδεντας. *Trained, Broken in.* Hesych. ἄρτυεν διέτασσαν, ἐβασίλευεν. See Brunck's note.

V. 478. οὐ γὰρ ἐκπέλει. *It is not fit: it is not expedient.* Hesych. ἐκπέλει, ἐξεστι.

V. 484. ἦ νῦν. Elmsley ad Eur. Herac. 461. reads ἦ τὰρ, i. e. ἦτοι ἄρα.

V. 488. ἀλύξετον. The simple verb ἀλύσκω is frequently used by Homer, but seldom by the Tragic writers. Elect. 626. θράσους τοῦδ' οὐκ ἀλύξεις. Æsch. Pers. 104. τόθεν οὐκ ἔστιν ὑπὲρ θνατὸν ἀλύξαντα φυγεῖν.

V. 492. ἐπήβολον φρενῶν, *Mentis compotem.* See Ruhnken's note ad Timæ. p. 116. Soph. Elcmœon. fr. εἰδ' εὖ φρονήσαντ' εἰσιδοίμ' πως φρενῶν ἐπήβολον καλῶν σε. Max. Tyr. Diss. 24. ἀρετῆς ἐπήβολον. Comp. Æsch. Prom. 453. ἐννοῦς ἔθνηκα καὶ φρενῶν ἐπηβόλους. It has a different signification in Æsch. Agam. 544. Apol. Rhod. I. 694. See Blomf. Gloss. Æsch. Pr. in l. c.

V. 493. The construction is; ὁ θυμὸς τῶν τερχυμένων—φιλεῖ πρῶτον ἡρῆσθαι κλοπεύς: *The conscience of those who plot, &c. —is usually first convicted of guilt: or in other words: A guilty conscience needs no accuser.* Somewhat parallel is Ovid. Met. II. 447. *Heu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere cultu.*

V. 496. ἀλὼς, ἔπειτα. On this construction of ἔπειτα after a participle, See Blomf. Gloss. ad Æsch. Prom. 802.

V. 500. ἀρεσθείη. Elmsley (ad OEd. T. 322.) would read ἄρεστ' εἴη.

V. 509. ἐκίλλουσι στόμα. *They shut their mouths.* See Hemstershuis, as cited by Ruhnken ad Timæi Lex. p. 72.

V. 514. πῶς δῆτ' ἐκείνῳ. This line is thus rendered by Reiske: "*Quapropter illi (Polynici) honorem tribuis impium, legibus adversantem?*"

V. 515. ὁ κατὰ χθονὸς νεκρός. The anapæst in *quartâ sede* cannot be admitted; nor is Brunck's argument in defence of this reading, which he adopts, of any weight. Which of the Brothers is intended, is sufficiently apparent from the sense. In v. 26. we have τὸν θανόντα νέκυν. and in v. 94. τῷ θανόντι.

V. 519. ὁμοῦς δ' γ' Ἀιδῆς—Comp. Lucian. Dial. Mort. 25. 2. ἰσοτιμία γὰρ ἐν Ἀΐδου καὶ ὁμοιοὶ πάντες. and in Dial. 24. Chiron eulogises τὴν ἐν Ἀΐδου ἰσοτιμίαν.



n. 1277. συγκοιμήματα. Troad. 254. συμφεντήρια. Soph. Phil. νήματα, where Brunck, however, improperly reads τέ. See Porson ad Eur. Orest. 1050. So Ovid. Met.

3. Cognovi clypeum, *leva gestamina nostra*.

569. ἀρσίοι. That this is the correct reading we have not, γή being always used by the Attics in the masculine. Eur. Herac. ὡ τὸν Ἀργεῖον γῆν σπειραντές. See Elmsloc. In OEd. C. 58. Brunck, by a curious anomaly, reads δὲ πλησίον γῆαι, instead of οἱ δὲ πλησίον γῆαι, which is the reading. Blomfield also at Æsch. Prom. 377. exhibit γῆας. Robert. λευρὸν.

576. δεδογμέν' sub. ἔστι. for δεδογμένον Plural for Singular Eurip. Hec. 1230. ἀχθεινὰ for ἀχθεινόν. This takes more particularly with verbals. Thus infra v. 677. ἀμύν-3. ησσητέα. OEd. C, 883. ἀνευτέα. So Virg. Æn. I. 667. *ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum Littora jactetur, unus iniqua, Nota tibi.* See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 443.

575. καὶ σοὶ γε κάμοι. sc. *mori decretum est.* The ex-1 is strongly indicative of the impatience of Creon.

577. μὴ τριβὰς ἔτ'. Arist. Vesp. 1174. μη μοι γε μύθους.

344. μή μοι πρόσσιν.

we must for the present close our observations on *Antigone* of Sophocles. The task will be renewed and continued in the next Number. Meanwhile, we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of affording a specimen of Mr. Newman's new Translation of Sophocles:—a work which combines beautiful poetry with a faithful interpretation of the original. The following translation of the first Choral Ode of the Play will be a sufficient corroboration of our statement.

## CHORUS. v. 332.

### STROPHE I.

Nature's countless wonders none is found  
more marvellous than MAN! O'er the white wave  
he speeds his daring course, while foam around  
him swelling surges, and loud whirlwinds rave,  
without the billows, and the blast to brave.  
Year by year, the labouring steed constrains  
to urge the rolling plough, a docile slave,  
nor Earth, Supreme of Gods:—whose teeming veins  
nor countless years exhaust, nor ceaseless labour drains.

### ANTISTROPHE I.

the feathered tribes that cut the yielding air,  
the wilder race who prowl the pathless wood,  
like can man's inventive skill insnare  
the toils: nor less the watery brood  
secure in Ocean's trackless flood.



V. 521. κάτω' ὄτι. We think κάτωθεν, the reading of the Scholiast infinitely preferable.

V. 526. φ' ἰσμήνη. Subaud. ἐστὶ or ἔμαι. So infra v. 626. Æsch. Theb. 368. Eur. Hipp. 170.

V. 528. νεφέλη δ' ἔφρυν. Eurip. Hipp. 172. στυγρὸν δ' ἔφρυν γέφος αὐξάνεται. Æsch. Theb. 214. ὑπερ' ἑμμάτων κρημαμέναν νεφέλῃν. Hor. Ep. I. 18. 94. *Deme supercilio nubem*. Sil. Ital. viii. 612. *nec nubem frontis amabat*. Cic. in L. C. Pison. Orat. §. 4. *Frontis tuæ nubeculam*.

V. 531. ὑφημένη. The correct reading is ὑφεμένη, which Musgrave properly renders *furtim subrepens*.

V. 537. καὶ ἐκμυέτω καὶ φέρω τῆς διτλίας. To prevent repetition the noun is frequently placed only once, though it refers to two verbs governing different cases; being generally governed by the former verb. Œd. C, 583. τὰ δ' ἐν μέσφ' Ἡ λῆστω ἴσχεις, ἥ δι' οὐδενός ποιεῖ. Æsch. Prom. 339. πάντων μετασχὼν καὶ τετολμηκώς ἐμοί. Plato Repub. πρεσβυτέρῳ μὲν νεωτέρων πάντων ἄρχειν καὶ καλᾶζειν προτετάξεται. See Porson ad Med. 734. cited v. 23. supra.

V. 541. Comp. Eurip. Iph. T. 601. ὁ ναυτοῶν γὰρ εἰμ' ἐγὼ τὰς συμφοράς, ὅστος δὲ συμπλεῖ τῶν ἐμῶν μέχθον χάριν.

V. 543. λόγους. subaud. μένον. The Ellipsis of this word is very usual. Eurip. Phoen. 1494. Hipp. 359. Also in the N. Test. Matt. 24. 8. Mark. 9. 37. Luke, 14. 12. 14. John 12. 44. Philem. v. 17.

V. 545. ἀγρίσαι. Schol. ἀπὸ τοῦ, τιμᾶσαι. So on the contrary we have μαινεῖν in the sense of ἀτιμᾶζειν, Eurip. Supp. Herac. 265.

V. 547. ἀρκέσω θήσκουσ' ἐγώ. Comp. Eurip. Alcest. 393. ἀρκῶμεν ἡμεῖς οἱ προθήσκοντες σέθεν.

V. 551. εἰ γέλῳ' ἐν σοὶ γελῶ. Such Pleonasms are not uncommon. Arist. Plut. 517. λῆσεν ληρεῖς. Hom. Il. 788. ἀγορὰς ἀκέρειον. Xenoph. de repub. in fin. ἀρχὴν ἀρχάς. Ælian. V. H. 8. 15. νικῇ ἐνίκησε. So Virg. Æn. 12. 680. *Hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem*.

V. 554. ἀντιπλάκω τοῦ σοῦ μέρου; And shall I not share your fate? ἀντιπλάκω is the second aorist subjunctive of a verb which is only used in that Tense; viz. ἤπλακον. Vide Blomf. Gloss. ad Æsch. Agam. 336.

V. 561. τὴν μὲν. sc. Ismene; who had not assisted in the interment of Polynices; and yet involved herself in the danger of punishment.

V. 563. οὐ γὰρ ποτ' "Adulatoria Oratio, et tanquam veniam deprecantis." Musgr. But the appeal evidently is in favour of Antigone.

V. 568. νυμφεῖα. Plural for Singular. So Eur. Hec. 269. προσφάγματα. Orest. 1051. τεχνάσματα. Hipp. 11. παιδεύματα.

Androm. 1277. *συγκαμήματα*. Troad. 254. *νυμφευτήρια*. Soph. Phil. 36. *τεχνήματα*, where Brunck, however, improperly reads *τέχνημα*. See Porson ad Eur. Orest. 1050. So Ovid. Met. xv. 163. *Cognovi clypeum, laeva gestamina nostra*.

V. 569. *ἀρόσιμοι*. That this is the correct reading we have no doubt, *γῆ* being always used by the Attics in the masculine Gender. Eur. Herac. ὦ τὸν Ἀργεῖον γῆν σπειραντές. See Elmsley in loc. In Œd. C. 58. Brunck, by a curious anomaly, retains, αἱ δὲ πλησιν γῆναι, instead of οἱ δὲ πλησιοὶ γῆναι, which is the proper reading. Blomfield also at Æsch. Prom. 377. exhibits *λευρὰς γῆας*. Robort. *λευρῶς*.

V. 576. *δεδογμέν'* sub. *ἐστι*. for *δεδογμένον*. Plural for Singular. So Eurip. Hec. 1230. *ἀχθεινὰ* for *ἀχθεινόν*. This takes place more particularly with verbals. Thus infra v. 677. *ἀμυντέα*, 678. *ῥοσητέα*. Œd. C, 883. *ἀνεκτέα*. So Virg. Æn. I. 667. *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum Littora jactetur, odiis Junonis iniqua, Nota tibi*. See Matt. Gr. §. 443.

V. 575. καὶ σοὶ γε κάμοι. sc. *mori decretum est*. The expression is strongly indicative of the impatience of Creon.

V. 577. μὴ τριβὰς ἔτ'. Arist. Vesp. 1174. *μη μοι γε μύθους*. Acharn. 344. *μη μοι πρόφασιν*.

Here we must for the present close our observations on the *Antigone* of Sophocles. The task will be renewed and completed in the next Number. Meanwhile, we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of affording a specimen of Mr. Dale's new Translation of Sophocles:—a work which combines beautiful poetry with a faithful interpretation of the Original. The following translation of the first Choral Ode of this Play will be a sufficient corroboration of our statement.

## CHORUS. v. 332.

### STROPHE 1.

'Mid Nature's countless wonders none is found  
More marvellous than MAN! O'er the white wave  
He speeds his daring course, while foam around  
The swelling surges, and loud whirlwinds rave,  
Fearless the billows, and the blast to brave.  
Man, year by year, the labouring steed constrains  
To urge the rolling plough, a docile slave,  
O'er Earth, Supreme of Gods:—whose teeming veins  
Nor countless years exhaust, nor ceaseless labour drains.

### ANTISTROPHE 1.

The feathered tribes that cut the yielding air,  
The wilder race who prowl the pathless wood,  
Alike can man's inventive skill insnare  
In fine-wove toils: nor less the watery brood  
Who sport secure in Ocean's trackless flood.

Man, by superior art, can curb and chain  
 The brute, wild ranging o'er the mountains rude :  
 The haughty steed elate with flowing mane,  
 And the fierce mountain-bull beneath his yoke restrain.

## STROPHE 2.

The might of Eloquence he taught,  
 The rapid train of counselled thought,  
 The social ties that link mankind :—  
 He taught the sheltering roof to form,  
 And from the "arrows of the storm"  
 A safe asylum find.  
 Skilful in all things, no surprise  
 Finds him unwarned or unprepared :—  
 One art alone his skill defies,  
 The shaft of Death to ward :  
 Though man for many a woe hath found  
 Relief, and balm for many a wound.

## ANTISTROPHE 2.

Unfettered springs his active mind  
 High o'er the range by Hope assigned :  
 To virtue soars, or sinks to shame :  
 Him, who the sacred laws reveres,  
 And Heaven's avenging justice fears,  
 His country crowns with fame :—  
 But instant from her breast be driven  
 The wretch accursed, whose guilty soul,  
 From impious deeds, nor fear of Heaven,  
 Nor earthly laws control.  
 Far from my hearth let such remove,  
 Nor share my counsel and my love.

ART. II. Blomfield—*Æschyli Choëphoræ.*

THE classical Scholar will doubtless already have regaled himself with the perusal of Dr. Blomfield's Edition of the *Choëphoræ* of *Æschylus*, which has lately appeared in continuation of the preceding plays, which he has edited on the same plan. As it is our intention to prepare a critical account of the work for the succeeding Number of our Review, it will be merely necessary in a passing notice to state, that, since the appearance of the *Agamemnon*, the Dr. has been favoured with the inspection of a Copy of Stephens' Edition of *Æschylus*, now in the possession of the Rev. J. Mitford, formerly belonging to Musgrave, and containing several marginal Emenations and Readings, probably of Auratus, Portus, and Scaliger.—Besides these, which are marked by the letters A and P., there are others, which Dr. B. has distinguished by the letter Q, and which were written by a contemporary of Casau-

bon, most probably the Elder Vossius. In other respects he has had access to the same critical resources as before. On the subject of the Glossary, we shall, for the present, content ourselves with giving his own words.

"In glossario conficiendo, tironum usibus aliqua ex parte, uti spero, consului. Malui in abundantiae crimen incurrere, quam quidquam omittere, quod lucem Æschylo affundere posset. Hoc responsum ferant viri quidam non indocti, qui nos, adversariis excussis, apta simul atque inepta conguessisse clamant. Porro, cum glossarium a notis criticis segregarim, quod non probant, non est cur legant." Præfat. p. 11.

Since the publication of the *Choëphoræ*, Dr. Blomfield has been most deservedly called to the Episcopal Bench. Whether we consider his fund of Theological Learning, or the activity and zeal with which he has uniformly supported the best interests of the Church, no man could have been selected more worthy of the appointment, or more likely to give satisfaction in the discharge of its important duties. We must nevertheless repeat a wish, which we offered in the first Number of our Review, that his elevation will not lead to the abandonment of his Æschylus. Indeed we look upon the completion of this undertaking almost in the light of a public debt, which he is bound on the principles of good faith to discharge. The two remaining dramas must be in a state of considerable forwardness; so that, should he be unable to superintend the publication himself, the arrangement of the materials might surely be intrusted to some judicious friend, under his immediate direction. We do not hesitate to pronounce the Edition, as far as it goes, to be the most useful one at present before the public; and we should not stand alone, in considering its desertion as an irreparable loss to Classical Literature. In a word, we trust that Dr. Blomfield's promotion will be the means of hastening, rather than retarding the completion of his design.

### ART. III. *An Inquiry into the Nature of the Roman Judges.*

IN every country, the establishment of some fixed rule of action is indispensably necessary for the existence of society. Power must be invested, either in the community, or in individuals appointed by that community, which shall be sufficient to restrain the mischievous, and protect the well disposed. With the increase of civilization will naturally be introduced the improvement of legislation: and the people, most distinguished by knowledge, will also be the most adorned by wise and salutary laws. And perhaps no nation can offer

more unanswerable claims to the admiration of posterity, upon this account, than the Romans. A code of laws, partly derived from others, and partly introduced by themselves, at once calls forth the astonishment of modern legislators, and, to a certain extent, furnishes the materials of modern jurisprudence. Now, in this system, one prominent peculiarity is worthy of remark—the institution of a body of men, who took no inconsiderable part in judicial proceedings. The Judges, (for of them we speak) although by many critics and commentators considered as the Judges, manifestly differed, in several most striking respects, from the presiding magistrates of the Roman tribunal. It becomes then an interesting question, what these Judges were, and what was the exact office which they were called upon to fulfil. In the succeeding remarks, it will be our endeavour to demonstrate, that the Roman Judges were of the same character with the English Jury—and that the resemblance is as close, as the discrepancy between the manners and customs of two nations, living at such different periods, will permit. We shall point out the parallelism,

I. In the principles of their institution.

II. In various circumstances connected with their judicial proceedings.<sup>1</sup>

I. Let us first examine the history of their institution.

During the Regal government, laws seem to have existed in a most imperfect state; or rather, the will of the King was the only law. The extent of this system of tyranny and arbitrary power, during the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, we may learn from the statement of Livy—*Cognitiones capitalium rerum sine Consiliis per se solum exercebat, propterque eam causam occidere, in exilium agere, bonis mulctare, poterat—non suspectos modò aut invisos, sed unde nihil aliud quàm prædam sperare posset.*—(Lib. i. 49.) And again,—*Domesticis consiliis rempublicam administravit: bellum, pacem, foedera, societates per se ipse, cum quibus voluit, injussu populi ac Senatùs, fecit diremitque.*<sup>2</sup>—(Lib. i. 49.)

<sup>1</sup> Our readers will find this subject more copiously examined in a Tract, entitled "An Enquiry into the Use and Practice of Juries among the Greeks and Romans, from whence the origin of the English Jury may probably be deduced," by John Pettingal, D.D.—to which we confess ourselves indebted for the principal part of the following discussion.

<sup>2</sup> It must not indeed be forgotten, that, according to Livy, Tarquinius was the first who broke through the practice of consulting the Senate upon all occasions. (Lib. i. 49.) Nevertheless, we are inclined to think, that, during the whole period of the Monarchical government, although such a form might be observed, the will of the King was universally supreme. For Romulus, who instituted the Senate, was not popular with that body; but, on the contrary, was the favourite of the multitude and the *soldiery*—*multitudini gravior fuit quam patribus; longe ante alios acceptissimus militum animis* (Liv. lib. i. 15.)—whence

The profligacy of his son having occasioned a revolution, under the Consular government we may trace a gradual improvement in judicial proceedings. Accordingly, after the suppression of the conspiracy against the Commonwealth, we may discover the first step towards impartiality in legal investigations. We allude to the law, *De provocazione*, enacted by Valerius, Colleague of Brutus,—by which an appeal was established from the Magistrate to the People.

Of the alterations and improvements, which were gradually introduced in legal proceedings, we are possessed of but little information. At a subsequent period, we find the first mention of the Judges, who were chosen to assist in trials, and were originally selected from the Senate: a regulation which continued until A. U. C. 630. In that year, in consequence of the corruption and oppression of the Patricians, the people demanded some patrons, who might defend their rights; and required that the Judges should be selected from some other body than the Senate. Accordingly, C. Sempronius Gracchus procured the enactment of a law, called from him *Lex Sempronia*, which enjoined that the Judges should be chosen from the Equites, as being the middle order between the Patricians and Plebeians.

They were afterwards selected, half from the Senators, and half from the Equites: and finally in equal numbers from the Senators, Equites, and Plebeians. This last constitution of the Judges was not only the most equitable, but also insured to every offender, whatever might be his rank, one-third of his Judges of the same order with himself. Whilst, therefore, a means was adopted of preventing corrupt and oppressive verdicts, a trial was afforded to every one, at least in some degree, *by his peers*.

We have now sufficient evidence to justify the conclusion—that the Judges were a body of men chosen for legal purposes from various orders, as the liberty of the subject required, at various times—that they were originally instituted to procure freedom and impartiality in judicial transactions—and that each subsequent alteration was made, to insure these important results. Hence then it is manifest, that they were in all respects, with regard to the principle of their institution, precisely similar to the English Jury.

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we infer, that his conduct was of an arbitrary character, and that he paid little regard to the opinion of his Counsel. Dionysius of Halicarnassus informs us, “that the greater criminal causes he determined himself, but referred the lesser to the Senate.” (In Romulo.) In the reign of Tarquinius, the tyranny was complete. It is therefore more than probable, that the nominal respect paid by Romulus to the Senate gradually diminished, with but little variation, under the subsequent Monarchs, until a complete despotism was at length established.

II. But it is not merely in this respect, that the resemblance is manifest, but also in various circumstances connected with their judicial proceedings. Of these we shall enumerate the most striking.

1. On the Calends of January, the Prætor chose by lot a certain number, which varied at different times, to act as Judges for the ensuing year. From the Judges thus selected each separate Jury, (if we may be allowed the expression) consisting of eighty-one persons, was furnished for each separate cause: who were termed Judges, or Jurati homines, thus resembling in name the *δυσωμότες* of the Greeks, and the Jury or Jurats of the English. Of these eighty-one the Plaintiff and Defendant were each entitled to challenge fifteen; three out of every order composing the Judges: so that, if the full number of challenges took place, they were reduced to fifty-one. And this we find from Asconius was the number on the trial of Milo. Milo was

Condemned by		Acquitted by	
Senators	- 12	Senators	- 6
Equites	- 13	Equites	- 4
Tribuni Ærarii <sup>3</sup>	13	Tribuni Ærarii	3
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total	38	Total	13
Condemned by 38			
Acquitted by 13			
<hr/>			
Total 51			
each challenged by Plaintiff		} 30	
and Defendant			
<hr/>			
Total 81			

which was the number constituting the Judges before the challenge, or *rejectio Judicum*, according to the expression of Cicero. We also learn from Asconius, that Domitius, the *Judex Quæstionis*, or Judge, delivered the verdict of the Judges—*ex sententiâ Judicum pronunciavit*—and consequently held an office differing from that of the Judges.<sup>4</sup> In other words, Domitius was the presiding Magistrate, and passed sentence according to the opinion of the Jury.

<sup>3</sup> The Tribuni Ærarii were the representatives of the Plebeians. The very lowest of the Roman population were called Ærarii—"quia pro capite tributî nomine Æra præberent."

<sup>4</sup> Cicero elsewhere observes, "*Legum ministri magistratus, legum interpretes*" (*Judices*) (*Pro Cluentio*). The Judges were considered as judges of law as well as of fact: whence Sigonius (*De Judiciis*, lib. i. c. 24.) informs us—"Judex cognovit omnes causas et *Juris et Facti*." This too seems to have been the earliest opinion of Lawyers with respect to the English Jury.

2. When the counsel for each party had intimated, that his arguments were at an end, by pronouncing the word "Dixi," the Prætor, or Quæstor, or Judex Quæstionis,<sup>b</sup> sent out the Judices to deliberate upon their verdict—*misit in consilium*—an expression, which Asconius thus explains; "Judices mittere in consilium est, dimittere Judices ad sententiam dicendam." The Judices then rose, and went to consult—*consurgitur in consilium*. The word *consurgitur* has a reference to the sitting of the Judices, (the identical term now in use respecting our Jury) who from this circumstance were denominated by the Greeks καθίζοντες, and οἱ καθήμενοι. In Cicero we meet also with the expression *in reum consedere*—"to sit upon the prisoner." Here then we find the terms, 'consedere' and 'consurgere,' applied to actions of the Judices during different parts of the trial; and synonymous with those used to express the same actions at the present time. Indeed, the whole scene before us would form as accurate a delineation of an English, as of a Roman Court of Justice.

3. We next adduce a circumstance, more from the singularity of the coincidence, than from any conclusive argument which is to be deduced from it—we mean the probable origin of our phrase, "a Pact Jury."

In addition to the duty of the Quæstor of pronouncing the verdict brought in by the Judices, and of preserving order in Court, it was his province to inspect the Judices upon every trial previously to any challenge, and afterwards to confirm or negative any challenges which were made, as well as to substitute others in the room of those who were rejected. Consequently, in any instance where the Quæstor, or Judge, would condescend to a bribe, this power might be employed for purposes the most iniquitous. Hence Cicero declares, when pleading against Verres, that he knew some persons, who were not free from suspicion in this respect—"Sciebam in rejiciendis Judicibus, nonnullos memoriâ nostrâ pactionis suspicionem non vitasse."<sup>c</sup> This precise term *pactio*, which the Roman Orator employs to signify bribery and corruption in appointing the Judices, is transferred to our language by the expression, "a Pact Jury," or Jury *per pactionem*. In exactly the same signification is παρασκευή employed by the Greeks—whence we read in Æschines c. Ctesiphon, of δικασταὶ ἐκ παρασκευῆς καθίζοντες.

4. After all the challenges had been determined, the re-

<sup>b</sup> The Prætor was the Judge appointed for all causes: the Quæstor, or Judex Quæstionis, was the individual deputed by him to act as his representative—the presiding Magistrate in any particular cause.

<sup>c</sup> Verr. ii.



maining fifty-one Judges were sworn in to give their verdict—*sententiam ferre*—with justice and impartiality. Hence the phrase, *Sententia Juratorum hominum*;<sup>7</sup> respecting which Asconius says, “*Juratorum hominum, scil. Judicum, qui in leges, antequam judicarent, jurare consueverant.*”

The nature of the oath may be collected with tolerable precision. From Asconius we have learned, that they swore to deliver their verdict according to law: by Seneca we are informed,<sup>8</sup> that they were to give their opinion without favour or persuasion—*se nihil gratiæ, nihil precibus dare*—and finally from Cicero<sup>9</sup> we discover, that they were to pronounce their judgment according to the best of their knowledge and belief—*ex sui animi sententia*. Let, then, this oath be compared with that now administered to our Jury, and the similarity is so striking, as to admit no denial.

5. If any of the eighty-one Judges, who were summoned upon a trial—*citati Judices*—absented himself, a reasonable excuse (*excusatio*) was required by the *Quæstor*.<sup>10</sup> Let this be compared with our law upon the same subject. The 35th Hen. VIII. cap. 6. sect. 3, declares as follows:—“Upon a reasonable excuse for the default of any Juror, proved before the Justices of Assize or *Nisi Prius* at the day of their appearance, by the oaths of two witnesses, the Justices shall have authority to discharge such Juror of such forfeiture of Issues, &c.” Now, from the correspondence, we know but of one conclusion—namely, that the *citatus Judex* of the Romans was the same as the summoned Jurymen of the English; and that the “*excusatio*” of the former was coincident with the “*reasonable excuse*” of the latter. Moreover, it may be remarked, that the “*excusatio*” of this *citatus Judex* was to be offered to the presiding Magistrate—is *qui quæstioni præerit*—and to be admitted or rejected by him: whence it is evident that the *Judex* was not a Magistrate, or Judge, since he was himself responsible to a Magistrate.

Upon the whole, then, from the evidence detailed in the preceding remarks—from the similarity which exists in the principles of their original institution, and in several circumstances connected with their judicial proceedings—we consider ourselves authorized to conclude, that the Judges of the Romans answered in all respects to the Jury of the English.

<sup>7</sup> Cicero. Verr. i. 13.

<sup>9</sup> Academ. Quæst. iv.

<sup>8</sup> Controvers. Lib. ii.

<sup>10</sup> Cicero. Philipp. v. 5.

ART. IV. *We have been favoured with permission to insert the following copies of Tripes Verses.*

In Comitiiis Prioribus, 4 Mar. 1824.

*Exilium, et carcer, Minturnarumque paludes,  
Et mendicatus, victâ Carthagine, panis.*

Juv. Sat. X.

QUAM varios casus volvit fortuna per orbem,  
Quæ regit imperii sortes, quæ præbet et aufert  
Alternis vicibus sceptrum, nectitque coronas.  
Quantos ductores gremio tu Roma fovebas  
Eximiis onerans donis, quantique triumphi  
Instabant hilarem curru exultante per urbem,  
Licitorum stipante manu; dum gaudia cives  
Undique monstrantes plausu, sonituque tubarum,  
'Salve,' clamabant. 'Salve dux optime Romæ!'  
Quam falsâ mentes deludit imagine rerum  
Gloria! sæpe duces periere, ducesque peribunt  
Invidiâ, quantumque heros mutatur ab illo,  
Qui captos inter reges, procerumque catervas  
Vectus equis curru lato spectabilis ibat!  
Septenis vicibus summos sortitus honores,  
Qui toties victor rediit, totidemque triumphis  
Ornatus, curru Marius processit eburno;  
Mutatam expertus sortem, et discrimina rerum,  
Exul inops, tandem patriis expulsus ab agris,  
Cogitur externam supplex rogitare salutem.  
Fronte parum certâ laurus fortuna negavit  
Perpetuas, variansque vices mutabilis ordo  
Distendit tenui vitæ retinacula filo.  
Immutata quies vanos fastidit honores,  
Et quascunque suis fortuna clientibus offert  
Divitias et opes; quid nomen inutile prosit?  
Quid fama extremas latè diffusa per oras?  
Sola mori nescit virtus tumuloque superstes  
Vivit, et æternos vivet mansura per annos.  
Post fractas regum vires, gentesque subactas,  
Vix potuit limosa palus præbere salutem,  
Cui nomen laudesque olim confinia terræ  
Contremuere, metuque gradus retulere phalanges.  
Aufugiens natale solum, privatus amicis,  
Cogitur Afrorum Marius conquirere fines,  
Atque tuos, secum meditans, reputare dolores,  
Maxima Carthago, quondam quæ causa fuisti  
Romani luctus, odium execrabile gentis  
Italicæ, donec veteres cecidere columnæ,

Et cessit rabies tantum placata ruinis.  
 Aspiciens urbem, frustra retinere subortas  
 Suffecit lacrymas, priscamque reducere mentem.  
 Demissis oculis hæret, motusque videtur  
 Internos animi nunquam satiasset tuendo.  
 Tum menti occurrit terris appulsus iisdem  
 Fortunâ Æneas simili, sed numine fausto  
 Expertus meliora, tuo, pulcherrima Dido,  
 Hospitio exceptus, portuque potitus amico.  
 Non illi oblata est rerum pictura priorum,  
 Ostendens famam, et juvenilia bella, novosque  
 Quos jam deberet testari Roma triumphos.  
 Haud Dea monstrat iter, nulla est, quæ regia Dido  
 Tecta, neque affectæ tribuat solamina menti.  
 Cernit ubi quondam surgebant fana Deorum  
 Templaque, et eximio decorata palatia cultu.  
 Haud signum mortale notat vestigia rerum  
 Tantarum, fractas inter contorta columnas  
 Sese hedera iunctit, circum stat multa cupressus  
 Demissisque solo subversæ frondibus urbi  
 Imminet, ipsa velut cladem Natura gemebat.  
 Si vero lentum venti movere susurram,  
 Auribus hæ Marii voces occurrere visæ;  
 'Audeat infestus quondam Carthaginis hostis,  
 'Cui cordi clades, ignotaque numina pacis,  
 'Cui mens (ut prædura silex immota resistit  
 'Fluctibus, atque minax spumantes respuat undas)  
 'Implacata manet, precibus nec flectitur ullis;  
 'Audeat hic unquam supplex sperare salutem  
 'Sedibus in nostris, requiem quibus ipse negavit  
 'Oratamque, nisi victâ Carthagine, pacem.'  
 Talibus abstrahitur curis, et mente volutat  
 Diversos casus variæ et discrimina vitæ.  
 Detinet urbs oculos quondam quæ classibus æquor  
 Velivolum rexit, Neptuni numine fausto,  
 Subque potestatem Lilybæia littora servans,  
 Romanum imperium sprexit regina per undas;  
 Jam vero et similes casus aversaque lævæ  
 Numina fortunæ, sortemque experta sinistrâ  
 'Hanibal,' exclamat, 'leges Carthaginis æquæ  
 Talia pro meritis præbent tibi munera, mecum  
 Præmia cepisti patriam legesque tuendi;  
 Dii similes casus contempta ob numina præsent,  
 Roma, tibi, et similem poscant, Jove vindice, pœnam.  
 Jam dudum incursant patriis a montibus orti  
 Germani, et Daci, et mediis Alaricus in armis;  
 Jungitur en! acies, ruiturque in arma, subactam  
 Sanguine gaudentes portant vexilla per urbem.'

Σὺ δὲ μὴ πρὸς ὄργην, Αἰσχρὺλ', ἀλλὰ πραΰνως  
ἐλέγξω· ἐλέγξου. λαιδορεῖσθαι δ' οὐ πρέπει  
ἀνδρᾶς ποιητᾶς, ὥσπερ ἀρτοπώλιδας.

ARISTOPH. *Ran.* 856.

ELOQUAR an sileam? tanto perterrita cœpto  
Musa moratur humi, celeres neque commovet alas.  
Nec levis hic labor est, tot delectare togatos,  
Tot Criticos; quis enim Critici non arrogat artem?  
Quis non in trutinâ suspendit carmina? quis non  
Triste supercilium, nasumque ostentat aduncum?  
Nunc Critici passim, genus implacabile, crescunt,  
Nunc trivias omnes habitant, omnesque columnas,  
Stercore ab omnigeno surgunt, et tubera vincunt.  
Insulas laudes, insulsa opprobria fundunt,  
Sollicitantque malum pariter, summumque poetam.  
Sit, qui non hostem timeat resecare secantem,  
Parque referre pari; sit qui convicia temnat:  
Plurimus, ardentem doctus celare dolorem,  
Mussat, et emoritur secreto vulneris ictu.  
Felices proavi, felicia sæcula, quando  
Nulla tremiscentem secuit Censura poetam.  
Temporibus nostris Mævi non laude carerent  
Carmina, Mæonides nostro si viveret ævo,  
Zoilus haud deesset. Vendit sententia vatem,  
Non versus. Si quis, populari concitus œstro,  
Regibus indicit bellum, plebeia tuetur  
Jura, 'senatores corruptos munere' vexat,  
'Lugubre ruricolæ fatum, portoria, sumptus  
Militiæ, decumas, et vectigalia' damnat,  
Concinit 'Othmanidæ cladem, domitasque phalangas,  
Armaque felici rapientem sidere Graium';  
Seu 'malè frustratum læsi certamen Iberi'  
Plorat, et 'armatos in jura humana tyrannos:'—  
Laudat Edinensis faustum Censura poetam:  
'Alter Virgilius jam nos beat, alter Homerus,  
Vel petiit terras deserto Phœbus Olympo.'  
Sin, populi et Papæ timidus, rerumque novarum,  
Audacem queritur plebem, prælique furores;  
Juraque sacrorum divinitus edita regum,  
Cæteraque ejusdem blaterat farraginis—'Euge.  
Mella habet in labris, linguam Suadela perunxit,'  
Aulica gens clamat: Criticoque jubente Trimestri,  
Cingitur Aoniis sapientia tempora sertis,  
Gloriolâque satur, laurâs requiescit in umbrâ.  
Sin minùs aridet Critico sententia vatis,  
Bardus erit, stipes, caprimulgus, fossor, ineptus  
Nugator, fungus—convicia singula narro?  
Nullum erit opprobrium, quod non miser audiet. At si

Hæc solus spueret Criticus, non triste poetæ  
 Conquereret fatum : sed rauco gutture latrat  
 Turba sequax, docti jurans in verba magistri,  
 Et sonitum latè clamosa repercutit Echo.  
 Forsitan adstantem sic quidam affatur amicū ;  
 (Vix hanc materiem post longa silentia nactus,  
 Jam Boream, aut solem, aut pluvium conquestus Aprilem)  
 ' O bone, legisti quos nuper Scævola versus  
 Edidit?—' Haud equidem ; sed quid Censura Trimestris ?  
 Menstrua quid ?—' Damnant.' Nil plus interrogat Ægon ;  
 Protinus excussâ suspendit nare poetam.  
 ' Nonne vides, quanta in libro sit ineptia ? quanta  
 Rusticitas ? non mica salis nitet unica ; crudis  
 Nulla subest junctura modis. Quid quærimus ultrà ?  
 Seditiosa canit ; de libertatis amore  
 Nescio quid garrit : ne te morer, omnia planè  
 Menstruus edocuit Criticus, vir factus ad unguem,  
 Emunctæ naris, doctus, catus, et—mihi amicus.'

Hæc mala ; sed, Musæ, paulo pejora canemus.  
 Laus nempè est quædam probro probrosior omni,  
 Et properâ vitanda fugâ : quis carmina fingat  
 Spiratura crocum, et molli fulsura papyro,  
 Quæ mensis jaceant roseis, et blanda susurrent  
 Virginibus ?—' Bellum hoc carmen ; nonne, Ælia, bellum ?  
 Quantum habet hoc salium ! quam molliter hoc fluit ! eheu !  
 Hæc lachrymas mihi pœnè movent ; fer, Lucia, mappam.'  
 Talia perpetiar ? tales ego lætus honores  
 Accipiam et laurus ? Potius Censura Trimestris  
 Menstruaque, et claræ nomen quæ jactat Edinæ,  
 Et Censurarum quicquid tenet Anglia, famam  
 Ense meam stricto jugulent, et frusta misellæ  
 Glorior læ renuant ; eademque eademque reclament  
 Discipuli dociles, imitatricesque catervæ.  
 Quid mihi vobiscum, bellæ, *μισσηματα*, nymphæ ?  
 Ludite vos alios, alios laudate poetas ;  
 Alliciat vestras cantator amantior aures,  
 Quisquis amicitiam, purosque Platonis amores,  
 Astra, lacus, lunas, et lucos eliquat, et—vos.  
 Quid mihi cum Criticis ? Procul hinc, procul este profani,  
 Tollite Censuras ; sin tanta ferocia, tantum  
 Pugnandi studium est, præstò en ! Byronus : ad arma,  
 Ocyus, O fortes ; quæ vos mora tardat ? ad arma :  
 Verbera nam vestri contemnit inania flagri.  
 Nec Critici gravius metuit, quàm Numinis iram.  
 Non mihi tanta sitis famæ : mea carmina paucis,  
 Quæ non laudatus rubeam, laudentur amicis ;  
 Nec tibi displiceant, quæ nostrâ in mente placendi  
 Sola moves studium, carissima : nil ego poscam  
 Amplius ; at modicæ contentus munere laudis,  
 Inscius usque cantam Criticorum, ignotus et illis.

In Comitibus Posterioribus, 1 April 1824.

*Multa parata manent in longâ ætate—  
Ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi :  
Nam quæcunque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere possunt,  
Aut facere, hæc a te dictaque factaque sunt,  
Omnia quæ ingrata perierunt credita menti ;  
Quare te jam cur amplius excrucies ?*

CATULL.

**TASSI QUERIMONIÆ.**

DURA dies!—heu dura dies!—lugubre poetæ est,—  
Qui pia Castalia labra rigarit aqua,  
Pieridumque lyras et sacram viderit auram,  
Sertaque Phœbeis facta superba comis,—  
Ferre graves annos, gemitus, suspiria, fletum,  
Tædia venturi præteritique mali,  
Et circumfusas dextræque animoque catenas,  
Tardaque vindictæ murmura, tarda metus,  
Ante rogam furias, vivique silentia lethi,  
Et sine morte febres, et sine Sole diem,  
Quicquid inest odio miserabile, quicquid amori,—  
Ferre gravis labor est ! en tamen, ipse feram.  
Vincula quid tenebræque nocent ? sub carceris umbra  
Marceat hæc facies, torpeat illa manus,  
Labraque deficiant, et langueat ardor ocelli,  
Et varient properæ tempora cana nives ;  
Hæc pereunt, pereantque ! vagæ vis vivida mentis  
It super obstantes irrequieta moras,  
Læta Deum cætus et libera regna revisit,  
Claustaque nocturna fallit et arma fuga.  
Ergo vigil potui, Superasque relatus in auras,  
Numine sollicitas erudiente pedes,  
Rura Palestinæ et fragrantis visere cedros,  
Et pulchrum longa religione nemus,  
Et numerare duces, sanctique insignia belli,  
Præliaque, et duras pro pietate vices.  
Sed perit ille labor ! valeas suprema voluptas,  
Pagina, tristitiæ conscia sæpe meæ !  
Vade, vale, comes alma mei, comes una, doloris ;  
Hei mihi ! quam vere vespere solus ero.  
Quis labor invalido, quis erit mihi ludus ? amabo  
Horrorem gelidi mæstitiamque loci,  
Qua levis ingeminat balbos Insania questus,  
Et tortor solitas intonat ore minas ;  
Qua resonant hilares gemitus, tristesque cachinni,  
Terribilisque dolor, terribilesque joci.  
Hæc inter portenta vigil vacuusque sedebo,

Solus alam luctu me, lacrymisque fruar.  
 Tale cubile mihi est, et erit mihi tale sepulchrum;  
 O utinam!—Sic me posset habere quies!  
 Me quoque dementem simulant!—Si frigora, flammæ,  
 Incertæque manus, ambiguusque color,  
 Si frons igne tepens, et amaris humida guttis,  
 Si vaga per madidas lacryma larga genas,  
 Si solem nescire, ipsas nescire tenebras,  
 Et mussare graves, et revocare, preces,  
 Si fieri Manes, et humus, gelidumque cadaver,  
 Signa vocant morbi materiamque mei,  
 Cara Lenora, tua est quæ me dementia cepit,  
 Tu mihi pernicies, tu mihi pestis eras,  
 Et meus heu insanit amor! nocet aurea cervix,  
 Et labia, et teneræ retia bella comæ;  
 Et nocet illius pulcherrima noctis imago,  
 Perdere quam nolim, nec retinere velim.  
 Vesper erat, memini; tulerat spectacula vesper;  
 Cæperat assolitis aula vacare choris;  
 Ridebat læto sub lumine dia Voluptas,  
 Et liquido vocis mista ministerio  
 Suave loquebatur chelys, et per tecta nitebant  
 Lampades, et Zephyros impediēbat odor.  
 Cernere erat pressasque manus, gratosque susurros,  
 Jurgiaque, et lepidō crimina ficta joco,  
 Et dantes oculos quod labra negare necesse est,  
 Et dona, et donis furta beata magis.  
 Quid loquor? Ah! dulce est nostri per singula luctus  
 Hærerē, et longas sponte parare moras.  
 Aspexi, perique simul!—redit hora, locusque,  
 Et mistæ voces, ambrosiæque faces,  
 Et tu, qualis eras, rosea redimita corolla,  
 Ore favens, (veniam tu dabis ipsa) redia.  
 Mille micant gracili, mihi sola Lenora, chorea;  
 Mille canunt,—canit heu! sola Lenora mihi.  
 Aspexi perique simul; tua numina testor  
 Me tacite flammis invigilasse meis,  
 Et fletum et vetitas umbra celasse querelas,  
 Nec violasse aures, nec tetigisse manum.  
 Conscius erravi; neque me tua forma fefellit,  
 Nec linguæ levitas, nec brevis ille favor;  
 Novi ego fraternis innexum crinibus aurum,  
 Sceptraque conjugio non satis apta meo;  
 Et vidi, voluique, necem! Dea nostra vocaris,  
 Non nisi vota tibi, non nisi thura, fero.  
 ' Novimus eversum sæva Phaethonta ruina,

<sup>1</sup> Se d' Icara leggesti, e di Fetonte  
 Ben sai come lu 'n cadde in questo fiume, &c.

Ma, chi dee paventare in alta impresa,  
 S' avvien, ch' amor l' affide?.....&c.

TASSO.

Eridani gelido procubuisse sinu,  
 Dum miser ætheriam Phœbi moderatur habenam,  
 Et patrio teretes implicat igne comas :  
 Novimus et puerum, crudeli funere raptum,  
 Dum servat medias ala paterna vias,  
 A Sole et superis tristi cecidisse volatu,  
 Nominaque Icaris imposuisse vadis :  
 Quid tamen hæc prosunt ? quis amans metuitve, videtve ?  
 Quis cavet, aut curat, quæ mala volvat amor ?  
 Cætera quod terret, solos non terret amantes :  
 Quod natura pavet, non pavet æger amor.  
 Tu quare, mea Lux, misero ludibria vati  
 Ingeris, imperio facta inimica tuo ?  
 Cur revocas profugum, revocas, cogisque morantem ?  
 Cur reduci duræ frigora frontis habes ?  
 Non amor in voto est, neque sum tibi dignus amari ;  
 Tu modo, nec nimis est, tu miserere mei !  
 Non iterum mea Musa placet, — placuisse memento, —  
 Et jacet infami spiritus ipse situ.  
 Jamque aliquis, patula Pindi spatiat in umbra,  
 Forte petit nostram, quæ fuit ante, chelyn,  
 Et videt a viridi tacitam pendere cupresso,  
 Nullo præteritos eliciente sonos,  
 Et monet, — “ alma chelys, dominum tibi lenta Senectus  
 “ Detinet, et fera Nox, et malesanus Amor.” —  
 Est etiam quæ sæpe die, quæ vespere sæpe  
 Insultat nostro lurida Larva toro,  
 Itque reditque vias, et diro ridet hiatu,  
 Et parvas fraudes parvaque furta facit,  
 Et rubet, et pallet, fœdaque exæstuat ira,  
 Et rapit hinc mutas et rapit inde pedes.  
 Mors mihi finis erit ; sic cum donaverit ætas  
 Seu cita supremam seu mihi sera diem,  
 Vivus in orbe legar, fama titulusque superstes ;  
 Mitte supervacuum funeris officium.  
 Forsitan, O Ferrara, tuæ monumenta ruinæ  
 Sola domus Tassi, vincula, carcer, erunt.  
 Forte tibi regina, suis cum languida Lethe  
 Reddiderit tenebris teque tuumque decus,  
 Et genus, et quicquid nostros divisit amores,  
 Clausebit exigua funebris urna domo,  
 Semper erit nostra tua tempora cingere lauru,  
 Et partem famæ semper habere meæ !  
 Fallet Amor Parcas, et nomina nostra sub Orco  
 Vinciet æternus, væ ! male serus, Hymen !

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\* Tu che ne vai in Pindo  
 Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,  
 Salutata in mio nome, e dille poi  
 Ch' io son dagl' anni e da fortuna oppresso.

TASSO.



*Illic et densa tellus absconditur umbrâ  
Et nulla incepto perlabitur unda liquore,  
Sed durata riget densam in glaciemque nivemque.*

TIBULL. Lib. IV. c. 1.

Si tibi non prorsus clivi regina bifrontis,  
Vis jacet effœtis ebria deliciis,  
Pieri blanda, veni—Graiorum desere sedes,  
Illicet eloquii desere regna tui.  
Nec novi, nec nôsse juvat, cur murmura plebis  
Tamque repentè fremant, tamque repentè cadant.  
Nec mihi corruptum placet inclamare Senatum;  
Hæc sed eant per me, quâlibet ire volunt.  
Talia nil curo—toto nam pectoris æstu  
Debeor arbitrio, Pieri blanda, tuo.  
Si leviora cano, tu vel levioribus affles:  
Quid sine te parva hæc ala volare potest?  
Quâ jacet Arctois nunquam viduata pruinis  
Lappia; perpetua quâ riget aura gelu;  
Regna tenet populus, qui quamvis nesciat artes,  
Ingenuâ morum simplicitate placet.  
Prodiga non illic tellus; nec prodiga gens est;  
Paucaque cùm dederit sors sua, pauca cupit.  
Cervus, opes solæ, quot poscit vita, ministrat;  
Hinc, quod edat, domino, quoque tegatur, adest.  
Nempe alimenta caro, pellis largitur amictum;  
Pocula dat cornu; viscera lina ferunt.  
Radit iter cervus, quoquo placet ire, gelatum  
Sarracumque nives per glaciemque rapit:  
Radit iter citiùs, quàm, milvo inhiante, columba,  
Fulmineo cursu præpes, inane secat.  
Tamque habilis genti cervus, tam gens quoque cervo,  
Alter ut alterius non sine vivat ope.  
Inque vices cervus tibi præbet, Lappia, victum,  
Inque vices præbet Lappia, cervice, tibi.  
Quid quoddam hyems niveo campos circumdet amictu?  
Hæc tibi non causæ, cur remoreris, erunt.  
Quid tibi quoddam toto Sol vix effulgeat anno?  
Sponte tuâ nôsti vel sine sole viam.  
Quin tanto patriæ Lapponicus ardet amore  
Caraque tam puero sunt loca, cara seni,  
Ut natale solum si quando fortè relinquat,  
Tabet et amissæ sedis amore perit.  
Quid quoddam in extremo mundo prætervolet ævum?  
Et vitiiis, mundus queis scatet, inde caret.  
Illi castus amor—crescunt sine crimine flammæ—  
Et falli nescit fallere tarda fides.  
Ludere amatorem nec vult nec novit amica,  
Nec rubet ingenuus dicere amator—"Amo."  
Quæque puella brevis—brevitas nec dedecet ista;  
Quippe brevi brevis est gratior inde viro.

- Labra tument, fateor—nonne hinc magis oscula poscunt ?  
 Nonne tument, siren Anglica, labra tibi ?  
 Nescio quo luxu glaucus languescit ocellus,  
 Cumque nitore pudet, cumque pudore nitet.  
 Prominet et leve quid, Graiæ, frons, more puellæ,  
 Desuper aureolâ luxuriante coma.  
**Arte opus haud ullâ :—satis est nativa venustas ;**  
 Haud opus est sertis : sunt sua sarta comæ.  
 Pictor ego verax—Lapponica, crede, puella,  
 Quot pinxi, illecebris totque superque placet.  
 Flava virûm proles non est indigna puellis ;  
 Par nitet ille suæ, par nitet illa suo.  
 Ore canit juvenis, quos pectore sentit, amores,  
 Cuique rigent aliæ, Castalis unda liquet.  
 Dignus utroque Deo Lapponicus ardet utroque,  
 Et Veneris, Phœbi nec minus igne calet.  
 Cervaque dum cursu raptat sarraca citato,  
 Sæpius hîc solum carmine fallit iter.  
 “ Corripe, cerva, viam : contende per aspera cursum ;  
 Ad dominam propero : corripe, cerva, viam.  
 “ Poscit amor pennas ; pennas præverte columbæ,  
 Nec tibi det glacies nec tibi bruma moram.  
 “ Frigore cuncta rigent ; sed amor nil frigora curat,  
 Hunc neque, qui vincit cætera, vincit hyems.  
 “ Nox venit, et terras fuscâ circumvolat alâ,  
 Ipse tamen noctem lampade pellet amor.  
 “ Quid mihi si Boreas immansuetissimus horret ;  
 Horreat, et celeri turbine verrat humum :  
 “ Temnit amans Boream, ventorum prælia temnit,  
 Milleque si subeant, mille perticla feret.  
 “ Cerva, moraris adhuc ? domini par aufuge votis—  
 O ! utinam tibi sit, quæ mihi, causa fugæ.  
 “ Cerva, moraris adhuc ? jam nunc adnitere cursum ;  
 Nonne vides ? blandam porrigit Orra manum.  
 “ Oscula mox junget, teneras imitata columbas,  
 Oscula per brumam digna geluque peti.  
 “ ‘ Improbe’ quin addet ‘ cur sic nos ludere gestis ?  
 Cur nimium longo tempore segnis abes ?’  
 “ Non ego sum segnis, sed tu mea gaudia differs ;  
 Non ego, sed nectis tu, pigra cerva, moras.  
 “ Jam magis accedis, jam sit magis ardor eundi,  
 Et citius, brevior quò via, carpe viam.  
 “ Non labor est certè, sequitur quem tanta voluptas,  
 Sitque labor, tali sæpe labore fruar.”

**ART. V.** *Having adverted, in the former department of our work, to the Examination Papers for the Classical Tripos, we feel under a positive obligation to subjoin them in the Academical Register; and we do it with the less reluctance, as any scruple of delicacy is obviated by the consideration that they have been already brought before the Public in the Pages of the Classical Journal.*

**EXAMINATIONS FOR THE CLASSICAL TRIPOS,**

*First instituted at Cambridge, Jan. 1824.*

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*To be translated into GREEK PROSE.*

MY son, you are yet young: time will make an alteration in your opinions; and of many, which you now strongly maintain, you will hereafter advocate the very reverse: wait, therefore, till time has made you a judge of matters, so deep and so important in their nature. For that, which you now regard as nothing, is, in fact, the concern of the very highest moment; I mean, the direction of life to good or bad purposes, by corresponding investigations into the nature of the Gods. One thing, and that not trivial, I can at least venture, in all the confidence of truth, to assure you respecting them; the sentiments, which you now entertain, are not solitary, first originated by you or your friends; they are such as, at all times, have found advocates, more or less in number; but I speak the language of experience when I say, that not one of those, who in their youth had been led to think that there were no Gods, has found his old age consistent in opinion with that of his more juvenile years,

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*To be translated into ENGLISH.*

Rem populi tractas? (Barbatum hæc crede Magistrum  
Dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutæ.)  
Quo fretus? dic hoc, magni pupille Pericli.  
Scilicet ingenium, et rerum prudentia velox  
Ante pilos venit? dicenda, tacendaque calles!  
Ergo, ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,  
Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ  
Majestate manus; quid deinde loquere? Quirites,  
Hoc, puto, non justum est; illud male; rectius illud.  
Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance  
Ancipitis libræ; rectum discernis, ubi inter  
Curva subit, vel cum fallit pede regula varo:  
Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere Theta.  
Quin tu igitur, summa nequicquam pelle decorus,  
Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello  
Desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?

Quæ tibi summa boni est ? Uncta vixisse patella  
Semper, et assiduo curata cuticula sole.  
Expecta: haud aliud respondeat hæc anus. I nunc.  
Dinomaches ego sum ; suffla : sum candidus. Esto, 20  
Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucea Baucis,  
Cum bene discincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.  
Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere ! nemo !  
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.  
Quæsieris : Nostin' Vectidi prædia ? cujus ?  
Dives arat Curibus, quantum non milvus oberret.  
Hunc ! ait ? hunc, Diis iratis, Genioque sinistro !  
Qui, quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit,  
Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere limum,  
Ingemit, Hoc bene sit ! tunicatum cum sale mordens 30  
Cæpe ; et, farrata pueris plaudentibus olla,  
Pannosam fæcem morientis sorbet aceti.

I. Ver. 1. *Magistrum*.] What remuneration did the Sophists usually receive for their instructions ? Did Socrates require any from his disciples ? What was the accusation brought against him ? Before what court was he tried ? What time intervened between the representation of the Clouds and his death ?

II. 3. *Pupille*.] Give an account of the life of the person here addressed, with the dates of the events you mention.

III. *Theta*, 12. *Anticyras*, 16. *Mantica*, 24.] Explain these allusions, and confirm your assertions by quotations.

IV. State the arguments used in the dialogue of Plato, of which this Satire is an imitation.

*To be translated into ENGLISH.*

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas ;  
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.  
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,  
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,  
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer, 5  
Novisve rebus infidelis Allobrox ;  
Nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube,  
Parentibusve abominatus Hannibal ;  
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas ;  
Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.  
Barbarus, heu ! cineres insistet victor, et Urbem  
Eques sonante verberabit ungula :  
Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini  
(Nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.  
Forte, quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars, 15  
Malis carere quæritis laboribus ?  
Nulla sit hac potior sententia ; Phocæorum  
Velut profugit exsecrata civitas  
Agros atque Lares patrios, habitandaque fana  
Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis : 20  
Ire, pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas  
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.

Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secunda  
 Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?  
 Sed juremus in hæc: simul imis saxa renarint      25  
 Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas:  
 Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando  
 Padus Matina laverit cacumina.

I. Ver. 5. *Spartacus*.] Give the date and circumstances of the insurrection of Spartacus. Upon what occasion were gladiators first exhibited at Rome? Describe their weapons, and their manner of fighting.

II. 17. *Phocæorum*.] What circumstances induced the Phocæans to leave their country? At what places did they stop in their flight? Where did they finally settle? Give your authority for what you relate.

III. Give the names and laws of the different lyric metres used by Horace.

### Translate into ENGLISH PROSE

THEOP. *Idyl.* XXV. 221—261.

I. v. 222. *πρὶν ἴδωιν*. Explain the degree of latitude with which the Greek writers use the different tenses of the infinitive mood. Is there any difference between the usage of *πρὶν* with a subjunctive and with an infinitive?

II. 226. How is the quantity of the second syllable in *περιλχμῶτε* accounted for? Show from a comparison with words at all similar in their composition, whether there is any method of remedying the apparent defect.

III. 236. *ἀσχαλῶιν*. What other form of this word exists? Which is the more ancient? How is the present form explained? Produce a few similar forms from Homer.

IV. 241. *αἰρέειν*. } Which of these is the preferable reading? Establish  
*αἰ ἑρέειν*. } your opinion by authority.

V. Derive *προδίδωμι*, 223. *ἀνιμῶμι*, 259. *περγαληνῶμι*, 241. *ἄμωτος*, 242. *ἐνικῆτοιο*, 248. *ταυφλῶις*, 250. *λῶση*, 254. Give the different derivations and accentuations assigned to *αἶρος* according to its significations.

VI. To what dialect, and what stage of that dialect, does the language of Theocritus belong? Specify in a few instances the difference between that dialect and others to which it approximates.

### Translate into ENGLISH PROSE

MEDEÆ “*ΕΠΟΣ ΘΗΡΑΙΩΝ*,”—Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 22—87.

I. v. 25—28. Where was Thera, and from what state colonized? Who was the daughter of Epaphus? What the colony here predicted? When, and by whom, established? Explain the change foretold in 29—32.

II. 36. *Τριτανίδος*. Describe its situation; and give a brief sketch of the supposed course of the Argonauts to account for its introduction. Explain in connexion with this the fact mentioned in vv. 44—48.

III. Explain the sense of *ἰδομένη*, how derived, v. 37. the quantity of the penult of *ἄγκυραν*, v. 42. with exceptions either real or apparent; the formation of *ἰκίττοσι*, v. 43. *ἰλθόντισσι*, 54. *βᾶμεν*, 69. *σπομίην*, 70.

IV. Explain the construction of *αἶδ' ἀπιθῆναι νῦν*, and produce examples of the different uses of *νῦν* in different dialects.

V. Who are the *Δαναοί* mentioned in v. 84? With what propriety is the term used? What is the event referred to in the last three lines? Give the date usually assigned to the Argonautic expedition, and calculate the distance of time between the two events.

## To be translated into ENGLISH PROSE

Aristoph. Acharn. 593—617. 666—675.

I. v. 593. Give an account of the original institution of the στρατηγός, and the modification which the office subsequently underwent. Account for the use of the article before στρατηγός.

II. 594. What is the third foot in this verse? Explain the general principle of the combination of letters lengthening a preceding short vowel; and show from it what will be the effect produced by the concurrence of *μν*.

III. 598. Is there any error in this line, as it now stands? If so, correct it.

IV. 602. At what period of the war, and by what circumstances, were military operations transferred to Thrace? Mention the principal events which occurred there, with dates. State the metrical canon bearing upon the quantity of *δραχμαί*, give apparent exceptions to it, and account for them. Give the value of the drachma, obolus, and mina; and mention from Aristophanes the daily pay of other services among the Athenians.

V. 603—6. Explain the allusions in these lines.

VI. 608. Mark the breathing, accent, &c. of *ἀμνησιν*, and explain its formation. In 611, explain the composition of *τούστῃ*, and compare it with similar usages: in 617, explain the formation and sense of *ἰξίστω*.

VII. 614. *ὁ Κισεύρας*. Who is the person here intended? Trace the relation, and point out any other circumstances which confirm or invalidate the consistency of Aristophanes's description. Where did Lamachus die, and when?

VIII. 615. Common reading, *ἐπίρ*. On what grounds is it objectionable? How may the corruption be accounted for? Explain *ἰδών*.

IX. 667. *Ἀχαρνή*. Where was Acharnæ? and to what tribe did it belong? What account does Thucydides give of their strength and importance at this time? and what was the ground of their dissatisfaction?

X. 673. *Θάσιαν*. Where was the place referred to, and for what famous? Explain the allusion of the passage, and account for the use of *λιπαράμπυκα*.

XI. Give the metrical names of vv. 667. 673.

Translate into LATIN LYRICS, and affix the metrical names to the lines of the first Strophe:

Ὅρως, ᾧ παρὰ τὰς πετρίνας . . . .

EURIP. *Iphig. in Taur.* 1089—1152.

Also, the Antistrophe to be translated into ENGLISH PROSE.

HORATII EPODON LIB. ODE II.

To be turned into Greek Iambic Trimeters.

BEATUS ille, qui procul negotiis. . . .

To be translated into LATIN PROSE.

The best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, 'that a friend is another himself;' for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so

that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face, or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce alledge his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate, or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

*To be translated into ENGLISH PROSE.*

AT Marius, <sup>1</sup>cupientissima plebe Consul factus, postquam ei <sup>2</sup>provinciam Numidiam populus jussit, antea jam infestus nobilitati, tum vero multus, atque ferox instare: singulos modo, modo universos lædere: dictitare, sese Consulatum ex victis illis spolia cepisse; alia præterea magnifica pro se, et illis dolentia: interim, quæ bello opus erant, prima habere: <sup>3</sup>postulare legionibus supplementum: auxilia a populis, et regibus, sociisque arcessere: præterea ex Latio fortissimum quemque, plerosque militia, paucos fama cognitos accire, et ambiendo cogere <sup>4</sup>homines emeritis stipendiis secum proficisci. Neque illi Senatus, quamquam adversus erat, de ullo negotio abnuere audebat: cæterum supplementum etiam lætus decreverat: quia, <sup>5</sup>neque plebi militia volenti putabatur, et Marius aut belli usum, aut studium vulgi amissurus. Sed ea res frustra sperata. Tanta lubido cum Mario eundi plerosque invaserat.

<sup>1</sup>LUDI forte, ex instauratione, Magni Romæ parabantur: instaurandi hæc causa fuerat. Ludis mane servum quidam paterfamilias, nondum commisso spectaculo, sub furca cæsum medio egerat circo: cæpti inde ludi, velut ea res nihil ad religionem pertinuisset. Haud ita multo post, Tib. Antinio, de plebe homini, somnium fuit. Visus Jupiter dicere, "Sibi ludis præsertatorem displicuisse: nisi magnifice instaurarentur hi ludi, periculum urbi fore: iret, ea consulibus nunciaret." Quanquam haud sane liber erat religione animus, verecundia tamen majestatis magistratuum timorem vicit, ne in ora hominum pro ludibrio abiret. Magno illi ea cunctatio tetit: filium namque intra paucos dies amisit: cujus repentina cladis ne causa dubia esset, ægro animi eadem illa in somnis obversata species, visa est rogare, "Satin' magnam spreti numinis haberet mercedem? majorem instare, ni eat propere ac nunciet consulibus." Jam præsentior res erat: cunctan-

tem tamen, ac prolatantem, ingens vis morbi adorta est, debilitate subita. Tum enimvero Deorum ira admonuit: fessus igitur malis præteritis, instantibusque, consilio propinquorum <sup>6</sup>adhibito, quum visa atque audita, et obversatum toties somno Jovem, minas, irasque cælestes repræsentatas casibus suis exposuisset; consensu inde haud dubio omnium qui aderant, in forum ad consules lectica defertur: inde in curiam jussu consulum delatus, eadem illa quum Patribus ingenti omnium admiratione enarrasset; ecce aliud miraculum; qui captus omnibus membris delatus in curiam esset, eum functum officio pedibus suis domum rediisse, traditum memoris est.

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<sup>6</sup> CICERO ATTICO S.

UTRUMQUE ex tuo consilio: nam et <sup>7</sup>oratio fuit ea nostra, ut bene potius ille (Cæsar) de nobis existimaret, quam gratias ageret: et in eo mansimus, ne ad urbem. Illa fefellerunt, facilem quod putaramus. Nihil vidi minus. Damnari se nostro iudicio, tardiores fore reliquos, si in his non venerimus, dicere. Ego, dissimilem illorum esse causam. Cum multa; veni igitur, et age de pace. Meone, inquam, arbitrato? An tibi, inquit, ego præscribam? <sup>8</sup>Sic, inquam, agam: Senatui non placere in Hispanias iri, nec exercitus in Græciam transportari; multaque, inquam, de Cnæo deplorabo. Tum ille, Ego vero ista dici nolo. Ita putabam, inquam: sed ego eo nolo adesse, quod aut sic mihi dicendum est, multaque quæ nullo modo possem silere, si adessem; aut non veniendum. Summa fuit, ut ille quasi exitum quærens, ut deliberarem. Non fuit negandum. Ita decessimus. Credo igitur hunc me non <sup>9</sup>amare: at ego me amavi; quod mihi jam pridem usu non venit. Reliqua, o dii, <sup>10</sup>qui comitatus! quæ, ut tu soles dicere, *νεκρία*! O rem perditam! O copias desperatas! quid, quod Servii filius? quod Titinii? quot in his castris fuerunt, quibus Pompeius circum-sideretur? sex legiones. Multum vigilat, audet. Nullum video finem mali. Nunc certe promenda tibi sunt consilia. Hoc fuerat extremum. Illa tamen *κατακλείς* illius est odiosa, quam præne præterii; "si sibi consiliis nostris uti non liceret, usurum, quorum posset, ad omniaque esse descensurum." Vidisti igitur virum? Ut scripseras. Ingemuisti? certe. Cedo reliqua. Quid? Continuo ipse in Pedanum, ego Arpinum: inde expecto quidem *λαλᾶν* illam tuam. Tu (malum) inquires, <sup>11</sup>actum ne agas: etiam illum ipsum, quem sequimur, multa fefellerunt. Sed ego tuas litteras expecto: nihil est enim jam, ut antea, "videamus hoc quorum evadat." Extremum fuit de congressu nostro: quo quidem non dubito quin istum <sup>12</sup>offenderim. Eo maturius agendum est. Amabo te epistolam, et *πολιτικὴν*: Valde tuas litteras nunc expecto.

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QUESTIONS.

1. RELATE the circumstances which immediately preceded this first election of Marius to the Consulship, and state what causes contributed at this time to render him a favorite with the people.



Mention also in what manner, and from what orders of Citizens at this period, the Consuls were elected.

2. *Postquam ei provinciam Numidiam populus jussit.* Was this in conformity with the usual practice?

On what occasion did the Romans first interfere in the affairs of Numidia? and when was the country reduced to a Roman province?

3. Explain the expressions "*postulare legionibus supplementum*," "*auxilia a populis arcessere*," and "*homines emeritis stipendiis*."

4. "*Neque plebi militia volenti putabatur.*" Explain the construction of these words, and quote instances of the same construction.

5. State what these "*Ludi magni*" were; mention when and by whom they were instituted, and what were the "*spectacula*" exhibited at them. Explain also the meaning of the phrase "*ex instauratione*."

6 From a review of the contents of this letter state your opinion as to the time when it was written. Mention also how far, and in what way Cicero and Atticus took a part, both then and subsequently, in the contest between Caesar and Pompey.

7. Quote instances in which "*oratio*" is used in the same sense as in this passage.

8. Explain, by reference to the history of that period, what is meant by the words "*Ego, inquam*," "*sic agam*;" "*Senatui non placere in Hispanias iri, nec exercitus in Græcium transportari*."

9. Point out the difference in signification of the words *amare* and *diligere*: and translate "*Te semper amavi dilexique*." Cic. Ep. ad Fam. 15. 7.

10. "*Qui comitatus!*" Name some of the principal persons here alluded to as the adherents of Caesar.

11. Explain the phrase "*actum ne agas*:" also the words "*Extremum fuit de congressu nostro*," and illustrate by quotations this use of the preposition "*de*."

12. Give the true meaning of the word "*offendere*." Translate the two expressions, "*Non dubito quin hunc offendam*:" and "*Non dubito an hunc offendam*."

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#### THUCYDIDIS. LIB. II. cap. 43.

*To be translated into ENGLISH.*

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#### ARISTOTELIS ETHIC. LIB. VI. Cap. 5.

*To be translated into ENGLISH.*

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1. Give the dates of the commencement and conclusion of the Peloponnesian War in years B.C. and in Olympiads.

2. State the causes, principal events, and consequences of this war. What part did Persia take in it? What was the greatest military and naval force employed in it, at one time, by the Athenian State?

3. What and where was the *ἀλλυστον προαστειον* mentioned in the beginning of this oration as a place of public burial? What sepulchres of eminent persons did it contain? In what instance was the custom of burying the slain in this place departed from, and why?

4. What is the character of the style of Thucydides? What is said of it by ancient authors? What Latin historian most resembles him in style? What expression has Thucydides made use of regarding the importance of his own work, and with what justice? Enumerate the principal Greek historians who preceded him.

5. What is the character of Pericles's eloquence? How is it described by

Aristophanes? What line of policy was pursued by Pericles? What Statesman in the English history most resembles him?

6. Σκοπούτας μὴ λόγῳ μόνῳ τὴν ὠφέλειαν. Bekker in his edition reads ὠφελίαν. How are these two different forms of the word denominated by grammarians? Which is likely to be the true reading, and why?

Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος. How has this sentiment been imitated by a Latin poet?

7. τὸ εὐδαιμον, τὸ ἐλπίδερ. What force has the neuter article with an adjective?

ἀνδρὶ γε φρόνημα ἔχοντι. What force has γε in this passage?

8. ὁλοφύρομαι μᾶλλον ἢ παραμυθίσομαι. Do you perceive any singularity in this expression? In what species of writers may the same particularity be observed?

9. ἐκίσταται τραφέτης. Quote a similar mode of construction from Virgil. παραβαλλομένη—παρηβήκατι. What are the different significations of the preposition in these two compounds?

10. φθόος γὰρ τοῖς ζῶσι. κ. τ. λ. Illustrate this passage from Horace.

11. τῆς τε γὰρ ὑπαρχούσης. κ. τ. λ. How has Euripides flattered the Athenians in their pride of ancestry?

μὴ χειροσι γινέσθαι. Why is the dative case here used? What was the general condition of the female sex in ancient Greece? How did it differ in the more civilized ages from that in the heroic times? What effect had this condition upon the manners, morals, and literature of the Greeks?

12. Εἰρήται καὶ ἐμοὶ λόγῳ—ἄπιτε.

κατὰ τὸν νόμον. To what law does this refer? By whom was it introduced into the Athenian State?

τὰ μὲν—τὰ δὲ. What is the peculiar signification of these particles thus used?

τὸ ἀπὸ τοῦδε δημοσίᾳ. Supply the ellipses in this expression.

ἡ πόλις μύχρη τῆς ἡβης θρόνισαι. What was the mode of education here alluded to? and what privileges did the objects of it enjoy? What age is implied by τῆς ἡβης?

στέφανον προτιθεῖσα. From what is the allusion here taken?

τοῖσδέ τε. Why does the former of these words receive a double accentuation?

ἀθλα καῖται ἀρετῆς. Illustrate this expression by a similar one from Demosthenes.

ἀπολοφύρομενοι. What is the derivation of this word? What were the principal funeral ceremonies observed by the Greeks?

1. Where was the birth place of Aristotle? What remarkable benefit did he confer upon it? Where was he educated? Who was his principal instructor? Who was his most celebrated pupil? Where did he teach? What was the name of his gymnasium, and the appellation of his sect? What was the distinction between his *acroatic* and *exoteric* philosophy? In what light did Aristotle seem to regard those works of the former kind which he published? Where did he die? and which of his pupils succeeded him in his school?

2. What was the fate of Aristotle's works? By whom were they brought to Rome, and who first performed the office of a skilful editor towards them? What influence have they had upon Philosophy in succeeding ages.

### To be translated into ENGLISH PROSE.

Æsch. c. Ctes. c. 91. ὧς οὖν to c. 92. τοὺς ἐπαινοὺς.

# UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE,

FROM MARCH 13, TO JUNE 26.

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## CAMBRIDGE.

### I. DEGREES CONFERRED.

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#### DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.

Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Trinity College.  
The Rev. John Short Hewett.

#### DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.

Henry Vanne Salusbury, Fellow of Trinity Hall.

#### BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.

Joseph Jee, Fellow of Queen's College, (compounder.) -  
Littleton Charles Powys, Fellow of Corpus C. C.  
Richard Gwatkin, Fellow of St. John's College, (compounder.)  
Richard Newton Adams, Fellow of Sidney College.  
John Wm. Whittaker, Fellow of St. John's College.  
Bennett Michell, Fellow of Emmanuel College.  
The Rev. John Lonsdale, King's College, (compounder.)  
The Rev. John Brasse, of Trinity College, Vicar of Aysgarth, Yorkshire.  
W. L. P. Garmons, Fellow of Sidney College.  
George Pearson, Fellow of St. John's College.  
Cowperthwaite Smith, of Christ's College, (compounder.)  
John Garrett, of Peter's College.

#### BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.

Rev. John Cleugh, of Trinity-hall.  
Ralph Coote, of Trinity-hall.  
Rev. Charles Day, St. John's College.  
Richard Abraham Templeman, Trinity College.

#### BACHELORS IN PHYSIC.

Thomas Jeffery, of Pembroke-hall.  
George Shaw, of Caius College.  
Henry S. Roots, of Jesus College.

#### LICENTIATE IN PHYSIC.

E. Lambert, of Pembroke-hall.

#### HONORARY MASTERS OF ARTS.

The Hon. Robert Stopford, of Trinity College, son of the Earl of Courtown.  
Edmund Carrington Smith, Esq. St. Peter's College.  
Alexander Speirs, Esq. of Trinity College.

## MASTERS OF ARTS.

Rev. Alfred Ollivant, Fellow of Trinity College.  
Thomas Tylecote, Fellow of St. John's College.  
Rev. Samuel Fennell, Fellow of Queen's College.  
Rev. George A. F. Hart, of Christ College.  
John R. Barker, of Christ College.  
Rev. Wm. Branwhite Clarke, of Jesus College.  
Rev. J. N. Davidson, of Queen's College.  
John Hill, Esq. of Jesus College.  
Bramhall Clarke, Esq. of Trinity-hall.  
Robert Booth, St. John's College.  
The Rev. Henry Harding, Fellow of King's College.  
The Rev. Richard Lubbock, of Pembroke-hall.  
Rev. Theodosius Wood, Magdalen College.  
Henry Engleheart, Caius College.

## INCEPSED.

Thomas Kercher Arnold, Fellow of Trinity College.  
John Carysfort Proby, Trinity College.  
William Pakenham Spencer, Fellow of St. John's College.  
Rev. Aaron Browne, St. John's College.  
Rev. Robert Rowe Knott, St. John's College.  
Lawrence Peel, St. John's College.  
Rev. Charles Craven, St. John's College.  
Thomas Clark, St. John's College.  
Rev. John Pengree Newby, St. John's College.  
Rev. Henry Melvill, Fellow of St. Peter's College.  
Rev. Alfred Veasey, Fellow of St. Peter's College.  
Rev. Henry Perkins, St. Peter's College.  
Joseph Power, Fellow of Clare-hall.  
Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, Trinity-hall.  
Charles Green, Jesus College.  
Rev. John Cantis, Fellow of Christ College.

## BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Thomas Hopkinson, Trinity College, (compounder.)  
Frederick Solly Flood, Trinity College, (compounder.)  
Henry Lewin, Trinity College.  
Henry Bateman, Trinity College.  
Horace Walpole Bucke, Trinity College.  
Frederick Patterson, Trinity College.  
Richard Charles Mellish, Trinity College.  
Randle Henry Fielding, St. John's College.  
Frederick Holmes, St. John's College.  
Philip James Chabot, St. John's College.  
Carlos C. Wheat, St. John's College.  
C. T. Clarke, St. John's College.  
James M'Call, St. John's College.  
Henry West, St. Peter's College.  
Septimus Palmer, St. Peter's College.  
Francis Hayles Wollaston, Pembroke-hall.  
John Buck, Queen's College.  
John Glencross, Queen's College.  
Henry Courtney, Queen's College.  
Edward Hyde Cozens, Catharine-hall.  
Humphrey Thomas Walford, Catharine-hall.  
John C. Brooks, Catharine-hall.  
Henry Crane Brice, Christ College.  
Henry Butterfield, Christ College.  
Wooley Spencer, Christ College.

William C. Freeland, Sidney College.  
 Robert Thomas Adnutt, Emmanuel College.  
 Henry Woodington, Emmanuel College.  
 George Brown Maturin, Fellow of King's College.  
 Henry Battiscombe, Fellow of King's College.  
 George Henry French, of Trinity College, (compounder.)  
 Daniel Sykes, of Trinity College.  
 James Murray, of Catharine-hall.  
 Samuel Hirst of Trinity College.  
 Edwin Pearson, of Trinity College.  
 Robert Augustus Lafargue, of Sidney College.  
 Henry Charles Luson Henry, of Jesus College.  
 Peter Blomfield Jeckell, of Queen's College.  
 Arthur Pace, of Clare-hall.  
 George Maxwell, of St. John's College.  
 George Siveright, of Trinity College.  
 William Thickins, of Trinity College.  
 Robert Codrington, St. John's College, (compounder.)  
 Thomas Bray Dakins, St. John's College.  
 Randle Henry Feilden, St. John's College.  
 David Laing, St. Peter's College.  
 Henry Thomas Wilkinson, St. Peter's College.  
 Henry Bagnall, Queen's College.  
 John Pye, Emmanuel College.  
 Alexander Henry Small, Emmanuel College.  
 Samuel Bagnall, Downing College.  
 W. F. Hamilton, St. Peter's College.  
 John Day Hurst, Caius College.  
 Ambrose Smith, St. John's College.

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George Gaskin, D.D. of Oxford, Prebendary of Ely, and Dr. Badham, of Oxford, Physician at Kensington,—*ad eundem*.

## II. PRIZES ADJUDGED.

Sir William Browne's Gold Medals have been adjudged as follows :

### GREEK ODE.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy, St. John's College.

### LATIN ODE.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy, St. John's College.

### EPIGRAMS.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Trinity College.

### FORSON PRIZE.

Shakspeare, Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Scene I. ; beginning with  
*Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;*  
 and ending with  
*The penalty and forfeit of my bond.*  
 The metre Tragicum Iambicum Acatalecticum.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy, of St. John's College.

### ENGLISH POEM.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Trinity College.

## III. MISCELLANEOUS UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Charles Heathcote, M.A. of Trinity College, is elected a Chaplain of that Society, in the room of the Rev. W. Hildyard, M.A. who has been elected

Fellow and Junior Tutor of Trinity-hall, into the Fellowship vacant by the resignation of George Walsh Hallam, Esq. LL.B.

Robert Bentley Buckle, Esq. B.A. of Sidney College, has been elected Mathematical Lecturer of that Society.

Mr. Thomas Worsley, B.A. of Trinity College, has been elected a Clerical Fellow of Downing College.

Lawrence Peel, Esq. M.A. of St. John's College, has been called to the bar by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple.

Joseph Littledale, Esq. M.A. of St. John's College, one of the University Counsel, is appointed a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, in the room of Sir W. D. Best, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

The Rev. John Banks Hollingworth, D.D. of St. Peter's College, Rector of St. Margaret, Lothbury, London, is elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity, on the resignation of the very Rev. Dr. Calvert.

The following Gentlemen have been elected Scholars of Trinity College:—

Malkin	Praed	Heald	} Westminster Scholars.
Morton	Riddell	Stratton	
Wigram	Challis	Shaw	
Pratt	Hodgson	Silver	
Beales	Atkinson	Braine	

Edward Jacob, Esq. M.A. is elected a Senior Fellow of Caius College — Edwin Guest, Esq. B.A. and Isaac Preston Cory, Esq. B.A. Junior Fellows of that Society.

The Worshipful Henry Kaye Bonney, D.D. Archdeacon of Bedford, has appointed Richard Smith, Esq. M.A. Official of the same Archdeaconry.

The Earl of Hardwicke, High Steward of the University, has appointed John Lodge Hubbersty, Esq. M.D. Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Deputy High Steward, in the room of the late Thomas Harrison, Esq.

The following Gentlemen of St. John's College have been elected Foundation Fellows of that Society:

Thomas Tylecote, B.A.  
Henry John Rose, B.A.  
John Birkett, B.A.  
Charles Edward Kennaway, B.A.  
Joseph Taylor, B.A.  
Charles Jeffreys, B.A.  
John Cowling, B.A.

George Leapingwell, B.A. of Corpus Christi College, is appointed Deputy Esquire Bedell, on the resignation of John Smith, B.A. of St. John's College, now Master of Gordon-house Academy, Kentish Town.

H.R.H. the Chancellor has appointed Frederick Pollock, Esq. M.A. formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Commissary of the University, in the room of the late Thomas Harrison, Esq.

#### HEBREW SCHOLARSHIP.

Mr. Charles Stephens Mathews, of Pembroke-hall, is elected Hebrew Scholar on the the late Mr. Tyrwhitt's foundation.

#### BELL'S SCHOLARS.

Samuel Rees, St. John's College } *aquales.*  
John Venn, Queen's College }

#### CHANCELLOR'S MEDALISTS.

Frederick Malkin, Trinity College.  
William Barham, Trinity College.

## JUNIOR SOPHS' EXAMINATION,

LENT TERM, 1824.

Examiners, { Thomas Smart Hughes, B.D. Emmanuel.  
 James Scholefield, M.A. Trin.  
 Edward Bushby, M.A. St. John's.  
 William Greenwood, M.A. Corpus Christi.

[The names are arranged alphabetically.]

## FIRST CLASS.

Anderton	Joh.	Docker	Pemb.
Appleyard	Caius	Domeier	Trin.
Apthorpe	Emman.	Duckle	Queen's
C. Atkinson	Trin.	Dunn	Joh.
R. Atkinson	Trin.	Edmonds	Trin.
Bagnall	Down.	Eyre	Pemb.
Baker	Trin.	Eyre	Joh.
Baker	Sid.	Farish	C. C. C.
Barnard	Trin.	Fearnley	Trin.
Barnard	Joh.	Fearon	Joh.
Barrow	Joh.	Feilden	Magd.
Bayford	Trin. H.	Fisher	Pemb.
Beeson	Joh.	Fitzgerald	Trin.
Belcher	Trin.	Flavell	Joh.
Benson	Trin.	Ford	Trin.
Bland	Trin.	Foster	Joh.
Blissard	Joh.	Fox	Joh.
Bluett	Queen's.	Fox	C. C. C.
Booth	C. C. C.	Frampton	Joh.
Bovill	Trin.	Gascoyne	Queen's
Brocas	Emman.	Gibson	Sid.
Browne	C. C. C.	Gibson	Joh.
Buckby	Trin.	Goodhart	Trin.
Budd	Pemb.	Green	Pemb.
Burnaby	Emman.	Greensale	Joh.
Burne	Trin. H.	Gregg	Joh.
Byron	Emman.	Gretton	Joh.
Callow	Queen's.	Grove	Joh.
Cankrien	Trin.	Gurdon	Down.
Chalklen	Trin.	Gurney	Trin.
Chapman	Joh.	Hales	Trin.
Chave	Sid.	Hall	Joh.
Chichester	Down.	Hanson	Clare
Clark	Queen's.	Hardy	Christ
Clutton	Emman.	Harridge	Queen's
Cockburn	Trin. H.	Harrison	Christ
Cocker	Trin.	Harrison	Sid.
Cole	Joh.	Heald	Trin.
Cory	Caius	Hodgson	Trin.
Crick	Jesus	Holloway	Queen's
Cricklow	Trin.	Hughes	C. C. C.
Crosby	Trin.	Husband	Magd.
Darnell	Trin.	Hymers	Joh.
D'Arville	Christ.	Ingram	Trin.
Darwall	Trin.	Jacob	Joh.
Darwin	Christ.	Jollands	Trin.
Dawes	Trin.	Jones	Emman.
De Brett	Down.	Julian	Queen's
Delmar	C. C. C.	Keeling	Joh.
Desbrisay	Jesus	Kenion	Christ
Dickens	Jesus	Keppel	Trin.

Kinglake	Trin.	Russell	Pet.
Larken	Jesus	Salkeld	Trin.
Latham	Joh.	Say	Joh.
Leatherdale	Joh.	Scarlett	Trin.
Leeson	Cains	Scott	Joh.
Litchfield	Trin.	Shaw	Joh.
Litt	Joh.	Simons	Queen's
Long	Emman.	Sims	Trin.
Losh	Trin.	Smedley	Trin.
Lucas	Trin. H.	Smith	Caius
Mackie	Joh.	Smith	Christ
Maltby	Emman.	Smith, S.	Trin.
Marsden	Joh.	Smith	Joh.
May	Trin.	Sneyd	Trin.
Meakin	Joh.	Sneyd	Christ
Metcalfe	Joh.	Soames	C. C. C.
Minithorpe	Christ	South	Pemb.
Molyneux	Christ	Sparke	Pemb.
Moor	Joh.	Stansfield	Trin.
Moore	Christ	Steggall	Jes.
Moseley	Joh.	Stevens, T.	Joh.
Neale	Magd.	Stone	Caius
Neate	Trin.	Stonhouse	Joh.
Newbery	Queen's	Stratton	Trin.
Noble	Sid.	Suttaby	Joh.
Otter, G.	Jesus	Taylor	Down.
Otter, E.	Jesus	Thompson	Joh.
Panton	Pet.	Thompson	Trin.
Patton	Trin.	Thornhill	Trin.
Paul	Caius	Trotter	Christ
Pedder	Joh.	Truell	Joh.
Penneck	Pet.	Twigg	Pet.
Pinder	Trin.	Tyner	Joh.
Pitt	Joh.	Tyrrel	Emman.
Power	Clare	Wace	Trin.
Price	Joh.	Warner	Joh.
Prickett	Trin.	Webb	Trin.
Procter	Christ	Welch	Pemb.
Purton	Trin.	Welch	Caius
Ranking	Christ	Wells	C. C. C.
Rawlings	Queen's	White	Down.
Reade	Caius	Williams	Trin. H.
Reynolds	Cath.	Willan	Pet.
Roberts	Trin.	Willis	Caius
Rowe	Jesus	Woodhouse	Sid.
Rowlatt	Joh.	Wright	Cath.

SECOND CLASS.

Alvis	Chris.	Creswell	Joh.
Armstrong	Trin.	Currey	Trin.
Bacon	Trin.	Currie	Emman.
Badham	Emman.	Davies	Queen's
Bird	Christ	Dawes	Caius
Bond	Queen's	Desbrisay	Caius
Boylau	Trin.	Dunnage	Down.
Bragg	C. C. C.	Durell	Trin.
Brooks	Queen's	Errington	Pet.
Brydges	Trin.	Filtness	Queen's
Clinton	Caius	Fuller	Trin.
Collingridge	Trin.	Furlong	Queen's
Cooke	Clare	Gibbes	Down.



Gibbons	Sid.	Nuttall	Joh.
Grange	Joh.	Paris	Down
Hesse	Trin. H.	Pattison	Queen's
Heywood	Christ	Phillips	C. C. C.
Holland	Christ	Poore	Pet.
Holt	Joh.	Raymond	Cath.
Horndon	Queen's	Revell	Joh.
Horrox	Trin.	Rideout	Joh.
Hubbersty	Joh.	Roberts	Magd.
Hunter	Trin.	Roberts	Jesus
Isbell	Joh.	Robinson	Joh.
Jones	Trin.	Ross	Trin.
Kerr	Sid.	Sill	Christ
Kinechant	Joh.	Simpson	Caius
Landon	Clare	Smith	Magd.
Langford	Trin.	Stevens, W.	Joh.
Le Lievre	Joh.	Sympson	Trin.
Lloyd	Jes.	Tennison, E. K.	Trin.
Manners	Christ	Terrot	Trin.
Marriott	Joh.	Todd	Joh.
Miller	Caius	Warren	Jesus
Milne	Pet.	Williams	Trin.
Nevill	Magd.	Wilkinson	Clare
North	Clare	Wrench	Christ.

## OXFORD.

### DEGREES CONFERRED.

#### LIST OF HONOURS.

##### *In the First Class of Literæ Humaniores.*

Lightfoot, John P. Exeter College.  
 Medland, Thomas, Corpus Christi College.  
 Michell, Richard, Wadham College.  
 Sandford, John, Balliol College.  
 Sankey, Richard, Corpus Christi College.

##### *In the First Class of Discip. Mathemat. et Phys.*

Robertson, William, Exeter College.

##### *In the Second Class of Literæ Humaniores.*

Bernard, William Rhodes, Balliol College.  
 Brett, Thomas Brandon, Christ Church.  
 Buckle, Mathew Hughes George, Wadham College.  
 Calvert, John Mitchinson, Oriel College.  
 Cary, Henry, Worcester College.  
 Cotes, Peter, Wadham College.  
 Dundas, George, Exeter College.  
 Hawkins, Ernest, Balliol College.  
 Horndon, John, Exeter College.  
 Langton, William Henry Gore, Magdalen College.  
 Mensies, John, Corpus Christi College.  
 Oakeley, Frederick, Christ Church.  
 Powlett, Percy William, Trinity College.  
 Price, Charles Parker, Pembroke College.  
 Tuckfield, John H. Hippsley, Oriel College.  
 Winkfield, Edward John, Christ Church.

*Literæ Humaniores*

Best, Nathaniel, Balliol College.  
 Bloxham, Andrew, Worcester College.  
 Butler, Stephen, Worcester College.  
 Chamberlain, Henry E. Exeter College.  
 Copleston, John Gay, Oriel College.  
 Cox, John, St. Mary Hall.  
 Cresswell, Oswald Joseph, Corpus Christi College.  
 Dix, Edward, Exeter College.  
 Eyre, Daniel James, Oriel College.  
 Floyer, Charles, Trinity College.  
 Fulford, Francis, Exeter College.  
 Hawkins, William B. L. Exeter College.  
 Hope, Thomas, University College.  
 Kent, George, Corpus Christi College.  
 Mansel, James Temple, Christ Church.  
 Meredith, William George Brasenose College.  
 Palmer, Samborne Stuckley, Exeter College.  
 Perkins, Benjamin Robert, Lincoln College.  
 Perkins, John, Christ Church.  
 Powys, Hon. Thomas Atherton, Christ Church.  
 Purbrick, Lewis, Christ Church.  
 Sarjant, Matthew G., Queen's College.  
 Sterky, Frederick Alexander, Christ Church.  
 Thomas, Richard Caddy, Exeter College.  
 Woods, George Henry, Wadham College.

*Mathemat. et Phys.*

Eyre, Daniel James, Oriel College.

DEGREES.

DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. Christopher Lipcomb, Fellow of New College, and lately appointed Bishop of Jamaica.

Rev. Michael De Courcy, Precentor of Ardfer, and Rector of Drumescue, Westmeath.

Rev. Thomas Morgan, M.A. of Jesus College, Chaplain of his Majesty's Dock Yard, at Portsmouth, and one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Brecon.

Rev. John Thornton, sometime Fellow of Wadham College, and now Rector of Wisborough-Green, in the Diocese of Chichester.

Rev. Thomas Prince, Fellow of Wadham College, and Chaplain to the British Residents at Brussels.

Rev. William Hart Coleridge, Student of Christ Church, and Bishop of Barbadoes.

Rev. Charles Henry Collins, D.D. of Balliol College, and Head Master of Exeter School.

Rev. John Stedman, of Pembroke College.

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. Daniel Evans, Jesus College

Rev. Thomas Fowler Short, Student of Christ Church.

Rev. Philip Wynter, Fellow of St. John's College.

L

## DOCTORS IN CIVIL LAW.

Rev. George Chandler, sometime Fellow of New College, grand compounder.

The Rev. Edward Henry Dawkins, Fellow of All Souls' College.

## BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.

James Wentworth Buller, Fellow of All Souls' College.

Llewellyn Meyrick, Queen's College.

The Rev. George Gaskin, D.D. of Trinity College, in the University of Cambridge—*ad eundem*.

Charles Badham, M.D. of Pembroke College, in this University, is admitted M.D. of the University of Cambridge.

## MASTERS OF ARTS.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, St. Mary Hall, grand compounder.

Rev. William Knight, Exeter College, grand compounder.

Rev. William Cookesley Thompson, Wadham College.

Rev. Francis Kilvert, Worcester College.

Henry Augustus Holden, Worcester College.

Edward Davis Slade, Queen's College.

Rev. Harvey Atkins Browne, Queen's College.

George Radcliffe, St. Mary Hall.

William Stedman Gillett, Exeter College.

James Galloway, Exeter College.

Thomas Lloyd, Christ Church.

Rev. John Charcourt Girardot, Brasenose College.

Hon. Hugh Anthony Rous, Brasenose College.

William Pole, Balliol College.

John William Egerton Green, Balliol College.

Rev. James Grassett, University College.

Rev. Robert Townsend Passingham, Worcester College, grand compounder.

Rev. Richard Chas. Coxe, Fellow of Worcester College.

Rev. Henry Playsted Jeston, Worcester College.

Rev. Chaloner Stanley Lethes, Exeter College.

John Mitchel Chapman, Exeter College.

Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, Student of Christ Church.

Rev. George May Coleridge, Christ Church.

George Salt, Christ Church.

Francis Neale, Trinity College.

Rev. Archer John Langley, Fellow of Balliol College.

Rev. Richard Child Willis, University College.

Rev. George Gould, University College.

Hon. and Rev. Edward Pellew, Oriel College.

Charles Wood, Oriel College.

Rev. Edward Trelawny, Oriel College.

Rev. Anthony Chester, Merton College.

Rev. John Warren Hayes, Wadham College.

William Bond, Wadham College.

Rev. John George Storie, Magd. Coll. grand compounder.

Rev. Edward Frowd, Exeter College, grand compounder.

Rev. Charles Nutt, Magdalen College.

William Graham, Christ Church.

William Lemuel Shuldham, Christ Church.

Rev. John Law, Exeter College.

Rev. John Roberts, Jesus College.

Rev. Wm. Astley Browne Cave, Brasenose College.

Rev. Andrew Alfred Daubeny, Brasenose College.

Rev. Charles Dethick Blyth, Fellow of St. John's College.

Rev. Thomas Stretton Codrington, Brasenose College, grand compounder.

Rev. Richard Henry Millington, St. John's College, grand compounder.

Samuel Jay, Esq. Oriel College, grand compounder.  
 Rev. William Gray, Pembroke College, grand compounder.  
 Rev. William Jones, Pembroke College.  
 Rev. Thomas Meyler, Pembroke College.  
 Rev. Charles Sheffield, Christ Church.  
 Edward Francis Arney, Brasenose College.  
 Rev. Newton Smart, University College.  
 Rev. Horace George Cholmondeley, Balliol College.  
 John Fawcett, Balliol College.  
 Rev. Thomas Price, Fellow of Jesus College.  
 William Swets, Esq. Oriel College, grand compounder.  
 Rev. Frederick Wilkinson, Magdalen Hall.  
 John Maynard, Exeter College.  
 Rev. John Holding, St. John's College.  
 Rev. John Stoupe Wagstaffe, Lincoln College.  
 Rev. John Cowherd, Lincoln College.  
 Rev. Thomas Vavasor Durell, Student of Christ Church.  
 Rev. Charles Lacy, Christ Church.  
 Brook Henry Bridges, Fellow of Merton College.  
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 Rev. Francis Lipscomb, Scholar of University College.  
 Rev. John Fisher, Pembroke College.  
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 Edward Churton, Christ College.  
 Rev. John Williams, Fellow of Jesus College.  
 John Walmsley, University College.  
 Francis Pearson Walesby, Scholar of Wadham College, and elected Fellow of Lincoln College.  
 George Hawkins, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.  
 Rev. Ames Hellicar, of Trinity College.  
 Rev. Charles William Dodd, of Christ Church.  
 Cosmo Nelson Innes, of Balliol College.  
 Rev. John Barnes Bourne, of Trinity College.  
 Rev. John Hunt, of St. Alban Hall.  
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 Rev. Henry Richards, Exeter College.  
 J. W. Ready Landon and William Buller, Scholars of Worcester College.  
 Rev. George Clulow and Rev. Francis Hole, Queen's College.  
 James Wilson St. Mary's Hall.  
 Rev. Frederick Spring, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Rev. Charles Dodgson, Student of Christ Church.  
 Rev. Chas. Watkin Wynne Eyton, Fellow of Jesus College.  
 Rev. Llewelyn Llewellyn and Rev. Rees Howell, Scholars of Jesus College.  
 Rev. Thomas Stacy, Jesus College.  
 Rich. Harrington, Fellow of Brasenose College.  
 Rev. John Wetherall, Rev. John Bird, Rev. Chas. Moffatt, and John Lloyd Philipps, Brasenose College.  
 Rev. Thomas Horatio Walker, Oriel College.  
 Rev. John Flory Howard, Trinity College.  
 Rev. John Manuel Echalar and James Robert Chaplyn, Scholars of Trinity College.  
 Edward Gardiner and Rev. Thomas Bissland, Balliol College.

William Mason, Esq. M.A. of Clare Hall, Cambridge, has been admitted ad eundem.

## BACHELORS OF ARTS.

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 Charles Parker Price, Scholar of Pembroke College  
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 Charles Erck, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Richard Philip Goldsworthy Tiddeman, Magdalen Hall.  
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 James Spry, Magdalen Hall.  
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 George Willcock, Exeter College.  
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 Edward Palling, Queen's College.  
 Charles Rodwell Roper, St. John's College.  
 Charles Augustus Thurlow, Balliol College.  
 John Gay Copleston, Oriel College.  
 John Trollope, Wadham College.  
 George Henry Woods, Wadham College.  
 Stephen Butler, Worcester College.  
 Charles Clifton, Worcester College.  
 Robert Denny, Worcester College.  
 Henry Cockerell, Trinity College.  
 Morgan Watkins, Jesus College.  
 Henry Gisborne Cooper, St. John's College  
 Henry Hodgson, Magdalen College.  
 Christopher Fawcett, University College.  
 Thomas Twysden, Merton College.  
 John Colborne, Wadham College.  
 Oswald Joseph Cresswell, Scholar of Corpus Christi Coll.  
 James Adair Griffith Colpoys, Exeter College.  
 Robert Charles Kitson, Exeter College.  
 John Gunn, Exeter College.  
 Philip Pinckney Rendall, Exeter College.  
 John H. Lawrence, Exeter College.  
 William B. L. Hawkins, Exeter College.  
 Charles Anatolius Handley, Worcester College.  
 Henry Berners Shelly Harris, Worcester College.  
 George Henry Dashwood, Lincoln College.  
 Hon. John Boyle, Christ Church.  
 Thomas Bevan Gwyn, Jesus College.  
 Daniel L. Jones, Jesus College.  
 John Eddy, Trinity College.  
 John Beauchamp St. John, University College.  
 Ernest Hawkins, Balliol College.  
 Thomas Clarke, Oriel College.  
 George Davies Kent, Corpus Christi College.  
 Matthew Hughes George Buckle, Scholar of Wadham College.  
 William Henry West, Worcester College.  
 George Dundas, Exeter College.  
 Charles C. Walker, Exeter College.  
 William Churchward, Exeter College.  
 Thomas Hart Dyke, Student of Christ Church.  
 Rev. Joseph Charles Pring, Jesus College.  
 George Richard Port, Brasennose College.  
 Charles Milner, Brasennose College.  
 Percy William Powlett, Trinity College.  
 Henry Dent Goring, Magdalen College.

William Francis Harrison, Demy of Magdalen College.  
 John Hamilton Gray, Magdalen College.  
 William Rhodes Bernard, Scholar of Balliol College.  
 Henry Stoneman, Pembroke College.  
 Arthur Whalley, Pembroke College.  
 James White, Oriel College.  
 John Hill, Oriel College.  
 Wm. Robt. Lawrenson, Esq. Oriel Coll. grand compounder.  
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 John Jones, St. Alban Hall.  
 Robert Irvine, Magdalen Hall.  
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 Edward Seymour, Christ Church.  
 John Oakley Hill, Christ Church.  
 Octavius Leach, Scholar of Jesus College.  
 Ralph Maude, Brasenose College.  
 Thomas William Carr, Brasenose College.  
 James Daubeney, Brasenose College.  
 William John Agg, Pembroke College.  
 Nathaniel Best, Balliol College.  
 John Edward Armstrong, St. John's College.  
 Francis Annesley, St. John's College.  
 Thomas Alfred Strickland, Postmaster of Merton College.  
 Richard Sankey, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.  
 John Menzies, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.  
 Rice Robert Hughes, Esq. Jesus College.  
 David Williams, Jesus College.  
 John Wakefield, St. Edmund Hall.  
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 James Walker, Esq. Trinity College, grand compounders.  
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 Edward Dix, Exeter College.  
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 Wm. Houldsworth, and  
 Benjamin Robt. Perkins, Lincoln College.  
 Thos. Walmsley Teasdale, Scholar of Lincoln College.  
 Matthew Godmond Sarjant, and  
 Joseph Timothy Parker, Queen's College,  
 Edward Blagdon, and  
 John Robert Hamilton, St. Mary Hall.  
 David Davies, and  
 James Beaven, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Hon. Anthony William Ashley Cooper,  
 Hon. Thomas Atherton Powys,  
 John Arthur Wynne, and  
 Lewis Purbrick, Christ Church.  
 Thomas Morgan, and  
 John Price, Jesus College.  
 Frederick William Slade, Brasenose College.  
 Daniel James Eyre, Oriel College.  
 Charles Langton, and  
 Fred. Goddard, Trinity College.  
 John Sandford, Balliol College.  
 Charles Beauchamp Cooper, University College  
 Samuel Richard Capel,  
 Richard Michell, and  
 James Scott, Wadham College.  
 Peter Cotes, Scholar of Wadham College.  
 William Ricketts, Merton College.  
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 Alexander Templeman, Queen's College.  
 John Still, St Mary Hall.  
 Henry Richards, Magdalen Hall.  
 Richard Salwey,  
 John Perkins, Christ Church.  
 Lewis Richards, Jesus College.  
 Samuel Owen Priestly, Trinity College.  
 George Thomas Palmer, Brasenose College;  
 Fred. Græme Middleton, demy of Magdalen College.  
 John Myers King, Scholar of Balliol College.  
 Edward Jones, Jesus College.  
 Isaac John Horlock, Queen's College.

## II. PRIZES ADJUDGED.

The Chancellor's Prizes for this year have been adjudged as follows :—

### LATIN ESSAY.

Edward Bowverie Pusey, B.A. of Christ Church, now Fellow of Oriel College.

### ENGLISH ESSAY.

William Ralph Churton, B.A. of Queen's College, now Fellow of Oriel College.

### LATIN VERSES.

Robert William Mackay, Commoner of Brasenose College.

### SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.

### ENGLISH VERSE.

John Thomas Hope, Commoner of Christ Church.

## III. MISCELLANEOUS UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Launcelot Arthur Sharp, Thomas French Laurence, and George Adams, have been admitted Scholars, and Vicesimus Knox Child, Exhibitioner of St. John's College, from Merchant Taylor's School, London.

Charles Palairret, Exhibitioner of Queen's College, is elected Scholar on the Michel's or New Foundation.

Rev. Joseph Smith, M.A. Scholar of Trinity College, has been elected Fellow of that Society; George Dowell (Exhibitioner of the same College) and William John Copeland, of Queen's College, Scholars; and Henry Davison, of St. Alban Hall, Exhibitioner of the same Society.

Rev. Wm. Rees Davies, M.A. is elected Fellow, and Walter Posthumus Powell, Scholar of Worcester College, on Sir Thomas Cookes's Foundation; and Richard Greaswell, B.A. is elected Fellow, and W. Denn Harrison, Scholar of the same College, on the Foundation of Mrs. S. Eaton.

Rev. George Chandler, D.C.L. some time Fellow of New College, is appointed Canon Bampton's Lecturer for the year 1825.

The following Gentlemen, of Westminster School, have been admitted Students of Christ Church :—Douglas Smith, Walter Lucas Brown, John George Phillimore, and Henry Saunders, Esqrs. and the Hon. Wm. Pitt Amherst.

Francis Pearson Walesby, B.A. Scholar of Wadham College, and the Rev. Haines Gibbs, B.A. of Lincoln College, have been chosen Fellows of Lincoln College.

Rev. Charles Wheeler, M.A. of Christ Church, is appointed Chaplain of Merton College, in the room of the Rev. Wm. Slatter, resigned.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

N. B. Those livings marked \* pay no first fruits.—C. V. Implies that they are entitled from their clear yearly value to the benefit of the Augmentation Acts.  
R. Rectory.—V. Vicarage.—C. Perpetual Curacy.—P. Prebend.

The Right Rev. GEORGE HENRY LAW, D. D. has been translated from the Bishoprick of *Chester*, to the See of *Bath and Wells*. (First-fruits, 533*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*) His Lordship was consecrated Bishop of *Chester*, A. D. 1812.

The Venerable CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD, D. D. Archdeacon of *Colchester*, has been appointed to the Bishoprick of *Chester*. (First-fruits, 420*l.*)

The very Rev. ROBERT JAMES CARR, D. D. Dean of *Hereford*, to the Bishoprick of *CHICHESTER*. (First-fruits, 677*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*)

The Rev. S. SLADE, D. D. has been appointed to the Deanery of *Chichester*. (First-fruits, 58*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*)

II. ARCHDEACONRIES.

The Rev. W. R. LYALL, M. A. has been appointed by the Bishop of London, to the Archdeaconry of *Colchester*. (First-fruits, 50*l.*)

III. LIVINGS.

Preferred.	College and University.	Preferment.	County.	Diocese.	Value in King's Books.	Patrons.
Ashbridge, J.		Eversley, R.	Hants	Wint.	11 8 9	Sir John Cope, Bt.
Bathurst, R. M.A.		Belaugh, R. <i>cum.</i> Scottow, V.	Norf.	Norw.	* 6 0 0	Bishop of Norwich.
Benson, C. M.A.	Magd. Camb.	St. Giles, R.	Midd.	Lond.	Not in Char.	The King.
Blyth, E. G. B.A.	Christ, Camb.	Burnham Deepdale, R.	Norf.	Norw.	* 11 0 0	H. Blyth, Esq.
Browne, Edw. M.A.	C. C. Oxford	Sheering, R.	Essex	Lond.	13 13 4	Dean & Chr. of Christ Church.
Butt, E.		Toller Fra-trum, R.	Dorset	Brist.	* 10 6 0	J. Browne, Esq.
Campbell, A. M.A.		Childwall, V.	Lanca.	Chest.	5 11 8	Bishop of Chester.
Carey, W. S. M.A.	C. C. Oxford	Peter Javy, R.	Devon.			
Carr, C. M.A.	Univ. Oxford	Headbourne Worthy, R.	Hants	Wint.	16 12 1	University College.
Carruthers, D.		Kirkden	Forfar			The King.
Carter, W. D.	Magd. Oxf.	Episcopal Chapel of St. John the Evang. Greenock				
Carwardine, J. B. M.A.	Emm. Camb.	Earl's Colne, V.	Essex	Lond.	* 8 10 10	H. Carwardine, Esq.
Chester, W. M.A.		Walpole, St. Peter	Norf.	Norw.	21 0 0	The King.
Cocks, Hon J. S. M.A.		Preb. in Hereford Cathl.				The King.



Preferred.	College and University.	Preferment.	County.	Diocese	Value in King's Books.	Patrons.
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Cotterell, Jos. M.A.		Blakeney, R. with Cokethorpe and Langham Parva	Norf.	Norw.	26 13 4 5 0 0 3 6 8	Lord Calthorpe
Dodson, N. M.A.	John's Oxford	St. Helen, in Abindon, V. with Radley and Drayton	Berks.	Sarum	*29 15 3	The King.
Donne, J. jun. M.A.	John's, Camb.	St. Paul's, Bedford, V.	Beds.	Linc.	*10 0 0	Lord Visc. Carteret.
Downes, R.		Leamington Priors, V.	Warw.	Lichf.	* 6 10 0	H. C. Wise, Esq.
Drury, C. M.A.	Queen's, Oxf.	Pontesbury, R. (2d portion) Leke Wootton V.	Salop.	Heref.	17 13 4	Queen's Coll. Oxn
Dryden, Sir Henry		Preb. Stall, in Salisbury Cathedral	Warw.	Lichf.	5 12 1	Chandos Leigh, Esq. The King.
Fane, E. M.A.	C. C. Oxford	Kassington, V.	Oxon	Oxon.	*12 0 0	Dean & Chr. of Christ Church.
Fraser, P. M.A.	Christ's Cam	Bromley by Bow	Midd.	Lond.	Not in Char.	W. H. Keynaston, Esq.
French, Dr. W.	Jesus, Cam.	Creethingham, V.	Suff.	Norw.	* 9 10 10	Lord Chancellor.
Garnsey, T.		Christ Church Forest of Dean, C.				
Goodenough, J. B.C.L.	Baliol, Oxf.	Godmanstone with R. Nether Lerne, C.	Dors.	Brist.	13 6 8 Not in Char.	J. Goodenough.
Gordon, D. W.		Earlston	Bewk.			The King.
Grant, James		South Leith,	Edinb.			The King.
Grant, J. T.		Butlerlagh.	Devon.	Exon.	*10 8 8	The King.
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Harrison, T. M.A.		Thorpe Morieux, R.	Suff.	Norw.	18 14 4	H. Harrison, Esq.
Harvey, J. B.C.L.		Firmingley, R.	Nott.	Yorks.	13 4 9	J. Harvey, Esq.
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Keates, J. D.D.		Hartley West- pall, R	Hants.	Wint.	* 6 16 8	Dean & Cns. of Windsor
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Mac Farlan, G. M.A.	Trin. Camb.	Gainford, V	Durh.	Durh.	39 6 0	Trin. Coll. Camb.
Mildmay, W. St. John, B.A	John's, Cam.	Mottistone, R. with Shorwell, V. Shorwell, R.	Isle of Wight	Wint.	11 16 3 20 0 2½ * 17 16 0½	Lady Mildmay.
Miller, T. E.		Bockleton, C. and Leysters, C.	Worc.	Heref.	C. V. 13l. 4s.	Thos. Etton, Esq.
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Newby, J. B. B.A.	John's, Cam.	Enderby, V. cum. Whetstone, C	Leices.	Linc.	* 10 8 9	C. Loraine Smith, Esq.
Newcome, W		Langford, R. cum. Ickburgh, R.	Norf.	Norw.	Not in Char. * 10 2 8½	Alex. Baring, Esq.
Nicholl, R. Pannel, J.		Lanmace, R. Ludgershall	Glamr.	Wilts.	11 6 8	Sir James Graham, Bart.
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Ridding, C. H. B.C.L.	New. C. Oxf.	Rowlston, R	Wilts.	Sarum	* 7 19 ½	Lord Chancellor.

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Seymour, T. M.A.	Emm. Camb.	Melbourne, V	Camb.	Ely	19 11 10½	Dean & Chr. of Ely.
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Swan, F. B.D.	Magd. Oxf.	Swaford, R with Showell Chpl.	Oxon.	Oxon.	15 7 1	Magdalen College, Oxford.
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Tredcroft, R.		West Itchnor, R.	Sussex	Chich		
Turner, J. M.	C. C. Oxford	Willemstow, R.	Chest.	Chest.	32 15 . 0	The King.
Vansittart, W.		Prebend. Stall in Carlisle Cathedral				The King.
Wagner, H. M. M.A.	King's, Camb	Brighton, V.	Sussex	Chich.	20 2 1½	H. C. Campion, Esq.
West, G. M.A.		Seale, C.	Surrey	Wint.	Not in Char.	Archdeacon of Surrey
Whiteford, G. B.A.		Westerfield, R.	Suff.	Norw.	* 11 10 7½	Bishop of Ely.
Wilson, E. B.A.	Cath. Camb.	Topcroft, R.	Norf.	Norw.	10 13 4	Bishop of Norwich.

## IV. CHAPLAINCIES.

The Rev. G. Deane, B.A. of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, has been appointed one of the domestic Chaplains to the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The Rev. S. L. Turner, M.A. late of University College, to the Right Hon. Lord Yarborough. The Rev. L. Cotton, M.A. Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, Vicar of Denchworth, Berks, to the Earl of St. Germans. The Rev. R. J. B. Henshaw, of Queen's College, Oxford, to the Dowager Marchioness of Hertford. The Rev. F. Calvert, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Rector of Whatfield, Suffolk, to the Earl of Tankerville. The Rev. W. E. L. Faulkner, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell, to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex. Rev. C. Wheeler, M.A. to Merton College, Oxford. The Rev. W. L. Coghlan, M.A. to H. R. H. the Duke of York.

## V. LECTURESHIPS AND PREACHERSHIPS.

The Rev. E. Irish, L.L.B. of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and Curate of St. John's, Hackney, has been appointed the Afternoon Lecturer of that Parish. The Rev. H. Freeland, Rector of Hasketon Suffolk, to the Alternate Morning and Evening Lectureship of St. Philip's Chapel, Middlesex. The Rev. W. S. Gilly, M.A. Rector of North Farnbridge, Essex, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Home, to the Alternate Morning Preachership of the Philanthropic Society.

## VI. SCHOOLS.

Rev. J. Williams, Vicar of Lampeter, and Head Master of Lampeter School is appointed Rector of the New Academy in Edinburgh. Mr. D. A. Williams is appointed Head Master of Caermarthen Grammar School. Mr. James Adcock, B.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, is elected Second Master of Herecastle School, Lincolnshire. The Rev. Jonathan Wilkinson, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Sub-Master of St. Saviour's School, Southwark, has been elected Head Master of Aldenham School Herts:—Patrons, the Worshipful Company of Brewers. The Rev. J. R. Buckland, B. D. Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge is elected Head Master of Uppingham School, Rutland. The Rev. W. Kaye Hett, B.A. has been appointed Master of Heighington School, near Lincoln. Mr. S. W. Cornish, B.A. is elected Head Master of Ottery Free Grammar School Devon.

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THE  
CAMBRIDGE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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OCTOBER, 1824.

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**ART. I.** *The Book of Psalms, in an English Metrical Version, founded on the Basis of the authorized Bible Translation, and compared with the Original Hebrew, with Notes Critical and Illustrative.* By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. M. R. I. A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. Oxford. Parker. London. Rivingtons. 1824. Price 12s.

AMONG the variety of duties which devolve upon a literary censor, there are few, if any, which are at once more arduous and painful, than the examination of works, proceeding from men of high and acknowledged talents, who have mistaken the bent of their genius. The recollection of what they have achieved for society in those departments of literature, in which they really excel, acts as a check upon the free and unbiassed exercise of the critic's judgment; and, while he is ashamed to commend, he is almost afraid to disapprove. He feels it difficult to combine a candid exposure of the defects of the production itself with the respect due to the Author; and is apprehensive that the freedom, which is indispensable in the one, should be misconstrued into a violation of the other.

It is precisely in this predicament that we are now involved towards the Right Reverend Author of the work before us. Dr. Mant is entitled to so high a consideration as a moralist and a divine, and has given such ample and irrefragable proof of his extensive reading, sound judgment and rational piety in that Family Bible, of which he is the principal editor, and which is every way worthy of the distinguished body from which

it emanates, that we would willingly decline the unwelcome task of adverting to his deficiencies as a translator and a poet. While therefore we are constrained to add, that the present production (considered as a Poetical Translation of the Psalms of David,) is only an addition to those numerous failures in the same arduous undertaking, by which it has been preceded, we have also sincere pleasure in remarking, that it has merits of another description peculiarly its own. Dr. Mant's extensive reading, and acute discrimination, have enabled him to embody in his copious annotations a mass of explanatory matter, which is valuable in the highest degree, and from which every reader of those divine compositions which he has so ably illustrated, may derive instruction and delight. Instead, however, of entering more minutely into the consideration of this part of Dr. Mant's work, we shall seize the opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief account of several of the various English Metrical Translations of the Psalms, which have appeared, at different periods, since the Reformation; and deduce from the examination of these, what appears to us, the most plausible method of obtaining a Poetical Translation, superior in merit to any which has yet been presented to the world.

The honor of being the first to array the Psalms of David in an English poetical garb belongs to Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII., and Edward VI., who died in 1549. He versified<sup>1</sup> fifty-one of the Psalms, which were published in the year of his death, by Edward Whitchurch, and are now distinguished in the Old Version by the initials T. S. John Hopkins, his contemporary and associate, "who," says Warton, "is rather a better English poet than Sternhold," translated fifty-eight of the Psalms, to which are affixed the letters J. H. Of the remainder, twenty-five were the production of Thomas Norton, counsel to the Stationers' Company; and five, marked W.W., of William Whyttingham, afterwards Dean of Durham. The entire version was first published in 1562, though in a dress far more uncouth even than that in which it has been handed down to our own age, of which the following specimens may suffice.

PSALM, lxi. 10, 11.

• Unto thy house such zeale I beare  
That it doe pine me much :  
Their checkes and taunts at thee to beare  
My very hart doth *grutch*.

---

<sup>1</sup> It rather appears that of the fifty-one psalms originally published, thirty-seven only were by Thomas Sternhold, seven by John Hopkins, and seven by W. Whittingham.

Though I do fast, my flesh to chaste  
Yea, if I weepe and mone  
Yet in my teeth this *geare* is cast—  
They passe not thereupon.'

## PSALM lxxiv. 12.

' Why doste withdraw thy hand aback,  
And hyde it in thy lappe ?  
Oh plucke it out and be not slacke  
To give thy foes a rappe.'

Yet, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the versification, and the almost ludicrous familiarity of many of the expressions, high commendation has been bestowed upon this translation by one eminently qualified to form a judgment of its merits. "Of all translations," says Bishop Horsley, "that are in any degree paraphrastic, as all in verse, in some degree, must be, it is the best and most exact we have to put into the hands of the common people. It was a change much for the worse, when the pedantry of pretenders to taste in literary composition thrust out this excellent translation from many of our churches to make room for what still goes by the name of the New Version, which, in many places where the Old Version is just, accurate, and dignified by its simplicity, is careless and inadequate, and, in the littleness of its style, contemptible."

It is our intention, as we proceed, to extract from each version its translation of the first six verses of the 137th Psalm, by way of a running comparison of their respective poetical merits; a passage, which we have selected, because its intrinsic beauty is admirably calculated to blow up genius into a flame, wherever the least sparks of that 'fire from heaven' are to be found. We purposely however omit the *Old Version* of this Psalm, as well because it must be in every one's hand, as because it was translated by W. W. who is certainly the least poetical of the associated bards, and of whom it may be said,

"Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded,"

But two translators, very different from Sternhold and Hopkins, undertook the same work within less than twenty years after the collective publication of the *Old Version*. Sir Philip Sidney—a name with which will ever be associated all that is romantic in chivalry, unsullied in honour, and exquisite in taste—in conjunction with his sister Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, completed a translation of the Psalms, of which it is not too much to say, that it contains more of the genuine spirit of poetry, than all the other translations put together.—It is difficult to assign their respective portions to each of the distinguished translators: the probability seems to be that the

former part belongs to Sir Philip, and the latter to the Countess, though the inference is merely conjectural, and not deducible from any perceptible difference in the style—but, however this be, the language of the title page is still literally true, that it is more rare and excellent for the method and variety than hath ever been done in English. We give the promised extract—though we do not think our readers will require any apology if we are more liberal in our citations. The spelling is modernized.

‘ Nigh seated where the river flows  
That watereth Babel’s thankful plain;  
Which then our tears in pearly rows  
Did help to water with their rain;  
The thought of Sion bred such woes,  
That, though our harps we did retain;  
Yet useless and untouched there  
On willows only hanged they were.

Now, while our harps were hanged so,  
The men, whose captives there we lay,  
Did on our griefs insulting go  
And more to grieve us thus did say;  
“ You that of music make such show,  
Come, sing us now a Sion lay.”  
“ O no, we have nor voice nor hand  
For such a song in such a land.”

Though far I lie, sweet Sion hill,  
In foreign soil exiled from thee,  
Yet let my hand forget his skill  
If ever thou forgotten be—  
Yea, let my tongue fast glued still  
Unto my roof lie mute in me,  
If thy neglect within me spring  
Or aught I do but Salem sing.’

Never was the affecting penitence of David more accurately and faithfully expressed than in the following.

PSALM li.

‘ O Lord, whose grace no limits comprehend,  
Dear Lord, whose mercies stand from measure free,  
To me that grace, to me that mercy send,  
And wipe, O Lord, my sins from sinful me,  
O cleanse, O wash, my foul iniquity.  
Cleanse still my spots, still wash away my stainings,  
Till stains and spots in me leave no remainings.

My mother lo! when I began to be,  
Conceiving me, with me did sin conceive,  
And, as with living heat she cherished me,  
Corruption did like cherishing receive,  
But lo! thy love to purest good doth cleave;

My inward truth, which hardly else discerned,  
My froward soul in thy hid school hath learned,' &c.

Where is the translation of that exquisite passage in Psalm 139, that can equal the following?

' To shun thy notice, leave thine eye  
O whither might I take my way?  
To starry sphere?—  
Thy throne is there.  
To dead men's undelightsome stay?—  
There is thy walk—and there to lie  
Unknown in vain I should assay.  
O sun, whom light nor flight can match,  
Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings  
Thou lend to me,  
And I could flee  
As far as thee the evening brings,—  
Even led to West he would me catch,  
Nor should I lurk with western things.  
Do thou thy best, O secret night,  
In sable veil to cover me;  
Thy sable veil  
Shall vainly fail.  
With day unmasked my night shall be,  
For night is day, and darkness night,  
O Father of all lights, to thee.'

It would be unpardonable to pass over any opportunity which might present itself of introducing the name of George Wither, though he may not strictly belong to the translators of the Psalms. His Hymns and Songs of the Church are alone worthy to form a sequel to Sir Philip Sidney; there is the same force and elegance of expression, the same harmony of versification, the same exquisite poetry, in each. Those of our readers, who can peruse the following without gratification, would do much better to pass by this article altogether. They will not be regaled with many dishes of an equally excellent flavour.

' A song of Him, whom I love best,  
And of his vineyard sing I will,  
A vineyard once my Love possessed  
Well seated on a fruitful hill;  
He kept it close immured still;  
The earth from stones he did refine,  
And set it with the choicest vine.

He in the midst a fort did rear,  
A winepress therein also wrought;  
But, when he looked it grapes should bear,  
Those grapes were wild ones that it brought—  
Jerusalem, come speak thy thought,



And you of Judah judges be  
Betwixt my vineyard here—and me.

Unto my vineyard what could more  
Performed be, than I have done;  
Yet, looking it should grapes have bore,  
Save wild grapes, it afforded none.  
But go to—(let it now alone)  
Resolved I am to shew you too  
What to my vineyard I will do.

The hedge I will remove from thence  
That what so will, devour it may:  
Down will I break the wall'd fence,  
And through it make a trodden way.  
Yea, all of it I waste will lay:  
To dig or dress it none shall care,  
But thorns and briers it shall bear.

The clouds I also will compel  
That there no rain descend for this,  
For lo! the House of Israël  
The Lord of Armies' Vineyard is,  
And Judah is that plant of his;—  
That pleasant one, who forth hath brought  
Oppression, when he judgment sought,  
He, seeking justice, found therein  
In lieu thereof, a crying sin.'

It was, however, the lot of David to meet with a Royal as well as with noble Translators. In the year 1631 were printed at Oxford, by "William Turner, Printer to the famous University," The Psalms of King David, translated by King James; and it must be owned, that the British Solomon has done more justice to his brother monarch, than many succeeding translators. To this version is prefixed a recommendatory letter of King Charles, stating, that "having caused it to be examined, it was found to be exactly and truly done, and allowing it to be sung in all parish churches," &c.—The eulogium, particularly considering the quarter whence it came, is not less just, than it is simple and dignified. Whatever be the poetical merit of the work, as a translation it is true and exact in no ordinary degree, which will be evinced by the following specimen.

\* Our Cambridge readers will not be much flattered by this example of the Article *אֶרֶץ* 'Ereth'

<sup>3</sup> There is one passage in his Majesty's work, which would imply that in his time two negatives were not considered equal to one affirmative—*Psalm cxxi. 6.*

• Sun smites thee not by day,  
Nor moon by night no ray.

Bishop Mant—*The Book of Psalms.*

PSALM CXXXVII. 1—6.

‘ Of Babylon the rivers by  
We sadly did sit down;  
Yea, when dear Sion came to mind,  
Straight, tears our cheeks did drown.

We did hang up our silent harps,  
Though once a comfort chief,  
Where shadowy willows, darkening earth,  
Did seem to flatter grief.

For they that captives carried us  
Did us to sing desire,  
And our destroyers they a song  
Of Sion did require.

But ah ! what courage can we have  
Whatever they demand,  
To sing a song due to the Lord  
Within a foreign land ?

O thou Jerusalem, if I  
Do not remember thee,  
Of my right hand the cunning quite  
Let it forgotten be :

If I do not remember thee  
My tongue, roof-tyed, not move ;  
If I place not Jerusalem  
Ev’n my chief joy above.’

Within little more than ten years after the publication of King James’ version, and in the very midst of those troubles by which England was torn asunder as it has never been since—and we pray God it never may be—was presented in Manuscript to the *Reverend* Assembly, and ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, “The Book of Psalms, in Metre, close and proper to the Hebrew, Smooth and Pleasant for the Metre, Plain and Easy to the tunes, &c. &c. by W. B.” (William Barton, M. A. of Cambridge). In their approbation of this work, the worthy members show themselves as incompetent judges of poetical excellence as they were of honour, loyalty, and faith—for whoever will take the trouble to compare Mr. W. B. with his noble and royal predecessors, will have a practical comment on casting pearls before swine. It is unnecessary to make the usual extract from this translation, as Mr. W. B. afterwards published an *improved* edition. By way of recommending his own version he quotes two of his contemporaries who, are doubtless long since consigned to eternal oblivion.—One has the following passage ;

Bishop Mant—*The Book of Psalms.*

‘ And will deliver them : He shall  
 Them all deliver from  
 The wicked, and shall save them all  
 Because they trust in him.’

Another—PSALM xlv.

‘ My heart a good word boyleth fervently  
 I to the king do say mine actions ;  
 My tongue the pen of writer speedily,  
 Much fairer art thou than be Adam’s sons.’

But our Author himself sometimes practises the bathos.—

PSALM cxxxvii. 5.

‘ If I forget thee ever  
 Then let me prosper never,  
 But let it cause  
 My tongue and jaws  
 To cleave and cling together.

“ Thou compassest my path, my bed,  
 And all my ways dost note,  
 There’s not a word my tongue hath said,  
 But thou dost fully know’t.”

‘ Yea, they did sacrifice  
 Their little girls and boys, &c.’

It should seem, however, not only that the Royal performance was not regarded with a degree of approbation proportioned to its merits, but that Mr. Barton’s version did not give general satisfaction : for in 1667 appeared the “ *Psalms of King David Paraphrased and turned into English verse by Miles Smyth.*” “ *Facit indignatio versum,*” says Juvenal ; and such was the effect which it produced upon our worthy Translator, ‘ who could not but blush to think how that Metre, in which our Parish Churches usually sing them, hath disguised so eminent a part of Holy Writ, which bears a more than ordinary stamp of that ever blessed Spirit by which it was dictated and given.’ If, upon comparing his own translation with those of Sir Philip Sidney and King James, Miles Smyth was constrained to blush, it could hardly be from a consciousness of superiority ; though, as he says, “ *Disdain was the impulse of his writing, in which at first he pleased himself, and hopes by publishing he shall displease none.*” Our readers certainly will not be *displeased* with the following version of Psalm cxxxvii. 1—6, though they will probably be of opinion, that it sinks farther below King James’s version in fidelity and adherence to the original, than it rises above it in elegance of versification.

‘ As on Euphrates’ shady banks  
 Near Babylon’s proud walls,

We sate us down, and wept to think  
 On Sion's funerals;  
 Our solemn harps, to which so late  
 We sacred hymns had sung,  
 Now on the willows, (like ourselves  
 Mute and untuned) hung.  
 They that had made us captive-slaves  
 Untimely songs desired,  
 And our proud spoilers mirth, in scorn  
 Of our sad woes, required.  
 Sing us, they said, a Sion's song—  
 Shall we, at their command  
 Prophane God's Anthems in a strange  
 And idol-serving land?  
 If ever, dear Jerusalem,  
 Thy suff'rings I forget,  
 Let my right hand ne'er know again  
 The warbling strings to beat.  
 If thee I think not on, then may  
 My tongue unuseful cleave  
 Unto my mouth—nay, if a joy  
 I like thy joy receive.'

Had the translation of Miles Smyth been as excellent as the Author appears to have imagined it, fresh competitors would have arisen to dispute, if they could not divide, his laurels. Neither this, nor any of the preceding translations appear to have been satisfactory to William Barton, Master of Arts, whose former edition, though little deserving it, had been so favourably received that ' forty of the eminentest scholars and preachers in the land, gave him their attest and approbation, and after them full forty more, among whom were the worthy Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the learned Prolocutor of the Assembly, and divers eminent in law and physick.' Nay, the book attained so much popularity, that some thousands were said to be dispersed in Holland, and 1500 of the books were surreptitiously printed in England, and carried over into Ireland. The edition from which we quote, is that of 1692, printed after the Author's death, in which all the *harsh* passages (and plenty of them there were) are said to be corrected—yet we meet with the following, which will render it questionable how far Mr. Barton deserved his popularity, in spite of the approbation of Mr. Richard Baxter. Nothing similar is to be found in Miles Smyth, and very little in king James.

## PSALM xi. 3.

' But wicked men of sin that have no sense  
 And any of them that loveth violence,  
 Such sinners sure the Lord abominateth,  
 His soul most pure such persons greatly hateth.'

## PSALM cxvii.

‘ Praise ye the Lord, all nations, tongues, and lands,  
Because we find  
His mercies marvellous, and loving kind-<sup>4</sup>  
ness very great to us, &c.’

We give, however, Mr. Barton’s version of Psalm cxxxvii—1—6, which has one merit, and but one, above the two preceding. He has not vitiated, by any prettiness of his own, the exquisite simplicity of that pathetic passage, ‘ we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.’

‘ When as we sat in Babylon  
And by the river’s side,  
Rememb’ring Sion’s sad estate,  
Tears from our eyes did slide,  
As for our harps and instruments  
Of musick used before,  
We hung them on the willow trees  
That grew upon the shore.  
Where they to whom we prisoners were  
Did ask us eagerly,  
Come, let us hear your Hebrew songs,  
And pleasant melody.  
Alas, said we, who can dispose  
His sorrowful heart to sing  
The praises of a loving God  
Under a foreign king?  
No—no—if ever I forget  
The thoughts of Sion’s hill,  
Let my right hand forget her harp  
And forfeit all her skill.  
Yea, let my tongue cleave to my jaws,  
If that Jerusalem  
Be not preferred in all my joys  
Above the chief of them.

If, as we have seen, the translation of Barton is less correct than the Old Version, less poetical than Sir Philip Sidney, less exact than King James, and less polished than Miles Smyth, it will not be necessary to take any particular notice of the Psalm-book which the Scots put forth; “most of which” says, Mr. B. “is composed out of mine, or of Mr. Rous’s, which did not give full satisfaction.” If the allegation of Mr. Barton respecting the Scotch version be correct, such stanzas as the following are quite inexcusable.

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<sup>4</sup> An example of licence equally unpardonable occurs in Francis’s Horace, Book 3. Od. 20.

‘ Pyrrhus, you tempt a danger high  
When you would steal from hungry li-  
Oness her cubs, &c.’

‘The Lord our God is gracious,  
Compassionate is he also,  
In mercy he is plenteous,  
But unto wrath and anger slow.

Do ye, O congregation  
Indeed speak righteousness?  
O ye that are the sons of men,  
Judge ye with uprightness?

O daughter thou of Babylon  
Near to destruction, &c.’

In 1696, the New Version, as it is still termed—the joint production of Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate, the former chaplain to the king, and the latter poet laureate, was allowed by the king in council to be ‘used in all churches, chapels, and congregations, which should think fit to receive the same.’ It was urgently recommended by the then Bishop of London, (Dr. Henry Compton) to all the clergy within his diocese, as being admirably ‘calculated to take off that unhappy objection which had hitherto lain against the singing psalms.’ Notwithstanding this recommendation, however, and the high character of the prelate from whom it proceeded, it cannot be admitted that this translation is superior to those which have preceded it. Its characteristic is *monotony*. Even the sublime aspirations of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, are overwhelmed in the wordy pomposity of this lame translation, whose principal, if not only merit, is smoothness of versification. Such is the opinion of the learned prelate above quoted, who speaks in just reprobation of the poverty and littleness of its style.—*e. g.*

‘When we, *our wearied limbs to rest,*  
Sat down by proud Euphrates’ stream,  
We wept, with *doleful thoughts oppress,*  
And Sion was our mournful theme.’

What is the original?—

‘By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept,  
~~when we remembered Zion.~~’

Not a syllable of wearied limbs, or doleful thoughts. The Israelites sat down, not to rest themselves, but to weep.

One other specimen, and we have done.—

‘If I to mention thee forbear,  
Eternal silence seize my tongue,  
Or if I sing one cheerful air,  
Till thy deliverance is my song.’

The antithesis in the last couplet is no doubt extremely pretty, but it must not be called a translation of the Psalm. The Psalmist, whoever he was, knew better than to talk of cheerful airs under such circumstances of misery and exile.—His words are, ‘If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy,’—or as Bishop Horsley strangely translates it, ‘If I carry not up our Jerusalem to the sum total of my joy.’

The opinion here expressed respecting the New Version, was, it seems, that of Sir Richard Blackmore, who tried his own powers, only to fail more completely than any of his predecessors. ‘He produced,’ says Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, ‘a new version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the Tunes used in Churches, which being recommended by the Archbishop and many Bishops, obtained a licence for its admission into publick worship—but no admission has it yet obtained, nor has it any right to come where Brady and Tate have got possession.’ After such a sentence, delivered by such authority, our readers will readily excuse any extracts from Sir Richard’s version, even if we were able to gratify them, which is not the case, Sir Richard’s tomes forming no part of our poetical collection.<sup>5</sup>

Whether the ill success of Sir Richard Blackmore’s attempt deterred others from entering on the same arduous task, or the new version had taken such firm hold on public approbation, that it seemed impracticable to displace it, Tate and Brady appear to have kept undisturbed possession of the field till the year 1765. In this year were published two translations, by members of the two Universities; that from Oxford, by James Merrick, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, and that from Cambridge by Christopher Smart, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall. Each was supported by a numerous and respectable list of subscribers; but, notwithstanding all our predilections in favour of our Mother University, we are constrained to acknowledge, that the production of the Oxonian was immeasurably the better. Merrick, from the

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<sup>5</sup> About the same time appeared a *Century of select Psalms and portions of the Psalms of David*, by John Patrick, Preacher at the Charter-house. Dr. P. speaks of an ingenious gentleman (Quere, Sir Richard Blackmore?) who at one time affects homely phrases, e. g. Good Fellows in their wine—Goblin of the Night—Muttons to the Shambles sold—Water swell his guts—and at another rises into sublimities, e. g. Libyan fields, Phœnician dye, Oozy Beds, Aromatic unguent—Air-fanned plains, Sun’s Western Inn, with many other feathers purloined from the pinions of the Swans of Helicon. The Doctor certainly has steered clear of both extremes; though, as his work is incomplete, and the 137th Psalm is omitted altogether, we hold ourselves excused from making extracts—particularly as (we believe) the ‘Century’ is still in use at the Charter-house.

peculiar direction of his studies, and his intimate acquaintance with the niceties of the Hebrew tongue, was admirably qualified for his undertaking—to these primary requisites he united a correct ear, an accurate judgment, and a smooth and flowing versification. Poor Smart, on the contrary, though incomparably the better poet, was miserably deficient in judgment and in taste; indeed, to judge by the hymns which are subjoined to his translation, one would scarcely believe him recovered from that malady, under which he laboured when he wrote the “Song of David.” Could any man in his senses write such strains as the following, and entitle them “Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England?”

## EPIPHANY.

‘Ye that skill the flowers to fancy,  
And in just assemblage sort,  
Pluck the primrose, pluck the pansy,  
And your prattling troop exhort.

## KING’S RESTORATION.

The glory to thy name we yield  
By which the vast exploit was done,  
At Poitiers and in Cressy’s field  
Against vain Moab mustering ten to one.  
Enough to kill, to take, and put to flight  
By faith of Englishmen in God’s redoubted might.

The glory to thy name for CAM,  
Immortal from the hour he bled, &c.

## ST. LUKE.

Luke, physician of the wound  
Where the troubled conscience stings,  
Far beyond the skill profound  
*Of the Graduates here renowned,*  
Or the costly springs.’

But to return. Merrick’s version, which he candidly acknowledges to be rather a paraphrase than a translation, is much too laboured and diffuse. Still, it cannot be denied that he has, in general, adhered faithfully to the sense of his original, though there is too much of a modern air in the following specimen, to be altogether pleasing.

‘Where Babylon’s proud water flows  
We sate and wept, while in us rose  
The dear remembrance of thy name  
O fair, O lost Jerusalem.  
Our silent harps the willows bore,  
Whose boughs along th’ extended shore



Their shades outspread—while thus the foe  
 Insulting aggravates our woe.  
 Come, tune to mirth your sullen tongue,  
 Rise, Hebrew slaves, and give the song,  
 Such strains as wont your fane to fill  
 On captive Zion's boasted hill.  
 How shall we yield to the demand?  
 How, exiles in a foreign land,  
 Presume the Heaven-taught song to raise,  
 And desecrate the hallowed lays?  
 If Sion from my breast depart,  
 Forget my hand its tuneful art;  
 Fast to my palate cleave my tongue,  
 If when I form my sprightliest song,  
 Aught to my mirth supply a theme  
 But thou, O loved Jerusalem.'

**This is sufficiently amplified. But Smart's, which calls itself a translation, is even more expanded, though by no means un-poetical.**

'Pensive we sat the silent hours  
 Where, by the Babylonian towers,  
 At large the waters stray,  
 'Till Memory brought thee to our eyes,  
 O Zion, then the tears and sighs  
 Burst out and made their way.

No matter for our harps—our care  
 Was not on mirth or music there,  
 All solace we declined;  
 We sate, and suffered them in view  
 To hang, as bended or as blew  
 The willows or the wind.

When they that led our captive train  
 Bade us our heavy hearts refrain  
 From grief to joys extreme;  
 Thus they commanded their request—  
 Sing us a song, and sing your best,  
 And Zion be the theme.

What, in a land by God abhorred  
 Shall we profane unto the Lord  
 The consecrated songs;  
 And Israel's harp and hands employ  
 To strike up symphonies of joy  
 'Mongst foreigners and wrongs?

Jerusalem! O blest in woe,  
 If I forget thee, or forego  
 When Heaven and nature call,  
 May this right hand, and God's own heart

Forget his spirit and her art  
To touch the strings at all.

May my tongue to my palate cleave  
If I forget thee when I grieve;—  
If to all realms on earth,  
I not Jerusalem prefer,  
Jerusalem, and harp on her  
When most my might in mirth.'

It is unnecessary to speak here of Dr. Watts's version, because, however well it may be adapted to the purposes of public worship, the very principle on which it is made—the adoption of New Testament language—precludes it from being considered as a translation of the Psalms of David. Indeed, the Doctor modestly calls it an Imitation, and has accordingly abridged some Psalms, and omitted others altogether which is the case with respect to the 137th. The same remark applies, though in a less degree, to Mr. Goode's translation, published in 1812, in two volumes octavo, of which it may be sufficient to state that it is in existence, and to give the usual specimen, which will prove, that however eminent for piety, Mr. Goode was by no means qualified for a translator of the Psalms.

' Far from Zion, far from home  
Earth beholds a captive band,  
Wretched strangers here we roam  
Thinking of our native land—  
Tears of woe the floods increase,  
While our tuneless harps unstrung  
Midst this solitary place  
On the willow banks are hung.

Sin and guilt the sigh compel,  
While we drag the bondage chain,  
Earth and sense and powers of hell  
First allure and then disdain—  
" Rise," they cry, " ye weeping saints,  
Tune your harps and tune your tongues,  
Sing, and cease your sad complaints,  
One of Zion's boasted songs."

Thus the author continues through five successive stanzas, of which the two we have quoted above are sufficient to prove that the Psalms are here spiritualized—but not translated.

Having thus dispatched those translators of the Psalms of David who are now among the departed, it only remains for us to speak of those living authors who have attempted or accomplished the same work. The first extract shall be from specimens of a new translation of the Psalms, by Thomas

Dale, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of which we shall give no opinion, because, by his subsequent publications, Mr. D. appears, and we think judiciously, to have abandoned his intention of proceeding altogether.

‘ By Babylon’s proud stream we sate,  
And tears gushed quick from every eye,  
When our own Zion’s fallen state  
Came rushing on our memory;  
And there, the willow groves among,  
Sorrowing our silent harps we hung.

For there our Tyrants in their pride  
Bade Judah raise th’ exulting strain,  
And our remorseless Spoilers cried  
“ Come, breathe your native hymns again.”  
Oh how, in stranger climes can we,  
Pour forth Jehovah’s melody ?

When thou, loved Zion, art forgot;  
Let this unworthy hand decay,  
When Salem is remembered not  
Mute be these guilty lips for aye !  
Yea, if in transport’s liveliest thrill,  
Thou, Zion, art not dearer still !’

A few months after the publication of the above, appeared *Songs of Zion*, being *Imitations of Psalms*, by James Montgomery. This gentleman, who has acquired a doubly honourable name among the Living Poets of Great Britain, his productions being not less eminent for the purity of their moral, than the beauty of their versification, has detracted nothing in this undertaking from his already acquired reputation, though perhaps he has not greatly increased it. His own assurance, however, that he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness, and force of thought and expression, demands implicit credit, and may account for the apparent falling off of certain passages, where much would probably be expected. On the whole, we consider Mr. Montgomery’s work so creditable to his talents, and so worthy of the subject, that we should rejoice to see a complete translation of the *Psalms* from his pen. There are but two living poets equally qualified with himself to undertake it,—Milman and Southey. Were the three to attempt it conjointly, the pathetic parts being assigned to Montgomery, the descriptive to Milman, the elevated and sublime to Southey, then should we have a translation indeed. Such a consummation, however, is by no means to be anticipated, though devoutly to be wished. But we give the extract, in which it is somewhat singular that Montgomery should have fallen upon the same metre with Mr. Dale.

'Where Babylon's broad rivers roll  
 In exile we sat down to weep ;  
 For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul  
 Came, like departed joys, in sleep ;  
 Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,  
 Though fled for ever from our eyes ;  
 Our harps upon the willows hung  
 Where, worn with toil our limbs reclin'd ;  
 The chords, untuned and trembling, hither  
 With mournful music in the wind,  
 While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,  
 Cried, sing us one of Zion's songs.  
 How can we sing the songs we love  
 Far from our own delightful land ?  
 If I prefer thee not above  
 My chiefest joy, may this right hand  
 Jerusalem !—forget its skill  
 My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still !

If this be thought less literal than Mr. Dale's, let it be remembered that the one professes to be a translation, the other only an *imitation*.

We shall now conclude our remarks, as we commenced them, by noticing Bishop Mant's Version, which, though less poetical than several which have preceded it, is by no means destitute of merit even in this respect. His Lordship has not confined himself to the ordinary metres ; indeed, there is almost as much variety of measure in his translation as in Sir Philip Sidney's—a circumstance which would be an insuperable barrier to its introduction into public worship, however appropriate in other points. We are somewhat surprised to meet with such couplets and stanzas as the following :—

' Jehovah from above shall rain  
 In judgment upon guilty men.

As th' apple of the eye  
 A fence around me spread,  
 And let me in thy safeguard lie,  
 Thy wings' protecting shade.

He bowed the heavens and came down ;  
 Thick vapour at his feet was thrown ;  
 On cherub forms he flew, he rode,  
 And soar'd on wings of winds abroad.  
 For life he asked—thou him didst give  
 Perpetual length of days to live.

Great things, and of surpassing might  
 In Ham, and things of fearful sight  
 All on the Red-Sea coasts.'

Only let the third of these passages be compared with its parallel in the despised and calumniated Old Version :—

‘ The Lord descended from above  
And bowed the heavens high  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky—  
On cherubs and on cherubims  
Full royally he rode ;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.’

The following is the Bishop’s translation of Psalm 137  
1—6—it has at least the merit of being exact to the original :—

‘ By Babel’s streams we sat and wept—  
Our thoughts, O Zion, dwelt on thee ;  
Meanwhile our harps in silence slept  
Aloft on many a willow tree.

For they, who led us far away,  
With taunts inflamed our bitter wrongs,  
Come, sing, they cried, a mirthful lay,  
Come, sing us one of Zion’s songs.

Remote from Zion’s holy hill,  
And slaves beneath a stranger king,  
How shall we show our tuneful skill,  
And how Jehovah’s anthem sing?

O Salem, lovely Salem, thee  
If e’er my heart forget to love,  
Then may my hand forgotten be,  
That wont the warbling strings to move.

And may my tongue its utterance cease,  
If I omit thee in my joy :  
Or other theme than Salem’s peace  
My rapture’s loftiest strains employ.’

This Article has been already drawn out to an unreasonable length, so that we can only briefly redeem our pledge of pointing out the most effectual method of obtaining a translation of the Psalms far superior to any with which the world has yet been favoured.

There are two methods of effecting this desirable end—a combination of the living Poets—or a selection from the different translations already extant. The former method—though it was currently reported not long since that such a scheme was in agitation—is little likely to be carried into effect—but what is there to impede the execution of the latter? No qualification, beyond that of judgment, is required

in the selector—there are very few, if any, of the translators above enumerated, who would not contribute their quota; in addition to which, there would be scope for introducing translations of single Psalms, such as Addison's of the 19th and 23d. To such a compiler Bishop Mant's Version would be a valuable acquisition, and if due care were exercised in the choice of his chefs d'œuvre, his Lordship would appear to no disadvantage by the side even of James Montgomery and Sir Philip Sidney.

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ART. II. *The Life and Remains of Edward Daniel Clarke, L. L. D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge.* London, Cowie, 1824. 4to. pp. 667. Price 3s. 3s.

Few studies are so pleasing, so instructive, and so necessary as the study of human nature, whether we understand it in its generic or its specific sense—and few there are which so amply recompense the labour and the difficulty of research. The philosopher who calls in the spirits of departed ages to assist him in his midnight musings—the naturalist who wanders over half the world in search of the peculiar objects of his investigation—the artist who retires into the gloom and the silence of the wilderness to read a lesson from the book of external nature—may, perhaps, after all their investigations and their diligence, find no reward, and derive no benefit. But it is not so with him who, retiring to his chamber, locks up his faculties in meditation on the men of old, on the beings who have preceded or accompanied him in his pilgrimage through this vale of tears; on the illustrious children of the past or present age; on those who, by their virtues, or their vices, have exalted, or debased, the name of man. From the obliquities of errant genius he may learn to trace the straight path of undeviating wisdom; from the failure of the unprincipled he may learn the necessity of a true and invigorating faith: and by dwelling on the example of those who have climbed “the steep whence Fame's proud temple shines afar,” he may be led to follow in their steps, and obey the instincts of his better nature. Who is there that does not rise from the perusal of the life of a *Nero*, with a soul inflamed with hatred of oppression? Who is there that can read of the virtues of a *Howard*, nor be conscious of an inward satisfaction that he claims with the philanthropist a common origin? And, when we turn from the history of such men as these to the lowly, modest, worth that has adorned the private dwellings of humble life, or to

the beings who have shone in literature and science, tracking out for themselves an untrodden path to the loftiest citadels of human estimation, a different but not less delightful view is opened to our contemplation. Who can refuse to think with reverence upon the quiet and secluded life of the poor dishonoured minstrel of the "Farmer's Boy,"<sup>1</sup> dragging "in a thread-bare suit," a clog, that might have weighed down many, more illustrious by birth than he was, yet did not stay his wing from soaring above the earth of which he deemed himself "a wounded worm?" Who can visit the bust of Johnson at Lichfield, or the tomb of Cowper at East Dereham, and retire without a wish to be as great as the one, and as good as the other? And who can wander among the honoured aisles and cloisters of our own Alma Mater, and feel within him no aspiring sentiments that would place him in imagination by the sainted names of those extraordinary men whose effigies he sees upon the walls, and whose dust reposes beneath his feet? He, who could lay aside "the Life of Henry Kirke White," or visit his rude unsculptured tomb in All Saints' Church, and could not feel a sympathy with the traveller who came, a pilgrim to his grave, from the distant shores of North America, to place a tablet to his memory, must be insensible to the most generous promptings of a virtuous soul: and he who could pass beside the slab that covers the remains of him whose memory we shall shortly call to mind, nor pause to pay a tribute of respect to one of the most illustrious, as well as best, of men, would, we fear, never reach, nor wish to reach, the pinnacle of that ambition which understands no sin in its attainment. The lives of some men have been the cause of amendment in the lives of others; and the adventures of villains, recorded by the hand of truth, have made converts to the cause of honesty. Seeing then, that biography has such an influence on the modes and conversation of the world, it must ever be a useful task to set before the eyes of contemporary men the virtues of a departed friend, in that clear light which makes his character a beacon to guide them onward to the object of their hopes and wishes. Nor is it an uninteresting one; for, charmed by incident, and schooled by events, alternately amused and instructed, the biographer pur-

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<sup>1</sup> By the way, since this article was written, a publication has made its appearance, entitled, "The Remains of Robert Bloomfield," in 2 vols. small 8vo. price 1s. The Editor we understand to be Mr. Weston—a friend we believe of Dr. Clarke—a gentleman of kind feelings and liberal sentiments. We name this because the work is, like the *Memoirs* before us, published for the benefit of the orphans of the deceased author, and on that account demands such assistance as we can give it by our warmest recommendation, which we do freely and justifiably, for the work deserves attention on its own account.

sues no tangled thread of difficult evolution, but a bright and tangible object of easy attainment. It shall then be our task to lay before our readers an abstract of the life of that lamented man who has so lately been called away, when his laurels were thickest, from the accomplished labours of his manhood to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns:" and we entreat them to believe, that if we shall appear at any time too warm in praise, or too light in censure, the character which we are considering was such as to warrant the indulgence of a partiality which was excited by merit, and continued unimpaired through years of close observation, even whilst the voice of prejudice, the fruit of envy, was mingled with the gratulating acknowledgments which attended his successful efforts in the cause of science. But even partiality on this occasion need not be called in as the apology for praise: for were we to remain silent mourners over the loss our "mighty mother" has sustained, the concurring lamentations of many learned societies throughout Europe which Professor Clarke assisted or adorned, would be a satisfactory testimony to the amiableness of his character, and the greatness of his genius.

It would, however, be forgetful on the part of those concerned in it, if in a publication which professes to have the interest of his University at heart, and which has been established *partly on his own suggestion*, no notice should be taken of a work which has for its argument, "The Life and Remains" of one, to whom the conductors, in common with their contemporaries, must ever remain under obligations which are not only weighty in themselves, but which now—alas—can never be requited or repaid.

Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, descended from a line of ancestors celebrated for their learning and ability, was born on the 5th June, 1769, at Willingdon in Sussex. His grandfather, great-grandfather, and father, were respectively William Clarke (known commonly as the *mild W. Clarke*) author of the "*Connexion of the Roman, Saxon, and English Coins*;" the celebrated Dr. William Wotton, and the Rev. Edward Clarke, Rector of Buxton, and formerly Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge; all justly acknowledged to be amongst the most elegant and learned scholars of their age.

Mr. Edw. Clarke married Anne, daughter of Thomas Grenfield, Esq. of Guildford, and from this union sprung four children; Dr. James Stanier Clarke, the author of the "*Life of Nelson*," &c.; Captain George Clarke, who distinguished himself during the Egyptian campaign; Anne, wife of Captain Parkinson, R. N.; and Edward Daniel, the subject of this memoir.



The earlier years of Dr. Clarke's infancy were distinguished by the talent for conversation, which ripened into that fertile store of narrative which rendered him so popular in after life; and the native benevolence and enthusiasm of his character are represented as developed in many an amusing instance of juvenile research and playful generosity: whilst that fondness for a wandering life, which particularly distinguished him, seems to have been imbibed by converse with the tribes of gypsies who frequented the rocky dells near his paternal residence. The rudiments of his education were imparted by a veteran pedagogue at Uckfield, the Rev. Mr. Gerison, formerly curate to his grandfather; and at the age of ten he was placed under the care of the celebrated Vicesimus Knox; but strange as it may appear to those who believe in that doctrine, which teaches that genius never requires an adventitious help to call forth its latent powers, at neither place of education did he exhibit any signs of that amazing industry and skill which characterised his manhood—another instance to be added to the many we already possess, of the deceitful nature of youthful habits when contrasted with their after growth. Yet, though in school he had the name of an idle boy affixed to him, *out of school* he would employ his leisure in reading and in studying subjects more congenial to his taste, than the dull routine of classical acquirements. And "these eccentric habits," as his biographer justly remarks, "have their enjoyments;" and, we will add, their use: although it would be highly reprehensible, were any one to recommend such an unmethodised system, as the most proper one on which to form the education, and to guide the intellect of those who are destined to become the luminaries of the world. But if he was eccentric in the exercises of the intellectual faculties, the corporeal ones he trained according to the prescribed laws and customs of his time; and by the progress he had made in swimming, amongst other manly exercises, he was enabled to save the life of his brother George, who many years after, when his hand had reaped the laurels of war from the fields of the stranger, fell a lamented sacrifice to the element,<sup>2</sup> from which affection saved him in his youth. Taken from school at the early age of sixteen, owing to the serious nature of the illness which had long attacked his father, Edward Clark was in the Spring of 1786, sent up to College under the auspices of Dr. Beadon, then the master of Jesus, and late Bishop of Bath and Wells. Here, within the walls

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<sup>2</sup> He was drowned in the Thames in 1804, whilst on an excursion of pleasure.

of that society which could boast a Cranmer, a Hartley, a Wakefield, a Jortin, a Flamstead, and a Fenton—men whose names can never perish from the scrolls of fame—did he commence his academic career, under circumstances which would have induced some men to lay hold of Fortune whilst within their grasp. But with him it was a different case. Illustrious as he became in after years, his residence at college appears marked by no distinguished instances of superior talent, or application; and it was not till the afflicting death of his venerated parent reminded him how soon his exertions would be needed, that he felt it right to make some regulations for his future conduct, and to act up to the spirit of his resolutions for the time to come. Friendless almost, and fatherless, it seems a curious example of caprice, that he should nevertheless continue, as far as regarded literary subjects, still undecided. It would seem, indeed, that Dr. Clarke required some incitement to the exertion of his mind which other men would neither expect, nor wait for. His friends had been many, and they rallied round his family in their hour of peril; and when himself and brothers were left unprotected orphans in the midst of a wide and heartless world, they became “fathers of the fatherless” and “the husbands of the widow:” but neither the remonstrances of these good men, nor the actual gloominess of his worldly prospects, could urge him forward in the course marked out for him; nor was it till a melancholy circumstance of a different nature occurred, that he applied himself in earnest to the studies which might have conducted him to the highest rank among his fellow students. A party who remained in College, to read during the long vacation, (a favour denied now-a-days to poor and willing students),<sup>3</sup> had made many practical attempts to become acquainted with the doctrine of Hydrostatics, by frequent excursions down the Cam: and in one of these, at midnight, a companion perished by falling overboard at Downham Bridge.<sup>4</sup> It is at the mention of this that his biographer introduces the following reflections which cannot fail to find a way to the heart of all his readers.

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<sup>3</sup> This remark must be understood with limitations, as at the larger Colleges the old system of vacation-residence is still allowed. The present expensive plan of going down to read at watering-places, some hundred miles from Hall and chapel, may have its advantages; but generally speaking, it is a useless waste of time, money, and attention. The attractions of a beautiful country, the and fascinations of fashionable society, are not likely to aid the labourer in the fields of mathematic lore: and it not unfrequently happens that a man returns to the lecture room no wiser than when he left it at the close of the preceding term. But we do not wish to prevent the harvest of the Private Tutors, who deserve all, and more than they can make, by the sacrifice of their time and diligence.

<sup>4</sup> This youth was buried in the chapel of Jesus College, and by him are deposited the remains of Dr. Clarke.

‘It was at the close of the latter mournful ceremony, when chance had placed the author of this Memoir on the very stone which covered the remains of their common friend, that the grief they had shared together over his untimely fate frequently occurred to his recollection; and it was difficult not to remark how strongly the ready flow of youthful sorrow remembered upon that occasion, contrasted with the manly tears which were wrung from so many time-worn faces then around the grave of Dr. Clarke, when all that remained on earth of so much genius and benevolence, was about to be committed to the dust.’—p. 57.

Deprived thus mournfully of a valued friend, books now seemed to him a refuge from the sorrows that surrounded him; and, aided by a friend, in the last term of his noviciate he devoted a few weeks to subjects which had engrossed the attention of his neighbours for three long years. At the Bachelor’s commencement in the succeeding year he was placed third on the third list of honours; the retainment of which on the present plan of its arrangement and from the character it bears abroad, is as disgraceful to the University at large, as it is useless to the unfortunate young men who by accident, or local circumstances, are sometimes doomed to honour that which was intended to honour them.<sup>b</sup>

‘In this irregular and careless manner, undistinguished as an academic in his own College, and altogether unknown as such to the University at large, was formed and educated almost to the age of twenty-one, a man, who in his maturer years was numbered

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<sup>b</sup> As this Review takes not its rise from the high springs of University authority, and yet has for its aim the upholding of the useful, and the reformation of the useless parts of academical arrangements, we feel no necessity to withhold the opinion we have uttered in the text about that vilest of all vile schemes for giving local rank—the list of Junior Optimes. As it is now, and has been framed, it is frequently as much a mark of disgrace as a sign of acknowledged merit, and common justice loudly calls on those “who bear office in this our body,” to remove the evil.—The remedy we would propose is simple and easy. Let the names be placed *alphabetically*. Oxford, in its wisdom (for wisdom it certainly is) has set an example which in this respect Cambridge would find it her interest, and ought to make it her duty to follow, willingly and speedily. Many a man of conscious merit who has laboured under the disadvantages of sickness or inability to make use of those aids which his companions more easily procure, has been sent into the world branded with a name, which, in its barbarity, the mother tongue of Combination rooms and college halls has framed to render one of its *honourables* a mark for the finger of ridicule, and the petulance of ignorant ill-will. “*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*,” ought to be the motto of the examiner, as well as of the pupil; and Cambridge Tutors should inculcate it as an axiom, that *it is better to be drowned in the Gulph than to swim away in a wooden spoon*. We know of some who have acted up to the spirit of this remark—and happy are they in comparison with those who are to be published to generations of fresh-men yet unborn, as *dishonored in their honors*. But let not any one who may have *justly* merited a disappointment in his expectations, congratulate himself on having found a champion in us,—our remarks do not apply in the least respect to the assumption of a partiality in the examiner—we allude simply and solely to the *system*. We believe justice is done as far as it can be administered; but we would wish to see its sphere enlarged, and its views enlightened.

both at home and abroad amongst the most celebrated of its members ; who in various ways contributed not less to its embellishment, than to its reputation ; who was honoured and distinguished by it while living, and followed by its regrets when dead.'—pp. 58, 59.

But there was one recommendation to the notice of his superiors which Mr. Clarke possessed deserving record, viz. the steady and correct deportment he maintained, uninfluenced by the vices or the follies of those about him. With little more than 90*l.* per annum, arising from the offices of Scholar and Chapel Clerk, he contrived to keep a decent appearance, and meet the necessary expences of college *detrimenta* ; and notwithstanding the assistance he experienced from the "liberality of his tutor, Mr. Plampin,"<sup>6</sup> who suffered his bills to remain in arrears," till he was better able to discharge them, sufficient praise cannot be bestowed on the economy and temperance of so young a man, placed in the midst of extravagance and thoughtlessness, the immemorial characteristics of a Jesuit. The only extraordinary event recorded of the academic life of Mr. Clarke, is the launching of a huge balloon

<sup>6</sup> This excellent man has lately been numbered with those who are no more. He died in May, 1823, and was buried in the church of Stanstead, in Suffolk. The following inscription for his monument was written by his amiable and accomplished friend, Dr. Nathan Drake, whose recent publication, "Noontide Leisure," we have pleasure in recommending most cordially to all our readers. We regret deeply that our limits do not allow a more worthy notice than we have given here of a work, which on account of the "Tale of the Days of Shakspeare," published in it, and the sound tone it keeps on moral and religious subjects, has just claim to the attention of those who are conversant with the author's other writings. Our readers will excuse this introduction of a subject somewhat irrelevant to the point at issue, when we mention that it is to the book alluded to, we are indebted for the memorial recorded below of the virtues and the taste of Dr. Clarke's respected tutor.

Near this tablet  
Are deposited the remains  
of the Rev. John Plampin, M.A.  
of Chadacre Hall, in this Parish,

Rector of Whatfield and Stanstead, in the county of Suffolk.

A magistrate for the district in which he resided, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge. He died May the 30th, 1823, in the 69th year of his Age.

If taste, if learning, if the love of art,  
What schools can give or foreign realms impart,  
May claim a tribute from the polish'd few,  
Here might it flow, as not unjustly due ;  
But in the fane to pure devotion given,  
Can these light graces point the path to heaven ?  
Then be it added, as in truth it can,  
Here sleeps what all should prize, an honest man !  
Who taught, unerring, to his faithful flock  
Christ as their hope, their living stay and rock ;  
Who lov'd through life, whate'er the vale he trod,  
His kind, his King, his Country and his God !

which to the amusement of the Members of the University he exhibited within the cloisters of his college.

Having left College without any distinguished marks of public approbation, he was by the interest of his friend Dr. Beadon, then recently appointed to the Bishoprick of Gloucester, chosen tutor by the Duke of Dorset for his son, the Hon. Henry Tufton, who was just set free from the restraints of Westminster, and was preparing to lay aside the lexicon for the lance. Mr. Clarke remained with his pupil in complete seclusion at Hothfield, from 1790 to 1791, in the spring of which year, they made the tour of Britain. This circumstance may be said to have laid the foundation of Dr. C.'s future career. A hasty journal of his tour was published on his return, wherein if there was much to blame, there was much to admire; for it displayed signs of a genius that had hitherto slumbered in careless ease, and of a goodness of heart bordering almost on fanaticism.

His tirade against the "Aldermen of Haverford" on finding a prisoner for debt in the town goal, affords an excellent specimen of that warmth of feeling which was frequently excited in his breast, even at the most trivial circumstances. But we have no room for quoting, our readers will find the anecdote at p. 76, of the work before us. The publication of this tour was ill-advised; but it brought him some experience of the hazardous nature of a *youthful* author's speculations, which are too often like the fancies of the man with respect to the golden eggs, recorded as a lesson for incipient scribblers in the pages of old father Æsop. The tour of England was useful to him in a high degree, as it gave him an insight into the practice as well as the theory of his favourite study mineralogy; and interesting, because it formed the nucleus of the beautiful collection exhibited at his Cambridge lectures. "A scene from his visit" to the wonders of his native land "shall be described in his sister's words."

'The animated gaze,' she says, 'with which he regarded his treasures from the mines of Cornwall, his specimens of copper ore, mundic, &c. &c. &c., covering a whole long dining-table, at the top of which he had placed his delighted mother, and his beloved and invaluable friend and counsellor Mrs. Catherine Courthope, together with every friend and acquaintance that could be met with, in the surrounding precincts; the long and original droll detail, which he delivered to them, of all his adventures, particularly of his obtaining one worm-eaten leg, from the many that had been sold of Shakspeare's chair: the woman's loud scream, when he wrenched it from the seat, though unable to refuse the liberal offer; the kick of the husband, as he sent her head-over-heels, down the cellar stairs, for being such a fool as to part with so large

a relic; the anan!! anan!! of the neighbours, may well be remembered, but can never be described.—p. 83.

A short time after this, he spent a few days in Calais, preparatory to his last sojourn at Hothfield with his pupil Mr. Tufton. The following letter was written to his mother on the occasion:—

‘CALAIS, October 18, 1791.

‘Here we are! Even I in France. Would you believe it? I have found my father’s name written with a pen upon the frame of an old looking-glass. The date is almost worn out, but a rude guess makes it to be, December, 1772. I am half dead with sea sickness—twenty-four hours passage from Dover. Just now I sent for Monsieur Dessein, and asked him if he remembered Sterne. He speaks broken English, and I worse French, so you may suppose what an edifying tête-à-tête I have had with him. When I arrived I was half-starved, and seeing a number of waiters crowding round me with “*Que voulez vous Monsieur?*” I dispatched them all for something to eat. They all came back again, “*Et, pardonnez moi Monsieur, que voulez vous?*” Beef! and be hanged to you! said I, out of all patience, and away they flew, saying, “*Mon Dieu! en vérité, milord, Anglois!*” Presently in comes a troop of ’em with Dessein at their head, bringing in tea, but no beef, and an old overgrown hen, by way of cold chicken. *Allons!* said I, *portez le beef!* Monsieur Dessein made a low bow, “*Non pas beef Monsieur! la voila, un petit pullet!*” Un petit Turkey cock! said I; Monsieur Dessein bowed again, I laughed and got over the stile. You will think me mad or drunk, so I’ll wind to a close. I am in such high spirits, I cannot write sense.”—p. 84.

After this he entered into an engagement to travel with Lord Berwick.

‘—Doomed to be a wanderer, I still flutter about, uncertain whether, or not, I shall ever sit down in peace. Every thing is changed—I am *not* going into orders—I am *not* going to be Curate of Uckfield—but I *am* going to be exiled from my country, and wander I know not where. It is now about a fortnight, since Lord Berwick sent to beg I would let him have an hour’s conversation with me. The purport of this was, that I would, when I left Tufton, give up all my present prospects, and accompany him in a tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, &c. and be with him about two years. He will pay all my expenses. I laid it before the Bishop of Gloucester; he told me to seize the offer without hesitation. To tell you all the trouble I have had, all the pain it has cost my mother, to be separated from all her children, and a long *et cetera*, would take me several hours. I have consented. You can’t wonder at it—you know how I longed all my life to see *furreen Partes*, setting aside the advantage of the

connexion. I have toiled and fretted, entreated, and manœuvred, till it is now nearly settled that Mr. Tufston goes with us.'—pp. 86, 87.

In 1792 the travellers set out, but the only records of the journey are a few letters and a disjointed journal which does not commence *regularly* till they reached Naples. Their route lay by Spa, Cologne, Coblenz, Francfort, Heidelbergh, Basle, Bonn, St. Gothard, and Turin. Here, indeed, his travels may be said to have fairly commenced, a love for which was doubly strengthened by the adventures he had met with on his way. We cannot do better than quote the passage immediately before us, with its accompanying extract from the work which records his wanderings and fancies.

'It has already been stated, that a passion for travelling had early taken possession of his mind, but it would be difficult to convey an adequate notion of the strength and influence of this passion, in any other words than his own; and, fortunately, such present themselves to our notice in a little work which will be spoken of hereafter, written by him only a few months after his return from Italy. "An unbounded love of travel influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave. When I reflect upon the speculations of my youth, I am at a loss to account for a passion, which, predominating over every motive of interest and every tie of affection, urges me to press forward and to pursue inquiry, even in the bosoms of the ocean and the desert. Sometimes in the dreams of fancy, I am weak enough to imagine, that the map of the world was painted in the awning of my cradle, and that my nurse chanted the wanderings of pilgrims in her legendary lullabies." To a mind thus panting for foreign climes, and glowing with all the warmth of poetic imagery, it was no small subject of triumph to have passed the barrier of the Alps, and to tread in the paths which had been hallowed in his eyes by the footsteps of Addison and Gray.'—pp. 92, 93.

It seemed indeed as if his spirit had been visited in infancy by dreams that rooted in his soul and possessed his every power—and as if he held invisible communion with those mighty men who had preceded him to Troy and Athens, Jerusalem and Nazareth,—who had explored the ocean and the desert, and had made the very shrines of nature the altars of their worship. Italy held out to him advantages and prospects which accorded well with his adventurous views, and the monuments of Rome and the wonders of the Bay of Naples seemed to realize the visions and the hopes of years gone by. He crossed the Apennines from Genoa to Florence, pursuing the route of Gray and Walpole, and exploring all the interesting relics of the primeval ages. Were we inclined to fill our pages with the excellent accounts, which he has left us, of what he

saw and heard, we know not where better we could begin a selection of instructing extracts, than from the journal of his residence at Naples. Vesuvius was before him in all its glories, and his whole soul seemed to be enchained by the magnificent display which the mountain presented at that time. During two years residence near this great source of much that is sublime in nature, the diligence which Mr. Clarke displayed in making observations on the eruptions of the various craters, and in collecting specimens of the lava which they ejected, was very great. On the 12th of June, 1793, he wrote, "I made my *twelfth* excursion to Vesuvius and my third to the source of the lava." "We have now taken a villa," he tells his mother, "in the country, among the vineyards and the orange groves at the foot of Vesuvius. This is a great pleasure to me." On the 5th September we read, "Vesuvius continues to throw most superbly, the lava flows again; at sun-set he showed that Tyrian hue, which he assumes sometimes, and which has a glow beyond description." But although this wonderful scene engrossed the greater part of his time and observation, he, nevertheless, was enabled to pay some attention to events which daily took place about him; and amongst other matters he has left a most humorous account of the miracle of St. Januarius, and the pleadings in the Neapolitan law-courts.

About this time Lord Berwick formed a plan for visiting Egypt and the Holy Land: and Mr. Clarke entered into his views with an ardour scarcely credible. But Lord B. had occasion to send to England, and our author undertook to accompany the courier. Travelling, therefore, night and day, he left Naples in the beginning of November, and by the 30th of that month, he reached Dover, having in that short time traversed the Tyrol, Germany, and the Netherlands—and, as it afterwards appeared, to no purpose; for after hastening into Shropshire, he discovered on his return a letter, signifying that his Lordship had renounced his schemes, and that the East would remain by him unvisited. We next find the enthusiastic Clarke at Cambridge, having endeavoured to dissipate his cares, and conceal his disappointments in the society of friends.

From the Hoop Inn, Jan. 2, 1794, he thus writes to an acquaintance:—

*'Brutus thou sleep'st! awake!'*—What has caused such an alteration; that I, who am running half the world over, distracted with a million of uninteresting occupations, can find time to write to an old friend, while he, dozing in retirement, neglects to kill one hour of solitude by paying me the tribute of a short reply? I have



epistolized thee in half the countries of the globe—dost thou live, and shall I never hear from thee?

‘ You are surprised to find me here. So am I. I can’t tell a rigmarole tale of my adventures. I *was* going to Egypt three weeks ago; I *am* now going to Naples, and there’s the difference. Perhaps I shall be here again in the spring. Our tour to the East is postponed, and if it is quite given up I shall take my leave of his Lordship, and withdraw to my native land again. I came to England on the wings of the wind. I shall return to Italy more deliberately. My business here was to arrange matters for the better progress of our Levantine scheme. Lord Berwick has written to say he has postponed it for a time, I fear for ever, and if so, I return to England again. But how came I at Cambridge? Why, the Bishop of Gloucester sent me here; for what purpose I can hardly say; but I believe to mortify me, by shewing me the changes that have taken place since my absence. You have been here, they say, and have beheld a divided people; a College gone to the dogs; old friends with new faces; and a host of strange quizzes all at loggerheads together. Why did I come here? Instead of meeting my old companions; instead of being welcomed by those I left behind, what is here? People I never wish to see, and who do not wish to see me. I have been here forty-eight hours, and twelve more shall find me many a mile off.

‘ It was near dark when I arrived. Not a light in any of the rooms. Not one cheerful sound;—not one friendly welcome. Some pestilence, I thought, must have destroyed them all. I walked in the cloisters—nothing to be heard but the sound of my own footsteps. I strolled into the ante-chapel—a simple monument of white marble caught my eyes, which reflected the scattered rays of the sexton’s candle. It was to the memory of our poor friend William Beadon. At last the horrid clang of a dismal bell called a few straggling sinners from their cells to chapel. I addressed a yawning freshman, and inquired after a few of those I hoped might still exist among the living. “ O. junr. sir! is gone to dine with Dr. T.” “ O. junr.!!!” said I, giving a spring that alarmed him, “ is it possible that he can be in the University? Who the devil is Dr. T.?” An odd place, thought I, for him to dine at; but away I ran full of the idea of seeing you; and just as I cleared the college gates, a tall figure in black came towards me. I could have sworn it was you; so, seizing the poor fellow by both his arms, I pinned him with his back against the wall, when, by the dim light of an opposite lamp, who should stare me full in the face, but that pale miscreant G. the attorney! I was ready to kick him for disappointment. At last I got to Dr. T.’s. “ Is Mr. O. junr. here?” “ Yes.” I hid behind the door—“ tell him to come out.” Out he came, but not the O. junr. I expected to see, but a different person whom I had never before seen.’—pp. 141—143.

Thus cast down from the pinnacle of his hopes, he slowly

returned to Naples, visiting his friends at Uckfield by the way, on the road whither he was stopped and robbed by highwaymen. He reached Ostend on the 24th Jan.; Cologne on the 1st Feb., and Venice on the 23rd; and after staying about three weeks at Naples, arrived at Rome on the 1st of April. His letters and journal, written during this journey are highly interesting. From Cologne he writes thus to his mother.

‘Come, take a chair on each side of this little green table, and enjoy the beautiful scenery I have now before me. ’Tis only to rouse your fancy. See what a lovely sight! Not a cloud in the sky. The Rhine full before us, rich with accumulated waters from the melting snows, rolls his vast tide along! See what innumerable vessels are floating upon his surface! Look how commerce spreads her canvass to the winds! What a throng upon the quay! How busy they look, not one idle being among a thousand! See what the ingenuity of man is capable of performing, who, finding the rapidity of the tide too great to admit a bridge of arches, has converted even its violence to utility, in forming a flying bridge of boats, which owe all their convenience to the force of the stream!

‘We will shut the windows and draw round the stove; the air is keen. I have hired a large boat, and am to be carried up the river. We embark to-morrow. It is to be drawn by horses. I shall by this means avoid roads almost impassable, and perhaps another overturn. I mean to go in this manner, as far as Mayence, and if I can to Mannheim: but the French are encamped so much on both sides, that I fear I must give them the slip by going to Francfort.’—p. 146.

‘A report was circulated all over Loretto, of a wonderful Madonna that had been discovered five miles off, within these fifteen days, who was found under ground, and worked miracles every hour, by dozens. The people of the house told me, that she got up in the night, and rang the bells of the church to call the people together, and had since given sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, made the lame walk, &c. “Una cosa spaventosa, Signor!” said the master of the house, “all the world is there.”—It was quite out of my way, so I did not go.’—p. 173.

This note was written about a week before his departure from Naples.

‘I have just finished a melancholy excursion to all my wonted haunts, along the delightful shores of Baia, and through the Elysian Fields, by way of bidding them farewell. We are going to leave this place for ever, and to exchange its warm sunshine for the cold palaces and marshy catacombs of Rome. In four days we go to Rome. Adieu, dear beloved Naples—queen of the Sicilian sea—beauteous bright Parthenope. To-morrow, I go up Vesuvius with a large party for the last time, and shall pillage the crater of some of its contents. I have long been a cicerone to the English, in shewing the wonders of our volcano, and to-morrow I

am to conduct Lord and Lady P. &c. &c. to the mouth of the mountain. I have models of vases enough to load a ship.'—p. 174.

The following accurate description of the villa of Adrian, we copy from his journal at Rome.

'The villa of Adrian is perhaps one of the most powerful proofs that we have of the magnificence of the ancient Romans. It is more like the ruins of a city, or of many cities, than of a villa. It contains four or five theatres, numerous temples, baths, mosaics, every sort of grandeur. In the vaulted plafond of one of the chambers, belonging to the baths, is the most exquisite specimen of ornamented stucco in relief, that has been left us, of the finest ages of Rome. Athenian Stewart, and many others, took all their ideas of elegant borders from this room.

'In this vast enormous villa, Adrian endeavoured to comprise the riches and splendour of the whole world. He travelled over his empire, and collected from all parts of it the magnificent things that were afterwards combined in his villa. Not a country in the world but sent something to adorn it. Asia, Greece, Egypt, Macedonia, all afforded their contribution to it. There he erected temples to the deities of all nations, and celebrated the rites of all the religions of the earth. The priests of each were dressed in the habits peculiar to their country, and all the attendants wore their native costumes. Thus decorated and arranged, it represented an epitome of all his travels. At one part of it he might fancy himself in Egypt, at another in Greece, and it became the emporium of arts, displaying at one view the riches of his whole empire.

'The excavations that have been made here, have of course been more productive than any others. The artists say it seemed as if the earth would never cease to yield up riches. Almost all the finest mosaics, marbles, and statues, were found here. Among others, that beautiful Grecian pavement, described by Pliny, of the pigeons, which is now preserved in the Capitol.'—pp. 175, 176.

The travellers reached England on the 8th of June, by way of Lausanne, the Rhine, Leyden, and Harwich, pleased with their excursion, and more than ever convinced, that it is not "living at home which fills us with prejudice," but that "*it is travelling abroad which makes John Bulls of us all.*"

During this Italian tour, Mr. Clarke wrote several letters on the subject of travelling, addressed to the young nobility of England, which, however, have never been published. The extracts in Mr. Otter's book are beautiful specimens of the intended work.

Mr. Clarke did not, however, remain idle upon his return from Italy; for, after having distinguished himself in an election controversy among the Hill family of Shropshire, he commenced and carried on through twenty-nine numbers, a periodical work, called "*Le Revêur, or the Waking Visions of an Absent Man;*"

but this work never saw the light. It consists of essays, chiefly made up of his observations on places and societies he had visited and mixed with. One extract we make from it, on account of the sentiments it conveys—sentiments we feel a pride in bearing testimony to with heart and voice.

‘ At the same time, I cannot refrain from deriving this satisfaction from the experience I have obtained ; that the church is no where supported with such credit, nor conducted upon so respectable an establishment as in England. And I beg leave to conclude this paper, by congratulating my readers on possessing a set of men, WHOSE TALENTS AND VIRTUES ADD DIGNITY TO THEIR PROFESSION, AND A KING, WHO SUPPORTS THE RELIGION OF HIS COUNTRY BY THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.’—p. 203.

After this Mr. Clarke formed an engagement with, and accompanied the *Hon. Berkeley Paget*, in a tour to the isles and hills of Scotland. His connexion with the family was commenced by his having resided for some months as a tutor to Lord Uxbridge’s youngest son, the *Hon. Brownlow Paget*, who died of a decline whilst under the superintendence of his tutor.

The journal of his tour to Scotland is rich in remark and observation, but we have too little room for many extracts. The isles of Rum and Staffa, filled our traveller with delight, and he roamed among the Caledonian wilds and mountains, with as enthusiastic a love of nature as when he first stood on the summit of Vesuvius. In the isle of Mull he met with a person who explained to him, in the words of the original conversation, the story mentioned in *Dr. Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides*, at p. 358.

‘ Loch Buy, according to the usual custom among the Highlanders, demanded the name of his guest; and upon being informed that it was Johnson, inquired ‘ *Which of the Johnstons ? of Glencoe or Ardnamurchan ?* ’—‘ Neither ! ’ replied the Doctor, somewhat piqued by the question, and not a little sulky with the fatigue he had encountered during the day’s journey. ‘ *Neither !* ’ rejoined the Laird, with all the native roughness of a genuine Highlander, ‘ *then by G—, you must be a bastard.* ’—p. 224.

A curious custom of the ancient lairds of Barra, in South Uist is thus mentioned.

‘ It was usual in remoter periods, when the family had dined, for a herald to sound a horn from the tower of the castle, and make the following proclamation, in the Gaelic language, ‘ Hear, O ye people ! and listen, O ye nations ! The great Macneil, of Barra, having finished his dinner, all the Princes of the Earth have liberty to dine ! ’—p. 263.

The explorers of submarine forests are informed that,

‘ In the peat-bogs, all over Ross-shire, as in many parts of Scotland, they find quantities of pine and fir-trees, a considerable depth below the surface. At Ullapool they use slips of this wood for candles and matches, which burn with a clear bright light. But I was more surprised to find the ropes of the fishermen’s boats also of the same materials. They twist the long slips of it into ropes and cables. Oaks are also found, the wood of which is hard enough to turn the edges of their sharpest weapons. On the north coast of Caithness, half a league from shore, Captain Melville assured me, in heaving up an anchor, they once brought up a large mass of peat-bog, which lay below the sand.’—p. 294.

The travellers passed Ben Nevis without ascending, which Dr. Clarke afterwards regrets. It was, indeed, an omission of his duty to the spirits of the mountains, which he says himself, he was never guilty of before. He describes the field of Culloden, so as to interest us mightily. Surely to an Englishman, it is as full of claims to notice as the more bloody, yet not more venerable field of Waterloo.

‘ The morning after our arrival, we rode to the field of Culloden, and having procured upon the spot one of the peasants, all of whom retained by heart the whole history of the memorable battle fought there, we hastened to indulge a melancholy contemplation over the graves of the slaughtered clans, who with valour worthy of a better cause, fell victims to a mistaken zeal. The line preserved by the Highlanders upon that occasion, is distinctly marked along the plain, by the number of their graves. They were interred exactly as they fell, their bodies being guarded during the night after the action, and the following morning all the peasants of the neighbouring country were summoned to assist in giving them such a burial as the place would afford. Our guide assured us, that his father assisted at their interment, and that they laboured two days incessantly before they were all committed to the earth. Two thousand fell during the action and in the retreat. Our great moralist, Johnson, observes, ‘ The man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon;’ but what degree of apathy must characterize the traveller, who, in crossing the field of Culloden, could pass the solitary graves of the Highlanders without a sigh? Never was a spot more calculated to awaken emotions which obliterate the present in memory of the past. The scene is a wide heath, whose uniform and melancholy surface is only interrupted by turf-grown sods rising at intervals, where, hushed in death, repose the bodies of brave, but ill-fated Caledonians. Wherever these mounds appear, the heath no longer grows, but the white clover and the daisy, mingled with a fine green turf, betray the deposit mantled by their verdure.

‘ Our guide with his spade gently raised the turf from some

of these rude tumuli as we passed. We found them filled with the bones and skulls of bodies, which seemed to have been hastily covered without much attention to order or disposition. In some of them were shoes and rotten pieces of wood. Flints, nails, balls, bullets, fragments of broken weapons, and even holsters, are often found upon the heath; but the eagerness of the people to possess a relic of this kind, soon occasions them to be as effectually concealed from future observation, as if they still remained buried in the field of Culloden. We found a very intelligent guide in the peasant we had brought, and I could not avoid thinking, what an excellent subject he would make for an historical painter, as he stood in the middle of a wide heath, leaning upon his spade, over the graves of his countrymen, relating the traditionary tales of their valour, tracing out upon the turf the line of the adverse armies, and pointing out the spot where the most celebrated of the different clans were interred. We found in no instance a heap of earth over a single body; the graves, though not large, were all made to contain as many as possible; and in one long trench, which was dug upon that occasion, it is supposed above one hundred persons were buried.'—pp. 320, 321.

The return was made by way of the English Lakes. But the glorious expanse of the Derwent-Water, and the verdant sides of the "*Parnassian Skiddaw*," failed to draw out that rapturous acknowledgment of beauty, which our traveller paid involuntarily to the awful summit of *Vesuvius*, and the peaked passes of *Jura*.

He thus expresses himself: 'We approached *Saddle Back* and *Skiddaw* from an open country; those mountains looked very contemptible after the Scotch hills. I could hardly believe I saw *Skiddaw* when it was pointed out. A lady might ride on horse-back to the top. We saw distinctly the summit, with a pile of stones upon it. It is covered with verdure, and looks more like the *South Downs*, than a mountain so famous.

'Nothing remarkably beautiful or striking occurred till we ascended a hill, and the vale of *Keswick* opened before us, with the lakes of *Derwentwater* and *Bassenthwaite*—a scene uniting grandeur with beauty, wild mountains with lakes, and cultivated fields smiling in harvest, and full of trees. The accounts of the lakes are much exaggerated. *Loch Lomond* surpasses any of them. *Derwentwater*, from *Crow park*, compared to *Loch Lomond*, looks like a pond. When you are on it, or wandering upon its shores, and among its creeks, it is certainly very beautiful. The fact is, the mountains round it, from the vastness of their dimensions, diminish the appearance of the lake itself. On *Skiddaw* are no abrupt precipices or broken rocks; its sides are sloping, green, and uniform; and have all the insipidity of a lawn<sup>7</sup>. Mrs. Radcliffe's account of her ascent is truly ridiculous.'—p. 329.

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<sup>7</sup> Very different were the sensations of a younger visitor to these wonders of

In the last line we fully agree with him, but think his mention of the country which his venerated predecessor *Gray* has rendered illustrious by his admiration, might have shared the praises which were so liberally bestowed on Highland moors, and Italian glens.

But his rapture was hoarded up for exportation to the classic land of Phidias and Homer, and for the sublime and awful regions of the Swede and the Norwegian.

After a residence of a few weeks with his friends at Uckfield, he took up his abode in Cambridge, having been appointed Bursar at Jesus College, (of which college he had during his absence been elected fellow) to prevent his being called on to serve in the militia! At this time a Mr. Cripps, since distinguished as the companion of our author, desirous of profiting by Mr Clarke's converse and learning entered the college as his private pupil; and it was whilst thus employed that the love of travel, so predominant in the mind of the tutor, extended with rapid strides over the wishes of his disciple. Ardent and enthusiastic as Clarke could wish him to be, Cripps seemed the man 'after his own heart:' and it was not long after the first mention of the subject, that the scheme for visiting, in an extensive tour, the north of Europe was put in practice. Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Malthus, the famous political economist, and by Mr. Otter<sup>s</sup> the Author of the work before us, Mr. Clarke, and his ambitious pupil left Cambridge on the 20th of May, 1799, intending to ramble at their ease during six or seven months, and quite unprepared for a journey which in its accomplishment consumed more than forty-two.

The letters written during this journey—which also supplied the materials of those beautiful details "which have mainly contributed to spread the reputation of the author throughout every part of Europe"—are in themselves so interesting and so elegant, that we might justly give the remainder of our volume to the re-publication of them. Ner-

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the north of England, when he thus apostrophized the most beautiful of Cumbrian hills:

" But when I saw thee, in thy summer pride  
Clothed in each soft and richly-varied dye,  
And viewed upon thy green and even side  
The snowy flocks; whilst gazed my ardent eye  
With admiration's fixed intensity,  
Upon thy graceful curves, and saw thee stand  
*Amidst that valley calm as summer's sea,—*  
*Thyself how calm!*—My heart could not demand  
A more enchanting scene from fancy's magic wand."

From the "River Derwent," a Poem by William Branwhite Clarke, B. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, p. 45, 46.

<sup>s</sup> These gentlemen separated from Mr. Clarke, in Sweden, and returned to England by way of Petersburg.

vous, elevated, and original, the hand of genius is seen in every line: whilst the fulness of a benevolent and fond affection for his widowed parent is exhibited in a light that cannot fail to charm and prepossess. It would be in vain to think of translating to these pages the hundredth part of the matter which lies before us, entreating observation: our object is to give an account of the life and habits of the author, and we shall, therefore, extract such passages only as bear more especially on the point; such as develop the vastness of his mind, and the liveliness of his character; leaving to our readers the pleasing task (for such we have indeed found it) of tracing his career from the frozen wilds of Lapland to the burning sands of Egypt, in the work that commemorates his death, or the volumes which register the actions and events of his multifarious journeyings. The letters which were addressed to his mother bespeak our particular attention: in them he laid aside the pomp of diction and the diffuseness of description, labouring only to appease the anxiety of her faithful solicitude by the quiet expression of dutiful attachment: and in this he must have succeeded admirably, for never did we meet with more explicit testimony of fond and careful affection than the few letters to his mother, scattered through his correspondence to his English friends, can furnish. Witness the easy manner in which he endeavours to express his desire to make her happy.

‘ WENERSBORG, SWEDEN, June 21, 1799.

‘ Now you will have no difficulty to find me in the map of Sweden. Open it this instant, and behold me upon the great Lake of Wener, or Wener See, in Westro Gothland. I am now dripping from its waves; having bathed in its crystal waters. There! you have the map open! Well! don't you see me? How do you do? I perceive you have your spectacles on. What a lake! It is one of the largest in the world. One hundred miles in length, and fifty in breadth. Come, will you take a boat with me? I will row you across to some of the islands. There, sit down at the stern. Ay, that is right—take care you don't wet your petticoats.

‘ This is a land of iron; therefore, to be in character, I write to you with my old iron pen. We are all very well, and very happy. I shall present your compliments to the King of Sweden, and ask him, if he will eat his beef pudding with you in the autumn, and belong to our whist club, at Mrs. Budds.—I have prepared my speech upon that occasion.’—p. 349.

Again, he writes thus from Enontakis, in Lapland.

‘ We have found the cottage of a priest, in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him, a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth.



‘Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone? More than two degrees within the arctic; and nearer to the pole, than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtesy, without setting. At midnight, the priest of this place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning glass, from the sun’s rays.

‘We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio, in Tornea Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will shew you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings?—I’ll draw up the curtain—now see what it is!—A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light. And this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife, and his wife’s mother, and a dozen children, and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Torneà.’—pp. 356, 357.

The next extract will serve another purpose, that of pointing out the peculiar vividness which Mr. Clarke impressed upon the subjects of his narrative: it is from a letter to his mother, dated June 31st, 1800, from Taganrok, on the sea of Azov.

‘We have now in one year traversed the whole of Europe, from the Icy to the Black Sea. Since we left Petersburg, we have crossed entirely the vast empire of all the Russias, from the Gulf of Finland to the sea of Azov, and rolled over two thousand of our English miles, without starting a bolt from the carriage. Huzza! my dear mother! look! look yonder! what a glorious sight! the sea of Azov, and the fleets of Turkish merchants; the ships of Tarshish, and the Isles! The rich vineyards of the Crimea, the wide deserts of the Don, the long and loitering caravans slowly moving in whirlwinds of dust, the ancient cities of Tanais and Theodosia, the camps of the Calmucs, and the tombs of the Tartars? Huzza! here we go again! The snow-clad mountains of Caucasus, the fair damsels of Circassia, the Armenian colonies, the roving Cossacks, the princes of Persia, and the ports of the Argonauts.’—pp. 422, 423.

In a letter from Woronetz, we have this admirable mention of the lamented Tweddel.

‘What a loss was this man! I am sure from what I hear of

him, and the manner in which he passed his time, that he made discoveries of the utmost importance to history, which are lost for ever. We like very much his servant, and he gives us daily anecdotes of his late master; which are not merely amusing but instructive. What Tweddel did in such a journey, others may rationally wish to do. How few such men exist among us! enlightened by science, and flushed by enterprise; scaling the precipices of knowledge and glory. To travel with one of his disposition and talents, I would black his shoes in the morning, and fry his fish at night, contented only to tread in his footsteps, and profit by his information.'—p. 411.

At the conclusion of a long and interesting account of his journey through Russia, is affixed the following ode which will speak more than volumes upon the distinguishing feature of poor Clarke's life.

### ODE TO ENTERPRISE.

#### I.

On lofty mountains roaming,  
O'er bleak perennial snow,  
Where cataracts are foaming,  
And raging north-winds blow;  
Where hungry wolves are prowling,  
And famish'd eagles cry;  
Where tempests loud are howling,  
And lowering vapours fly:

#### II.

There, at the peep of morning,  
Bedeck'd with dewy tears,  
Wild weeds her brows adorning,  
Bold ENTERPRISE appears:  
While keen-eye'd EXPECTATION  
Still points to objects new,  
See panting EMULATION,  
Her fleeting steps pursue!

#### III.

List, list, celestial virgin!  
And, oh! the vow record!  
From groveling cares emerging,  
I pledge this solemn word:—  
By deserts, fields, or fountains,  
While health, while life remains,  
O'er *Lapland's* icy mountains,  
O'er *Afric's* burning plains;

## IV.

Or, midst the darksome wonders  
Which earth's vast caves conceal,  
Where subterraneous thunders  
The miner's path reveal ;  
Where, bright in matchless lustre,  
The lithal flowers<sup>9</sup> unfold,  
And, midst the beauteous cluster,  
Beams efflorescent gold ;

## V.

In ev'ry varied station,  
Whate'er my fate may be,  
My hope, my exultation,  
Is still, to follow thee !—  
When age, with sickness blended,  
Shall check the gay career,  
And death, though long suspended,  
Begins to hover near—

## VI.

Then oft, in visions fleeting,  
May thy fair form be nigh,  
And still thy votary greeting  
Receive his parting sigh ;  
And tell a joyful story  
Of some new world to come,  
Where kindred souls, in glory,  
May call the wanderer home !—pp.114,—116.

Long as had been his wanderings through Europe, it is no wonder that he should be knocked up at last—and in a letter to the Rev. W. Otter, he thus unfolds the real state of his health, backed by an affectionate request not to wound the feelings of his mother by the mention of it. These are the little instances that do credit to his heart.

' I believe I must tell you a secret ; that, with all my dashing and slashing, I fear this will be my last journey. My health has failed through the whole of it, and *peu-à-peu*, I seem to be going out, like a farthing candle, that has enlightened no one. The fire of enterprise burns within me, and keeps me moving ; but my body is a wet and withered weed, that turns all its flame to smoke. It is with the greatest difficulty I can exert myself to write. Thank God, as yet I have no blank to lament. Plants, Minerals, Antiquities, Statistics, Geography, Customs, Insects, Animals, Cli-

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<sup>9</sup> " *Crystals*, the blossoms of the *mineral* world ; disclosing the nature and properties of *stones*, as those of vegetables are made known by their *flowers*."

mates; every thing I could observe, and preserve, I have done; but it is with labour and pain of body and mind. Without such a mild, active, and attentive companion as Cripps, I should never have persevered.

‘My letter to my mother has been very short. As she knows I write to you, if they ask to see this, tear off, or blot out, this part, and say it was on a subject of ancient history, not fit for them to see.’—p. 418.

In the Crimea his health wholly failed; but he found an excellent nurse and physician in the person of the venerable Professor Pallas, at whose house he remained till he had recovered his lost strength. What an interesting thing it must have been to have witnessed the illustrious host and his no less illustrious guest—Learning in the service of Charity—and wisdom bending down over the bed of sickness, and administering to the wants of necessity and pain.

‘You know I had a letter to Professor Pallas, the great luminary of the Scythians; and to his benevolence I am indebted for every comfort I enjoy here, and perhaps for my life. In the midst of weakness and fatigue, I caught a vile tertian fever, the paroxysms of which were beyond my strength. He became more than a father to me; he received me into his house; became my physician, my friend, my instructor. He gave me health, amusement, repose. I am recovered, and, thank God, and my good Samaritan, for being able to enjoy leisure and study, among scenes the most interesting I ever saw. At this distance from the walks of science, he finds it so interesting to converse with men, who are fond of his pursuits; and has taken such an affection for me, that he gives me books, insects, plants, antiquities, drawings, and I believe, would empty his library for me, if I were selfish enough to permit it.’—p. 431.

Leaving the house of this hospitable creature, he made his way to Constantinople, after being driven about for twenty-four days in the stormy Euxine.

From Constantinople it was not difficult to penetrate to the plains of Troy; and therefore we are gratified to find our author and his faithful Achates, perched on the top of Ida. It is thus, as he was wont, on all occasions of interest, that he commemorates the exploit.

‘SOURCE of the SIMOIS, on Mount Ida,  
below Gargarus, March 11, 1801.

‘Judge of my rapture! Enabled to date a letter to you, at the very source of the Simois. You will read with pleasure, and I write with joy. Enterprise has subdued all! I have health in all its vigour. My ague I left at Constantinople. Here I sit with Cripps, on a spot that never traveller witnessed since the first

Christians made these wilds their refuge, surrounded by scenery more sublime than Salvator Rosa ever conceived or viewed. Yesterday my life, which always hangs by a thread, had nearly fallen on the peak of Gargarus. Deserted by all, even by my guides, and compelled from the great danger and horror of the scene to leave Cripps on its third summit, I climbed the glaciers, which cover the aerial top of Ida—drove Paris from his judgment-seat, and drank brandy with the Queen of Love, in view of Olympus. The hundred things I have to tell you will find vent, I hope, when I get back to the base of the mountain: I now borrow our artist's pencil, to write that the Source of the Simois, object of years of hope, is before my eyes!—p. 454.

‘The base of the mountain,’ he says elsewhere, “you see has extended to *Rhodes*,” whence he dated his next letter. We quote a passage from it in order to mention a circumstance rather interesting to the believers in the authenticity of Homer and Virgil.

‘There are poor Turks in Constantinople whose business it is to wash the mud of the common sewers of the city, and the sand of the shore. These people found a small onyx, with an antique intaglio, of most excellent workmanship, representing *Æneas* flying from the city, leading his boy by the hand, and bearing on his shoulders (who do you suppose?)—not his father; for in that case, the subject might have been borrowed from Virgil or Ovid, but---his wife, with the Penates in her lap; and so wonderfully wrought, that these three figures are brought into a gem of the smallest size, and wings are added to the feet of *Æneas*, to express by symbols the most explicit the nature of the story, and the situation of the hero.

‘Thus, you see, it is proved that a tradition (founded neither on the works of Homer, nor the Greek historians; and perhaps unknown to Virgil and the Roman poets, who always borrowed their stories from such records as were afforded by the works of ancient artists) existed among the ancients in the remotest periods, respecting the war of Troy. The authenticity of this invaluable little relic, the light it throws on ancient history, its beauty, and the remarkable coincidence of the spot on which it was found, with the locality of the subject it illustrates, interested so much the late Swedish minister, Mr. Heidensham, and other antiquarians of the first talents in this part of the world, that I have given it a very considerable part of this letter; hoping it will not be indifferent to you.’—pp. 455, 456.

From Rhodes they passed to the Gulf of Glaucus; thence to Egypt, where he found his brother George, commanding the Braakel; and so on to Cyprus, Acre, Jerusalem, &c. From the latter place he writes thus.

'JERUSALEM, July 10, 1801.  
Convent of St. Salvador.

'The date!---the date's the thing! You will thank me for a letter dated *Jerusalem*, more for that little local honour stuck in its front, than for all the fine composition and intelligence it may contain. I hardly yet feel the reality of my being here, and when I reflect, and look back on the many years in which I vainly hoped for this happiness; on the difficulties and dangers I have encountered to get here; on my fatigue, and fevers, and toil; I am ready to sink beneath the weight of an accomplishment, possessing so much influence on my life. For all my hopes centered there---all my plans---speculations---wishes---were concerned in travels; and without visiting Egypt, Syria, and Greece, my travels, however extensive, would have appeared to me to want that nucleus, which like the heart is necessary to give life and sensation to the body. If I could repose a little, I should now, I think, be found more quiet for my future life. A stillness must succeed to the gratification of desires which have so long irritated my mind and body. I have done my portion, and am satisfied. If I sit down in Old England's meadows, I may hope to listen no more to schemes of enterprise, but leave it to younger and stronger men to visit those regions, which I have no longer the wish, nor the power to explore.'---pp. 465, 466.

Would we had room for all this interesting letter!

Speaking of the army of assistance under General Baird, which came from India to help the English troops in Egypt, he says:

'The Indian army under General Baird forms one of the finest military sights in this country. Their establishment is quite in the style of oriental splendour. I know not how it will answer to mix them with the other English troops; as their pay is so much higher. Even the subalterns live on sophas, beneath fine tents, drinking Madeira and English beer; while the richest of the troops from England sleep on the sand, and have none of those luxuries. Their voyage down the Nile was charming. They came, some of them, from the cataracts; and all of them visited the temples of Dendera, &c.; teaching those dastard savages, who have so often insulted and reviled travellers, to bow down, and tremble at the British standard, and to respect its name. They have with them persons of almost every cast in India. And it is a fact which will interest, if not astonish you, that upon my asking General Baird, whether the system adopted by Monsieur de Guignes was true, respecting the analogy between the Egyptians and the Chinese?---he replied, that some seapoys of the Brahmin cast, entering the Temple of Isis, acknowledged their god Vishnu among the mutilated idols; and would have destroyed the Arabs, for the injuries which these sacred symbols had sustained. No fact has occurred this century more worthy the attention of the historian. I am perfectly of opinion that the Chinese are an

Egyptian colony, and that part of India was peopled in the same way.'—pp. 483, 484.

And further on he adds this testimony to the truth<sup>10</sup> of Bruce's narrative, which we believe is now so well established, that no one will in future have the audacity or the baseness to venture a doubt about the subject.

'I hope I have made every inquiry that you would have dictated about Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller. There is no doubt, as to his having visited that country. The Imperial consul here knew and travelled with him. It is not long since a man died in Cairo, who accompanied him from that country; and used to confirm all that Bruce had written, by his relation. The officers from India affirm, that, in all the countries which they visited, they found Bruce a most faithful writer; and General Baird adds, that his latitudes of places in the Red Sea, are the only observations to be depended upon; and that they were of great use to the fleet. I believe his work will rise in estimation, in proportion as the memory of the man is obliterated.'—p. 485.

He concludes with this remark on the change which had then recently taken place in Russia—the barbarity and the despotism of the government of which had called forth so many bitter sarcasms from his vigorous pen.

'Think how rejoiced we were in the change which has taken place in Russia. We know something of the present emperor. All our treasures of Siberian minerals we thought were lost for ever. But now we hear the embargo is taken off. Professor Pallas will repair his lost vigour, 'and breathe and walk again' amidst the fields of science he had abandoned. All Russia will rejoice—from the forts of Kamschatka to the forests of Poland. I hope my next will be dated nearer to England. Medals are exceedingly scarce here. I have only a few of the Ptolemies. Indeed, nothing abounds except dust, mosquitoes, bugs, and lice.' p. 484.

It was a custom with Mr. Clarke to address letters to his friends from any remarkable place which he visited, and therefore we find letters dated from the "Pinnacle of the Pyramid of Cheops"—"Summit of Parnassus in ice and snow"—"Mount Hæmus," &c. We have made such numerous extracts already, that our reader's patience will grow weary; but on the strength of our author's powerful skill in delineation, we venture to add the two following passages to those already given from his correspondence.

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<sup>10</sup> Burckhardt however seems to have entertained a suspicion to the contrary. But no author ever laboured under the influence of *prejudiced* opinion so much as Bruce.

' ISLE of ZIA, off Cape Sunium, October 25, 1801.

' While Antoine is cutting up an old goat, to fry some chops in an earthen pan, for Cripps's breakfast, I will make a sketch of the luxuries we enjoy in Greece. It may cool your ardour for exploring these seas; for when I think of the enthusiasm with which I once planned such a voyage, it seems as a dream that vanished with the moments of repose. Danger, fatigue, disease, filth, treachery, thirst, hunger, storms, rocks, assassins, these are the realities! Will you believe, that even I have repented the undertaking? You once said all my letters begin with disasters. How can it be otherwise? I must shew things as they are. In my fourth decade, I no longer scatter roses among thorns.

' I call you to witness—was I always at sea a coward? Now the very sight of it sickens me to the heart. It has handled me so roughly, that I shall never face it like a man again. Coming from Egypt, we tasted a tempest in a Turkish sixty-four; and since were blown upon some rocks on the south of Naxos, to amuse ourselves with drying our rags, naked, upon a desert. But suppose it all goes well, and you have fine weather, and so on. Lice all over your body: lice in your head; fleas, bugs, cock-roaches, rats, disputing even to your teeth, for a crust of mouldy biscuit full of maggots. What's the matter now? 'Sir, we are becalmed!' Well, what of that? 'The pirates have lighted their signals, within two miles of us, if a breeze does not spring up, we are lost!' A breeze comes! it gathers force—it blows fresh—it whistles—it roars—darkness all around—away goes the fore-sheet—the sea covers us—again a calm—again the pirates—Mercy! mercy!

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' At Cos, we hired a Cassiot boat, for four hundred and fifty piastres per month, open, and built like a bean-shell. A pretty vessel, you will say, after the picture I have given you, to navigate these seas, in such a season. But Athens!—Could we return without seeing Attica? You would have rigged one of Halliday's canoes, sooner than have been guilty of such neglect. If it had not been for Cripps, I should have turned back from Patmos. J'ai le cœur gâté; de sorte qu'il n'existe plus; ainsi ce que je ferai, je ne puis m'empêcher de faire.

' Do you remember the little boat, in which, many years ago, we embarked from Lynn, to fish in the Roads; and night coming on, we all crept into a place where they kept their nets! Exactly such a vessel is now under our command; in which I squat at this instant, and scribble to you upon my knees---the heavens our canopy, and the sea our couch. Cripps is Capitano—I am Noster Uomo, as the Italians call the boatswain, in a dirty night-cap—and Antoine is Scrivano, without being able to write or read.

' To-morrow we cross over to a village, distant only twelve miles from this port, from whence it is only a journey of ten hours to Athens. When we arrive there, I will finish this letter. Our



plan is to see Athens and Corinth, and then to cross the seas again to Smyrna; from whence we go by land to Constantinople. I dread the voyage; but when I consider that Ulysses escaped in a boat of this kind; after so many tempests, in the same seas, and that Columbus sailed to America, in another not much larger, I gather a little courage; but these are all consolations while I sit in port—when Neptune rages, I shall squeak again.’—pp. 497, 499.

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‘ SUMMIT OF PARNASSUS, December 15, 1801.

‘ It is necessary to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—all I ever saw! Asia, Egypt—the Isles—Italy—the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins! Awful in its mountains!—captivating in its vales—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it—no pen can describe it—no pencil can portray it!

‘ I know not when we shall get to Constantinople. We are as yet only three days distant from Athens; and here we sit on the top of Parnassus, in a little stye, full of smoke, after wandering for a fortnight in Attica, Bœotia, and Phocis. We have been in every spot celebrated in ancient story—in fields of slaughter, and in groves of song. I shall grow old in telling you the wonders of this country. Marathon, Thebes, Platæa, Leuctra, Thespia, Mount Helicon, the Grove of the Muses, the Cave of Trophonius, Cheronea, Orchomene, Delphi, the Castalian fountain—Parnassus—we have paid our vows in all! But what is most remarkable, in Greece there is hardly a spot, which hath been peculiarly dignified, that is not also adorned by the most singular beauties of nature. Independent of its history, each particular object is interesting. Attached to that enthusiasm, which imagination, or memory, excites in its full force, it becomes a scene of adoration.—pp. 503, 504.

The travellers, after visiting Vienna and Paris, where Mr. Clarke became acquainted with the Abbé Hoiüy, and under him acquired a practical knowledge of mineralogy, reached England in October, 1802. But a sad loss befel him in the death of his mother, who did not live to welcome home the fond and affectionate son, who had in all his wanderings looked to her approval as his dearest honour and reward.

From this time the pursuits of Mr. Clarke became of a nature totally distinct from those, which had so lately interested him. The seclusion of a college life, notwithstanding the cares which fell upon him as senior tutor, to which office he was shortly appointed, gave him opportunities of arranging and examining the numerous packages of minerals, marbles, plants, &c. which he had brought home; and indeed this was no trifling stock, as they amounted, including those of his

fellow-traveller, Mr. Cripps, to nearly *two hundred*!—a fact which says more for the perseverance and labour of their travels than all the eulogy of the historian. Amongst other treasures they had brought home the enormous statue of the *Eleusinian Ceres*, the account of which was published in a Pamphlet in 1803, entitled “*Testimonies of different authors respecting the Colossal Statue of Ceres, &c.*” This statue, after having been shipwrecked off Beachy Head, was at last safely placed in the spot of its destination—the Vestibule of the University Library of Cambridge, where it now is conspicuous alike for its size, antiquity, and the inscription which the University caused to be engraved on its pedestal commemorative of Messrs. Clarke and Cripps. This was a triumph which Mr. Clarke had long anticipated, and now rejoiced at—and it is impossible to deny that he had honest cause for joy, gained as was their prize from national superstition, and diplomatic chicanery. “The Ceres,” says he, “is more and more admired; as for our master, he pulls off his gown and dances round it.”

For this and his other services, the Senate conferred upon him the degree of L. L. D., and on Mr. Cripps that of A. M., (the expenses of which were defrayed by the University chest,) besides publicly thanking them in the person of the Vice-Chancellor, in whose inaugural speech justice was done to the merits of the travellers.

After this, he was engaged in controversy with the learned about the Sarcophagus of Alexandria, in the British Museum; and in preparing for the press a treatise on Mineralogy. But a circumstance of more private interest took him awhile from these pursuits, as in the month of March, 1806, he was married to the amiable and accomplished Angelica Rush, fifth daughter of Sir W. and Lady Rush—a match at first objected to on account of disparity of years, and other circumstances, but afterwards allowed with gratifying marks of approbation. For, shortly after he had taken orders, the living of Geldham, in Essex, became vacant, and was presented to him; which, together with the sale of the MSS. he had brought from abroad—themselves a fortune—(though not to him)—and the little college living of Storlton, which he luckily obtained, offered a substantial ground of hope that his union would be attended by no pecuniary difficulties. To shew the regard of his friends, we just mention that when he left college his pupils subscribed to present him with a piece of plate—and that the news of his marriage was greeted with the acclamations of all who knew him.

Settled now in life, and at Cambridge, his thoughts naturally turned to the great object of his ambition, the insti-

tution of his Lectures on Mineralogy; the first of which—the first also of the kind ever given at Cambridge—was delivered in the Botanic Garden Lecture Room on 17th March, 1807. The success which attended this essay was encouraging in the highest degree; and by the assistance and recommendation of his friends, he obtained at last a Grace to found a Professorship, the endowment of which was 100*l.* the gift of the crown. From this time to the day of his death these lectures were his constant and particular care; and those who have had the pleasure of attending them can alone speak of the diligence and enthusiasm with which they were conducted. Never can it be erased from the minds of his auditors with what ardor, with what eloquence, with what heavenly-minded piety, he expatiated on the wonders of the mineral world; and described the beautiful collection which was spread around him, principally brought by himself at immense expense and labour, from distant kingdoms, and almost unknown districts. Long will they recollect his exhibition of the pebbles which he brought from the brooks of the East—the alabasters from the tombs at Athens—the crystallized specimen of limestone from the summit of Parnassus—and the marble which he proved to have been used in the construction of the “ivory palaces” mentioned in the books of Amos<sup>11</sup> and of Kings.<sup>12</sup> These things are passed away as a dream—and though we may hear the qualities and properties of his favourite specimens lauded by his successors, we shall never again listen with that mute attention which was wont to characterize the assemblies of the lecture room. His chair has been filled, we believe and hope, ably and properly—but the mantle of inspiration has not accompanied the installation—not again we shall say, as he said of Porson,

*ἀπὸ γλασσοῦς μέλτος γλυκεῖον ῥέει αὐδὴ.*

But we return to our task. In the seclusion of his abode at Trumpington (for during a year or two he resided there) he commenced the history of his travels, which indeed was a subject intimately connected with the lectures, and which his increasing family induced him to undertake. It is needless to say much about this great and interesting work; we shall merely state, that the original agreement for the copyright was at the rate of ten guineas per sheet, with twenty-five presentation copies, though it is known that the booksellers (Cadell and Davis) liberally paid the author in all nearly 6000*l.*—though a sum not, by any means, sufficiently great to remunerate the toil of the composition.

<sup>11</sup> Amos, iii. 15.

<sup>12</sup> 1 Kings, xii. 39.

In the year 1811, a controversy arose respecting the Bible Society, for which Dr. Clarke exhibited himself a strenuous advocate; and this was the only circumstance which ruffled his domestic calm for many months: but his active mind could not remain dormant, and it is recorded that amongst his multiplicity of pursuits, he actually undertook to travel to Patmos for the remaining MSS. in the convent there; and also took lessons in oil-painting for the purpose of adding to the interest of his lecture-room by drawings of scenes described, and rocks and mountains mentioned by him.

His course was now marked out clearly and straightly, and he had little else to do but to accept the offerings of his friends. In 1817 he was elected Librarian to the University, and it was a circumstance of some congratulation; for it was a convincing proof that the esteem of the learned world continued firm. But, bright as were his prospects, they became clouded on a sudden, by the very exertions which had led him to them. About 1817 he finished the construction of his celebrated Gas Blow Pipe, which has become a most powerful agent in the hands of the chemical experimentalist;—and by it was enabled to discover several important facts which had either baffled the enquiry, or escaped the notice of the mineralogical world; and in the constant application of this dangerous, as well as interesting, machine, he materially injured his health, which now became sensibly affected by his increased exertions in the cause of science. Yet, ill as he was, his labours were not laid aside. He wrote for the ‘*Archæologia*,’ and for the Geological Society, and for Thomson’s *Annals of Philosophy*—and besides publishing a ‘*Tour through Scotland*,’ contributed mainly, as we have elsewhere stated, to the formation of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; the papers he wrote for which, we have noticed in their order in our first volume. Besides all this, he had the active duties of a large and populous parish to fulfil—and the esteem in which he was held by his flock, states too plainly that he was a conscientious pastor—as well as to arrange for his public discourses from the pulpit of St. Mary’s.

‘Most of these last transactions took place in the course of a year, respecting which he himself records, that he had not a single day’s health in it.

‘The history now advances towards the close of a life which had been long struggling with labours disproportioned to his strength, and was at last seen to sink under the workings of a mind too powerful and too active for the mortal part with which it was united.’—p. 651.

But we have neither time, nor inclination, to pursue the melancholy windings of the tangled thread of his latter days. Suffice it to say, that he was taken ill in returning from church one Sunday in 1818—and that he had a second attack in his lecture room. He went to London for advice, and Sir Astley Cooper performed an operation<sup>13</sup> which awhile restored him to his usual spirits; but his health was shattered, and he fell an untimely victim to his diligence and unwearied enterprise. He died on Saturday, March 9th—and was buried in the chapel of ‘ever-honoured’ Jesus College on the 18th.

‘Few persons have left the world more honoured or more regretted. The tears of genius have been shed around his tomb, and every mark with which respect or kindness can honour departed merit is preparing to grace his memory.’—p. 661.

We have been hasty in concluding this abstract of the memoirs of the Life of this great man: because necessity demanded. But we cannot conclude without adverting to the testimonies to his merit which the bare names of his numerous acquaintances and friends accord. Amongst these we find Porson, and Walpole, and Wollaston, Lords Aberdeen and Byron, Doctor Milner, Lord Valentia, Pallas, Haiiy, Burckhardt, Monk, and Blomfield, and a century of others alike distinguished and alike illustrious. It will be sufficient to say, with these men he held a correspondence, and kept up the good offices of reciprocal affection; but it will be saying no more than is true, if we add there was no compromise of dignity or of reputation in the matter. One letter on the subject is worth a folio of undistinguished praise. We give, therefore, the following epistle from the late unfortunately-gifted nobleman who is now, like his amiable correspondent, ‘with the years beyond the flood.’

‘LORD BYRON TO DR. CLARKE.

ST. JAMES’S-STREET, June 26, 1812.

‘Will you accept my very sincere congratulations on your second volume, wherein I have retraced some of my old paths, adorned by you so beautifully, that they afford me double delight. The part which pleases me best, after all, is the preface, because it tells me you have not yet closed labours, to yourself not unprofitable, nor without gratification, for what is so pleasing as to give pleasure? I have sent my copy to Sir Sidney Smith, who will derive much gratification from your anecdotes of Djeddar, his ‘energetic old man.’ I doat upon the Druses; but who the deuce are they with their Pantheism? I shall never be easy till I ask

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<sup>13</sup> This was the removal of a *polypus* from his nose.

them the question. How much you have traversed ! I must resume my seven leagued boots and journey to Palestine, which your description mortifies me not to have seen more than ever. I still sigh for the Ægean. Shall not you always love its bluest of all waves, and brightest of all skies ? You have awakened all the gipsy in me. I long to be restless again, and wandering ; see what mischief you do, you wont allow gentlemen to settle quietly at home. I will not wish you success and fame, for you have both, but all the happiness which even these cannot always give.'---p. 627.

Thus loving and beloved, he might have lived on to a green old age, and have seen his sons about him scions of the tree from which they sprang, as rich in good works, and in the love of their compatriots. But fate willed otherwise, and we are left to mourn over him who is no more.

With regard to his merits as a man and as a minister, as a scholar and a gentleman, few have left more monuments than he has done ; few have died whilst so young in years, so old in honours ; none ever went to the grave, who had trodden the hill of fame so meekly and so surely, followed by the regrets of the learned, and the tears of the virtuous.

" The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;"

but it must not be so with Edward Daniel Clarke, for

" Many an age shall Granta's turrets see

Ere fades his image or grows weak his name."

' In fine,' to conclude with the words of his biographer, ' all who were closely connected with him must feel that with him one great charm of their existence is gone. In public life his loss will be long and severely felt ; in private it is irreparable. In the walks of science his place may be supplied. Another traveller equally patriotic and enlightened," may like him enrich his country with the spoils of other ages, or of other climes ; and his mantle may be caught by some gifted academic, who will perhaps remind his audience of the genius and eloquence they have lost ; but the void occasioned by his death in the breasts of his family and friends can never be filled up.'---p. 666.

There are thoughts and subjects ' that lie too deep for tears'—and this is one of them. But, in the words of Tacitus, let us recall our minds, "*ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis ad contemplationem virtutum—admiratione potius temporalibus laudibus, et similitudine decoremus.*"

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Clarke has somewhere described the qualifications of a traveller to be the " Veracity of Pecoche, the Learning of Shaw, the Pencil of Norden, the Enthusiasm of Savary, and the Perseverance of Bruce." It is only truth to say, that these essential qualifications were, in his case, blended into one.

ART. III. *Sketches of the History, Manners, and Customs, of the North American Indians.* By James Buchanan, Esq. his Majesty's Consul for the State of New York. London, Black, Young, and Young, 1824. 8vo. pp. 371.

The perusal of Mr. Buchanan's work has confirmed an opinion which we had long entertained, that the North American Indians are, "in the unsophisticated qualities of mind, one of the noblest people of the earth." Their physical powers, their physiognomy, their language, their eloquence, their candour, their integrity, their honour, the correctness of their morals, their sublimely simple ideas of religion, all combine to indicate a primitive origin of a superior order. Indeed, every thing we have seen, heard, or read of the Indian character, especially in the war of the American revolution, is calculated to satisfy the philosophical mind, that it possesses the stamina of greatness, and of every virtue that is manly and ennobling. Nor will it detract from the force of this observation, to urge the ferocity of their disposition, and even of their conduct. For be it remembered, that such ferocity has been, if not stimulated, at least not diminished, and so indirectly encouraged, by the neglect of those Europeans, whom circumstances have introduced to these less civilized descendants from an origin, common to themselves. On this subject Mr. Buchanan with great justice observes, that,

'With but few exceptions, the American Indians have been abandoned by the Christian world, as a cruel, blood-thirsty, and treacherous race, incapable of civilization, and therefore unworthy of that attention which the inhabitants of other barbarous climes have received from the zeal and devotion of many learned and pious members of society. Thousands have raised their voices against the wrongs of our black brethren of Africa. From one end of Europe to the other, the humane have been aroused to a sense of their injuries, and are now actively engaged in the prosecution of every measure calculated to alleviate their sufferings; while but few have been stimulated to similar exertions in behalf of the Red American Indians, from whose native soil the wealth of a great portion of the civilized world has been derived. The African is submissive: his patient endurance of labour renders his servile and debased state important to us, he is therefore preserved. The North American Indian, on the contrary, prefers banishment, and even death, to slavery; but *his* lands are serviceable to us, therefore his extinction seems to be desired. The one submits to the yoke, we oppress and pity him: the other disdains to become the servant of man---and his whole race is devoted to gradual extermination.'

In a subsequent part of his preface, Mr. Buchanan informs us, that he has been led to prosecute his inquiries respecting the North American Indians in the earnest hope "that many with the talents, energy, and benevolence of a Wilberforce, both in the United States and in Great Britain, may yet be found to interpose their power and energies in behalf of a race destitute of the use of letters—to vindicate their character, and to set forth some portion of their wrongs." But how does Mr. B. reconcile so honourable a motive with an assertion immediately following—that he has passed over in silence many recent acts of barbarity committed on the Indians, because he has deemed it *prudent* to omit them? We abhor this vile doctrine of expediency. Why should not such actions have been mentioned? If true, they would have added vigour to Mr. Buchanan's appeals—if false, let them be examined and refuted.

The Dedication and Preface of this volume bear the date of 1821. How it has happened that the work has not appeared earlier, we know not: a considerable portion of its matter, however, is more recent. By way of introduction, an outline of the history, population, and some local circumstances of each of the Indian tribes would have been a valuable addition to the work: but on these points, the information afforded is extremely scanty and unsatisfactory. Referring to what was known between the years 1770 and 1780, the statement of Mr. Heckewelder, the Moravian Missionary, which Mr. Buchanan quotes,<sup>1</sup> represented the population of the Indian nations in North America, at rather less than half a million; but Mr. Buchanan remarks, that this statement could not have included the inhabitants of the immense regions from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and north to Hudson's Bay; and he considers that he does not over-rate the entire population at two millions, taking in from the Isthmus of Panama, and consequently including Mexico.

As every fact which tends to elucidate the history of our species is worthy of remark, it would also have assisted the historical inquirer, had Mr. Buchanan favoured us with some anatomical measurements, drawings, and descriptions of a similar nature. This has repeatedly been done, and with much effect, respecting the African nations. The average length of limbs—the general conformation of the skull—the

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Heckewelder has spent the greater portion of a long life among the Indians of Pennsylvania and the adjoining states. At the request of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, he, at the age of seventy-five, undertook to write an Historical Account of the Indian Nations, which has been published in the Transactions of the Society. Mr. Buchanan has, in many instances, availed himself of this gentleman's labours.



angle of elevation at which the head is carried on the spinal pivot, and various other peculiarities, are points which would have been exceedingly interesting and highly valuable. These, however, must be left to future investigation.

The origin, or rather the descent, of the Red Indians is involved in an obscurity, from which it is more than probable it will never be extricated. Not one of the theories which have been started upon the subject is conclusive or satisfactory. That specious superficialist, Voltaire, who never experienced greater satisfaction than when, by ingenuity or fraud, he could arrange his arguments in opposition to the inspired writings, was a strenuous advocate for the opinion, that the different races or families of men are not descended from an origin common to them all. Cuvier, and other writers of infinitely greater research than Voltaire, have, indeed, by anatomical examination ascertained, that there are distinct families and races of men; but we are not aware of their having established the fact, that the anatomical differences, which are known to exist in those respective races, may not be the result of climate, and other accidental circumstances, of which we are not fully informed. If it be true, as Buffon contended, that the rough shepherd dog was the progenitor of all the canine varieties, may we not admit the possibility that the varieties, striking as some of them are, which are found in the human species, are only so many divergencies from one primitive stock, the leading characteristics of which are still unalterably manifest, even amidst these several diversities of the kind? Climate, we are told by some of these philosophers, has no effect upon complexion—that the white man would never become black, or the black man white, under any change of latitude; but, on this point, fact is in opposition to mere assertion; for it is well known that the descendants of the Portuguese settlers in Africa, are now, and have been for more than a century, as intensely black as the negroes themselves. Whether they have the same *corpus mucosum*, or colouring substance, above the *cutis vera*, or true skin, that the negroes have, is a question that ought to be determined.

The preponderating weight of evidence seems to show, that the Red Indians are of Asiatic origin; but whether, according to Cuvier's classification of the varieties of the human species, of the Caucasian, or of the Mongolian family, we are without *data* to enable us to determine. The strongest argument, we apprehend, that can be urged against the Asiatic origin of these Indians will be found in their languages, which appear to be radically different in their constitution from all those Eastern dialects with which we have hitherto been acquainted. That these Indians are a primitive people—a pa-

triarchal race—there cannot be a doubt. “Their languages,” observes Mr. Buchanan, “are characterized by abundance, strength, comprehensiveness of expression, and admirable method in their grammatical structure.” “Indeed,” says Mr. Duponceau, “from the view offered by Mr. Heckewelder of the Lenni Lenape idiom, it would rather appear to have been formed by philosophers in their closets, than by savages in the wilderness.” There are, we find—and this presents a new difficulty respecting the common origin of these people—“three radical languages spoken by the Indians of North America. Mr. Heckewelder denominates them the Iroquois, the Lenape, and the Floridian. These three languages are primitive, that is to say, are so distinct as to have no perceivable affinity.”

Dr. Jarvis, whose disquisition “on the Religion of the Indian tribes of North America” is very properly appended to Mr. Buchanan’s work, thus expresses himself respecting the arrival of these people in that quarter of the globe:—

‘Whether they came immediately to this western continent, or whether they arrived here by gradual progression, can never be ascertained, and is, in fact, an inquiry of little moment. It is probable, however, that, like the northern hordes who descended upon Europe, and who constituted the basis of its present population, their numbers were great; and that from one vast reservoir, they flowed on in successive surges, wave impelling wave, till they had covered the whole extent of this vast continent. At least this hypothesis may account for the uniform character of their religion, and for the singular fact which has lately been illustrated by a learned member of the American Philosophical Society, that their languages form a separate class in human speech, and that, in their plans of thought, the same system extends from the coasts of Labrador to the extremity of Cape Horn.’

From Mr. Duponceau’s Report on the Language of the Indians, also appended to Mr. Buchanan’s volume, we collect some very curious facts which we shall now proceed briefly to examine. Mr. Duponceau’s researches tend to the establishment of three propositions:—“that the American languages in general are rich in words, and in grammatical forms, and that, in their complicated construction, the greatest order, method, and regularity prevail;—that these complicated forms (which he calls *polysynthetic*<sup>3</sup>) appear to exist in all their lan-

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<sup>3</sup> Mr. Duponceau thus explains what he means by a *polysynthetic*, or *syntactic*, construction of language:—“It is that in which the greatest number of ideas is comprised in the least number of words. This is done principally in two ways. 1. By a mode of compounding locutions which is not confined to joining two words together, as in the Greek, or varying the inflection or termination of a ra-

guages, from Greenland to Cape Horn;—and that these forms appear to differ essentially from those of the ancient and modern languages of the old hemisphere.” In discussing the second of these propositions, Mr. D. considers, “that the languages of the Indians are all constructed merely [nearly:] on the same model.” This, it will be observed, is somewhat at variance with an opinion formerly expressed. Of the three radical languages mentioned, it appears there are at least fifty-nine different idioms or dialects. In the Cherokee and several other Indian languages “the pronouns and the verbs have three plural numbers; the general plural, *we*, speaking without restriction; the particular plural, *we*, speaking of a particular company or description of men; and the dual.” It is deserving of remark, however, that the Indian languages are entirely deficient in our auxiliary verbs, *to have*, and *to be*.

In examining the American languages, in relation to those of the old world, Mr. Duponceau is strongly impressed with the idea, that the Indians are the aboriginal inhabitants of America.

‘We find,’ says he, ‘a *new* manner of compounding words from various roots, so as to strike the mind at once with a whole mass of ideas; a *new* manner of expressing the cases of substantives, by inflecting the words which govern them; a *new* number, (the particular plural,) applied to the declension of nouns and conjugation of verbs; a *new* concordance in tense of the conjunction with the verb; we see not only pronouns, as in the Hebrew and some other languages, but adjectives, conjunctions, adverbs, combined with the principal part of speech, and producing an immense variety of verbal forms.’

Mr. D., however, very candidly admits—and, since it somewhat implicates the origin of the Indians, it is important to quote the admission—that there is a tribe or people in Asia

‘Called the Grusinians, of whose language we know very little, but as far as it is described to us by Mr. Fred. Adeluny, in his additions to the Mithridates, it appears to bear a striking resemblance

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dical word, as in most European languages; but by interweaving together the most significant sounds or syllables of each simple word, so as to form a compound that will awaken in the mind at once all the ideas singly expressed by the words from which they are taken. 2. By an analogous combination of the various parts of speech, particularly by means of the verb, so that its various forms and inflections will express not only the principal action, but the greatest possible number of the moral ideas and physical objects connected with it, and will combine itself, to the greatest extent, with those conceptions which are the subject of other parts of speech, and in other languages require to be expressed by separate and distinct words.”

in some of the forms of its verbs to those of the American Indians. This is the more remarkable, as that part of Asia is considered as having been the cradle of the human race.'

There is much curious matter in Mr. Duponceau's paper, but our limits will not permit us to enlarge on this portion of the subject. It is impossible, however, not to feel, and not to express astonishment, that languages, so systematic and so complicated in their construction, should have been perpetuated from age to age without written characters.

The simple, the impressive, the sublime oratory of these people is worthy of their language. "They have never been exceeded," says Mr. Buchanan—and we have many other authorities to the same effect—"in ancient or modern senates, for pertinent argument, and eloquence, both imaginative and pathetic." One or two specimens of their talents in this respect we must reserve until we notice the leading points of their religious belief, of which they will prove almost equally illustrative. It would have been additionally gratifying, and would have tended still further to the development of the Indian character, if Mr. Buchanan had favoured us with some of their war-songs.

But it is not alone in the language, or in the oratory of these people, that their intelligence, their wisdom, their high notions of civil polity appear. In these points, and in others of yet greater importance, their character forms a powerful contrast with that of most of the African tribes. Speaking of the Iroquois, or Five Nations, Mr. Buchanan thus quotes from Governor Clinton's Discourse to the New York Society:—

'Their exterior relations, general interests, and national affairs were conducted and superintended by a great council, assembled annually in Onondoga, the central canton, composed of the chiefs of each republic; and eighty sachems were frequently convened at this national assembly. It took cognizance of the great questions of war and peace; of the affairs of the tributary nations, and of their negotiations with the French and English colonies. All their proceedings were conducted with great deliberation, and were distinguished for order, decorum, and solemnity. In eloquence, in dignity, and in all the characteristics of profound policy, they surpassed an assembly of feudal barons, and were perhaps not far inferior to the great Amphictyonic Council of Greece.'

One striking trait of difference between the Red Indian and the African is, that, as has been already suggested,—

'The former never can be bowed to become the slave of man, to pay tribute, or to submit, by any hope of reward, to live in vassalage. Free, like the son of Ishmael, he will die rather than yield his liberty; and he is, therefore, hunted down by people who

boast of civilization and Christianity, and who, while they value their own freedom, do not hesitate to extend their lands and property by the merciless destruction of the unoffending original proprietor.'

The religion of the North American Indians would of itself constitute a subject sufficient for a volume of no inconsiderable magnitude. Mr. Heckewelder, Mr. Buchanan, and Dr. Jarvis, have done much, but they have left much more undone. Of this we are certain, because we derive our information from individuals characterized by learning and observation, whose intercourse with the American Indians has been extensive and of long continuance. Whatever may have been the origin of these people, it is evident that they have departed far less, in their principles of belief and modes of worship, from the primitive and patriarchal religion than the *Ægyptians*, the *Greeks*, or the *Romans*. Simplicity and sublimity are the leading features of their creed. They believe in, and worship one Great Spirit, one Supreme Almighty Power, who superintends and governs the affairs of men, who confers immortality, who apportion rewards and punishments.

'I believe,' says one of their chiefs in his speech to the President of the United States in Council, on the 4th of February, 1822, 'there are no people of any colour on this earth who do not believe in the Great Spirit—in rewards and in punishments. We worship him, but we worship him not as you do.—We love the Great Spirit—we acknowledge his supreme power—our peace, our health, and our happiness depend upon him, and our lives belong to him—he made us and he can destroy us.'

Amongst a people not favoured with the light of Divine Revelation, what sentiments can be imagined, more pure, more beautifully simple, more sublimely impressive? According to the primitive custom of the ancient heathen nations, and of the Jews themselves previously to the separation of Aaron, the princely and the sacerdotal functions are united in the same individual. But, whilst treating of the subject of religion, we are somewhat surprised that Mr. Buchanan should not have noticed, what we know to be the case, that many of the religious rites and ceremonies of the Indians, if accurately described, would reflect considerable light upon various obscure passages of Holy Writ. We know, too, that *some* of these tribes, but not *all*, have a tradition of the great deluge;—a fact of which Mr. Buchanan has not given the slightest intimation. Unlike many of the heathen nations, of ancient and of modern date, these people offer no human sacrifices; and, altogether, their religious rites exhibit a character of extraordinary mildness. It should also be mentioned, as constituting

one of the amiable traits of their disposition, that, unless in cases where a particular revenge is to be exercised,—when, indeed, the tortures they inflict are dreadful,—their treatment of prisoners taken in war is liberal, generous, and humane. From sources perfectly distinct from Mr. Buchanan's work, yet corroborative of that gentleman's statements, we learn that, in an interview which took place between the Governor of Quebec and the Chiefs of certain Indian tribes in the spring of 1814, an approbation equally warm and energetic was given by the Chiefs to that part of the Governor's speech which recommended mercy to be shown to prisoners, as to any other of those topics included in his address, which might have been expected to give greater satisfaction, and call forth more unanimous applause.'

But we promised one or two extracts, illustrative at once of the religious feelings and of the eloquence of these people: of these the first shall be selected from one of the speeches to which allusion has been made, addressed by the Chiefs of the Delegation of Indians under Major O'Fallon to the President of the United States in Council, on the 4th of February, 1822:—

'*My Great Father* :—I have travelled a great distance to see you—I have seen you and my heart rejoices. I have heard your words—they have entered one ear and shall not escape the other, and I will carry them to my people as pure as they came from your mouth.

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<sup>3</sup> The subjoined statement, copied by our author from Heckewelder, places the humanity of the Indians towards their female prisoners in a singularly pleasing light:—

"A party of Delawares, in one of their excursions during the revolutionary war, took a white female prisoner. The Indian chief, after a march of several days, observed that she was ailing, and was soon convinced (for she was far advanced in her pregnancy) that the time of her delivery was near. He immediately made a halt on the bank of a stream, where, at a proper distance from the encampment, he built for her a close hut of peeled barks, gathered dry grass and fern to make her a bed, and placed a blanket at the opening of the dwelling as a substitute for a door. He then kindled a fire, placed a pile of wood near it to feed it occasionally, and placed a kettle of water at hand where she might easily use it. He then took her into her little infirmary, gave her Indian medicines, with directions how to use them, and told her to rest easy, and she might be sure that nothing should disturb her. Having done this, he returned to his men, forbade them from making any noise, or disturbing the sick woman in any manner, and told them that he himself should guard her during the night. He did so; and the whole night kept watch before her door, walking backward and forward, to be ready at her call at any moment, in case of extreme necessity. The night passed quietly; but in the morning as he was walking by on the bank of the stream, seeing him through the crevices, she called to him and presented her babe. The good chief, with tears in his eyes, rejoiced at her safe delivery; he told her not to be uneasy, that he should lay by for a few days, and would soon bring her some nourishing food, and some medicines to take. Then going to his encampment, he ordered all his men to go out a hunting, and remained himself to guard the camp."

' *My Great Father* :—I am going to speak the truth. The Great Spirit looks down upon us, and I call *Him* to witness all that may pass between us on this occasion. If I am here now and have seen your people, your houses, your vessels on the big lake, and a great many wonderful things far beyond my comprehension, which appear to have been made by the Great Spirit and placed in your hands, I am indebted to my father here, who invited me from home, under whose wings I have been protected.<sup>4</sup> Yes, my Great Father, I have travelled with your chief; I have followed him, and trod in his tracks; but there is still *another* Great Father to whom I am much indebted—it is the Father of us all—Him who made us and placed us on this earth. I feel grateful to the Great Spirit for strengthening my heart for such an undertaking, and for preserving the life which he gave me. The Great Spirit made us all—he made my skin red, and yours white: he placed us on this earth, and intended that we should live differently from each other.—We differ from you in appearance and manners as well as in our customs, and we differ from you in our religion; we have no large houses as you have to worship the Great Spirit in; if we had them to-day, we should want others to-morrow, for we have not, like you, a fixed habitation—we have no settled home except our villages, where we remain but two moons in twelve. We, like animals, rove through the country, whilst you whites reside between us and heaven; but still, my Great Father, we love the Great Spirit.'

The second is from an address to his Excellency De Witt Clinton, Esq. Governor of the State of New York, February 14, 1818. "The style," as Mr. Buchanan observes, "is primitive; the short sentences teem with power; a serene majesty is spread over the entire composition; and the pathos searches and melts the very soul."

' *Father*,—We feel that the hand of our God is heavy upon his red children. For our sins he has brought us low, and caused us to melt away before our white brothers as snow before the fire. His ways are perfect; he regardeth not the complexion of man. God is terrible in judgment. All men ought to fear before him. He putteth down, and buildeth up, and none can resist him.

' *Father*,—The Lord of the whole earth is strong; this is our confidence. He hath power to build up as well as to pull down. Will he keep his anger for ever? Will he pursue to destruction the workmanship of his own hand, and strike off a race of men from the earth, whom his care hath so long preserved through so many perils?

' *Father*,—We thank you that you feel anxious to do all you can to the perishing ruins of your red children. We hope, Father, you will make a fence strong and high around us, that wicked white men may not devour us at once, but let us live as long as

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<sup>4</sup> Pointing to Major O'Fallon.

we can. We are persuaded you will do this for us, because our field is laid waste and trodden down by every beast ; we are feeble and cannot resist them.

' *Father*,—We are persuaded you will do this for the sake of our white brothers, lest God, who has appeared so strong in building up white men, and pulling down Indians, should turn his hand and visit our white brothers for their sins, and call them to an account for all the wrongs they have done, and all the wrongs they have not prevented, that it was in their power to prevent, to their poor red brethren who have no helper.

' *Father*,—Would you be the father of your people, and make them good and blessed of God, and happy, let not the cries of your injured red children ascend into His ears against you.'

Our limits permit us not to enlarge upon the secondary notions of religion amongst these people—their belief in a plurality of subordinate deities, and several other topics of their faith. That they should be free from the influence of superstition is more than their most sanguine admirers could anticipate. Nor, when we reflect upon what has occurred in our own enlightened country within little more than a century—within little more even than twelve months—ought we to experience any feelings of astonishment, if the Indian gives credence to witchcraft, and is harassed by the most agonizing apprehension of suffering from its malignant effects. From the same cause, he will naturally evince the greatest anxiety, and adopt even the harshest measures for the destruction of those unfortunate wretches, who may labour under the suspicion of possessing a supernatural power for the injury, if not the destruction, of their race. They have, however, their seers and their conjurers, who are employed in the cure of diseases ; in procuring rain and other temporal blessings ; in the miraculous infliction of punishment ; and in the foretelling of future events. We expected to find in Mr. Buchanan's work some account of, or allusion to, the prophet of the Alleghany, respecting whom much discussion took place about twenty years ago ; but we meet with nothing on the subject : whether, therefore, the account was merely a fiction, easily received by some credulous individual, or what was the exact history of this predictor of future events, must still remain in uncertainty.

Hitherto the character of the American Indians has been described in the fairest colours ; but it must not be concealed, that these people are not destitute of vices, the most serious and most pernicious of which is, the crime of drunkenness—a love of ardent spirits,—a vice, melancholy as is the fact, which has been introduced amongst them by the Europeans.



Their virtues, on the other hand, are great and numerous :—an invincible love of truth, the firmest integrity, inviolable friendship, the highest sense of honour : in a word, their virtues are their own, their vices are those of Europe.

They are ingenious in the fabrication of their dresses, are fond of ornaments, and have great pride in decorating and beautifying their persons. They have dances, gymnastic exercises, and other amusements. It does not appear that they are in possession of any musical instruments ; yet it is evident, from what Mr. Buchanan states, that they have an ardent attachment for music ; and, if we may credit some other authorities, it would even seem that they have in some instances cultivated that delightful science.<sup>5</sup>

The parental attachment of the Indians to their children is such as would do honour to the most civilized, the most refined, and most enlightened nation, that ever existed. No Indian can be induced to part with his child by any allurements of personal advantage. The utmost care is taken to instil, at an early age, honest and virtuous principles into the minds of the rising generation. Their mode of education may be termed indirect. From their infancy they are impressed with the idea, that they are indebted for their existence to a great, good, and benevolent Spirit, who has not only given them life, and placed them in a fertile country, but has ordained them for certain great purposes. They are taught to listen to their most admired hunters, warriors, and wise men ; they are made to distinguish between good and evil ; they are told that there are good actions and bad actions, the performance of both which is equally in their power ; that good actions are pleasing to the good Spirit who gave them their existence, and that, on the contrary, all that is evil proceeds from the evil Spirit who has given them nothing, and who can give them nothing that is good, because he has it not. All this is effected by the mildest means—no whips, no punishments, no threats are ever employed to enforce commands, or to compel obedience. A father exclaims—“ I want such a thing done ; I want one of my children to go upon such an errand ; let me

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<sup>5</sup> It is mentioned in a statement of the Catholic Religion and Missions in North America, which appeared in the *Mercure de France* (and is therefore to be received with much caution), in the month of July, 1806, that the converted Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston, although they had been long without a priest among them, had retained the custom of singing the *prime* (the first morning canonical prayer) ; that they sang all their prayers, and a great number of pious songs in the Indian language in the same style as in the European churches, and with a precision scarcely to be found amongst the most expert choristers ; and that the music of one of the most beautiful hymns sung in Boston had been introduced by these Indians.

see who is the *good* child that will do it!" The word *good* operates, as it were magically. The object is uniformly to elevate, rather than to depress the mind.

' Thus when a lad has killed his first game, such as a deer or a bear, parents who have boys growing up will not fail to say to some person in the presence of their own children, " That boy must have listened attentively to the aged hunters, for though so young, he has already given a proof that he will become a good hunter himself." If, on the other hand, a young man should fail of giving such a proof, it will be said of him, " that he did not pay attention to the discourses of the aged."

That a people, so educated and so instructed, would be equally respectable in civilized as well as in savage life, no hesitation can possibly be entertained. Mr. Buchanan, indeed, presents us with a beautiful picture of an Indian Prince and Princess, in what may be termed a domesticated state. In the summer of 1819, Mr. B., accompanied by two of his daughters and a gentleman, made a tour to the Falls of Niagara and through part of Upper Canada. At the Falls, having determined to proceed by land round Lake Ontario, his daughters were presented with a letter of introduction to a young lady, a Miss Brandt, who resided with her brother on the magnificent shores of the Lake. The house was large, its site beautiful and commanding. Expecting that their approach had been announced, the party drove to the door. We proceed in Mr. Buchanan's words:—

' The outer door, leading to a spacious hall, was open. We entered and remained a few minutes, when, seeing no person about, we proceeded into the parlour, which, like the hall, had no body in it. We, therefore, had an opportunity of looking about us at our leisure. It was a room well furnished with a carpet, pier and chimney glasses, mahogany tables, fashionable chairs, a guitar, a neat hanging book-case, in which, among other volumes, we perceived a Church of England prayer-book, translated into the Mohawk tongue, and several small elementary works. Having sent our note of introduction in by the coachman, and still no person waiting on us, we began to suspect (more especially in the hungry state we were all in), that some delay or difficulty about breakfast stood in the way of the young lady's appearance. We had already penetrated into the parlour, and were beginning to meditate a further exploration in search of the pantry, when to our unspeakable astonishment, in walked a charming, noble-looking Indian girl, dressed partly in the native, and partly in the English costume. Her hair was confined on the head in a silk net, but the lower tresses, escaping from thence, flowed down on her shoulders. Under a tunic or morning dress of black silk, was a petticoat of the same material and colour, which reached very

little below the knees. Her silk stockings and kid shoes were, like the rest of her dress, black. The grace and dignity of her movement, the style of her dress and manner, so new, so unexpected, filled us all with astonishment. With great ease, yet by no means in that common place mode so generally prevalent on such occasions, she enquired how we had found the roads, accommodation, &c. No flutter was at all apparent on account of the delay of getting breakfast; no fidgeting and fuss-making, no running in and out, no idle expressions of regret, such as, "Oh, dear me! had I known of your coming, you would not have been kept in this way;" but with perfect ease she maintained the conversation, until a Squaw,<sup>6</sup> wearing a man's hat, brought in a tray with preparations for breakfast. A table-cloth of fine white damask being laid, we were regaled with tea, coffee, hot rolls, butter in water and ice coolers, eggs, smoked beef and ham, broiled chickens, &c.; all served in a truly neat and comfortable style. The delay, we afterwards discovered, arose from the desire of our hostess to supply us with *hot* rolls, which were actually baked while we waited.

The details of this visit are extremely pleasing, but we cannot pursue them. It is interesting, however, to state—

'That this family are the children of the celebrated Mohawk Indian Chief, Captain Brandt, who was introduced to his late Majesty, and who translated the prayer-book, and part of the scriptures into one of the Indian languages, and that the house where we were so hospitably entertained, was built upon a grant of land bestowed by George the Third on that Mohawk Prince.'

It is evident from Mr. Buchanan's observations, that the Missionaries have not produced effects so striking, or so beneficial in their nature, amongst the North American Indians, as, by many of their reports, we had been led to believe. Generally speaking, the Missionaries do not appear to have formed a correct estimate of the Indian character, or of the mode of procedure most likely to operate to their advantage. On the one hand, they estimate the Indians, as to their intellectual faculties, according to the lowest possible standard of reason or intelligence—and yet, on the other hand, by a singular inconsistency, they appear to consider it totally unnecessary to prepare the ground intended for the production of a plentiful harvest, by any previous process of cultivation and improvement. Now, to use the language of our author,

'Preparation is necessary previous to the reception of any principle; and in this way God was graciously pleased to act. The Jewish dispensation was the forerunner of the Gospel; the Pro-

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<sup>6</sup> The name of all Indian women.

phets (and the last and greatest of them, John the Baptist,) were all sent to prepare the way for the appearance of the Saviour of men; and when the Lord of life and glory came, he gradually initiated the minds of men to receive the full display of his mercy and his divine character. But now, forsooth, those who assume the name of Missionaries, or, in another work, that of Apostles, despise this mode, and at once open upon the poor mind of the heathen, the whole artillery of their college stores of doctrine and wisdom, forgetting that bodily wants and comforts must be established, before the mind can be fitted to receive instruction.'

Upon this subject, Mr. Buchanan, with much modesty, offers his opinion—which will be found to be perfectly novel, and by some may possibly be regarded as fanciful rather than beneficial. Let it, however, be remembered, that it proceeds from an individual well acquainted, by personal inspection, with the Indians: and let it more especially be examined by those persons, who are actively employed in the promotion of Missions to the Heathen world. If the plan itself be not approved, perhaps some useful suggestions may be derived from it—at least great credit must be given by all for the benevolent intentions of our Author. We are actuated by no feelings of hostility towards the propagation of Christianity amongst the North American Indians—but we should wish to see the most rational measures employed for the attainment of this object.

'The following hints, I offer with humility, as means which, from my observation of man in his natural and polished state, appear, to me at least, likely to succeed:—

'The Indians, as already shown, are fond of silver rings, collars, and other trinkets, as ornaments of dress; of music, fishing, and hunting, as sources of amusement; and are by no means insensible to the bodily advantages arising from a store of food and clothing against a time of want.

'Upon these, their main desires, I would found my plan.

'I would select a blacksmith, provide him with a portable forge, portable scantlings of iron, and all necessary implements for polishing iron and copper. There should also be a man uniting the carpenter's and cast-maker's trades, well furnished with suitable tools. To these I would add one or two persons who could play on the clarionet, flute, violin, or other musical instrument of simple construction. This establishment should be under the superintendence of a man of discretion, divested of gloomy habits and those false views that connect austerity of manners with the essentials of christianity. He should make allowance for the prejudices and passions of those under his charge, that he might the better give them a just direction; and, especially in the commence-

ment of his authority, he should deal tenderly with offences, redoubling his care with regard to the delinquent.

‘ Under the eye of such a person, the operations should begin in a fertile place, in the neighbourhood of such of the tribes as might desire an establishment of this nature, making the pleasures of music, or the possession of manufactures, the reward for devoting themselves to industry. In this way I would *assist* them in building houses, so as to induce them to value a fixed habitation; and the house so built should belong *to the tribe* to bestow as they pleased. By repairing their tools and instruments of agriculture, assisting in raising their houses, instructing such as wished it to handle the axe for their own benefit, and making the hearing and learning of music the reward for industry, I should confidently hope to induce some few to abandon the migratory life they have hitherto led, which, in my opinion, is the most important point to be gained. After this shall be firmly established, a time will gradually come on when the inculcation of book-knowledge will be highly beneficial; but in our early efforts it is worse than useless. If the Indian can be prevailed upon to build a house; if he finds there a solace after his fatigues, and the means of allaying his hunger, I am warranted by all that I have seen and heard, in asserting that the best rudiments of civilization will be immoveably fixed.

‘ The above establishment should be capable of being transferred from tribe to tribe. Its members should have their wives and families with them; no man should be sent without his wife on any account. The party should, moreover, consist of persons duly sensible of the blessings and privileges of the Christian religion, and should at stated times assemble for worship, paying great attention to solemnity, decorum, and order, in doing so; yet having especial care to avoid all kind of restraint with regard to the Indians, or any species of penalty for non-attendance on their part. The Lord’s day should nevertheless be truly kept as a Sabbath by all, as far as cessation from worldly labour is concerned. The Indians should be told the reason of resting thereon: that such rest was at first instituted by God to perpetuate the remembrance of his having created the world and all things therein; and latterly to keep in the minds of men the memory that Christ arose from the dead on the first day of the week, having completed the work of redemption. The good news of salvation to sinners of all nations, through the atonement on the cross, should be proclaimed with joy and praise and thanksgiving, and not with those gloomy severities, which are regarded as true piety by many. The Indians would thus be led to enquire concerning God and the Saviour; when portions of the Bible, descriptive of the attributes of the Most High, and the life of the Lord Jesus should be read; carefully avoiding to pass from one portion until it should be firmly fixed in their recollection, (of which their capacity is great), nor until they *desired to hear more*. These means, always accompanied

by kindness and sympathy, I confidently hope God would approve and bless.'

With this passage, we must leave Mr. Buchanan's interesting and valuable work to the consideration of the reader. Independently of the solid information which it affords, and of the instructive light which it throws upon the Indian character, it abounds with anecdotes yet further, and most vividly, illustrative of the manners, habits, customs, acquirements, and capabilities of an extraordinary race of men, now rapidly vanishing, as it were, from the face of the earth. To all who feel themselves actuated by the principles of genuine philanthropy and benevolence—to all who delight in contemplating human nature in its distant and less known varieties—we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of this volume.

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ART. IV. *A Narrative of the Conversion and Death of Count Struensee, formerly prime Minister of Denmark. By Dr. Munter. Translated from the German in 1774, by the Rev. Mr. Wendeborn. With an Introduction and Notes. By Thomas Rennell, B.D. F.R.S. Vicar of Kensington, and Prebend of South Grantham, in the Church of Salisbury. London. Rivingtons. 1824. pp. 238. Price 8s.*

It is with unqualified feelings of regret that the truly devout, yet sober, Christian regards the numerous histories of sinners saved, and reprobates converted, which are daily issuing from the press, under the sanction of societies or individuals unconnected, or at variance with the Established Church. Particularly are such feelings excited at the present period, when various irrational notions, which, it might have been imagined, were consigned to eternal oblivion, have been suddenly revived, and are spreading their influence throughout the country, under the auspices of the peripatetic apostles of absurdity and fanaticism. It is impossible not to experience unfeigned compassion for the poor deluded beings, who are driven by the most deceitful representations of the nature of the Divine Attributes into a fatal belief that they are suddenly called into a state of infallible salvation: but we must turn with disgust from the man, who, whether from interested motives, or the most profound ignorance, is the instrument of such unhappy disbelief. The mischief which these accounts of sudden conversion, written in the most inflamed and passionate language, are calculated to produce, particularly on the minds of the young and inexperienced, is lament-

able in the extreme. Tales of a marvellous and extravagant nature,—and surely these are most marvellous and most extravagant—are calculated to make a powerful impression, where the understanding is not strengthened by education: and the false notions thus imbibed of the relation between God and man, and the conditions upon which an allwise Creator is pleased to enter into covenant with his creatures, undervalue the atonement of the Redeemer, by grounding the efficacy of redemption almost solely upon the wild ecstasies, and unmeaning ardour of enthusiastic ejaculations.

It is not improbable that the evils resulting from the circulation of these publications have been more widely diffused, from the circumstance that no work of a sound practical tendency has hitherto been sufficiently known, by which their progress might be impeded. Even the life of Colonel Gardiner, by Dr. Doddridge, though infinitely superior in every respect to the grovelling productions of which we have just spoken,<sup>1</sup> is still liable to objections which render it peculiarly unfit to be put into the hands of an unguarded and inexperienced reader. At length, however, we have a most valuable acquisition in the republication of *Munter's History of the Conversion and Death of the famous Count Struensee*. It was translated many years since by a Minister of a German Chapel in London, but so little was it known, except by those to whom the present Editor had himself recommended it, that it may fairly be regarded in the light of a new publication. In the narrative of the means employed by Dr. Munter to effect the Count's Conversion, there is nothing high-wrought or extravagant—nothing calculated, as Mr. Rennell observes, to “serve any fanatical purpose, or to produce effect.” It is a simple detail of facts, delivered in simple and unaffected language, without the slightest attempt at ornament, and sometimes negligent, in composition.

The present edition is enriched with an introduction by the late Mr. Rennell, who for several years filled the office of Christian Advocate in our University, written in a strain of manly eloquence and sober piety, and breathing the true spirit of Christian benevolence. The work had been put into his

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<sup>1</sup> Should any of our readers feel anxious to inspect some of these narratives, we would refer them more especially to the Journals of the Ranters, or Primitive Methodists. With these we became acquainted some short time back, during a sojourn in the Northern counties of England. For the identical words, in which these precious documents were expressed, we cannot now be answerable: but we pledge ourselves, that the *general formula* is most accurately retained in the following specimen:—

“Monday. Preached at ———. Four souls cried aloud for mercy. Praised be Jesus.”

hands in early life by his venerable father ; and so convinced was he of the beneficial effects which it was calculated to produce in the counteraction of infidel and irreligious principles, that he determined to rescue it from its comparative obscurity, and bring it into more general notice. With the further view of increasing its usefulness, he has recommended, in a series of notes, a corresponding book in English Theology, to each of those with which the Count was furnished by his instructor from the German divines. We think that an excellent volume, supplying a connected chain of argument in opposition to those objections which infidels in general produce against Christianity, might be formed by an abridgement of these several works ; which would thus extend the benefit, which the Theological student would derive to himself by making such abridgement as Mr. R. suggests, for his private information. Of the practical utility to be derived from the narrative itself, Mr. Rennell speaks in the highest terms ; nor has he, we think, overrated its merits.

‘ Should this Book happen to fall into the hands of a professed unbeliever, he will not perhaps find it uninteresting to observe the progress of opinions the same with his own in a strong and powerful understanding, and to find the sources of infidelity dissected and laid open, by one who knew well the human heart in others, and was at last brought to a knowledge of his own. He may then perhaps be tempted to look inwardly upon himself, and to examine whether there is any resemblance between his own Scepticism, and that of the unfortunate Struensee—whether it proceeds from the same cause and has been attended by the same effects—whether the fabric of both systems is not reared on the same shallow and dangerous foundations. Could he, under the blessing of a higher power, be induced to investigate with calmness and with candour these most important points, this little history will not have fallen into his hands in vain.

‘ By the young man just entering into the world this volume may be read with peculiar advantage. He will first observe upon what slender grounds all objections against revelation are raised and sustained, and that they are the result not of investigation but of ignorance. Struensee, like Hume, had never, since his childhood, read with the slightest attention the very Scriptures which he affected to deride ; he knew nothing of the evidences of religion, nor of any, excepting the most popular, objections which might be urged against them.

‘ He will afterwards be enabled to trace all infidel opinions to their principal, it may be said their single, source—corruption of heart and profligacy of life. It is not, perhaps, a single act of intemperance (though single acts are sufficiently dangerous) that will lead the young and inexperienced mind into Scepticism ; but it is a continued indulgence in some bad habit, which is contrary



alike to the laws both of reason and revelation. It is the unwillingness to relinquish a favourite sin and a growing attachment to the object of some desire, added to a consciousness of an increasing neglect of the Almighty, of his laws, and probably of his worship, which renders the mind of a young man dissatisfied both with itself and with those principles which are the cause of such dissatisfaction; he finds them incompatible with his mode of life, and then he listens to any suggestion that would teach him how to abandon them; and thus it is that Scepticism finds an easy access to the mind. Struensee confesses, p. 114, that he was "prejudiced against religion first through his own passions;" and in the account of his own conversion which he left behind him, he thus expresses himself: "My unbelief and my aversion to religion were founded neither upon an accurate inquiry into its truth, nor upon a critical examination of those doubts which are generally made against it. They arose, as is usual in such cases, from a very general and superficial knowledge on the one side, and much inclination to disobey its precepts on the other, together with a readiness to entertain every objection which I discovered against it."—p. 197.

'From these pages the young man may also discover the full extent of his danger, when he quits the path of Christianity, and trusts himself to the shoals and quicksands of infidelity. A man, when he begins to reject the Gospel, generally reserves to himself the privilege of making a system of religion and a code of morality of his own, which he fully believes will answer every purpose of those which he has abandoned. But he little knows how soon each of these will dwindle into nothing, or, what is perhaps worse accommodate themselves to his favourite passions and sins.'—Introduction, pp. 17—20.

'The student in Theology may not altogether find the time lost which he may expend upon the volume before us. He will there find the best and surest method of treating a case of infidelity whenever, in the course of his future profession, such a one may come under his care. The tenderness and the anxiety of Dr. Munter, accompanied as they are by the most decisive appeals to the conscience and the most deliberate system of reasoning, are admirable: the plan which he adopts is most judicious, and so exactly suited to the circumstances of his convert, (and the cases of all infidels are more or less of the same cast) that Struensee himself testifies, p. 150. "I assure you that by no other means you would have found access to my heart than by those which you have chosen." It would, also, be no useless employment to supply the omissions in the chain of argument by making an abridgment of those books which are recommended for perusal.

But, as the theological student may learn from the narrative of Munter how he may best convert a dying sinner, so the practical minister may also learn how he may best treat him after he is converted. To those who may, either from duty or inclination, be desirous of preparing the soul of a recently converted sinner for

heaven, this book will prove a most useful and practical guide. Of the validity of a death-bed repentance we must always speak with caution, as we cannot be competent judges of its sincerity; *that* can be known to the Almighty only. To promise, therefore, to the sinner the highest degrees of bliss and glory, and to encourage in his mind the feelings of enthusiastic triumph, is a line of conduct unwarranted at once by experience and by Scripture. How often in these days do we see the unhappy criminal sent out of the world by his spiritual attendants in all the ecstasies of fanatical assurance, and generally without having performed any one act by which his repentance could be accounted sincere—without confession—without even a desire of making reparation. Widely different was the case of Struensee; under the guidance of Munter he was led not only to an ample confession of his *particular* sins, but to an anxious wish to make some reparation to society for the injuries which they had inflicted upon it. The account of his conversion, written with his own hand, is no mean proof both of the sincerity and of the depth of his penitence. But even under circumstances so strongly testifying his sincerity, Munter would encourage no other feelings but those of a calm, steady, and scriptural faith in the propitiation of the Redeemer, and a confidence of pardon through his blood. These are his remarkable words: "I wish to see you on the scaffold with visible signs of repentance and sorrow, but, at the same time, with a peace of mind which arises from a confidence in being pardoned before God," p. 183. A more difficult task cannot, perhaps, be imposed upon a Christian minister than so to preserve the balance of feeling in the mind of his penitent as to prevent hope from growing into presumption and faith into enthusiasm; to repress the risings of unwarrantable triumph, without diminishing the assurance of pardon and acceptance. The returning prodigal was received with joy into his father's mansion, but what was his lot after his reception, the Gospel has not revealed. —pp. 22—24.

With no common difficulties had Munter to contend in his intercourse with Struensee, whose abilities were of a very superior order, and who had raised himself by his talents from a humble station to the highest post in the Danish Government. Many of his political measures were calculated to improve the State; and it was by his profligate excesses joined with a perverted ambition to corrupt the principles of the whole Court and Capital, and thereby to procure every facility for the gratification of his own inclinations, that his ruin seems to have been solely effected. With this view he repealed a severe and antient statute against adultery; a measure which was received by the Danes, who are remarkable for their steady attachment to the religion and the laws of their forefathers, with every expression of the fiercest indignation. His career was at length terminated by a conspiracy of several Danish Nobles, who, indignant at the invasion of their Go-

vernment and of their rights by a foreigner, accused him to the King of treason; and he was accordingly hurried from the pinnacle of power and of greatness to the confinement of a prison, and from thence to execution on the 28th of April, 1772.

It was not to be supposed that such a man would submit to harsh and ill-timed reproof; and if he did not turn at once in disgust from the conversation of a clergyman, it would be rather from the wish of relieving the solitude of his prison-house, than of deriving any benefit from his instruction and advice. It was Munter's first object, therefore, to conciliate a friendship between them, which he might afterwards improve into the means of discharging the important office which he had undertaken. This point he readily accomplished at their first interview, by a natural and unaffected declaration of concern for the Count's unhappy situation: for the latter, with all his faults, was too sincere and too generous, to treat his proffered kindness with neglect. He at once acknowledged his persuasion that the Doctor's wishes were for his welfare; and, although he gave him not the slightest hope of removing his rooted notions of unbelief, yet he promised that he would not oppose his endeavours to enlighten him, but honestly declare, of what he was convinced, and of what he was not. The Doctor then obtained from him a statement of his principles, which proved to be those of a professed Materialist; regarding man as a mere machine, without any prospect of a future existence, and only accountable for his actions, in so far as they interfere with the welfare of society.

Before Munter proceeded to obviate these errors, he thought it expedient to prepare the way for the reception of his arguments, by an appeal to his feelings, and by making an impression on his heart. He had observed that the Count was really uneasy about several of the actions of his past life, and of this he determined to take advantage. Accordingly he acquainted him with the death of Count Bernstorff, a man of sound talent and sincere piety, who had been Minister of State in Denmark during twenty years, and was dismissed at the instigation of Struensee, with a pension of six thousand crowns. This information, accompanied with the intimation that the sorrow of his last years had shortened his existence, produced the desired effect; for Struensee shewed evident signs of shame and remorse. The same feeling Munter again endeavoured to excite at their next conference, by reverting to the affliction in which he had overwhelmed his parents, by his irreligious principles; for which the only atonement he now could offer, was by readily complying with their wishes, and informing himself of the certainty of a future state. After

perusing *Jerusalem's Considerations*, with which the Doctor had furnished him, he listened with more attention to the arguments in favour of a future state; still persevering, however, though evidently from the shame of sacrificing his favourite opinions, in maintaining his infidel notions. Munter at length convinced him of the folly and disadvantage of such feelings; when, after a short pause on both sides, he eagerly confessed, that "he now hoped and wished for immortality." p. 17. This then was the time for removing that false ease, which the Count had imbibed from his disbelief of a future state, by convincing him of the immorality of his actions. He readily admitted their inability to stand the test even of his own rule of judging them; granting, at the same time, the superiority of every motive of action which is derived from God, and from the consciousness of his omniscience. Still he appeared far less concerned at having offended God on his own account, than from the consideration that he had drawn his friends into the same misery with himself. This feeling Munter thought proper to encourage; and we have the following testimony of Mr. Rennell to the propriety of so doing.

'This view of Munter is quite correct, and worthy of attention. All attempts to eradicate confirmed infidelity by abstract argument alone will be fruitless. A sceptic has seldom any objection to enter into discussions respecting the nature, the immateriality, the immortality, of the soul, or such sort of subjects, as they give him ample scope for the display of his sophistry and ingenuity; and even if by an able opponent he should be utterly defeated, he is still as far removed from conviction as ever. His pride, the very enemy whom it is our object to subdue, is flattered and increased by the contest. If infidelity proceeds ultimately from corruption of the heart, the heart must be the object of our attack, otherwise the understanding, influenced as it always is in such cases by the passions, will never have free play, nor come to an unbiassed determination. Some good feeling, which yet remains, must be awakened and brought into action. Such was the course pursued by Munter in the case before us. He touched the heart of Struensee upon one of the few good points which yet remained—his affection for his friends—and we see the beneficial result.'—p. 20.

The result was indeed beneficial: The remorse, which the Count experienced from the ruin in which he had involved his friends, gradually spread itself over his other crimes. Hence he was led to acknowledge the necessity of making satisfaction to the justice, before he could safely rely on the mercy of God, by a deep and sincere contrition. In order to make him yet more sensible of the danger of his condition, and with a view of assisting him in the exercise of a true Christian penitence, Munter now urged the necessity of severe

self-examination, and obtained from him a promise that he would fully and frankly confess to him the whole series of his enormities. Having expressed his fear, lest it should be now too late for him to look for God's mercy, the Doctor endeavoured to satisfy him on that head; when he rejoined: "I remember that in the Christian instructions which I received in my younger days, I was told a Christian ought to die with the utmost cheerfulness and confidence. But I am so anxious about doubts. They return always again, notwithstanding I endeavour to remove them, and will not let them gain ground." p. 31. What follows is peculiarly characteristic of the excellent tendency of this narrative, as compared with the accounts of conversion, accompanied with strong internal feelings and sensible conflicts, on which the *illuminati* of Methodism delight to dwell. Internal feelings can never be a test of severe and vital repentance. These may readily, and are frequently produced by an undue irritation of the nervous system. It may be even doubted, if they are not natural in certain constitutions, and require rather to be restrained, than encouraged. A man may always ascertain the sincerity of his amendment; but the conscience, examined fairly and unreservedly, is the only sure and reasonable guide—and so it appeared to Doctor Munter.

'I suspected, and found afterwards but too justly, that he was throwing out a hint about some strange inward feelings, which some Christians pretend to have, as indisputable signs and consequences of their being pardoned before God. I therefore told him, that such inward feelings, if there ever were things of that kind, could not be looked upon as absolutely necessary, and as things which must inevitably follow. I knew many sincere Christians that were without them; and I myself, though conscious of being a Christian, had never perceived them.'—pp. 31, 32.

After a close examination into the several events of his life, in which he appears with the deepest contrition, and with tears, to confess his guilt—recounting his sins of ambition in public, and of the most unrestrained voluptuousness in private—the Count is gradually led through the various steps of Christian evidence to the full acceptance of the faith. The arguments from the morality of the New Testament, from prophecy, and from miracles, are severally submitted to his consideration; and thus is he induced by reason and conviction, and not driven by the fervor of a heated imagination, to adopt the principles and the practice of Christianity. There is no appearance of enthusiasm in any part of his conduct; and he repeatedly assures his Instructor that his conviction is grounded on the solid basis of rational belief. His declaration of the

sincerity of his conversion, after the settlement of his worldly affairs, upon being recommended to employ the rest of his time in the business of his salvation, is highly characteristic.

“ This certainly I shall do with all possible earnestness. Thank God! I am fully convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and I feel its power in quieting my conscience and reforming my sentiments. I hope God will forgive me those doubts which, perhaps, might start in my mind, and those slight emotions of my former passions by which I am ruled, and which even now sometimes will disturb me. I find no pleasure in them, and endeavour to suppress them immediately. I am ready to convince you by any fact you may demand of me to show how ready I am to sacrifice my former affections. Never should I have done so before I was enlightened by religion. I do not know whether this is sufficient reason for you to be satisfied with me. Try me in what manner you shall think proper: and if you are satisfied with me, do not mind if others should judge otherwise, according to their opinion, and say you had attempted to bring me over by reasoning. I acknowledge it with gratitude before God, that you took this method. In no other manner you would have prevailed upon me. I should have opposed with obstinacy. Perhaps some impression might have been made upon me, but a solid and lasting conviction never would have been brought about. Besides, God cannot be displeased, since religion is so reasonable, that men are gained over by reason. Christ himself acted so, and Paul accommodated himself at Athens, and before Felix and Agrippa, to the way of thinking of those he had to deal with. I hope the manner in which I came to alter my sentiments in regard to religion and virtue will raise the attention of those that think as I formerly did. The deists will never trust the conversion of their brethren, which is brought about in the latter days of their life. They say, they are taken by surprize through the declamation of the clergyman---they have lost their reason---they are stupid or frantic by the violence of their illness---the fear of death made them ignorant of what they did. But now since I came to learn Christianity in the manner I did, nobody shall say so. I have examined the Christian religion during a good state of health, and with all the reason I am master of. I tried every argument, I felt no fear, I have taken my own time, and I have not been in haste.—pp. 93—95.

Dr. Munter had now the gratifying assurance of the complete success of his labours in the conversion of Count Struensee, from the grossest infidelity to a full persuasion of the truth of Christianity. The influence which the change in his sentiments had produced in his mind, was a subject of wonder to several of his former associates. From the most abject state of uncertainty and doubt he had acquired that serenity

and peace of mind, which are the infallible proofs of the settlement of religion in the heart. He devoted himself frequently to prayer, and expressed a wish to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The morning previous to that on which he expected his sentence, he appeared to be somewhat less serene and cheerful than usual. To the Dr's. inquiries into the cause of his depression, he replied, that he had been reflecting on past times, and that the consideration of the crimes, which had brought him to his unhappy end, had made him thoughtful. On the day preceding his execution, his tranquillity was remarkable : he spoke of his death with the greatest composure. Still there was no appearance of affectation in his manner, and he disclaimed the slightest wish of appearing otherwise than he really felt upon the scaffold, or to conceal the natural fear of death. On the fatal day, he received the summons to the place of execution with firmness and fortitude. Of the closing scene of his convert's life we have the following natural and affecting account from Dr. Munter.

' Though I could not see the scaffold, yet I guessed, from the motion of the spectators, that it was Struensee's turn to mount it. I endeavoured to prepare him for it by a short prayer, and within a few moments we were called. He passed with decency and humbleness through the spectators, and bowed to some of them. With some difficulty he mounted the stairs. When we came up, I spoke very concisely, and with a low voice, upon these words of Christ ; " He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It would have been impossible for me to speak much and loud, even if I had attempted it.

' I observe here, that he shewed not the least affectation in his conduct upon the scaffold : I found him to be one who knew that he was to die, on account of his crimes, by the hands of the executioner. He was pale, it was difficult for him to speak, the fear of death was visible in his whole countenance ; but, at the same time, submission, calmness, and hope, were expressed in his air and deportment.

' His sentence, and afterwards the King's confirmation of it, were read to him ; his coat of arms was publicly shewn, and broken to pieces. During the time that his chains were taking off, I put the following questions to him : Are you truly sorry for all those actions by which you have offended God and men ?

' You know my late sentiments on this point, and I assure you they are this very moment still the same.

' Do you trust in the redemption of Christ, as the only ground of your being pardoned before God ?

' I know no other means of receiving God's mercy, and I trust in this alone.

' Do you leave this world without hatred or malice against any person whatever ?

‘ I hope nobody hates me personally; and as for the rest, you know my sentiments on this head, they are the same as I told you just before.

‘ I then laid my hand upon his head, saying: Then go in peace whither God calls you! His grace be with you!

‘ He then began to undress, and inquired of the executioners how far he was to uncover himself, and desired them to assist him. He then hastened towards the block, that was stained and still reeking with the blood of his friend, laid himself quickly down, and endeavoured to fit his neck and chin properly into it. When his hand was cut off, his whole body fell into convulsions. The very moment when the executioner lifted up the axe to cut off his hand, I began to pronounce slowly the words; “ Remember Jesus Christ crucified, who died, but is risen again.” Before I had finished these words, both hand and head, severed from the body, lay before my feet.’—pp. 191—193.

During his intercourse with Dr. Munter, Struensee had promised to draw up an account of his conversion, and to leave it behind him as an authentic document of the means and completion of the happy change. This promise he accordingly performed, and it is attached as an appendix to the narrative of his instructor. It is written in a manly and unaffected style, exhibiting distinctly the origin and progress of his infidel principles, and the means by which he was led to renounce them; and fully authenticating the statement of Dr. Munter. We meet indeed with a few sentiments rather obscurely expressed, which seems however, to be attributable to the translator rather than the writer; and abundantly justifies the few verbal alterations which Mr. Rennell has thought it necessary to make in the narrative itself.

There is a feeling of melancholy interest attached to the republication of this little work, which the deeply-lamented editor has left behind as a last bequest to the welfare of that holy cause, which, during his short but valuable life, he had supported with the best energies of his active mind. Perhaps there never was a Christian minister, who entered upon his profession, with more strict and well-defined ideas of its important duties, and a more steady and zealous determination of performing them, than Mr. Rennell. To the discipline and doctrine of our venerable establishment he was steadily and conscientiously attached; and by none have they been more ably defended against the cabals and malice of unbelievers, and the errors of those who are led, we trust conscientiously, to dissent from her communion. By this last publication he has supplied a deficiency in her books of sound practical divinity; and it will be cherished as an affectionate tribute from one, who had uniformly devoted his time, his talents, and his



exertions to her service ; and we may fairly speak of the work, as far as it regards himself, in the terms which he has applied to its original author :

‘ By it, though dead, he yet speaketh, and it may be hoped that his voice will yet be heard in all those quarters where libertine principles, infidel opinions, and vicious practices prevail, and that this voice may awaken, convince, and save. It is thus, that even in his grave, the servant of the gospel is daily increasing his account for good in the book of God ; and though his memory be faded off from the face of this present world, there is yet an *‘ everlasting remembrance in which that righteous man shall be had,’* who shall have rescued a soul under circumstances of difficulty and danger from perdition, and conducted it home to the bosom of its Redeemer and God.’—Introduction, p. 15.

ART. V. *The Poetical Works of James Montgomery.* 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 1l. 13s. London. Longman and Co. 1822.

A NUMBER of fine spun theories have been written and published on the influence of climate and scenery on poetic genius ; and, in the divisions made on the subject, the writers have rarely failed to assign to cold and uncultivated regions the production of the most powerful frames and martial spirits, —to hotter climates, the most indolent habits of body, together with the baser quality of cunning, and passions the most obstinate—and to parts remarkably temperate, indulged with the most benign influences of a genial sky, the almost certain fruit of a fine perception, and a proportioned degree of eloquence. It is admitted by these theorists, that good sense is the product of every country ; but still they contend, that the fairest and most luxuriant shoots, like other plants, put forth their tendrils in the most friendly soil. Asia Minor, and especially its coasts, and the adjacent islands, have in support of this, been frequently cited, and the eulogium of *Mimnermus* — *ἡμερὴν Ἀσίην, the lovely Asia*, been quoted with triumph. The purity and benignity of the air, the endless variety of fruits and of fields, the beauty and number of the rivers, and the constant breezes—those fans of heaven, from the happy isles of the Western Sea,—all conspiring to bring the productions of nature to the very acmè of perfection, have afforded ample scope for the musings of a vivid imagination, and have invariably inspired the minds of the writers themselves with that mildness of temper, and that flow of fancy, which are favourable to the most extensive views, and com-

municate the finest conceptions of nature and of truth. Being thus inspired with the subject under consideration, they have argued the same inspiration in others, and instead of laying hold of the curb, and considering nature only in the character of a powerful *auxiliary*, where genius already *exists*, they have imported to the elements a kind of *plastic power*; and Mother Earth is enabled to bring forth the mighty sons of genius only in particular districts, where they are allowed to vegetate and crowd the scene, like the flowers that adorn her surface. To enumerate the exalted characters which sprung up about the time of Homer, and at no great distance from the place ascribed to his birth, would be an almost endless task. Unfortunately, however, for those who attribute this creative energy to nature, the same air has been enhaled, the same rivers have rolled and glittered in the sun, the same fields have bloomed with verdure, shoots from the same tree have bended with fruit, the same beauties and variety have been beheld,—and yet, ages of barrenness have been witnessed, whilst the wild fens of Lincolnshire have been permitted to send forth a Newton. Even the chilling north can vie with Persia, in the midst of all her languor and warmth, for geniuses who tower to the highest heaven of poetic thought and embellishment; thus proving nature to be as accommodating in her conceptions and births, as are the constitutions of those amphibious animals which are equally reconciled to the opposing elements of land and water.

But, though we confess ourselves sceptically inclined in reference to the doctrine to which we have done little more than allude, we pronounce ourselves believers in the opinion that the beautiful, sublime, and varied scenery, the association of kindred spirits, and the peculiar circumstances of certain districts are favourable to genius, call forth the latent powers of the mind, and nurture them to perfection. As some particular towns and neighbourhoods are more highly favoured than others as the residence of poetic genius, it occurred to us that it would be no unprofitable employment, to fix on some of these spots, and to collect the scattered rays into a focus, which, when concentrated, might possibly surprise and please, if not dazzle our readers. The mind, in its flights and in its soarings, proceeded from place to place, and hovering over each like the eagle in mid-heaven, at length dropped upon “classic Sheffield,”—a town, which, from the minutest inquiries we have been able to make, and from the published poetry we have closely examined, we do not hesitate to say, furnishes almost every variety of poetic talent, and is likely to realize the sentiment of Lord Byron,—a sentiment delivered with greater truth than seriousness. Happy shall we be, if,

in this attempt, we direct the way to others, to exhibit to the public the character and genius of any other School of Poetry, whether formed by accident or design, in any particular district.

In the employment of the word *School*, we are far from attaching to it that importance, or that distinctness of character, which we should be inclined to allow, in any criticisms which we might offer on Pope and his disciples, or any collective body of modern poetry to which it is properly applied; but we apply it to the works of those persons whose sentiments, spirit, and manner, have, to a certain extent, an influence upon each other; and who may be deemed worthy the appellation of "Associate Minstrels," from the place of their residence, as well as from a similarity of pursuit.

Among those who merit attention, in connexion with poesy, CAWTHORN stands first in the order of time, and is pre-eminent as a poet. A memoir of this genius is to be found in the last edition of Dr. Johnson's English Poets, and also in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791, with a list of his works. He was born in Sheffield, November 4, 1719. His father, who was an upholsterer and cabinet-maker in the same town, perceiving in him an early inclination to letters, united to a lively disposition and quick apprehension, was induced to send him to the Grammar School at Sheffield, where he made considerable proficiency in classical learning. Ambitious of literary fame, he attempted a periodical paper at a very early period, entitled, "The Tea Table"—a title probably borrowed from Mrs. Haywood, who was its ostensible author. Discouraged by his father, who in all probability considered him too young for an observer of men and manners, and too ignorant of the world to become its adviser, the work was abandoned. In 1735, our Tyro was removed to the Grammar School, at Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmoreland, where he made his first poetical attempts; and in the course of the year following, he published at Sheffield, a poem entitled "The Perjured Lover," formed on a lesser poem, which he wrote at that time, on the popular story of Inckle and Yarico. In 1758, he was matriculated of Clare Hall, Cambridge. On his leaving Cambridge, he went to London, where he was some time assistant to Mr. Clare, master of an academy in Soho-square, whose daughter he married. In 1743, he was elected master of Tunbridge School, about which period he took orders. It was in this situation, he composed the poetical exercises, which were spoken by the young gentlemen on the annual visitations of the company of Skinners, who are the patrons of the school. These exercises form a considerable part of his printed works, and with the exception of his *Abelard* to

Eloisa and two or three other pieces are the most distinguished for real poetical excellence. His *Abelard to Eloisa*, two occasional sermons, and the *Perjured Lover*, which appeared in 1746, were all that were published in his lifetime. He was killed by a fall from his horse, April 15, 1761, and was buried in Tunbridge church. His poems were collected in one octavo volume, in 1771, and printed by subscription. In this volume, several pieces are included, which he himself would probably have rejected, as is generally the case with posthumous works, when ushered into the world by the erring hand of private friendship, which, by the very act of sparing the pruning knife, gives the most effectual stab to unsullied and permanent fame. The acquired knowledge of Cawthorn is allowed to have been considerable; a point which receives no small support from his repeated allusions to various branches of science and of polite literature: but his literary talents, it is said, bore but an insignificant proportion to his moral excellence.

With such a poetical beginning, "classic Sheffield" may look out in smiles from the clouds of smoke in which she is enveloped by the furnaces which surround her; and, peering in the face of her poetical history, may behold, in what Cawthorn has furnished, its rising sun, which continues to mount up its shining way, till it attains its meridian height and glory in the poetry of Montgomery. To pronounce judgment on the character of Sheffield Poetry, as a whole, would be much less difficult at the present period than in the more early stages of its history: when we therefore state, that it is dignified, sober, sprightly, powerful, and tender, we only mean to say, that this is its character in the *detail*; and this explanation will be sufficient to strip the terms thus employed of every thing paradoxical in their association. It is not to the poetry of an individual, however varied, that our remarks extend, but to the poetry of the many.

Though Cawthorn possesses considerable elevation of thought, and variety of power, yet he has been properly placed among ethical versifiers, rather than ranked with those who have attempted with success the higher flights of genius. As an imitator of Pope, he is deemed superior to most of those who formed themselves in that school, though his imitations are often so close as to appear rather the effect of memory than of judgment. His *Abelard to Eloisa* has been considered by critics as a bold, and confident attempt; yet deprived of the impassioned bursts and glowing scenes, true to nature and feeling, which have placed the *Eloisa* of Pope beyond all reach of competition. There is a dignity and consistency in *Eloisa's* sentiments and feelings which is never interrupted by fami-

liarity of phrase. Cawthorn's Abelard vibrates so often between passion and penitence, that he seems to be quibbling with his conscience, or stating with mechanical repetition, the pro and con of sensuality and religion; and where Pope has failed in delicacy of allusion, Cawthorn has yet more frequently failed. It is conceded, however, by those who have preceded us in the march of criticism, that there are in Cawthorn's composition many passages of energetic pathos, and some individual lines of striking beauty. It was impossible for him, with Pope before his eye as his model, with the same story in hand, and the same passions and principles in full operation, not to glide into a similarity of thought and expression; and it is matter of surprise that he has escaped with so few of his master's treasures. But though Pope is more true to nature, for the want of which not any thing can be offered as an equivalent, yet, on the whole, Cawthorn is superior in point of strength. The conflict in the hands of the latter, between fallen and renovated humanity, is tremendous; and as his was the masculine, and Pope's the feminine side of the subject, it will bring Cawthorn, notwithstanding a few evidences of artificial feeling, much nearer to nature than he has generally been allowed to approach. As he is much less known than Pope to readers in general, two or three brief quotations may be acceptable even to such as are alive to his beauties. After Abelard has invited Eloisa to spring to his lips, and unfold to him all the witcheries of her charms, he instantly recoils at the indulged freedom of thought, and exclaims,

' No—fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,  
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;  
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,  
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;  
Fly, fly, for Justice bares the arm of God,  
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.'

The beauty and force of this passage it is impossible to deny: but still we cannot but think the imagery far-fetched and misplaced, and the sudden burst of indignant feeling more immediately directed against the object of former passion, than against the sin of the occasion. We read with very different feelings, the following lines,

' A heart that panted to be still a slave,—  
I hugg'd the dart, and wish'd to be undone,'

which Abelard utters, just as the vision is vanishing from before him. Every species of self-denial is resorted to, still his passion for Eloisa bids defiance to mortification, and remains in unalterable force.

——— ‘ though all my moments fly,  
 Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,  
 Though meagre fasts have on my cheeks display'd  
 The dusk of Death, and sunk me to a shade,  
 Spite of myself the still empoisoning dart  
 Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my heart :  
 My vows and wishes wildly disagree,  
 And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.’

Whenever Cawthorn—as is the case with most imitators—steps into the track of another person, he at once deprives himself of his own native dignity and ease. A more striking example of this can scarcely be given than in his “ Epistle of Lady Jane Grey to Lord Dudley,” which is another attempt in the heroic, and in which he has been much more successful. The subject was peculiarly his own, and there is less ambitious effort in treating it. His principal excellence, however, is generally allowed to lie in solid reflection on men and manners, and in satirical pictures and allusions ; in both of which he has all the gaiety of the most favoured disciples of the Horatian school, and far more ease than in his other compositions. His “ Birth and Education of Genius,” and his “ Wit and Learning,” have been admired as the happiest allegories in our language : and for justness of sentiment, and elegance of versification, his “ Regulation of the Passions,” “ Life Unhappy,” &c. have been no less esteemed. Notwithstanding the spirit and harmony visible in his poetry, in general, it is not difficult to perceive that it is often laboured and artificial, and that he frequently evinces a want of taste in the versification. Among his minor pieces, “ A Father's Extempore Consolation, on the Death of Two Daughters, who lived only two days,” is perhaps the most exquisite ; with the six closing lines of which, we shall for the present take our leave of him :—

‘ Nature ! be calm—heave not the impassioned sigh,  
 Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.  
 A few unspotted moments pass'd between  
 Their dawn of being, and their closing scene :  
 And sure no nobler blessing can be given,  
 When one short anguish is the price of heaven.’

To such as proceed with a dignified step in their poetic career, we may add the names of Miss S. Pearson, and Mr. E. Rhodes, both of whom succeed Cawthorn pretty nearly in the order of time : but it is only in a certain degree of dignity which attaches itself to their muse, that we would even dare, without sacrificing our credit for possessing the smallest pretensions to critical acumen, to class them with that poet.

Though they are far from degrading their poetical profession, and in some of their most felicitous pieces even reflect honour upon it, yet they possess neither the immense stores, nor the strength of Cawthorn. After Cawthorn had imparted of his abundance, he always appeared to have something to spare, and was able and willing, when called upon, again to communicate. But here, there is no wealth to squander—scarcely any thing beyond the mere urgency of the case. Still, though the stock is not inexhaustible, the commodity offered to notice is generally respectable. There is, if not the penury, the frugality and economy consequent on a circumscribed fortune; but not any thing of meanness—not any thing but what admirably comports with the situation which they hold on some of the less elevated and less prominent eminences of the Parnassian mount.

Miss Pearson, who is still living, and now waning in life, is a native of Sheffield. She published a thin quarto volume of Poems, dedicated by permission to the Countess Fitzwilliam, in 1790, which was honoured with the names of not less than a thousand subscribers: and about twenty years ago, she presented the public with another small collection; also with a novel, entitled, “The Medallion,” dedicated by permission to his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales. Her verse is generally smooth, and occasionally elegant. The following “Sonnet to the Setting Sun,” is among her happiest pieces—but we speak only of the ideas and language, for she has neglected, in common with too many self-styled *sonnet*-writers, the structure and the cadence of the legitimate and regular sonnet.

• PARENT of Beauty! oft as I behold  
 The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,  
 See thee empurple yon slow-sailing cloud,  
 And o’er the ocean show’r a paler gold;  
  
 And from this height discern a deeper hue  
 Steal o’er yon wood, checking the linnet’s lay,  
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,  
 And mark the rock-rose droop beneath the dew;  
  
 The grandeur of His powerful hand I own,  
 Who clothes in amber light thy morning-throne,  
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine;  
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,  
 His mercy in thy soften’d splendour glows,  
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine!

Though Mr. Rhodes was not born in Sheffield, but in the neighbourhood, yet by long residence in the town, he has become perfectly naturalized. At the time of Miss Pearson’s first

appearance, he published a dramatic piece, entitled, "Alfred," in connexion with some smaller poems. He had courted the muse from his youth, but Alfred was too mighty for his genius. In the selection of such a subject he evinced a noble daring; but, unacquainted with the extent of his own powers and consequently his incompetency for the task, he undertook a work for the execution of which he was unequal, and failed no less in the plan, than in the execution. This, however, is a failure for which we can readily find an excuse in his comparative youth and inexperience, and in the ardour for poetic fame, incident to that period of life. Alfred yet stands alone in the history of British Monarchs; and, though often sung by British Poets, the highest tones have never reached the key which gives the full sound to his triumphs and to his praise. Blackmoor, Pye, and Cottle, though the latter is infinitely superior to the two former, are immeasurably below their subject; and we have to lament, that some of our poets—and our first poets too, especially Southey,—should have wandered abroad in quest of subjects, when there are those, which, if not unattempted, at least are unaccomplished at home. The work is half completed, in the interest which already exists; and hence there is no occasion for a needless expenditure of power in the creation of interest, as is otherwise the case with deeply involved and dimly remote subjects: and till the work shall be accomplished, we can scarcely withhold encouragement from even feebler attempts.<sup>1</sup> One of the most successful of Mr. Rhodes's Juvenile pieces, is an "Ode to Poesy," from which we furnish the following stanza:—

‘ Then lead me near some winding stream,  
 Whose surface, ruffled by the breeze,  
 Reflects chaste Dian's silver beam,  
 Faintly beheld through shadowy trees :  
 Then as I view, with joy serene,  
 The beauties of this tranquil scene;  
 If contrast aid the powers of rhyme,  
 To make the beautiful sublime—

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<sup>1</sup> The suggestion of our Correspondent has been anticipated. A gentleman of the name of Fichet—resident at Warrington—has written a Poem of great beauty on the very subject; and at some future period the world may be gratified with its appearance. Report speaks most highly of its power and merits, but, in its present state, it is so voluminous that the author could not calculate on the willing attention of a single reader. The man who could peruse a work in 14 or 15 books, *each of which contains more lines than the whole of Paradise Lost*, must be either marvellously poetical, or marvellously mad. But the subject is indeed a comprehensive one, and opens fields of immense extent and wonder to the admirer of the mighty Alfred. Dr. Drake in his "Shakspeare and his Times" has some allusions to, and extracts from, this stupendous, and beautiful performance.—Ed.



Bid the hoarse thunder loudly roar,  
 And driving clouds invest the skies ;  
 While swelling torrents round me pour  
 From rugged rocks their fresh supplies ;  
 Which bursting on the plains below,  
 The lightning's transient flashes shew,  
 Unfolding to th' astonished sight  
 A cataract of foaming light.—  
 Be scenes like these thy suppliant's award !  
 And give thine other stores to some more happy bard.'

Of a much more grave and sedate cast, but not less interesting, is the poetry of Mr Robert Barnard, a member of the Society of Friends, to whom Sheffield asserts a claim, and who only requires an energetic spirit, and an active canvass amongst his poetical friends, *particularly if any of them are Reviewers*, to attract attention by a felicitous introduction to public notice, and so prevent the whole of the poetic honours of the body to which he belongs from being heaped upon his contemporary—Bernard Barton. Mr. Barnard never attempted the higher walks of poetry, but many of his lyrical pieces display no ordinary poetic talent, and some of them are of a superior class. He published about the year 1790, and subsequently at different periods, various detached pieces in the Sheffield Weekly Papers. There are a few of his effusions also, with the letter B. affixed to them, in a small volume, entitled, "The Leisure Hour Improved." In 1816, he published an octavo volume, entitled, "A Wreath from the Wilderness," chiefly of a devotional character, reflecting equal honour on his Christian feelings and his understanding, though not always in the same proportion on his taste. Few of his pieces, if any, excel the following, entitled "The Death of the Righteous," which we extract from "The Leisure Hour Improved."

' Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies,  
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest :  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !  
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away ;  
 So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er ;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,  
 Fann'd by some angel's purple wing ;  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory now ?  
 Invidious Death ! where is thy sting ?

A holy quiet reigns around ;  
 A calm, which nothing can destroy ;  
 Nought can disturb that peace profound  
 Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.

Farewell ! conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights, and shades, alternate, dwell !  
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears !  
 Farewell ! Inconstant World ! Farewell !

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,  
 Light, from its load, the spirit flies ;  
 While Heaven, and Earth, combine to say,  
 Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies.'

Very different to the sober, though far from unaffecting, muse of the minstrel that precedes, are the harpings of the next personage, who, like an airy vision, flits across our path, and prevents us, partly from the rapidity of her own movements, and partly from an indisposition in ourselves, from listening to her with equal attention through the whole of her performance, or even of catching every tone she draws from her instrument. The lady in question is much better known to the public from her prose than her verse, and by the name of Mrs. Hofland than by that of Barbara Hoole ; the latter of which names she bore, when, in 1805, she published a volume of " Poems " in Sheffield, which could boast of a list of two thousand subscribers. She was then a young widow, with an only child, and was afterwards married to Mr. Hofland, well known as an eminent landscape painter. Her poems are chiefly lyrical ; and she manifests great facility in versification, and sometimes much felicity. Many of her pieces also evince a good deal of genuine feeling. We shall gratify our readers, we are persuaded, by giving one of her best performances, entitled " The Widow to her Infant in the Cradle," which receives additional interest from the circumstance of herself and her child being the subjects.

' Blossom of Hope ! whose cherub-smile  
 Can all thy Mother's woes beguile ;  
 Sweet bud of comfort ! in whose face  
 Her sorrowing eye delights to trace,  
 Through every feature, opening, fair,  
 An image of thy father there !  
 Ah ! gentle germ of joy unborn,  
 Pale beam of an o'ershadowed morn,  
 How shall thy Mother's soul express  
 Her hope, her fear, her soft distress,  
 As, bending o'er thy cradled form,  
 She deprecates life's future storm,

And prays, with all a Parent's fears,  
 For blessings on thine early years:  
 Ah ! babe beloved ! condemned to bloom  
 A floweret on thy Father's tomb ;  
 Unmindful thou, that sorrow's power  
 Hath mark'd thee from life's earliest hour ;  
 Reckless of many a bitter tear  
 That flowed upon thy Father's bier,  
 And many a briny torrent shed  
 Upon thine own unconscious head :  
 Yet while thy little cheek hath prest  
 Thy hapless Mother's throbbing breast,  
 No tongue could urge a plea like thine  
 To soothe a breaking heart like mine,  
 Pour through the breast so sweet a charm,  
 And e'en despair's fell pang disarm.'

The first, and indeed the only work by which Miss Roberts is known to the public, and the largest poetical performance published by a native of Sheffield, is entitled "*The Royal Exile*," which appeared in 1822, and the heroine of which is Mary Queen of Scots. Not any of her predecessors have discovered the same compass of thought, and the same versatility in the execution, that she has manifested ; and although there are faults, and faults in abundance, both in the plan and in the detail of those imaginary Epistles of the captive queen, during her long residence at the Castle and Manor of Sheffield, yet we hesitate not to concur in judgment with those who have pronounced them for the most part the faults of genius or of inexperience,—of inexperience that will be forgiven in a juvenile writer, and of genius whose excesses are at once proofs of its power and its immaturity, and pledges of future excellence beyond its present capability, though not beyond its daring attempts even now, when to fail is to deserve a measure of praise for having attempted great things in a great spirit.

A much wider circulation might perhaps have been secured to "*The Royal Exile*," had it not been for a good, though long and extremely misplaced Essay, which is affixed to the work, and which occupies a great part of the first volume, on the disputed claims of the unfortunate Mary to public sympathy ; which Essay, while it continues there, will hang like a mill-stone round the neck of the poem, and not only be a tremendous drawback to its further circulation, but will eventually sink it to the very bottom of the abyss of oblivion. There is—if we are correctly informed—great modesty attached to the character of this young lady, and some credit due to the prudence of her father. An intimate friend of the

family—and a poet too forsooth—did not even suspect that she courted the muses, till she had made considerable progress in the work; her father having kept her back, in order to allow her time to ripen for the task which she had assigned to herself. Another particular, which is highly creditable to the best feelings of humanity, and which ought not to be omitted, is, that the profits arising from the work are devoted to the funds of an “Aged Female Society” established in Sheffield; to which funds nearly 40*l.* have been already presented. As a specimen of the general character of the work we copy the following lines from the “Mountain’s Brow;”—

‘ When smiled in peace the Sabbath morn,  
By holy aspiration borne,  
Earth and its cares I left below,  
And wandered to the *mountain’s brow*.

The earth beneath diminish’d lay,  
The heavens expanded stretch’d away;  
Beside me, in their earliest dress,  
The mountain birch hung motionless;  
Tinged with a shade of loveliest gray,  
The silver clouds unsailing lay;  
Between their folds the sun-beams bright  
Cast on the verdure isles of light,  
Around whose edge a purple shade  
Their brilliant beauty brighter made.  
All nature shared the sacred rest  
Of this, the day that God had blest,  
Save where the lark’s mellifluous song  
Floated the distant clouds among;—  
If such it were,—I rather deem’d,  
An angel to our earthly sphere  
On this blest day allured here  
Mid-way in air reposed to raise  
His matins of celestial praise.  
The streams no more were seen to flow,  
The vocal woods were silent now,  
The stately villas, the lofty halls,  
The lowly shepherd’s white wash’d walls,  
The mouldering abbey’s sacred gloom,  
The mighty castle’s lordly dome,  
The town that faint in distance peer’d,  
Alike deserted all appeared.  
Survivor of a perish’d race,  
I seem’d in loneliness to stand,  
Sole tenant of that mighty place,  
The Temple of Jehovah’s hand.  
He laid, he deck’d the enamell’d floor,  
The vaulted dome his power upbore:

On that high stand, alone with God,  
 Earth's nearest step to heaven, I trod.  
 Above, below, the sacred ground,  
 Within, without me, and around,  
 The Godhead manifested dwelt ;  
 His power was seen, his goodness felt ;  
 The pomps, the gaities of life,  
 Its empty hopes, its fruitless strife,  
 Its vanities, its cares were lost,  
 And *love* alone my soul engross'd :  
 My heart with holy rapture burn'd,  
 While lost in thought my spirit turn'd  
 The wonders of that spot to trace,—  
 And oh, it was an awful place.'

Mr. Holland, another of these associated Minstrels, was born little more than a mile from Sheffield, where he yet resides, in the immediate neighbourhood of Sheffield Manor, where Mary Queen of Scots was confined ; and whence, as we have just observed, some of Miss Roberts's poetical Epistles are supposed to have issued from the royal captive. To application less close, to ardour less intense, and to talents less powerful, the difficulties with which he has had to combat, arising from an imperfect education, and from the disadvantages generally attendant on humble life, would have assumed an Herculean shape ; but these he met—he surmounted, and has almost from boyhood been writing verses, and soliciting the attention of Apollo. We have not the slightest disposition, to proscribe Mr. Holland, and to exclude him the poetical regions : but this we say, that he would be more likely to live by a part, than by the whole of his poetry ; and, for this reason, we recommend a judicious selection from his fugitive pieces, which are too numerous for his years, and which, from their number, must have cost him less thought and trouble than a judicious, reading, public have a right to demand. His two great faults are,—he writes too fast, and follows occasionally too closely in the track of others. In the first instance, he is in danger of running himself out of breath and of presenting his readers with flowers instead of fruit ; or, if the fruit be set, it will not be sufficiently mellowed by time and by summer suns ; and in the second, by laying contributions on others, he is in danger of cramping his own genius, which is sufficiently great to have rendered him in many cases even prodigal, and to have squandered away in quantity that which would have turned to a good account in quality, with less profusion.

Some of the first fruits of Mr. Holland's muse were sent to that humble receptacle of unknown compositions, the Lady's

Magazine, where they met with a ready reception. With the ladies he commenced, and with the ladies he has generally mingled in his poetry, till repetition, to say the least, has rendered the subject insipid: and we are much mistaken, if, on a future day, Mr. Holland does not divest himself of that air of effeminacy and apparent flattery which characterizes some of his minor pieces. We are all susceptible of a little flattery, but we do not always wish to be assailed on the weak side, lest the stronger part should become awake to the insult, and take offence. From the *Lady's Magazine*, he next directed his attention to the weekly provincial papers in his own neighbourhood; occasionally contributing to other periodicals, where his reception was equally favourable, and his aid in some instances solicited. His first separately published Poem of any length was entitled "*Sheffield Park, a Descriptive Poem*," which appeared in 1820; a species of poetry to which Denham gave rise in his "*Cooper's Hill*," which was improved by Pope in his "*Windsor Forest*," and which has been designated by Dr. Johnson by the appellation of *local poetry*. From the locality of the subject, Holland's attempt succeeded well in Sheffield and the vicinity; the edition was immediately sold off, and from the repeated calls for the Poem since, it is not a little singular that a second edition is not forthcoming. It was not locality alone, however, that secured success; Mr. Holland was young—he was resident on the spot—he sprung from that class in society, among whom genius is more frequently found than cultivated—and the many, who were disposed to do in one way, what the one or the few did in another, in the cases of a Bloomfield and a Clare, wished to stamp their approbation on rising merit. Above all, there was a charm in his song—a tone of colouring thrown over the whole face of the landscape, which could not fail to rivet the attention which had been previously excited. If there is less originality in "*Sheffield Park*" than in "*Cooper's Hill*," the subject has the excellency of speaking more for itself, which is no small compliment to the observing eye of Mr. Holland. We had marked out several passages, with which we intended to present our readers; but we are urged to greater brevity as we proceed; and must content ourselves with quoting the following lines occasioned by the coal-mines worked in the neighbourhood:—

' When winter evening's cheerful tales conspire,  
 With the warm influence of a social fire,  
 How seldom thinks the happy midnight guest  
 Of the poor collier's brief and broken rest;  
 He now must rise, and seek, though night-storms rave,  
 His destined labour—deeper than the grave;

Alike to him, whose taper's flickering ray  
 Creates a dubious subterranean day,  
 Though Sol at noontide walks his fiery track,  
 Or starless midnight reigns in coif of black,  
 Intrepid still, though buried at his work,  
 Where ambush'd deaths and hidden dangers lurk.

Where chemic nature, from sulphureous ores,  
 Her deadliest essence sublimates and stores—  
 Combines, these dire arcana to prepare,  
 Her noxious treasures of mephitic air,  
 Each moment hovering round the miner's lamp,  
 To scorch or suffocate—th' explosive Damp;  
 Above his head, while threatening rocks impend,  
 Imprison'd spirits in their wombs contend :  
 He delves his dungeon-vault of living coal,  
 And hears the cataracts through the caverns roll,  
 Careless with every stroke, or every breath,  
 To rouse a danger, or inhale a death,  
 'Tis his to know, 'midst all that pity craves,  
 The felon's task—the heritage of slaves ;  
 Doom'd to the mines, to dig for others' wealth,  
 To earn subsistence, and to bury health,—  
 Bear from earth's noisome depths, with perils rife,  
 The curse, the comforts, or the bread of life.'

This passage is as true to nature as Bloomfield's description of the post-horse.

Mr. Holland's next work was "The Cottage of Pella, a Tale of Palestine: with other Poems," published in 1821. In this, he was unfortunate; the work was printed in the country; he was destitute of a name; and had adapted the measure of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," a measure respecting which, we shall have to say a word or two in another place.

His last work, published in London, 1822, was "The Hopes of Matrimony." This has brought him more into notice than any of his other works, and contains some of his best specimens, being characterized by greater feeling and tenderness than any of its predecessors. We shall here be equally sparing in our quotations, because we wish to give one of his lyric pieces; and consequently confine ourselves to a passage on unequal marriages:—

'To see the daughter, at a sire's command,  
 Resign to drivelling age her youthful hand;  
 In bridal trim, but with averted eyes,  
 Led, like a victim, to the sacrifice!  
 Foul desecration of the rites divine,  
 Where lucre is the priest at Hymen's shrine:  
 E'en while the lip her troth is muttering low,  
 Her truant heart swears the unwilling vow:

And oh ! could any perjury be forgiven,  
 This fault might pass unregistr'd in heaven.  
 How *can* she yield the blossom of her charms  
 To droop and wither in decrepit arms ?  
 How deem the dearest of the sons of men,  
 A goatish dotard of threescore and ten ?  
 Or how accept, as youthful love's return,  
 That maudlin fondness which her heart must spurn ?

We now turn to what is always lovely to the eye—to "The Rainbow."

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence bent in His hand,  
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd ;  
 'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime ;  
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,  
 When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds ;  
 The black cloud his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,  
 And thunder his voice to the guilt-stricken world ;

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
 And seas boil with fury and rocks burn with fire ;  
 And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,  
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one !  
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun ;  
 A pavilion it seem'd which the Deity grac'd,  
 And Justice and Mercy met there and embrac'd.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb ;  
 Then left the dark scene, where it slowly retir'd  
 As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expir'd.

I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song ;  
 To all who beheld it, these verses belong ;  
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord,  
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and ador'd.

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
 That bow from my sight pass'd for ever away ;  
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,  
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind ;  
 A part of my being beyond my control,  
 Beheld in that cloud and transcribed on my soul.'

Mr. Elliott—with whom, in our literary ramble, we next become acquainted,—is a good subject for criticism, and might furnish matter for a separate article. He is defective in taste ;



but, for originality of genius, for real powerful poetry, he stands deservedly high. The first work of this poet, entitled "*The Vernal Walk*," was printed at Cambridge, when in the eighteenth year of his age. This poem was highly praised by the Reviews at the time, and passed through three editions. "*Night, a Descriptive Poem*," was his next performance. The merits and defects of this poem, both in the plan and the execution, are of the most striking kind. With abundant evidences of power, to command not only respect but admiration, there is an excess of effort, as well as a redundancy of ornament.

In 1820, which was two years after the appearance of the preceding poem, followed "*Peter Faultless to his Brother Simon, Tales of Night in Rhyme, and other Poems. By the Author of Night*." Here we again have to complain of numerous faults, while we witness the same vigour of conception and expression; and, as he writes best when he is most serious, we have also to complain of an adaptation of talent to that, in which—though not without considerable merit,—he is the least successful; for it must be apparent to all, that the higher he plumes his wings for flight, the better he succeeds. Notwithstanding he has full power to put in motion all our risible faculties, and possesses satire sufficient to cut and to penetrate any thing but a heart of adamant, yet we love to see him for the most part muffled up in the solemnity of night—or to hear him warbling in the breeze with the songsters of the grove. The last publication by which he is known, and to which he affixed his name, is "*Love, a Poem, in three parts*:" to which is added, "*the Giaour, a Satirical Poem*." In the latter, which is addressed to Lord Byron, there are, to employ a pugilistic term—of which we are half ashamed while we permit it to pass from the pen—"some terrible hits;" and, had not the ashes of the noble bard been still warm in our recollection, we should have indulged in a few remarks on the retributive justice of some, and the vengeance of others. Since our readers will be a little solicitous to listen to the strains of Mr. Elliott, that they may judge for themselves, we select the following favourable specimen, which forms the introduction to the Second Part of his poem on "*Love*:"—

' Sad Laura ! dost thou mourn with me  
     The year's autumnal spring ?  
 Sigh'st thou, this second wreath to see  
     Of woodbines blossoming,  
 So late, so pale, with scentless breath,—  
 Like lingering Hope, that smiles in death,  
     And e'en when life is o'er,  
 Leaves on Misfortune's ice-cold face,  
 The sweetness of its last embrace,  
     To fade and be no more ?

Lo, June's divested primrose sports  
     A silken coif again ;  
 And, like late-smiling sickness, courts  
     The coy morn, but in vain !  
 Lo, half the elm's rich robe is gone !  
 The ash, a living skeleton,  
     Deplores his yellow hair ;  
 Yet, while the beech-leaf rustles red,  
 And while the maple bows her head,  
     In mournful honours fair ;  
 Methinks the armed gorse appears  
     More golden, than when May  
 Left April dying in her tears  
     Beneath the plummy spray ;  
 And, for her lover's triumph won,  
 Danc'd with her blue-bell anklets on,  
     And bless'd his burning eye.  
 Come, Laura, come ! and hear the thrush,  
 O'er Autumn's gorse, from budding bush,  
     Pour vernal melody !  
 Come ! and beneath the fresh green leaf  
     That mocks the aged year,  
 Thy bard, who loves the joy of grief,  
     Shall weave a chaplet here ;  
 Not pluck'd from Summer's withered bowers,  
 Not formed of Autumn's hopeless flowers—  
     Yet sad and wan as they :  
 Here, still, some flowers of Eden blow ;  
 But deadly pale and stain'd with woe,  
     Like guilt, they shun the day.  
 While Folly treads beneath his feet  
     The daisy of the vale ;  
 Love's rose, though sick at heart, is sweet,  
     Joy's leaf is fair, though pale.  
 And worth admires, resigned and meek,  
 The tear-drop on the violet's cheek,  
     And Hope shall death survive ;  
 But, like the gorse, all thorns and gold,  
 Pride bids the sickening sun behold,  
     How blushing virtues thrive !

We now proceed to an examination of another Sheffield gentleman, whose performances would do very well as a kind of farce at the close of a more dignified dramatick representation ; and whom we should have reserved for the close of this Article, had not a notion somewhat more climacterical taken possession of our minds, and which, for the honour of the place, we are unwilling to relinquish. As matters stand, we give him a central position, and unite around him the other minstrels in a ring, like so many happy villagers dancing

round a May-pole. We beg the gentleman's pardon : but we can assure him, that other associations than these—as we have been made the partakers of his spirit in the perusal of his volumes—have been presented to our imagination : and if it will be any consolation to him, we can further assure him, that they have been an essential relief to us, in diversifying the scene, and in dispersing the gloom with which we have been in danger of being enveloped, which, like a dense cloud, has occasionally threatened to overhang the whole region of the soul, while engaged upon the more serious parts of our subject. Nay, we can even proceed so far, as to pronounce his poems *unique*. There are *nors* and *ors* without end, and even a tautology surpassing that ; and there is a depth of meaning which we are utterly unable to fathom, and which renders his ideas incomprehensible to all but himself. We even entertain doubts whether they are not beyond his own comprehension, as the person of a passenger is invisible to the eye of a fellow-traveller only six yards distant, in the midst of a thick London fog. Vain was the attempt to clear away the mist ! We tried again and again to obtain only an indistinct view of his figure, leaving the colour and the cut of his coat out of the question : but our efforts were more fruitless than those of the kitten, which was actually sporting before us at the moment of writing, and attempting to lay hold of its tail. Alas, alas, we are under the necessity of again soliciting pardon ; but we stumbled upon the little creature, in our attempt to catch the idea of fruitlessly endeavouring to secure our own shadow. Like chaos itself, the poetry under consideration is “ without form and void ;” and we defy human ingenuity, ay, all the other poets of Sheffield, to produce any thing like either order or beauty from the unorganized mass before us, entitled, “ Fables and Moral Poems, by William Coldwell, in Two Volumes ;” and “ The Book of Praise, The Psalms or Sacred Odes of the Royal Psalmist David and others, the Prophets of Jehovah ; in metre, by William Coldwell.” The first, to our utter astonishment—and we are at a loss to divine how to account for it,—has crept into the second edition ; and the latter is adorned, on the forehead of its title-page, with Hebrew characters. Among the “ Sacred Odes,” the first verse of the 19th Psalm—“ The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handy work.” is thus,—which is the more striking as the commencement of the Ode,—rendered laughably sublime :—

‘ Lo, the heavens declare the glory of EL !  
The radiances of ethereal the works  
Of His hands.’

When we read this, in connexion with other parts of the

volume, and of which it is a very fair specimen, we could not forbear exulting in the simplicity, beauty, and strength of the regularly authorized version, and of even glorying in the antiquated versifications of Sternhold and Hopkins, of Tate and Brady. And our fear was, lest Mr. Coldwell, as in other cases, when some of the less favoured of our species imagine themselves to be kings and queens, their cottages palaces, their domestics courtiers, and their staves sceptres, should have actually mistaken his own identity, and supposed himself to be metamorphosed into Bishop Lowth.]

As it regards the "Fables," it is of equally little moment to which we turn. "The Dead Jay" will perhaps be as acceptable as any to our readers:—

' My Jay is shot ! Alas, my Jay !  
View it a lifeless shape, aghast !  
Lo, o'er its breast death winged his way  
And through the brain he instant dashed.

• • • • •  
Curled up those claws and cast behind  
Those legs erst nimble on the spray,  
And fast that bill which, wroth, or kind,  
When opened, closed in one note—Jay !  
Erst curious modulations peer,  
Or soft, or harsh defined the tone ;  
Jay sounded love, or anger—fear,  
As muscles pressed, or sighed a moan.  
Wise architect ; when reared thy frame,  
The masticating teeth nor thine,  
A crow he formed, unerring aim  
Nutritive juices to refine ;  
Near seat of action placed, machine  
Of first concoction to thy food ;  
Thy head enjoying pure serene,  
Or feet, or wings promoting good.  
From bill to tail, now stiffened corse  
I view my beauteous chequered Jay ;  
Once gentle curve, fair beauty's course,  
Now lank and straight it fades away.  
Thus shall I fade !'---

Faded already, we fear—though we entertain doubts whether ever Mr. Coldwell was in bloom.

' Thus shall I fade ! yet, opportune,  
O save my frame, Jehovah good,  
From death 'midst horrid, wrathful fume,  
And let me gently pass the flood.  
Alas, my Jay !'

Should our readers not have had a sufficient portion of this  
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"*fume*,"—fume from which it is not very consistent to pray for an exemption, since he deals it out so plentifully in his verse,—we could bless them with a multitude of passages equally luminous, elegant, and delectable. Let not the author, in the mean time, for a moment imagine, that we ever thought of directing an ill-natured blow at the death of his volumes, intending him to sigh and to sing over them,

' My Jay is shot ! Alas my Jay !'—

for so anxious are we that his poems should live,—poems possessing more of the music of the Jay and of the Magpie than of the Nightingale,—and that he himself should live with them, that we would almost proceed as far as to perform the same kind office to himself, which his benevolent feelings induced him to perform to the unfortunate bird, when he says,

' Its bill I oped—infused the air,  
And spread its wings, as erst they flew.'

To be serious, we are sorry to find such a man as Mr. Coldwell, whom we understand to be a worthy member of civil and religious society, and who may possibly have some other sense besides that of poetic sense, devoting his time to what will only enable him to live in the laugh of the multitude.

Mr. James Everett, like some others whom we have denominated Sheffield Poets, is not a native of the neighbourhood, but an exotic transplanted thither, although with the inhabitants, institutions, and amiabilities of that "good old town," his name is now usually identified. As a man, he possesses, in a high degree, the rare excellencies of great ingenuousness of disposition, and the utmost suavity of manners. As a poet,—purity, and piety of sentiment, may be said to be the chief characteristics of his compositions. Occasionally ornamented and diffuse in his style, the love of metaphor sometimes leads him astray;—but what is a poet without metaphor?—the easiest to catch, and the most difficult to manage of all illustrations. Although this peculiarity, too freely indulged, often becomes a fault, yet, amidst some obscurity of thought, and occasional infelicity of expression, there must needs be struck out occasional beauties of one sort or other, not to be obtained by any other means. Similes and comparisons have moreover the advantage, when well managed, of being relished and understood by all. There is, however, in Mr. Everett's style, sometimes an inconceivable want of simplicity and clearness, and this, not so much in conception as expression; for this he has no excuse—not even the plea that it is in his nature to write perversely; because we are persuaded that he might do better, of which

we have sufficient evidence in his prose. Though he is possessed of a stock of talent and poetical thought, that would enable half a dozen middling poets to set up, and succeed in business; yet these very persons with a tithe of his mind, appear to comparative advantage by the manner of expressing their thoughts. In this poetical age, when it must be admitted, that, amidst much puerility of sentiment and inanity of conception, the utmost exactness and refinement of versification prevails,—it is notorious that a work with *meaning* alone to recommend it, stands a very inferior chance of success against one *without* meaning, but which exhibits the extrinsic perfection of poetical mechanism.

The poetry of Mr. Everett, however, often exhibits the best sentiments and feelings, expressed with great energy. His Poem in Memory of George the Third is equally creditable to his head and heart. Devotion and loyalty, indeed, are the usual stimulants of his genius: and it is to be regretted, that one whose heart is in the right place, and whose powers of mind, and poetical capabilities, are by no means inconsiderable, should sometimes write as if he thought the acquirement of a perspicuous style in verse hardly worth the labour. The poem on the death of his late Majesty, above-mentioned, is divided into four parts—each written in a different stanza. From the third of these divisions, we shall give a short extract, in which the writer designed to shew that religion was not only calculated to afford consolation in the hour of affliction generally, but that its cheering influence was perceptible in his Majesty, throughout the whole of those complicated, personal, domestic, and national afflictions which are enumerated in this part of the poem. Amidst a description of that mental solitude and gloom which encompassed the venerable sufferer, Mr. E. intimates that the general temperature of mind, whether virtuous or vicious, is carried by human beings into the state of derangement,

‘ All, all unconscious of each passing scene,  
 No interest now is felt in objects round;  
 Let whirlwinds shake, or skies be all serene,  
 The past is present in each form and sound:  
 What once was felt affects the fevered brain,  
 The life once lived the sufferer lives again.

Yes; let imagination rule the soul—  
 Imagination in her wildest mood,—  
 Not then will memory brook the least controul,  
 Intent on evil, or alive to good,  
 Raising perceptions of an earlier day,  
 Waking the train of thoughts that once had sway.

Amid the lucid intervals enjoyed,  
 Ne'er shall the muse forget one scene sublime,  
 When heart, and hands, and voice were all employed,  
 Transporting earth to heaven's superior clime;  
 His consort, gazing, listening, all uneyed,  
 And high in hope that Reason would preside.

With airy speed his pliant fingers flew;  
 They woke the harpsichord's sweet slumb'ring tones;  
 Each note was varied as the touch was true,  
 And vied with seraphs' on their lofty thrones,—  
 The voice harmonious with the notes that swell'd,  
 Not Jubal's lyre the ear could more have held.

The fervent prayer he next addressed to God  
 For her he loved, his children, and his land;  
 Nor less that he might cease to feel the rod,  
 Or fall submissive into mercy's hand:  
 But soon he falter'd, paus'd, reclined his head,  
 Burst into tears;—again his reason fled.

These stanzas faithfully describe a very touching scene, exhibited during an intermission of the royal sufferer's malady; and they are so much in favour of the sentiment before-mentioned, and so illustrative of the habitual piety of his late Majesty, that we think none of our readers can peruse them without interest.

The piece however, which we think possesses the greatest merit, and which has passed through two editions, is a short poem entitled "*ELIJAH*," being tributary verses to the memory of an eminent, and pious minister of the Gospel. It is only to be lamented that the same talent has not been employed either on some more popular subject, or on the original instead of the copy; as the *ELIJAH* of the Bible would be a noble subject, and as most elegiac pieces pass into oblivion with the burial of the objects of celebration. The following, we think, are not ordinary lines:—

' When with unerring aim conviction's dart,  
 Shot by the hand of love and not of ire,  
 Had pierced with anguish thy once careless heart;  
 Then, like the stricken deer, didst thou retire,  
 So mourn thy wounds in solitary scene,  
 While gay thy fellows sported on the green.

Soon as those signs of grief had passed away,  
 Then calm, and beautiful thy peace, and bright,  
 Like the pale moon with mild and borrowed ray,  
 Saddening the solemn stillness of the night;  
 But with that sadness mingling, as it flows,  
 The soothing breath of undisturb'd repose.

With him of old, the darling child of heaven,  
 Thy feet were skill'd to tread the narrow road;  
 In early life to pure religion given,  
 Nor once diverted from the walk with God :  
 With aims, resolves, and labours all divine,  
 As day advanced thy light was seen to shine.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

To tread on meaning's brink was not for thee,  
 Where light and darkness to commingle strive ;  
 To precipices of absurdity,  
 Thy love of truth was fearfully alive ;  
 Ne'er would'st thou hover o'er the dread abyss,  
 But unideal vacancy dismiss.

Nor yet for Elocution wert thou sent,  
 Whose foliage is to flourish and decay ;  
 Thine was the massy trunk of sentiment,  
 To stand when ages shall have roll'd away :  
 Safe because solid—solid to defend,—  
 Truth for its base, and Virtue for its end.'

As we observed at the commencement of this notice, Mr. E. is not a native of Sheffield, but of Alnwick, one of the chief towns of a county which boasts a hero of no mean celebrity in the annals of Britain—we mean King EDWIN, "Northumbria's glory," and whose history, whether considered with reference to his conversion to Christianity, or the circumstances of his reign, or both, is pregnant with poetical incident and reflection. On this subject, endeared by local associations, Mr. E. has planned, and partly executed, as we learn from some who appear to be in the secret, an extensive narrative poem, displaying much originality and imagination. His plan includes four books, each in a different stanza ; it is however to be regretted that his admiration of the "*Wanderer of Switzerland*," should have tempted him to construct the first book of his poem upon that model; which seems in Montgomery's subject to possess an exclusiveness of propriety and beauty, not transferable to any other.

We shall conclude our notice of Mr. E. with presenting the following very pleasing little poem to our readers, from his minor pieces:—

#### BONNER HALL.

Lines, written on a Visit to the Residence of Bishop Bonner, Dec. 25, 1822.

##### I.

' On Christmas eve, when calm but cold,  
 I hastened forth at friendship's call,  
 The moon was beauteous to behold,  
 And cloudless stood o'er Bonner Hall,



Whose lengthened eaves their shadows threw,  
 Along the front of paly hue,  
 As veils or helmets shroud the face,  
     And thus it seem'd,  
     From lights that gleam'd,  
 Like vengeance dark'ning still the place.

## II.

Within these walls, in Mary's time,  
 The demons kept their banquet dire,  
 And Bonner at the head of crime,  
     Illumined Smithfield with the fire  
 Of Christians led to sacrifice,  
 To feast his guests' infernal eyes,  
 Who hail'd with joy the dread display,  
     And danced around  
     The Martyr's ground,  
 Exulting in such holiday.

## III.

But while the flames that met the eye,  
     Reveal'd to one the wrath to come,  
 They bore like fiery cars on high  
     The sainted spirits to their home,  
 Rejoicing in their upward flight,  
 Like larks that hail the golden light,  
 Till all extinct to mortal gaze,  
     They join the throng,  
     And swell the song,  
 Of Him, who claims eternal praise.

## IV.

Then was the Papal church a star—  
     But not to guide to heaven serene;  
 'Twas fiercely bright, and flamed for war—  
     Or like yon moon when clouds are seen  
 In quick succession—dark and wild—  
 Clothing with frowns the disk that smiled,  
 Till whirlwinds in their deadliest wrath,  
     The ashes spread,  
     Of spirits fled,  
 Warm, and contemptuous o'er the path.

## V.

Hail to the days in which I live,  
     That know no fire but hallow'd zeal;  
 Hail to the laws so free to give  
     The curb to what the wicked feel,  
 Allow a Protestant to dwell,  
 Where centered once the bigot's hell;—

A Protestant—with faith as clear,  
     As lucid streams,  
     Or Cynthia's beams,  
 That now upon the heights appear.

VI.

Hail to the Sun of Righteousness,  
 • Whose healing wings o'er all are spread;  
 Hail to the Church ordain'd to bless  
     The memory of the pious dead ;—  
 That Sun which shines with glorious light,  
 That Church with its reflection bright;  
 The dead who braved those flames that curled—  
     Whose light shall break,  
     Whose voice shall speak,  
 Be seen and heard throughout the world !'

With very different feelings to those which appeared to influence us in another part of this article, we now direct our attention to the Author of the "Wanderer of Switzerland." It is foreign to our present purpose, however, to descant here at large, any more than on the preceding characters; and indeed the necessity is less imperious, because the genius and writings of Montgomery are generally known. Memoirs of him have been frequently published, and his works, some of which have reached the *ninth* edition in England, to say nothing of America, have long been before the public; and in the estimation of that public, which will ever claim the prerogative of deciding for itself in spite of criticism, it would be as impossible for us to raise him above his genuine standard value, as it was at first for malignity to crush his rising talents in the bud.

What appears most proper to be contemplated in the case of Mr. Montgomery, is not so much his individual character—though the peculiarities of his genius should not be totally omitted,—as his intimate connection with the history of Sheffield Poetry: for, though later than some, he is earlier than others, and may be considered as the father of that particular description of poetry which is the most prevalent in the neighbourhood. Since the commencement of his career, the poetry of Sheffield, with only one exception, has assumed a perfectly distinct character from that by which it was at first distinguished; a character, which, though not novel in all its parts, is nevertheless its own, as distinct from the Lake School, as the Lake School is from those of the North and the South.

It sustains, in the first instance, the character of *tenderness*, and the muse of Montgomery has actually attained the sublimity

of that tenderness. We do not mean by this peculiarity, that sickly squeamishness of spirit, which is the genuine offspring of effeminacy and affectation; but that exquisite susceptibility of the softer passions, which leads the poet to speak the language of the heart, pure and unsophisticated, and which never fails, since it is the language of universal nature, to produce those fine touches, which are ever welcomed with the cordial reception of an old friend. To Montgomery especially may be applied that line from Shakspeare,

‘ Well we know your tenderness of heart ;’

and yet we doubt whether, in the language of the same dramatist, he may be said to

‘ Give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man.’

Though this quality is not perceptible, in the same degree and to the same extent, in the poetry of those around him, still they appear to have listened with such heart-felt attention to his “ Harp of Sorrow,”

‘ Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still,’

that they have been unable to answer him otherwise than by plaintive echoes.

In the decidedly *religious* character of Sheffield Poetry, all are agreed; and this is so notorious as to have excited the sneer of scepticism and infidelity. To this generally acknowledged trait, we can find perhaps but one exception; and the exception is so slight, that it would be invidious for us to go out of our way to urge it, since it is our firm conviction, that the poet referred to, though not in every instance such as the spirit of the age would without hesitation tolerate, has been led astray more through the influence of example, than through any thing radically wrong in his nature, or unchristian in his principles. Much as might be attributed by some persons to the enlightened state of society for the hallowed character which it sustains, we are not altogether disposed to rest the whole of the case on this basis; at least, we doubt the propriety of acceding to it, till it is first made obvious that every other poetic school, the “ Satanic” not excepted, has imbibed an equal portion of the same spirit. The truth is—we must, in Montgomery’s case, look as much at the spirit of the man as at the spirit of the times. Allowing, however, all the advantage to the first proposition of which it is capable, still we should be disposed to contend for a re-action; for while some writers

have even dared to aim a direct blow at the root of the Christian tree, and others have shunned it, under an impression that not only its leaves and its fruit, but its very shade was inimical to the true spirit of poetry—nay, deadly as the celebrated poison-tree or the plague-spot,—Montgomery has essentially aided the religious character of the age by the sanctity of his muse: and we could not but exult when we first saw Milman join him on the steep of Parnassus, bearing in his hand the ensign of the cross, and, with all the majesty of the subject in his dignified demeanour, apparently resolved to plant it higher than either the crescent of Mahomet, or the imaginary gods of the heathen.

If proof were demanded in support of the Christian character of Sheffield Poetry, we should adduce among many others, the entire *exclusion of heathen mythology* from the writings of Montgomery,—a characteristic, with only one or two exceptions, observable in the writings of others; and to his influence and example alone, the general omission appears to be attributable. The exclusion of that which is so fascinating to most young poets, and even to old practitioners, cannot be altogether construed into an ignorance of the subject, but is a fixed principle which enters into the very essence of the system adopted. It is the harp of David, rather than that of Homer or Virgil, that is seized; and seized too, not from a want of intelligence to appreciate, or taste to relish the beauties of those poets, but from a consciousness that, with the character of the bard, the Christian character has also to be supported. To witness the high esteem in which the Grecian bard is held, we only have to permit Montgomery to speak for himself:—

‘ With moonlight softness Helen’s charms  
Dissolve the spectred gloom,  
The leading star of Greece in arms,  
Portending Ilion’s doom.

But Homer;—see the bard arise;  
And hark!—he strikes the lyre;  
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,  
The Argive chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,  
The towers of Troy sublime,  
Raised by the magic breath of song,  
Mock the destroyer time.

For still around the eternal walls  
The storms of battle rage;  
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,  
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer ! were it mine  
 To track thy fiery car,  
 And in thy sunset course to shine  
 A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel might the muse  
 Reclaim from ages fled ?  
 What realm-restoring hero chuse  
 To summon from the dead ?

And, although we affirm the exclusion of heathen mythology, we do not mean to state that there is not the most distant *allusion* to any of its separate branches, but only that it constitutes no part of the subject, of which the poet professes to treat. We have a beautiful allusion in "Pope's Willow," by Montgomery :

' Old Time beheld its silvery head  
 With graceful grandeur towering ,  
 Its pensile boughs profusely spread,  
 The breezy lawn embowering,  
 Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot  
 A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at Summer noon, he view'd  
 The lovely Nine retreating,  
 Beneath its twilight solitude  
 With songs their Poet greeting,  
 Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,  
 Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.'

But still these allusions are sparing, and employed more in the way of illustration than doctrine. Montgomery has published "Songs of Zion," and Lord Byron "Hebrew Melodies;" but there is evidence sufficient in the other writings of his lordship to show, that he took up the subject just in the same way, and for the same reason, that he would have taken up any other; whereas, Montgomery is emphatically the Bard of Christianity, and his fame will decline or advance as the world becomes more virtuous, or more vicious.

In short, without intending the slightest reflection upon the other Sheffield songsters, we may safely assert, that Montgomery has not only kindled, but preserved alive, a poetic spirit in the neighbourhood, which, under other circumstances, had probably lain dormant in some, and have been only partially awakened in others. Though we are far from supposing that genius will always slumber, yet we are of opinion that it often requires the kindly touch of a more wakeful spirit, in order to rouse and to bring it forward, especially when associated with extreme diffidence. In a word, we cannot refrain from con-

templating Montgomery as the sun in the local system, and his contemporaries as so many planets revolving around him, differing from each other, but still—however unintentionally in many instances,—gradually approximating towards him. The surrounding scenery too, must, to a certain extent—as admitted in the commencement of our remarks,—have a due share of influence on the genius employed; exhibiting an endless variety of wood and water, hill and dale,—a new and interesting scene bursting on the eye at every turn of the road, and from every eminence. Of this influence, in its almost irresistible effects, we wish no further evidence than that with which we are furnished from their own writings, in which there are repeated allusions to the scenery of the neighbourhood, expressed in strains which prove that the enthusiastic admiration of the eye had fired the fancy, and deeply affected the heart.

In taking a retrospective glance at what we have written, we are forcibly impressed with the great *variety of talent* employed, and are reminded of the variety ascribed by Montgomery to “Robert Burns,” in some beautiful stanzas “written on occasion of the Anniversary of his Birth-day being celebrated at Sheffield, March the 8th, 1820,” and which we give the more readily, as the piece has not appeared in any edition of his works:—

‘What bird in beauty, flight, or song,  
Can with the Bard compare,  
Who sang as sweet, and soar’d as strong,  
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS,  
For whim or pleasure change;  
He was not one, but all by turns,  
With transmigration strange:—

The Blackbird, oracle of Spring,  
When flow’d his moral lay;  
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,  
Capriciously at play:—

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom  
Inhaling heavenly balm;  
The Raven, in the tempest’s gloom;  
The Halcyon, in the calm:—

In ‘auld Kirk Alloway,’ the Owl,  
At witching time of night;  
By ‘bonnie Doon,’ the earliest fowl,  
That carol’d to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,  
 When in his homely vein;  
 At Bannock-burn, the Bird of Jove,  
 With thunder in his train:—

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;  
 The Goldfinch, in his mirth;  
 The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,  
 Enrapturing heaven and earth:—

The Swan, in majesty and grace,  
 Contemplative and still;  
 But roused,—no Falcon in the chace  
 Could, like his satire, kill:—

The Linnet, in simplicity;  
 In tenderness, the Dove:  
 But more than all beside, was He  
 The Nightingale, in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,  
 Nor lent a charm to vice,  
 How had Devotion loved to name  
 That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir  
 Of minstrels, great and small,  
 He sprang from his spontaneous fire,  
 The Phoenix of them all!

We leave it to the happy invention of our readers, to pair with the Sheffield minstrels this rich assemblage of birds, reserving to ourselves the imperative right of appropriating the *Jay*, not noticed in the list, to Mr. Coldwell, who of course must be indulged with the privilege of uttering his sentiments in a language unknown to the associated Bards. Varied, however, as their talents may be, against no one of them can the charge be preferred of having “stoop'd to shame,” or “lent a charm to vice;” and, different as are the situations which they occupy in the scale of poetic excellence, of none of them can it be said, so much as of Montgomery—who indeed maintains an undisputed superiority,—

‘He springs from his spontaneous fire,  
 The Phoenix of them all!’

ART. VI. *Fasti Hellenici. The Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece from the LVth to the CXXIVth Olympiad.* By Henry Fynes Clinton, Esq. M.A. late Student of Christ Church. Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1824. Quarto: pp. 329.

IN reviewing the volume before us, it is by no means our intention merely to pass an encomium on the author, and then close our paper upon the *Fasti Hellenici* by recommending it to the perusal of our readers;—nor have we any idea of selecting one or two passages, and of enditing an elaborate essay to establish the truth of propositions, which he may have fully demonstrated by a few pertinent remarks. Such a style of reviewing classical productions is, perhaps, but too prevalent in the present day; but we shall endeavour, on the contrary, to point out to our readers the instances in which this book differs from those learned treatises which have preceded it: and in this manner, we apprehend, we shall best perform our duty both towards the author and towards the public. The latter will thus be informed of nearly all the new matter contained in the volume;—and the former can desire no better introduction to general notice than that, which must necessarily result from an acquaintance with those passages, which are best calculated to satisfy and instruct the inquirer.

We shall begin then with our author's introduction, which, unlike the generality of prefaces, is inferior to no part of his book, either in interest or importance. In our opinion, it cannot be read with too much attention—nor shall we hesitate to extract somewhat more copiously than usual from the work under investigation.

‘The period of two hundred and eighty years, from the 55th to the 194th Olympiad, may be considered as the *second* of three portions into which the whole subject of Grecian chronology and history down to the Christian era may be divided. The times which precede the age of Pisistratus compose the *first* portion;—the period from Pisistratus to Ptolemy Philadelphus is the *second*; and the space of time from Philadelphus to the Christian era is the *third*. This distribution is not arbitrarily made, but seems naturally pointed out by the subject itself.

‘The government of Pisistratus at Athens was a remarkable epoch, distinguished by many peculiar characters. In a chronological view, it is marked as being the first date in Grecian history from which an unbroken series of dates can be deduced in regular succession. It coincides with the reign of Cyrus, and the rise of the Persian empire, and consequently coincides with that point of time at which sacred history first touches upon profane. Regarded in a literary view, this era is no less remarkable. It coincides with the commencement of historical writing in prose.



The rise of oratory at Athens, and the written drama were subsequent to this date; and Thales, the founder of philosophy, had yet many years to live at the accession of Pisistratus to power.

‘But if the 55th Olympiad is naturally pointed out as the commencement, the 124th Olympiad is not less properly the termination of the period. That date constitutes a remarkable era, both in the civil and literary affairs of Greece. It coincides with the deaths of the first successors of Alexander who were all withdrawn from the scene nearly at the same time. It falls upon the rise of the Achæan league, and upon the establishment of those four Monarchies in Asia which arose after the death of Seleucus. This era is farther distinguished as the point of time at which the power of the Romans first came in contact with the Greeks, the war with Pyrrhus having begun in the last year of this Olympiad. This then was an epoch, at which the states and kingdoms of the ancient world began to take a new direction; the ascendancy of the Romans gradually increasing, till the whole was absorbed in the Roman empire. This date is also remarkable in literary history: Epicurus, Arcesilaus, Strato, and Zeno, flourished at this period: Posidippus was exhibiting comedy at Athens; and with the reign of Philadelphus a new era commenced, when Alexandria, instead of Athens, became the chief seat of learning. That brilliant and interesting portion of history, which is the subject of the present work, is divided from the times that preceded it by the nature of our information, and from the times that followed by the character of its events. In the times that preceded, our information is imperfect; in the times which followed, a new course of affairs began in the history of mankind.’—Introduction, pp. 1, 2.

Mr. Clinton now observes that “Grecian chronology, for the times before Pisistratus, demands a separate inquiry;” and informs us that “he reserves that for another occasion.”—“But,” he continues, “it may not be improper here to take a short survey of the state of that chronology.” In this survey our author clearly demonstrates that in the thousand years from Cecrops to Pisistratus we can but conjecture the probable state of a few principal facts, by comparing the scanty memorials and uncertain traditions, which have descended to posterity, and from which the learned of a later age composed their chronology:—and that the ancients themselves never pretended to possess equal information with respect to the dates of the early and later times. He moreover shows from passages in Isocrates, Ephorus, and others, that in speaking of early dates, precise accuracy was not attempted by the Grecians, but that it was thought sufficient to state the periods in general terms and round numbers. He concludes this survey with the following general view.

‘The Grecian traditions ascend about four centuries above the Trojan war. This space is filled by the *Pelasgic Dynasty*; by the

*Hellenes*; and lastly by the *Heroic Age*, which occupied the century immediately preceding the Trojan era. After that era, we descend to the *Dorian Conquest*: the *Æolian Colonies*; the *Ionian Colonies*. The return of the Heraclidæ produced the war between the Achæans and Ionians. Out of that war arose the emigration of the Ionian families to Athens. After these events ensued two memorable reigns at Athens, of Melanthus and Codrus. Upon the death of Codrus his sons conducted the Colony to Asia. The course of these events is consistent with the computations which place one hundred and forty years between the Trojan War and the Ionic migration. So far we can proceed downwards. And the Trojan War is a cardinal point from which we can trace history upwards for about four centuries, to Phoroneus and Inachus;—and downwards for about one hundred and forty years, to Codrus and Neleus. Here a void follows which it is impossible to fill. No testimonies exist which enable us to determine the amount of the interval between the settlement under Neleus and the Olympiad of Coræbus, an interval filled with important transactions. Iphitus and Lycurgus, Homer and Hesiod, flourished within this period. But its duration no man can pronounce. Eratosthenes and Apollodorus made it two hundred and sixty-eight years, doubtless not designing that to express the precise amount, but proposing it as a *conjectural date*, descriptive of the probable interval. From the first Messenian War, chronology becomes gradually more certain; and we can name the dates of the first Messenian War, of the Lydian and Median Kingdoms, of the Sicilian Colonies, of the Battiadæ at Cyrene, of the Cypselidæ at Corinth, till we arrive at the times of Cyrus and Cræsus and Pisistratus.’—Introduction, pp. 7, 8.

It is here, in the 8th page of his Introduction, that our author states the purpose of his work, and the manner of its execution.

‘The present work purposes to describe a period of two hundred and eighty-one years. It includes within it the 55th and 124th Olympiads. It commences with the Archon Comias, whose Archonship corresponded with B. C. 560, and concludes with the Archon Gorgias, who began his year in July, B. C. 280. It is arranged in four columns, in each of which the separate subjects are pursued separately. The first column is assigned to the Archons; the second to the civil and military affairs; the third column is allotted to the philosophers, historians and orators; and the fourth to the poets. By the side of the first column are placed the years before the Christian era.’—Introduction, p. 8.

This plan of the work being given, Mr. Clinton goes on to speak of his arrangement beginning with the Archons.

‘The succession of *Archons* at Athens, a point so material for adjusting Grecian, and especially Attic chronology, was first to be determined: and we fortunately possess an almost unbroken series

for about 200 years of the most important portion of History. Many lists of the Athenian Archons have been published in various works, but all of these lists were more or less inaccurate till the time of Corsini, and on that account of little use in illustrating ancient history. A catalogue of the Archons is given in Stanley's "Lives of the Philosophers," another by Du Fresnoy; another, by Dr Hales, in his first volume.—Introduction, p. 8.

The causes of this inaccuracy in the lists of Archons are next explained. One of them is particularly worthy of attention; we mean the peculiarity of the Parian marble *in antedating its Archons one year*.

‘One cause of the incorrectness of these lists has been, the not adverting to a peculiarity of the Parian marble: that the compiler places the annual archons who preceded the Peloponnesian war one year higher respectively than the Julian year with which they were in reality connumerary. Hence two Archons have been often made out of one. Again: they who have used this document did not always distinguish between what was attested by the marble, and what was supplied by conjecture, where the marble was defaced. Hence the marble is often quoted for that which was only inserted by its editors. Various forms or corruptions of the name of an Archon have been sometimes admitted as the names of different Archons. From these causes the catalogues of Archons are not so correct and accurate as they might have been rendered. Error was sometimes propagated by authors negligently transcribing the lists of others without recurring to the original recourses. A few examples may be sufficient.—Introduction, p. 8.

We select one of Mr. Clinton's examples, which, as it fully demonstrates the truth of what our author has asserted above, will be sufficient for our purpose.

Dr. Hales—B. C. 495. Pythocrates. *Par. Mar.*  
494. Philippus. *Schol. Soph.*

Stanley—B. C. 495. (Ol. 71. 2.) Pythocritus. *Marm.*

Du Fresnoy—B. C. 495. Philippus, ou Pythocritus, *selon les marbres.*  
494. Philippus, ou Lacratides.

‘These three examples have all an inaccuracy arising from the same cause; the want of recollection, that the Marble antedates its Archons one year—The year 495 belongs to the Archon Philippus; as is proved by the author of the life of Sophocles: ἐβδομηκοντῇ πρώτῃ Ὀλυμπιάδι κατὰ τὸ δεύτερον ἔτος ἐπὶ Ἀρχόντι Ἀθήνησι φιλόσοφον—Dr. Hales makes the two Archons change places. Du Fresnoy fluctuates between the testimony of the scholiast and of the marble, as he understood the marble—Both are reconciled and in perfect agreement with each other when the practice of the marble to place its Archons one Julian year too high is remembered---and their joint testimony fills the year thus:

B. C. 495. Ol. 71. 2. Philippos  
494. Pythocritus.'

After this, follow some corrections in the statements of Dodwell and others, which we omit, to call the attention of our readers to the following passage, which materially concerns our author's arrangement of the Archons.

'The attic year, after the Archonship of Apseudes, [B. C. 433.] commenced at midsummer with the month Hecatombæon; which from that date we know to have been the first month of the Attic year. About this there is no difference of opinion. But it is not so easy to determine what was the beginning of the Attic year *before* that period. Some writers have held, that it always began at midsummer; others that it originally began at the winter solstice: that Gamelion was the first month, and that the change was made, and Hecatombæon became the first, in the year of Pythodorus, the first year of the 87th Olympiad.'—Intro. p. 14.

Here Mr. Clinton, having recited the arguments upon the subject, observes;

'There are, therefore, two questions for consideration: first, whether the Attic year ever began at all at the winter solstice: secondly, whether it ceased to commence at Gamelion, in B. C. 432. This latter question is alone material to our present subject.' p. 17.

He then goes into an elaborate examination of the opposite arguments, to which we must refer our readers. The principal argument against his theory is, perhaps, that founded upon the authority of the Parian marble. But this, Mr. Clinton very justly observes, rests entirely upon the supposition, that the author of that monument attended to the change of style, (or as he always writes it *stile*), while such authors as Apollodorus and Thrasyllus are supposed to have neglected it. His remarks upon this subject are concluded by a question which, we apprehend, it will not be very easy to give a satisfactory reason for answering in the affirmative.

'Is it probable,' that this material change in the Attic year, in the 87th Olympiad, if any such change existed, should have been overlooked by all other writers, even by the best chronologists, and should have been observed only by one nameless author, in the age of Timæus?

He then adds;

'The first column, therefore, in the present Tables, contains the *Archons*; recites the testimonies upon which their stations are assigned to them; and *supposes them to commence at Hecatombæon or July*. Those, who still incline to think with Dodwell and Corsini upon this latter point, will raise the date of the births of Lysias and Socrates, and the time of some few dramatic *didascalix*, preceding the representation of the *Medea* in B. C. 431, one year higher respectively.' p. 21.

The second column in the Tables is reserved for *civil and military affairs*. This portion of Chronology has not yet been arranged in any thing like a satisfactory manner. Though Dodwell's labours are highly valuable, yet he treats only of part of the period; nor is his chronology free from considerable defects. Corsini has corrected some of them, but he has left many untouched. Nor has Mr. Mitford fully supplied what was wanting in the chronology. He has been more particularly misled in his date of the Athenian Empire. The contents of this second column are in themselves extremely important, and the care and fidelity, with which they have been arranged by Mr. Clinton, greatly enhances their value.

The third and fourth columns are devoted to *Literary Chronology*: one containing Prose writers, the other the Poets. Various collections of this kind have previously been made; of which the earliest is that by Scaliger, written in Greek, and entitled *Συναγωγή Ἱστορικῆς Ὀλυμπιαδων Ἀναγραφῆς*. To this work, by some unaccountable fatuity, learned men have constantly appealed, as if to an ancient record of chronology. Stanley, in his notes to Æschylus, and Bentley, in his dissertation on Phalaris, pointed out Scaliger as the author; and after them Kuster more distinctly described both the book and its author, admonished the learned world of their mistake, and expressed his astonishment that such a mistake should ever have been committed. But, notwithstanding this admonition, the same error has been pertinaciously retained: and many recent, and even some living critics, have continued to quote the '*anonymous author of the Olympiads*.' Duker, Heyne, the Editor of the Fragments of Antimachus, and M. Göller, may be enumerated as persons, who appear inclined to perpetuate this erroneous opinion. The fact of their doing so, can only be accounted for in the manner suggested by our author; we mean, that they could not possibly have quoted from actual inspection of the work, the authority of which they have so strangely mistaken.

We now proceed to the fourth column, which is assigned to the Poets.

After an examination of the names of some of these in Fabricius, (many of whom Mr. Clinton shows to have had no title to a place among dramatic Poets) and also a correction of Fabricius's errors in confounding Comic with Tragic poets; we have a critique upon the arrangement of Fabricius. Then follows a list of all the Tragic Poets, who flourished from the beginning of the Tragic art, down to the time of Aristotle; to which is added a list of the Comic Poets, divided into *old, middle and new*. In these lists we find not only all the Dra-

matic Poets who are chronologically arranged in the Tables, but those also whose age is expressed to us in general terms, but of whose time our knowledge is so vague and indistinct, that they cannot be recorded under any particular year.

We shall now present our readers with a few observations upon the Appendix to Mr. Clinton's work. This is by far the most important part of the volume; and we would the more earnestly recommend it to notice, because one prominent object of the treatise is, the correction of Mr. Mitford's misstatements in his History of Greece, which is deservedly considered a standard publication in the literary world: and consequently it is, for that reason, the more necessary that any errors, into which the able and learned author may have fallen, should be published and corrected.

First, we shall notice that part of the Appendix which relates to the *Pythian Games*; or rather, to the *time of year* at which the Pythian Games were celebrated.

The Pythian Games were held every four years; but as to the exact period at which they occurred, there is a diversity of opinion. Scaliger and Meursius thought that they were celebrated every *third Olympic Year*: while Petavius, Dodwell, and Petitus have maintained that they occurred every *second Olympic Year*. Corsini, however, has fully proved that the position of Dodwell and his followers is untenable, and that it was in every *third Olympic Year* that the Pythian Games were celebrated, as Scaliger and Meursius have correctly supposed: and Mr. Clinton, in this instance, coincides with Corsini. But the purport of his argument in this part of his work is to show, that Dodwell was also incorrect in supposing that the Pythian Games were held in the *tenth month of the Attic year, in the month Munychion*. Now Corsini, though he has established by undoubted testimonies that the *year* of their occurrence was every *third Olympic Year*, does at the same time agree with Dodwell in fixing the *season* of their celebration in the *Spring*: that is in the *tenth month of the Attic Year*. The author of the *Fasti Hellenici*, on the other hand, contends that the *season* of their celebration was the *Autumn*, or *commencement* of the Attic Year; and has adduced some very forcible arguments in support of his assertion. We have selected one which is in itself so very conclusive and satisfactory, that we think it unnecessary to adduce more.

He argues,—that the Battle of Coronea happened in August, and that Agesilaus was carried wounded to Delphi immediately after the Battle:—that, upon the testimony of Plutarch, (Agesil. c. 19.) he was conveyed there at the season of the Pythian Games:—and that the Games were therefore celebrated in *August* or *September*. Besides, as to Corsini's

account; assuming that he placed the battle of Coronea at the beginning of Olymp. 96. 3,—since the season, and almost the day, of that battle is determined by the *Battle of Cnidus* and the *Eclipse*; the dates of which he specifies—it will appear, that, if the Games were celebrated in the month Munychion, (April,) a space of *nine months* would be supposed to intervene between the battle in which Agesilaus was wounded and his removal to Delphi. This manifest impossibility is conclusive against Corsini's date of the Games; and from the above facts it is evident that the season of their celebration was the *second or third month* of every *third Olympic Year*.

We now pass on to the **ATHENIAN EMPIRE**.

Mr. Clinton has followed Diodorus in placing the beginning of the Athenian Empire, in the *third* year after the battle of Salamis, or the Archonship of Adimantus, Olymp. 75. 4. But Dodwell, extending the *Lacedæmonian Empire*, or Presidency, to ten years from the invasion of Xerxes, fixes the mission of Pausanias to his foreign command in B. C. 470. In that year he supposes the Lacedæmonians lost, and the Athenians acquired, the lead of the allies. Corsini, Wesseling and Mr. Mitford (Hist. of Greece, Vol. 2. p. 340.) follow Dodwell. It is therefore necessary to examine the testimonies upon this point of history, which have prevailed upon Mr. Clinton to dissent from the opinion generally entertained.

‘The various periods assigned to the Athenian Empire are thus stated by a modern historian of Greece (Dr. Gillies);’ “By the battle of Ægospotami the Athenians lost the empire of the sea. They enjoyed that sovereignty from B. C. 477 to 405, that is, a period of seventy-two years. This important computation is not to be found in any ancient author; and no two writers agree in calculating the duration of the Athenian Empire. *Lysias* says, seventy years; *Diodorus*, sixty-five years. *Isocrates* in one place agrees with *Lysias*, in another with *Diodorus*. *Andocides* states it at eighty-five years; *Lycurgus* at ninety. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* at sixty-eight; *Demosthenes* variously at forty-five, sixty-five, and seventy-three years.” ‘Much of what is here stated is perfectly just. The discrepancy, however, is not quite so great as it is here affirmed to be. For *three* authors here specified agree in *sixty-five* years; and two in the list, but in reality *six*, agree in *seventy* years. The computation, *seventy-two* years, is no other than that of *Demosthenes* himself, and of *Aristides*.---Appendix p. 224.

The date of the commencement of this empire is rightly placed by Dr. Gillies at B. C. 477; and all the computations of its duration proceed from this date.

The period of *forty-five* years is intended to express the space which ends at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war: B. C. 477—432. And it is accurately marked in the

language of Demosthenes, by its peculiar character, that the Athenians received the *willing* obedience of the Greeks.—(Olynth: 3. p. 35.)

The calculation of *sixty-five* years will include the Athenian defeat in Sicily, and terminate with B. C. 413, inclusive.

The term of *seventy three* years, called *seventy years and upwards* by Aristides, and, in round numbers, *seventy* years by others, includes the Peloponnesian war itself; and expresses the whole space from the commencement of the empire to the capture of Athens, B. C. 477—404.

In the passage of Lycurgus referred to by Dr. Gillies, Taylor proposes to read ἐξομνηκοντα instead of ἐνενήκοντα. This emendation has been approved by Dr. Coray, and of its propriety Mr. Clinton thinks there is no doubt. Lycurgus, therefore, may be ranked among those who describe the period as *seventy* years. As to the passage of Andocides which gives *eighty-five* years, our author very justly observes:

‘As he is not describing the *empire* of Athens but merely the period of her *prosperity* (including, indeed, the period of her empire), his calculation ascends to the battle of Marathon, from the date of which, B. C. 490, to the battle of Ægospotami, B. C. 405, are just *eighty-five* years.’ p. 226.

We now come to the last testimony,—that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus,—who computes the period to be *sixty-eight* years:—

‘In this number,’ says Mr. Clinton, after attempting a solution, ‘however, there is, a difficulty. But this difficulty is far outweighed by the agreement of seven passages in *seventy-three* years, *seventy years and upwards*, *seventy* years in round numbers; and by the obvious consistency of the three other numbers *forty-five*, *sixty-five*, or *eighty-five*, when they are understood of different points of history.’ p. 226.

Dodwell, however, brings down the commencement of the Athenian Empire to B. C. 470:—that is, only sixty-six years before the capture of Athens by Lysander:—and he founds this hypothesis upon a passage in Isocrates, (Panathenæic. c. 19. p. 244.) which he has altogether mistaken and misinterpreted. Dodwell remarks “loquitur de Græcis in Persas foederatis;” which does not appear to be the case, upon an examination of the passages preceding that, quoted in support of this supposition. Moreover, Mr. Clinton has demonstrated from Isocrates himself, that that orator has no other *naval empire* in view (and it is of the naval empire Isocrates is speaking in the passage cited by Dodwell,) but that which followed the Battle of Ægospotami;—that in another composition (Philipp. c. 25.) he distinctly asserts that the Lacedæ-



monian Empire was ended by Conon;—that Aristides distinctly marks the Spartan Empire as subsequent to the Peloponnesian War:—and that Demosthenes, (Philipp. iii. p. 116 117,) by the words *τοῦτο μὲν—καὶ πάλιν*—expresses the priority of the Athenian Empire.

‘Dodwell then has arranged the chronology of Themistocles and Pausanias, and has imagined a Lacedæmonian Empire of ten years, prior to that of Athens, upon false premises, which derive no support from Isocrates—nor is he less at variance with the facts of history. He supposes that the command of Pausanias was only of one year; and that consequently he was not sent out till the year, B.C. 470. He supposes, then, an interval of *eight* complete years from the capture of Sestos (in B.C. 479,) during which nothing was done. But no interval of time, much less of eight years, is either alluded to or implied in the summary of Thucydides;¹ who describes the rebuilding of the walls of Athens as *immediately* following the siege of Sestos, and from that narration proceeds to the mention of Pausanias. ‘The expedition of Pausanias was the next military operation to the capture of Sestos.’—p. 227.

Much valuable information is also to be derived from this part of Mr. Clinton’s work, upon the subjects of the Lacedæmonian Empire, the order of the Attic months, and upon the days of those months—and in the course of Mr. Clinton’s examination several errors of very common occurrence are detected and rectified. These, however, and various other topics of discussion, our limits must necessarily exclude. To all those, who experience satisfaction from the investigation of such subjects, or who are interested in the accurate detail of Grecian Chronology, we cordially recommend the *Fasti Hellenici*: the numerous extracts from which publication will at once establish our opinion of its excellence, and also enable the reader to estimate the correctness of that opinion, by a personal inspection of the general nature of its contents.

ART. VII. *Mémoires sur la Cour de Louis XIV et de la Régence. Extraits de la Correspondance Allemande de Madame Elisabeth-Charlotte, Duchesse D’Orleans, Mère du Régent; précédés d’une notice sur cette Princesse, et accompagnés de Notes.* Paris. Ponthieu. 1823. 8vo. pp. 372.

THE last years of the reign of Louis XIV., and the regency of the Duke of Orleans, constitute one of the most instructive and entertaining æras in the annals of French history. Con-

¹ Lib. I. 89—94.

sidered simply as a detached and isolated epoch, the variety of incidents which occurred must always render it amusing to the most careless and superficial reader. But it assumes a more interesting and dignified character, when regarded as a part of the history of modern Europe; more especially when it is considered, that to the policy pursued at that period the French Revolution is principally to be attributed. If history has been rightly defined to be "philosophy teaching by examples," and if the study of it is valuable, because it enables us to benefit by the experience of past ages; surely those events deserve the closest attention of the legislator and the statesman, to which the greatest political explosion of modern times may be traced. Though it is extremely difficult to ascertain at what precise period the scales of power turn, yet there appears sufficient historical evidence to show, that, at the opening of the eighteenth century, the struggle between prerogative and privilege had commenced. To justify and elucidate this opinion will require us to enter into some detail.

When Louis the Fourteenth took into his own hands the reins of government, there did not exist in Europe any power sufficiently strong to resist, single-handed, the armies of the French Empire; and it appeared highly probable that he would be able to realize that scheme of universal monarchy, which Charles the Fifth had vainly endeavoured to establish. During the thirty years war in Germany, the resources of Austria had been gradually exhausted, and the political sagacity of Richelieu, and the military talents of Gustavus, effected the complete humiliation of the House of Hapsburg. The treaty of Westphalia secured the prize for which the Cardinal had struggled, and gave a decided ascendancy to the House of Bourbon. Spain had gradually languished from the death of Philip the Second, and never rallied after the defeat at Rocroy. The treaty of the Pyrenees, concluded by Mazarin, and Don Louis de Haro, changed the balance of power in Europe, and paved the way to the union of the French and Spanish monarchies. The treaty of Nimeguen, 1678, rendered Louis the arbiter of the continent. The conditions of it were dictated by France, and the terms, as may be supposed, were highly prejudicial to Spain and Austria. Let us now pause, and consider the extent of the prerogative in France at this period. The king was in the zenith of his popularity, and was idolized by his subjects, whose vanity was gratified by the number and variety of his victories. The gratitude of his people conferred on him the appellation of the "Great"—a title which posterity has refused to confirm. When the nation was in this delirium, it is not surprising that they should have submitted patiently, and without remonstrance, to the will and

dictum of a young and victorious monarch. Louis soon displayed the arrogance of his temper and his love of arbitrary power. Shortly after the death of Mazarin, he entered the Parliament, in a hunting dress, booted, spurred, with a whip in his hand, and, in a tone of irritation and command, dissolved the meeting, and prohibited the members from issuing any edicts without his permission. The following anecdote, preserved by Duclos, shows the pride and despotism of his character in a strong light. An old magistrate, on reading over to the king a document which he had prepared for the signature of his majesty, made use of the expression "*Le Roi et L'Etat*—" Louis interrupted him, saying, that "*L'Etat*" was superfluous. If Louis had remained to his death the dictator of Europe, the extent of his prerogative in his own territory would never have been questioned; but his popularity declined with his reverses, and in proportion as he became disliked, his authority became disputed.

The treaty of Ryswick gave the first blow to his power. France was compelled to restore to Spain and the Emperor nearly all the conquests which she acquired by the peace of Nimeguen. But the most important condition in the treaty, and the one which was most galling to the monarch and people of France, was the article, which bound Louis to acknowledge that William was the legal sovereign of Britain. The ratification of this treaty excited considerable discontent in France; and, as it was known that the king had been particularly desirous to expedite the completion of it, he was accused of having compromised the dignity of the nation. His popularity began to decline. The celebrated war of the succession, and the successes of Marlborough and Eugene, obliterated the recollection of the earlier triumphs of Turenne and Luxembourg. The poverty produced by the enormous expenses for carrying on the war, added to the national degradation, utterly destroyed that false glare of tinsel splendour, which had elevated Louis to a demigod, and degraded his people to the condition of slaves. The treaty of Utrecht (1712) at last put an end to the horrors of war: the Duke of Anjou was secured on the Spanish throne, and France, as the price of his advancement, found that her population was exhausted, her treasure spent, her trade annihilated, her navy destroyed, her pride humbled, and her influence lost.

If the disastrous reverses, which France experienced during the war of the succession, tended to alienate the affections of the people, and produce discontent, the domestic policy of Louis, his blind and destructive bigotry, together with the shameful profligacy of his private life, contributed still more strongly to render his government unpopular. The finances

were in a most deplorable state of confusion and disorder, and Forbonnais does not scruple to brand with the odious title of bankruptcy the fiscal regulations introduced by Chamillart, which compelled the holders of government securities to receive in full payment a reduced value, adjusted by a scale issued from the treasury. This operation reduced the national debt one hundred and thirty-five millions of francs ; but, as the state of public affairs was too desperate to receive any sufficient relief from this paltry expedient, it was proposed to the king to levy a tenth on the clergy and nobility. His behaviour on this occasion shows in strong colours the wretched imbecility of his character. His most Christian Majesty could not reconcile it to his conscience to make the rich, in a time of unparalleled distress, contribute to the support of the poor ; though this most religious descendant of St. Louis never entertained a doubt as to the propriety of extorting the hard earnings of industry to gratify the avarice of his strumpets, and pamper the sycophants of his Court. Be it remembered, that this same monarch had sanctioned the horrible devastations in the Palatinate, had revoked the Edict of Nantz, by which eight thousand Protestants were expelled from their homes ; and, upon the quarrel between the Jesuits and Janse- nists, respecting the Bull Unigenitus, had ordered Port Royal, the peaceful retreat of virtue and wisdom, to be razed to the ground. The distress and sufferings of the country, the prodigal expenditure of the Court, the domineering intolerance of the Jesuits, and the superstitious bigotry of the sovereign, all contributed to increase popular dissatisfaction. Men naturally began to inquire into the causes which produced so much national calamity ; and it was soon perceived that there existed one law for the rich, and another for the poor. No sooner did the *many* understand that the established system was solely calculated to promote the happiness of the *few*, than the struggle between prerogative and privilege commenced. Towards the close of his reign, the French hated Louis the XIVth as cordially as they idolized him in the days of his prosperity ; and, from hating the individual who filled the throne, they soon began to detest the monarchical form of government. Nothing insures obedience more readily, than respect. If a master, by improper familiarities, lowers himself to an equality with his servant, all respect ceases ; and that deferential homage which the distinction of ranks, if properly maintained, never fails to secure, is at an end. The same reasoning applies to a sovereign and his subjects. If the monarch is dignified without pride, and generous without ostentation, he will be respected, and consequently cheerfully obeyed. But, if he descends from the elevation of his rank,

and condescends openly to practise those vices, which are condemned among the mass of the community, as immoral and ungentelemanly, the divinity, which is said to hedge a king, is shorn of its beams ; and, instead of being invested with those celestial attributes which awed the credulous multitude into blind submission, the sovereign is regarded as a fallible being, subject to all the caprices, foibles, and weaknesses, which are common to the meanest subject in the realm. The private life of Louis XIV. was precisely of that description which was calculated to destroy that personal respect which kings can never be too careful to conciliate. The embarrassments into which he was thrown from his strong attachment to his illegitimate issue, and the extraordinary, not to say illegal measures, which he adopted to promote their advancement, tended in a great degree, not only to render himself obnoxious to the nation, but also to weaken the monarchy. For the proceedings which he adopted led men to inquire into the legality of his conduct ; and it is not surprising, that, in a controversy which involved so important a question as the succession to the throne, politicians should have pushed their speculations beyond the particular case in point, and generalized on the nature of the different modes of government. The democratic part of the body politic gradually rose to consideration, and the monarchical doctrine that the people were made for the sovereign, was exploded. But we must now explain more minutely those particular acts of Louis XIV., which deprived him of the respect of his subjects, and gave so violent a blow to the stability of the old regime. Louis XIV. had several natural children by Madame de Montespan, to whom he was most strongly attached. He raised the Duke of Maine and the Count of Thoulouse to an intermediate rank between the princes of the blood and the dukes and peers of the empire. This elevation had given umbrage to the nobility in general, but particularly to the Duke St. Simon, the zealous supporter of the aristocracy, and the firm friend and adherent of the Duke of Orleans. The legitimate children of Louis were all dead, and there existed only one legal claimant for the throne, nearer than the Duke of Orleans. This was the Duke of Anjou, the grandson of Louis, an infant only two years old, who ultimately succeeded his grandfather, by the title of Louis XV. In this state of affairs, Louis issued an edict by which he nominated his natural offspring his successors, in default of princes of the blood ; which, in fact, was intended to exclude the Duke of Orleans—and, in the event of the death of the Duke of Anjou, to call the Duke of Maine to the throne. This edict was registered in the Parliament without opposition ; but that body contained many members who consented from

necessity, and who were determined to resist the enforcement of the illegal order of the king, after his decease. Louis exerted himself in every possible way to strengthen the interests of the Duke of Maine. Madame de Maintenon regarded him with maternal affection, and the Chancellor Voisin was purchased to support his cause. Louis made a will, the provisions of which were calculated to secure the authority of his favourite son. He gave him the entire and exclusive command of the household troops, and nominated Marshal Villeroy, whose fidelity he had ensured by repeated acts of favour, governor of the infant King. The Duke of Orleans, instead of being appointed Regent during the minority, was merely declared president of a council, every member of which had equal authority with himself. If the Duke of Maine had possessed the intrepidity and firmness of mind which ambition can only inspire, he would probably have secured to himself that ascendancy which the preparatory measures of Louis had rendered comparatively certain. But he wanted that energy and determined spirit which the emergency of the situation required; and the Duke of Orleans, his competitor, was encouraged by the indecision of his rival, to act that firm and vigorous part which procured for him the dignity which his birth entitled him to enjoy. Moreover his adherents were numerous, active, and powerful. The Jansenists hoped to triumph over their oppressors in the event of his obtaining the Regency; and D'Aguesseau and J. de Fleury, the most celebrated lawyers of the age, the devoted friends of the Cardinal de Noailles, who had suffered most cruelly from Le Tellier, ranged themselves under the banners of the Orleans party. Such was the state of political parties when Louis XIV. was gathered to his fathers, amidst the maledictions of a people who once hailed him as a demigod. His will was read in the Parliament, and declared null and void: the Duke of Maine was dispossessed of his authority, and the Duke of Orleans declared Regent. The Chancellor Voisin, who had drawn up the last testament of the departed monarch, was compelled to pronounce it illegal and invalid.

The work prefixed at the head of this article professes to give an account of the manners of the Court during the Regency, and to sketch the character of the principal persons who flourished during that period. The materials, of which it is composed, are said to be collected from the German correspondence of the Princess Palatine Elizabeth Charlotte, mother of the Regent Duke of Orleans. It consists of short biographical notices, or historical portraits, interspersed with anecdote, and delineated with a faithful, though sometimes an indelicate, pencil. The perusal of these memoirs unfolds a

scene of moral turpitude absolutely horrible even to contemplate; and confirms but too strongly the general character of the French Court. Whatever is indecent, irreligious, or unmanly; whatever tends to corrupt the heart, to vilify the dignity of human nature, and to bestialize the honour of men, and the modesty of women; are represented by the mother of the Regent, as the ordinary and familiar practices of that nation, which Burke has called "a nation of gallant men and of cavaliers." But the reader shall have an opportunity of judging for himself.

Louis XIV. stands first in the list. According to the author of these Memoirs, the *grand monarque* was as illiterate as a hackney-coachman, being scarcely able either to read or write. He was particularly attentive to the external ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and this minute observance of the mummeries of superstition acquired for him the reputation of piety. It would be easy to show the immorality of his life, by numerous anecdotes: we must however limit ourselves to one instance. Louvois proposed to the King Madame Dufresnoy, his own mistress, as lady to the bed-chamber to the Queen, and his master consented. But the foulest stain on his memory is, his desertion of the tender and amiable La Vallière, the only one of his mistresses who was really attached to him. His cruelty to her, and his neglect of her son, were accompanied by a studied inhumanity, upon which no honest man can reflect without detestation and scorn. The mother of the Regent, who remained pure and virtuous in the contamination that surrounded her, appears to have deeply commiserated her unhappy situation. In the following extract, she gives us an anecdote of Louis, which would disgrace even the most abandoned member of the vilest association:—

‘ La Vallière n'était point une maîtresse légère; elle l'a bien prouvé par sa pénitence continuée jusqu'à sa fin. C'était une personne, aimable, bonne, douce et tendre. Ce n'était pas par ambition qu'elle aimait le roi: elle avait pour lui une véritable passion, et n'a jamais aimé que lui. C'est sur l'instigation de la Montespan que le roi l'a traitée si mal. Madame La Vallière avait le cœur pénétré; mais la pauvre créature s'imaginait qu'elle ne pouvait faire un plus grand sacrifice à Dieu, qu'en lui sacrifiant la source de ses fautes; et croyait, être d'autant plus agréable à Dieu, que la pénitence viendrait du même lieu où elle avait péché. Aussi restait-elle, par pénitence, chez la Montespan. Celle-ci, qui avait plus d'esprit, se moquait d'elle publiquement, la traitait fort mal, et obligeait le roi à en agir de même. Il fallait traverser la chambre de La Vallière pour se rendre chez la Montespan: le roi avait un joli épagneul appelé *Malice*. A l'instigation de la Montespan, il prenait ce petit chien, et le jetait à la Duchesse de la

Vallière, en disant: "Tenez, Madame, voilà votre compagnie, c'est assez."—p. 54.

Such was the unfeeling and brutal conduct of the best bred gentleman of a Court, lauded as a model of elegance, decorum, and refinement. We are sorry to observe, that the French character is still tainted with the vices of the *ancien regime*, and that the gallantry,—or, to use a more proper term,—the profligacy of our Gallic neighbours, is almost as heartless and unfeeling towards the fair sex, as in the days of Montespan and Du Barry.

Whatever relates to Madame de Maintenon cannot fail to excite our interest. The singular destiny of that fortunate woman reminds us of the extraordinary vicissitudes experienced by the heroines of the Oriental Tales; and it is scarcely possible to recognise the widow of Scarron in the lofty station of Queen of France. The mother of the Regent naturally felt a strong animosity against this powerful protector of the Duke of Maine; and, as it might be expected, has placed her character in the most odious and unfavourable light. She attributes her marriage with the king to destiny, and relates the following anecdote:—

'Long-temps avant de connaître la Scarron, le roi dit un jour au duc de Créqui, et à M. de la Rochefoucauld, "L'astrologie est bien fausse; on a tiré mon horoscope en Italie, et on me mande qu'après avoir vécu très-long-temps, je dois aimer une vieille p . . jusqu'au dernier moment de ma vie. Y a-t-il grande apparence à cela?" En disant ces mots, il étouffait de rire, et pourtant la chose a eu lieu.'—p. 63.

The accusations which the Duchess brings forward against Madame de Maintenon are of the most serious description; but, for the reason which we have mentioned, they must be received with caution and reserve. Decency prevents us from specifying the vices with which she is charged; though the Duchess does not scruple to use the most unequivocal language, and that too with an indifference which is perfectly disgusting. One circumstance we mention, and, if it be true, the memory of De Maintenon deserves the execration of the latest posterity.

'Lorsque la vieille, (by this courteous appellation the wife of the King is always honoured) vit que le grain avait manqué, elle fit tout acheter dans les marchés: elle y gagna un argent énorme, tandis que les gens mouraient de faim; mais comme elle n'avait pas fait faire assez de greniers, une grande quantité de son grain s'est pourri dans les bateaux, et il a fallu le jeter dans la Seine. La populace s'écriait que c'était une punition de Dieu.'—p. 70.



The Duchess has drawn the character of her son with strict impartiality. While she has given him credit for the many excellent qualities which he really possessed, she has not suffered the affections of a mother to disguise the truth; but has freely confessed the irregularities of his life, and the profligacy of his companions.

A l'âge de quatorze à quinze ans, mon fils n'était pas laid; mais depuis ce temps le soleil l'a trop hâlé en Italie et en Espagne. Maintenant il est trop rouge, il est gros sans être grand : cependant il me semble qu'il n'est pas désagréable. Ses mauvais yeux le font loucher quelquefois. En dansant et à cheval il a bonne contenance; mais il marche horriblement mal. Dans son enfance il était si délicat, qu'il ne pouvait se mettre à genoux sans tomber en faiblesse; mais peu-à-peu sa santé s'est fortifiée. Il charge trop son estomac à table; il croit qu'il est bon de ne faire qu'un repas : au lieu de dîner, il ne prend qu'une tasse de chocolat; quand il arrive ensuite au souper, il a grand faim et soif. Quelque chose qu'on lui dise contre ce régime, il prétend qu'il ne peut travailler après avoir mangé. Quand il s'enivre, ce n'est pas par des boissons fortes mais par du vin de Champagne; il aime aussi beaucoup le vin de Tokai.'---p. 96

The vices of the Duke of Orleans are principally to be ascribed to the corruptions of his preceptor, the infamous Dubois. His natural disposition was amiable, frank, and generous; he possessed great natural abilities; had distinguished himself as a soldier: was conversant with the political history of Europe: and displayed, during the Regency, a vigorous, active and comprehensive mind. He was accused of having poisoned the two Dauphins; but, as Duclos has judiciously remarked, if he had been capable of such an act, he would never have hesitated at the destruction of the infant Duke of Anjou, by whose death he would have acquired the throne. He has also been accused of an incestuous intercourse with his daughter Mademoiselle de Valois, but the charge is too monstrous to be credited. The profligate life led by that princess was strongly calculated to excite an unfavourable impression against her; but it must be recollected that there are many gradations in iniquity, and our respect for the dignity of human nature induces us to believe that a crime so monstrous could not have been perpetrated, even in that hot bed of villainy and irreligion. The Duchess gives a slight sketch of the Duke of Maine, and the Count of Thoulouse. She is extremely temperate on this head, and abstains from indulging in any harsh or unkind expressions against the rivals of her son. She gives the Duke credit for a good understanding, and praises his conversational powers: she

expresses her doubt as to his being the king's son, though she acknowledges the Count of Thoulouse. He is represented as neglecting his mother, Madame de Montespan, and devoting himself exclusively to Madame de Maintenon. The Regent treated him with magnanimous forbearance in the Cellamare conspiracy; and saw plainly that the Duke was the tool and instrument of his wife, whose disappointed vanity induced her to intrigue with the emissaries of Alberoni.

It is impossible, in noticing any work which relates to the Regency, to pass over the celebrated Law, the founder of the famous Mississippi scheme. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting at the present period, when new speculations are daily springing into life, to recall to the public those scenes of chicanery and fraud, which entailed misery on thousands. The Regent had raised the nominal value of a Louis from sixteen to twenty francs. Thus he obtained one fifth part of the coin, and many persons were persuaded that no imposition had been practised, because they received back from the mint the same *number* of francs, as they had paid. It is hardly necessary to observe that they in fact had only four ounces of silver instead of five. He next established a Bank, whose bills bore five per cent. interest. This bank paid out only the new coinage, though it received both the old and the new. Owing to the depreciation of the currency, a vast treasure was soon accumulated, and the Bank stopped payment. The Treasury gained seventeen millions sterling by the operation, and the people were ruined. Shortly after this catastrophe, Law arrived in Paris, and persuaded the Regent to adopt his financial projects. The Mississippi Company was established, and the Scotch adventurer appointed Director. Law succeeded, in 1718, to unite the Bank and the Company, and from this moment the ruin of both was evident to all men of reflection. The plausible and flattering prospectus of the new establishment perfectly bewitched the whole population of Paris. The desire of speedily acquiring an immense fortune pervaded all ranks, and it was no uncommon sight to see a Duke and a hackney coachman struggling to force their way into the Bank, in order to have the first chance of being duped out of their money. The Duchess has given many anecdotes of the Rue Quincampoix; but as they are almost all to be found in every other work which treats of the Regency, it is not worth while to extract them. One or two must satisfy the reader.

‘ Un laquais avait tant gagné dans la rue Quincampoix, qu’il put acheter un équipage. Quand on lui eut amené le carrosse, il oublia qu’il en était le maître, et monta derrière. Son laquais s’écria :

Eh ! Monsieur, que faites vous ? le carrosse est à vous ! Ah ! c'est vrai, dit le laquais, je l'avais oublié. Le cocher de M. Law ayant fait aussi un gain considérable, demand son congé. Son maître le lui donna, à condition qu'il lui procurerait un autre bon cocher. Le lendemain, le valet enrichi se presenta avec deux sujets, en disant qu'ils étaient bons tous les deux ; que M. Law n'avait qu'à en choisir un, et que pour lui il prendrait l'autre.—p. 254.

Quelques dames de qualité voyant une dame bien parée, couverte de diamans, et que personne ne connaissait, descendre d'un joli carrosse, et étant curieuses de savoir qui c'était, envoyèrent le demander au laquais. Celui-ci répondit en ricanant : C'est une dame qui est tombée du quatrième étage dans ce carrosse. C'était probablement une femme de la classe de la cuisinière de Madame Béjon. Cette dame étant allée à l'Opéra, il y a quelques jours, vit entrer une dame parée de belles étoffes et d'une quantité de bijoux, mais ayant une vilaine figure. La fille dit à sa mère : Maman, je me trompe fort, ou cette dame si parée est Marie notre cuisinière. Taisez-vous, ma fille, lui répondit la mère, ne dites pas des sottises. Les jeunes gens qui étaient à l'amphithéâtre commencèrent à répéter : Marie la cuisinière ! Marie la cuisinière ! La dame parée se leva, et dit à Madame Béjon : Oui, madame, je suis Marie la cuisinière : j'ai gagné de l'argent à la rue Quincampoix ; j'aime à me parer ; je me suis acheté de belles robes, je les ai payée : en pourrez-vous dire autant des vôtres ?" p. 255.

At last the bubble burst, and Law escaped from Paris with difficulty. The populace were enraged against him, and he was stigmatized by lampoons and pasquinades. He does not however appear to have been avaricious ; on the contrary, he was munificent, hospitable, and charitable to the poor. He retired to Venice, where he died.

The speculating mania was not, however, confined to Paris. It spread to London ; and the South Sea bubble was succeeded by various other contrivances equally villainous, or absurd : which it is needless at the present period accurately to detail. Indeed the speculations were so numerous as to prevent the possibility of any description, unless we were willing to publish a folio upon the subject. The mere advertisements occupied nearly two thirds of the newspapers. Some of them are extremely singular and fantastical, and cannot fail to excite a smile from the sober and steady part of our readers : but, in mentioning them, we are more anxious to afford instruction, than to create a laugh, and to render the present generation, in this age of projectors, cautious and circumspect. We give the following from amongst a long list of schemes, all of which were to ensure to the adventurers a certain, speedy, and princely fortune. " For fishing up wrecks on the Irish coast ; for planting mulberry trees in Chelsea Park, in order to breed silk worms : for trading in human hair : for a wheel

for perpetual motion: an Undertakers' Company; and a company for the importation of large Jack Asses from Spain, in order to improve the race of English mules." This last bubble was projected by a clergyman, and marsh lands, at Woolwich, were actually purchased. Whilst the delusion was at its zenith, the instalments on some of the speculations did not exceed, in some instances, sixpence per cent. ; and it was not an unfrequent occurrence, for an office to be opened in the morning, and to be closed towards the evening—the plunder of one morning being sufficient for the conductors of the project. One advertisement ran thus, "for subscribing two millions to a certain promising design, the particulars of which will be promulgated after the money has been received." This reminds us of Cobbett's scheme for getting himself into Parliament. The Globe permits were sold for sixty guineas, although they were nothing more than a square bit of paper, on which the Globe tavern was impressed in wax, with the inscription, "Sail Cloth Permits," without any name or signature whatever. After some time, the eyes of the public were opened, and among the squibs let off, the following specimen is amusing: "At a certain place, on Tuesday next, books will be opened for a subscription of two millions, for the invention of melting down saw-dust and chips, and casting them into clean deal boards, without cracks or knots." Nay, to such an extent was credulity carried, that even spectators were readily collected to witness the marvellous exploit of a man entering a quart bottle, and as readily satisfied for the failure of the performance, by a promise that a pint bottle would be substituted on some succeeding night!!

We have dwelt thus long on the bubbles, in order to hold up a warning to the unsuspecting and inexperienced. There appears to us a striking similarity between the projects of the present day, and those which formerly reduced thousands of families to beggary and wretchedness. That which is practised openly, and countenanced by men of commercial character, is considered as honourable and respectable. But with the greatest caution and reserve let every one examine each project of the day, which promises immediate success or ultimate affluence, before he embarks in speculations, which may involve him in irremediable embarrassment.

We must, however, return to the subject which more immediately occupies our attention; and in so doing must bring this article to a close. At the commencement of it, we expressed an opinion, that, towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV., the struggle between prerogative and privilege had commenced. An arbitrary government produced discontent; and revolutionary subjects, saw with disgust the dignity of the

Empire and the resources of the country sacrificed to the whim and caprice of a courtesan. We recognise in Louis XIV. a bigot, a despot, and a libertine; the slave of the priests, the tyrant of his people, and the victim of passions violent and uncontrolled. Le Tellier, Louvois, De Montespan, a crafty confessor, an unprincipled minister, a worthless and heartless mistress,—rendered the monarch an object of contempt, and detestation, and scorn. He no longer respected himself: can it then be surprising, if his people ceased to respect him? The first stone was then removed from the building, which, after having been weakened by the Regent and Louis XIV., at length fell to the ground, and buried his successor in its ruins. From the horrors of the late Revolution, humanity recoils; but the integrity and impartiality of that historian is impeached who, while he magnifies the crimes of Robespierre, casts into oblivion the recollection of those atrocities, which stain the escutcheon of the Bourbons. The *Parc au cerf* of Louis XV. was sufficiently calculated to annihilate the reverence of his subjects, and to prepare the way for rebellion: and sure we are, that, in this moral country, where the duties of religion still exercise some restraint on iniquity, the bare perusal of the particulars of that infamous institution would excite as much indignation, as the bloodiest decrees of the Jacobin association.

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ART. VIII. *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piemont, and of Researches among the Vaudois, or Waldenses, Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, with Maps, Plates, and an Appendix, containing Copies of ancient MSS. and other Interesting Documents, in Illustration of the History and Manners of that Extraordinary People.* By the Rev. William Stephen Gilly, M. A. Rector of North Fambridge, Essex; Author of the 'Spirit of the Gospel,' 'Academic Errors,' &c. London. Rivington. 1824. 4to. pp. 503. price 2l. 2s.

IN the course of the last and present century, the press has teemed with accounts of excursions made to almost every part of the known world; but the picturesque valleys at the eastern foot of the Cottian Alps, with the magnificent mountains which surround them, and the extraordinary race of people, who inhabit this romantic region, would seem, from the little notice that has been taken of them, to have escaped the researches of the tourist. Independent of the unrivalled attractions of the scenery, there are higher considerations, which might have induced travellers, and

particularly those from Protestant states, to visit these Alpine fastnesses, which nature seems to have reserved for the theatre of uncommon events. It was here that the Reformed Religion had its birth, and that its martyrs and champions made the first effectual resistance to Papal tyranny; and here too may yet be found that primitive Christianity, those simple manners, and noble traits of character, which must have distinguished the ancient natives of a district, where the corruptions, introduced elsewhere by the Roman hierarchy, were never tolerated.---Preface ix. x.

Such is the leading passage of the Preface to the work before us, a work which took its rise in the warmest feelings of a benevolent and Christian heart, and which has peculiar claims to the attention of the scholar, the traveller, and the gentleman, as opening a new field for research, amusement, and inspection, to those who have leisure to read, and 'the passion and the power to roam.' The principal object of this publication is, to make known to his countrymen the present state political, moral, and religious, of the little community of Protestants who inhabit the inmost recesses of the Cottian Alps, and whom Mr. Gilly visited in consequence of an application made by one of the ministers there, to the Bartlett's Building Society, for spiritual assistance.

The Vaudois or Waldenses have been long known to the readers of Ecclesiastical History as a sect of early Protestant dissenters from the government and principles of the Romish Church—taking their name from one Peter Waldo of Lyons, who caused the Bible to be partly translated into the French tongue about the year 1160; and who, suffering persecution upon this account, fled from his country to the inhabitants of Piedmont, where he instituted a community of followers, called from the circumstances attending his history, *Waldenses* and *poormen of Lyons*. Mr. Gilly, however, disputes this point of history, and distinctly proves (p. 22.), that so far from the *Waldenses* taking their name from Peter of Lyons, they were actually in existence as a Protestant sect many years previously to the time of Waldo; and that, as such, they are mentioned in some old MSS. in our University Library of the date of A. D. 1110; moreover, he adduces a passage from the *Nobla Leyçon*,\* as assigning the date of their early separation from the church of Rome to the reign of Constantine the Great, besides offering other arguments to favor the opinion. It is very clear, that they are of a far earlier estab-

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<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand Peyrani pastor of Pramol. He has died since of the scurvy, occasioned by poverty and want.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly among the MSS. in the University Library; and preserved in Morland's and Leger's Histories.

lishment than the writers on the subject, especially Jones and Gregory, have been willing to allow.

The descendants from these primitive Protestants continue to this day the inhabitants of their native valleys, which lie in the wildest part of the Cottian Alps, between the rivers Clusone and Pellice, two mountain torrents, which empty themselves into the Po, about thirty or forty miles from the capital of Piemont. Situated between France and Italy, sometimes the subjects of the one and sometimes of the other, partaking in their language, their customs, and their manners, of the peculiarities of each neighbouring nation, yet coinciding with neither, they afford much interesting speculation to the inquisitive tourist; and, if considered in connection with the romantic district which they inhabit, there is perhaps no part of the Alpine region so well worthy the attention of our countrymen.

We shall pass over Mr. Gilly's account of his journey to Paris, and his reflections on the difference between the mummery of the Popish and the simplicity of the English Church,—because he offers little new either in the history of that every-day trip, or in his thoughts upon the other subject. At Moulins—the Moulins of Sterne—he mentions the preservation of a Pagan custom in the ceremony of hanging a votive tablet in the cathedral beneath the picture of the Virgin, in consequence of some miraculous restoration of a sick child to health. It is not improbable, that, if the matter were properly investigated, more similarity would be found, not only in France and Italy, but in Britain also, to the customs of our Roman conquerors. We only instance these three;—the exhibition of trophies of war in our Cathedral and country Churches—the threefold sprinkling of dust upon the coffin of the dead—and the provincial and ancient practice of pointing and gilding grave stones and mural monuments of alabaster—a custom which came evidently from Greece, through Rome<sup>3</sup> and Italy, and was transmitted to this country at the time of the

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<sup>3</sup> It was a custom with the Romans to paint their statues of a red colour, and no consul was allowed to enter on his office till he had gone to the Temple of Jupiter and smeared his image with *minium*. The Grecians did the same. Behind the ear of the Eleusinian Ceres in the vestibule of the University Library, is a spot of red paint, the remains of her former beauty: and the figure lately discovered at Selinunte in Sicily, older than the Temple of Theseus, are painted red about the eyes; moreover the sculptures on the Temple of Minerva were gilded, as may be seen to this day. Whoever has been amongst the grave-stones of a Cumbrian or Lancastrian cemetery, must have seen the beautiful cherubs thereon with golden pinions, rosy cheeks, and occasionally yellow eyes;—not to instance the black slabs of slate with golden inscriptions. We owe more to the Pagans than we are willing to allow. The pilgrims, who bind themselves by a vow of celibacy, owe their symbol, the *scallop shell*, to the worship of Venus, who rose from the sea, and was honored as Astarte.

restoration of learning. But we cannot pursue the subject further in this place. Near Moulins, Mr. Gilly discovered the spot pointed out by Sterne, in his history of poor Maria, although he was sorely puzzled, by finding the *poplar* changed into an *elm*. We attach some little importance to this trivial circumstance, because many persons have believed, and we think with reason, that Yorick's pictures were transcripts and copies of real nature.

Our author left Dover on the 11th December, 1822, and reached Lyons on the 26th, where he remained four days, engaged in inquiries respecting the object of his journey. He describes the library of that city, of which the natives are so proud, as abominably filthy, and in a sad state of decay; but expatiates at length upon that wonderful institution, *L'Hotel Dieu*, with the feelings which it must naturally excite in any one who sees it. Much to his amusement and delight, he was compelled, after offering his assistance to extinguish a fire, to labour in handing buckets to and fro, by the soldiery, whose hatred of the English is not unfrequently exhibited in little acts of the kind. At Lyons there is a Protestant Church, but the government is not so regular as that of the Vaudois, who are evidently Episcopal. Our travellers—for the mention of Mr. Gilly's companions we have uncourteously hitherto omitted—left Lyons on their journey to the mountains, on the 30th of December; crossed Mount Cenis on the 2d of January, and reached Turin on the 3rd, a very expeditious passage, considering the season, and the severity of the weather. At Pont de Beauvoisin they experienced a detention in consequence of having about their persons some *sealed* introductory letters. It is a customary thing for travellers on the continent to carry all their letters *unsealed*, and a tourist cannot be too much on his guard in this respect, as frequently a delay, and, as was the case with Mr. Bowring, even more serious consequences ensue, upon detection.

The aspect of Savoy, with its wooded villages on the edge of precipices and embosomed by mountains, is highly beautiful, but does not excite that romantic interest with which novelists and speculators would invest its scenes. Its contrast with the country round is peculiarly striking, and "scarcely," says our author, "can the limits between Geneva, or the Valais, and the Chablais be crossed, before want and beggary appear at every step." The clothing, shelter, and food of the poor Savoyard is of the worst description; he lives in an unglazed, unchimnied cottage, exposed to wind, hail, frost, and rain. Their poverty is proverbial—and the horrid idiotcy imprinted on so many countenances, with the frequency of the



*goitre*\*, puts poesy completely to the blush, when she talks of this Alpine Arcadia. Perhaps, no set of men can be found more attached to their *natale solum* than the wandering Savoyards, who roam through Europe with their mice, and their monkeys, petitioning charity in the language of grimace. An anecdote recorded in Buck's Beauties of Nature (vol. ii. p. 230), affords no incorrect idea of the affection for his country, which burns so brightly in the breast of the Savoyard; and, simple as it is, it conveys an appeal to the feelings of the reader, which he cannot resist. The inhabitants of Savoy are an honest, brave, and loyal race of men; but are miserably harassed by their more powerful neighbours, the French; who, in their attacks, have never spared their patience, or their misery; and, in time of peace, inflict their merciless authority in the shape of a tax on those, who wander from the country which cannot support them. It is true, that even of the poorest of these mountaineers who cross the channel, the passport tax<sup>†</sup> of *ten francs* is exacted: in behalf of such objects of charity as most of them are, it surely might be remitted. But to return to the author. The passage of Mount Cenis is described with great accuracy, spirit, and taste; and we only regret, in addition to the geographical information given of the names and positions of the mountains, that no mineralogical and botanical remarks are made. We must, however, remember that New-year's Day was not a very proper time to be hammering rocks, and groping in ravines. The passage of the Alps is so common now-a-days, that we must refer our readers to the work itself, or to Coxe's Italy, if they wish to become acquainted with the route. One extract only can we make from Mr. Gilly's work relating to it. He is describing a morning scene not found in the Guide Books.

‘The rising sun this morning afforded us a most superb and glorious sight: there was not a colour which his rays did not throw upon the mountains. It was at one time like a vast mantle of crimson, which gradually changed from one hue to another, until it mellowed down to the softest purple: it then brightened again

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\* It is singular that Derbyshire should afford so many instances of the like disease. Scarcely a *Pekerril* is seen without it, as the inhabitants of the moors round Buxton and Castleton are called.

† This imposition has extended to our own shores; and the Consul Generals at our sea-ports are as ready to lay claim to the ten francs, as any Gaul amongst them. Even the Mankmen exact a *ten-penny* from those who leave their Island, and give, as a receipt, a shabby piece of paper signed by all their great men, to allow Mr. H. B. to get away *without let, stop, or hindrance*, with a proviso that he is not more than a month about taking his departure. If so, there is another payment to be made, and another passport to be obtained.

and irradiated the snow-clad tops of the extreme heights, till every erag looked like a flame of fire. No words can describe the ever-varying splendour occasioned by the glorious orb, while he was slowly climbing the heavens, and pouring his streams of light first upon one ridge, and then upon another. I have since beheld that magnificent spectacle, the sun-rise from the summit of Mount Vesuvius, a sight which is said to be unrivalled; but, to my eyes, never did any thing equal the lustre which the same object displayed this morning, while we were in the midst of some of the most sublime and stupendous scenery, which this passage of the Alps affords. The hard, bright, glittering beds of snow, that lay upon the peaks, receiving and transmitting the rays of light; the frozen sides of the cascades, and channels of the torrent, that sparkled under every ray that fell upon them; the pendent icicles of a thousand forms and sizes; the crisp and fringy flakes of snow that hung from the pines; the enormous masses of ice, clear as chrystal or diamond, and reflecting as many colours; the foaming Arc in the abysses below; the shining roofs of a village, which was more than a hundred yards beneath us: all these objects, contrasting with the black and gloomy bank of firs in the shade, presented a coup d'œil surpassing the wildest dreams of the imagination. To add to the glory of this morning view, we had the fortress which the King of Sardinia has been constructing to guard the defile, and which kept breaking in detached masses upon our sight, till at last the entire building stood revealed before us. It is erected on one of the wildest and most inaccessible spots that could be chosen, amidst larches, firs, and mountain pines; some clothed in their darkest drapery, and others bare, or cleft and riven by the irresistible convulsions of nature.'—pp. 39, 40.

We wish not to presume too much on our English 'mole-hills;' but cannot help thinking that—allowing for the poetry of description—we have witnessed as fine a spectacle at break of day on many a northern peak of Britain. Our travellers found the Hospice of Charlemagne and Napoleon in its usual order, and all other accommodations as good as in summer. There are several interesting circumstances to render this road to Italy agreeable; the goodness of the inns at Laus-le-Bourg; the coal-mines, crystal manufactories, and iron foundry in the environs of Mont Cenis; and the triumphal arch, and marble quarries of Susa;—but our author mentions none of them. He speaks much and frequently of Hannibal, and wonders where Polybius and Livy could have placed him, so as to enable him to see the plains of the Po; a doubt with respect to the truth of which account was asserted by the author of the learned *Dissertation*<sup>6</sup> on the

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<sup>6</sup> A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. By a member of the University of Oxford. 1820. p. 182. Oxford and London.

subject, lately published at Oxford. But, from the summit of the Roche Melon, which is in view of Susa, Hannibal, or Mr. Gilly, might easily have seen Milan and nearly the whole of Lombardy: but this does not militate against the general accuracy of the Oxonian, as the same extent of prospect of the Campi Circumpadani may be seen from other points nearer the course of Hannibal, than the route over the Cottian Alps. And this fact saves the credit of Livy, whose testimony in general is suspicious, and almost useless, where accuracy is required. He would have made an excellent retailer of Roman Catholic miracles, and might have become secretary to some uncanonized Saint, or praying Count, in Germany, with as good grace as to be the hander down to posterity of rigmarole stories about a soldier sapping and mining by the aid of his grandmother's vinegar cruet. Whilst a copy of Polybius is to be met with, it is really surprising that any scholar should quote from the nursery tales of the Paduan. It is pretty clear that Hannibal's route did lie, as has been asserted, over the Little St. Bernard.<sup>7</sup>

Arrived at Turin, our travellers were already on the wished for scene of inquiry. By an accidental meeting with a M. Vertu, a native Vaudois, the facility of visiting the mountaineers was increased. It so happened also that one of the Vaudois ministers, M. Bert,<sup>8</sup> performed the service at the British Ambassador's Chapel in Turin, during their stay there. With these helps, the introduction to the community was easily effected.

During his stay in the capital, many things connected with the political history of the last century came under the author's notice, and particularly the conduct and the monuments of the career of Victor Amadeus. The Soperga, or *Superga*, for orthographers will differ, engaged his attention. It is a most splendid edifice, built on one of the finest stations in the world, whence Prince Eugene, in 1706, reconnoitred the French army: and was erected in consequence of a vow made by Amadeus, during the siege of Turin. "Nothing," to borrow the author's words, "can surpass the grandeur of the design or execution; and pages might be filled with a description of the treasures

<sup>7</sup> Cornelius Nepos (de vita Hannibalis. 3.) distinctly says that he passed through the *Salus Gravis*:—although Pliny (Nat. His. 3, 17,) has this notice: "his (nempe Pœninis Alpihus) Pœnos, Gravis Herculem transisse memorant." But the derivation of *Penine* is Keltic, from *pen*, a summit. The first conflict between Hannibal and the Romans was in the immediate vicinity of *Placensis*—ad Trebiam—and it is probable that, had he crossed the Cottian Alps, he would have met with his enemies much sooner.

<sup>8</sup> M. Bert has since the death of Peyrani become moderator, or Bishop, of the Vaudois.

which have been exhausted, in completing this *reale basilica* and in producing the dazzling effect caused by its marble columns and pavement." Mr. G. regrets, that, instead of building a mausoleum for his bones, which is beheld for leagues, and from the cupola of which the plains of Italy, the summits of the Alps, and the pride of floods—the '*Fluviorum rex Eridanus*'—may be seen at a glance, he did not found an *Hotel Dieu*, a Chelsea College, or a Greenwich Hospital, for the reception of the widows and the children of the warriors who died in his cause; and we regret it also. The road to the Superga is so rich in mineralogical wealth, that a man might be excused who made a pilgrimage for a less worthy purpose, than to muse on the steps of Victor's Sepulchre. But Mr. Gilly, we presume, is no champion for the blow-pipe. Victor Amadeus, his triumph, his church of sixteen years growth,<sup>9</sup> and his treatment of the Vaudois, took off our author's attention from granite and quartz, and the beautiful minerals which they invest. He has given us, however, so good an account of the people, that we will not quarrel with him, because he left the soil and its substrata to future investigators. There are some curious researches into the conduct of Amadeus towards his Vaudois subjects, in the documents appended to the volume; in which it appears that indemnities were granted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the Protestants of the Vallies, one of which cost the poor inhabitants six thousand crowns; and yet, on the 31st of January 1686, a decree was issued, threatening the rasure of every Protestant church and chapel, and banishment to such as would not recant their heretical opinions. Opposition was made to this decree by the inhabitants themselves, backed by the Protestant governments of Europe; and, of the fifteen thousand who payed no homage to the Popish symbol, two thousand five hundred only were able to oppose the army of the Duke, and the King of France. After three days of victory, the Vaudois were conquered, and the indignities which they afterwards suffered it would shock the ear of modesty to relate. Confiscation of property, and imprisonment, followed the surrender—imprisonment, too, of the most horrid and barbarous nature, to which death itself had been preferable: In six months, the numbers were reduced to three thousand; and at last, this remnant of the scattered flock were released, to encounter peril in regaining their rights. One of their pastors, Henri Arnaud—a name that will long live in the annals of the Protestant faith—at the head of eight hundred followers, first sounded the war-cry in the glens of the

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<sup>9</sup> It was begun in 1715, and finished in 1731.

Vaudois; and after a while, when France had renounced the friendship of Savoy, these intrepid warriors marched back to their desolated dwellings. Henceforth they became the faithful soldiers of their Prince; and when, in his turn, he felt the iron of affliction in his soul, it was to these persecuted Christians that he went for refuge; but how did he reward them? By granting the privilege of a private *burial-ground* to the family with whom he lodged; issuing another edict *against* his defenders; and building the Superga! This is one of those instructive comments on the language of holy writ—‘Put not your trust in princes,’ who fight not under the banners of truth and justice,—which the pages of history so bountifully supply.

Mr. Gilly seems to be of a most charitable disposition. His whole book teems with specimens of it; and he cannot leave Turin without mentioning (p. 59) the case of an unfortunate English lady,<sup>10</sup> who, by marrying a Catholic, has become an object of her countrymen’s benevolence. His kind mention of her shall lose nothing by our negligence. Our author saw the King of Sardinia frequently at Turin; the Queen is described as any thing but handsome, and the King as good-humoured, and obliging. At the opera, where the royal family are constant attendants, it appears that there is little of that loyal greeting which distinguishes the visit of a British Sovereign to a theatre; and Mr. G. could not help remarking the contrast between the indifferent welcome of a foreign audience, and the thundering peals of honest love, that display the ardour of a British populace.

‘When kings reign by virtue of a Constitution, and in the spirit of it, they cannot fail of reigning in the hearts of their people. It is by Roman Catholic courtiers, that the divine right of kings has been principally asserted, and yet it cannot but have been noticed, that almost all the late revolutionary movements have been in Roman Catholic countries.’—p. 62.

On the 11th of January, the visit to the vallies was commenced. Pinerolo is the first city in the district, but it contains nothing worth visiting. The road lies along the Clusone, on one side of which the inhabitants are all Catholics, and on the other Protestants. A similar circumstance may be observed in Switzerland. The scenery of this valley is described as peculiarly savage; but at Perosa, the residence of the pastor Peyrani, hospitality softened down its features. This valley is united to that of Pragela, is intersected by those of San Martino, and is set down in the old maps as La Valle di

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<sup>10</sup> We recommend her heartily to all who may wish to perfect themselves in the languages during their stay at Turin. She lives by *pupilising*.

Clusone. The Protestants are on the west side. The Clusone is a rapid stream, divided into several channels, and, rushing along with impetuous fury among broken rocks: it unites with the Germanasca. Pomaretto is a very dreary spot; with rocks above and torrents below; the street, narrow and dirty; the houses, small and mean, and very wretched in appearance. The pastor inhabits the *Presbytery*, the name of *Bishop* having been sunk in the poverty of their church. This clerical residence is a miserable abode; but, when our author was there, it was inhabited by a man rich in learning and good works, M. Peyrani, who has but a few months since paid the debt of nature. The interview with him was peculiarly interesting. We shall give the profile of the venerable old man in the author's own words:—

‘The apartment was about fourteen feet square, low, and without any kind of decoration of paint or paper-hanging. It was thick with dust; and the only attention to those *munditiæ vitæ*, to which we were in the habit of looking, were the sheets of the bed, than which nothing could be cleaner. At a small fire, where the fuel was supplied in too scanty a portion to impart warmth to the room, and by the side of a table covered with books, parchments, and manuscripts, sat a slender, feeble-looking old man, whose whole frame was bowed down by infirmity. A night-cap was on his head, and at first sight we supposed he had a long white beard hanging down upon his neck; but upon his rising to welcome us, we perceived that it was no beard, but whiskers of a length which are not often seen, and which had a very singular effect. His dress consisted of a very shabby, time-worn, black suit, and white worsted stockings, so darned and patched, that it is difficult to say, whether any portion of the original hose remained. Over his shoulder was thrown what once had been a cloak, but now a shred only, and more like the remains of a horse-cloth, than part of a clerical dress. This cloak, in the animation of his discourse, frequently fell from his shoulders, and was replaced by his son with a degree of filial tenderness and attention extremely prepossessing.’—p. 72.

This sickly sufferer was moderator of the Vaudois, “the successor of a line of Prelates whom tradition would extend to the Apostles themselves.” It is singular that such a coincidence between these humble people and the church, predicted in the 12th Chap. of Revelation (6.14 and 17 v.) should be discovered; a circumstance which induced Newton, Lloyd, and Whiston, to interpret the passage in their name. (vide p. 148.)

M. Peyrani's income was about 1000 francs, or 40*l.* per annum; yet with this scanty pittance he had contrived to support the dignity of his rank, and educate his son for the ministry. He is mentioned as a scholar of no common kind, possessing an accurate knowledge of the ancient and modern

languages, and a great share of ecclesiastical learning. His library was extensive; *but many of his books had been sold to purchase bread.* According to his account, the Vaudois once held the provinces of Susa, and Saluzzo, and all the mountains of Pinerolo; but are now reduced to three vallies, marked in the map as those of the Clusone, San Martino, and Lucerna; and thirteen churches. Formerly there was a college at Augrogna; but, in consequence of its removal, orders are now conferred at Geneva or Lausanne. The candidates were examined in Latin, Italian, and French, and underwent a strict scrutiny into their morals and behaviour: after an exhortation and prayer, with imposition of hands by the Moderator in full Synod, the candidate was admitted a priest of the Church of the Vaudois. In 1630, the inhabitants suffered by the plague, which carried off all the pastors but two; and it was necessary to seek fresh clergy; but, as none could be found to administer the service in Italian, the Liturgy of Geneva was adopted. In that year also the Vaudois were annexed to France, which caused some alteration in the discipline of the Church. Peyrani's maternal grandfather was ordained by the *Bishop of London (Dr. Robinson)* in 1707 or 1717, and was afterwards a Tutor to a Nobleman. He was related also to the Bosanquets, London Merchants of respectability; who, ignorant no doubt of their distant connexion, never opened their well-stored purse to aid his struggles through life. The doctrines of the Vaudois are very similar to those of the Church of England; and M. Peyrani's shelves were well stored with English ecclesiastical literature—the works of Barrow, Tillotson, Taylor, and many others. It was the Vaudois, who first opposed the church of Rome; for which some were forced to fly: of these wanderers came the Albigenses, heretics of Albi, who settled in Provence, and Languedoc, and were thence driven to Guienne, at that time an English province. Thence Wicliffe learnt his creed; and the faith he preached was only that which, four hundred years before, had been taught in the valleys of the Vaudois. Walter Lollard also, who lived in the thirteenth century, (whence the origin of the term *Lollards*, falsely ascribed to other causes,) *was a pastor of the Vaudois*; and the Walloons of the Low Countries were a sect professing the same doctrines. The Vaudois is the church from which the Papists have seceded, and is undoubtedly descended in apostolical succession from the early Christians. They do not, as has been asserted, profess belief in absolute predestination, and election: and are certainly no Calvinists. Their catechism is purely Trinitarian, and not Socinian. The Vaudois have not a Liturgy of their own, though they had once, as late as the sixteenth century: that of Geneva, or Neufcha-

tel is now in use. But the administration of the Lord's Supper is not unlike the mode in use with us; the preparation of the young for attending which is peculiarly solemn. The Waldensian Church is governed by a synod, with the consent of the government; consisting of the thirteen pastors, and one elder from each parish. The moderator, who is primate, is elected by them, and must be approved by the king. The synod also appoints the pastors. The vacant parish nominates two or three candidates, and the synod chuses. The Vaudois have been an independent church since the days of Claude, Bishop of Turin, A. D. 820. Buonaparte, hearing this account, issued an order for the enrolment of their clergy with those of the empire; allotted them lands to the value of 1000 francs per annum for each pastor, and added 200 francs for procuring copies of registers, and government returns. But, when the King of Sardinia was restored, these resources failed, and poverty of the most wretched kind ensued. Of the labours of the pastors no idea can be formed: and one in particular, Alexander Rostain, minister of Villa-secca, and San Martino, is mentioned with the respect due to his sufferings and his diligence. After a time, the king allowed them 500 francs per annum: the communes afford from one hundred to one hundred and forty more; the Dutch supply one hundred to each of the two senior pastors, and seventy-five to the three next oldest; and 300 francs yearly from the English grant of 1768 is paid to each of the thirteen: so that 1040 francs per annum, or little more than 43*l.* sterling, is the amount of their income, with no fees for burials, baptisms, or marriages.<sup>11</sup> Occasional bounties have, however, been granted: thus Switzerland contributes 600 francs towards educating four students at Lausanne; and, in 1820, Holland sent 4650 francs for the schools and widows of the clergy. The King of Prussia gave lately 10,000 francs for general purposes; and the Emperor Alexander 10,000, to build a hospital at La Torre.<sup>12</sup> But their greatest friend is the Count Truchess, Prussian Ambassador at Turin. Formerly the Vaudois were prohibited, as they are now, from rising in the army, or in civil rank, or in the learned professions; but were liable to be drawn as conscripts, which was actually the case with M. Peyrot, pastor of Rora, who was drawn in 1821, and was only released on the application of the Count, and that on grounds which inferred no respect for his rank or calling. England has furnished some Bibles from the Bible Society, a

<sup>11</sup> Peyrani told Mr. Gilly 3000 francs per annum would satisfy them: about 125*l.* sterling

<sup>12</sup> It is feared this benevolent institution cannot be completed from want of funds.



few private books and 200*l.* from the Baptist Society ; but the royal grant (mentioned at p. 83 of Mr. G's. work) has been withheld ever since 1797. This pension of 400 francs a-year has its date in the reign of William and Mary, and was increased by a bequest from Mary.

The pastors have each a copy of Cromwell's order, which strengthens their claim to this bounty. The collection originally made for them amounted to 38,241*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*;—9501*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* of which were expended in bedding, &c. in 1655. In 1656, and 1657, 12,550*l.* was distributed in the three valleys ; and the remainder, upwards of 16,000*l.* was put out to interest. Charles II. abolished this fund ; James II. neglected it ; and William and Mary restored it. Why it is withheld *now*, we are at a loss to conceive. We sincerely hope Mr. Gilly's book will be the means of stirring up better feelings in the cause of his injured friends.

We have said something of Peyrani. There were two brothers of that name, but both are now dead. Rodolphe, the one whom we have mentioned, has left behind an immense collection of valuable papers ; and these, we are happy to hear, are in the way of publication, by the Rev. Thomas Sims, who has a work in hand respecting the villages and hamlets of the Vaudois. When a selection can be made, the papers will be published for the benefit of the pastor's family. By way of affording some idea of his respect for distinguished characters, we mention that the chamber of the venerable man was adorned with the portraits of George the IVth., the King of Sardinia, the King of Prussia, Newton, Luther, Calvin, Lord William Bentinck, and the Duke of Wellington. Lord W. Bentinck has been a good friend to the Vaudois ; indeed, any one who has the honour of his Lordship's acquaintance cannot help loving him as a gentleman, a scholar, and a man. Mr. Gilly has made, we think, a just appeal to the generosity of his countrymen, in behalf of the injured people, whose cause he has espoused. He has urged the assistance which the British purse so readily affords to objects of distress, by arguments of force and feeling ; and has hinted that perhaps one day it may be England's lot to entertain the offices of benevolence. May that day never arrive ! But time, which knows no stay, may perhaps bring with it, hereafter, afflictions for that church, which has nourished and supported half the earth : it will then be a pleasing recollection, that, in the day of sorrow, she was ever found ready to afford the balm of consolation. That thought will soften her misery ; and it can only be by acting in such a spirit now, and by closely defending her rites and doctrines with the bulwarks of firmness and the sword of Love, that she can hope to retain her distinguished rank among the nations and the churches

of the earth, and to disseminate the faith which has shone clearest in darkness, and been staunchest in adversity. At the present crisis, England *ought* to lend a helping hand to any suffering Protestant community; it is her *interest*, and her *duty*. We are not bigoted against any race of men, or mode of faith; but clearly perceive, that the safest way to keep ourselves secure is, to strengthen our friends, and to keep our enemies at a distance. When once the weapon is put into the hands of our discontented, or our hostile brethren, woe to the giver of the power and its application! It is easier and better to prevent the sowing of an acorn, than it is to root up an oak: and the best way of preventing the mischief which *might* ensue by emancipating the Catholic, is to preserve his present privileges inviolate, but *to grant no fresh ones*. We pray, and in the spirit of religion too, that the day may never come, when the laws of England shall be guided by the assistance of a Catholic. Fanatics, and meddlers in politics, may preach and print, but there is less want of charity in refusing the applications of the Catholics, than there is want of prudence, and of charity to millions yet unborn, in granting their petitions. We have a duty to observe to our descendants, as well as to ourselves, and it is as incumbent upon us to think of the years to come, as it is to look back to the horrors of the past. The turn of the subject has brought us to this digression, and our readers will, we trust, excuse it. In his excursions to the other valleys, our author found things much the same as in that of the Clusone. There is however an interesting story related, which we shall transcribe, as a parallel to the legend of Abydos.

‘He pointed to the banks of the Pelice, near Lucerna. “At that bend of the river,” he told us, “tradition had consecrated the spot to the recollection of an exploit more memorable than the achievement of Leander himself. A Catholic had paid great attention to the lessons of a Vaudois friend, and gave such proof of his heart being touched, that the latter thought no opportunity ought to be lost of pressing his conversion while he appeared to be in a favourable mood. His visits used to be nocturnal. On the night when he flattered himself that his arguments would prevail, the floods had cut off the usual means of access. It was winter, and the torrent was alarmingly broad and rapid; but the Christian hero was not to be interrupted or daunted in his holy enterprize: he boldly plunged into the waters, swam across, and reaped his reward in the conversion of his friend from Popery.”’—pp. 100, 101.

The laws are so strict that a Protestant pastor must not sleep at a village out of his community. The Vaudois are

famous for their hospitality, and virtue; and a proof of the latter is given, to the shame of a countryman of ours, which reflects as much honour on the young female who resisted, as disgrace on the libertine who could devise her injury. The country is magnificently grand: rocks, precipices, torrents, and forests, with yawning chasms spanned with a crumbling plank,—mountains capped with eternal snows, and ravines where the wolf and the lynx are alone to be met with,—are the general features of the district. To agriculture, of course, but little attention is devoted; but the district is nevertheless cultivated as much as can be expected.<sup>13</sup> Each cottager has a few roods of land, held on a tenure which assigns to the proprietor half the produce of wine and corn in kind, and half the *value* of the hay. The worst corn lands yield about five; the best twelve fold. They seldom lie fallow: wheat grows two years, and maize the third. It is sown in August or September, and cut in June. In San Giovanni vale, hay is cut three times a-year. The peasants have sheep, goats, and cattle, and but few horses: oxen are used for the plough; but the spade or the hoe is chiefly employed. Carts and waggons are rarely to be seen: the charcoal and the salt are carried by the women, and by asses. Pigs, sheep, and all the cattle, pay duty to government when they are killed, and are then stamped with the royal arms. There are partridges, grouse, woodcocks, pheasants, and hares, on the mountains; and, if report may be credited, some most extraordinary creatures, *the jumarre*, and *the bouquetin*; upon the former of which we believe Polito never yet stumbled. In the vallies are vines, apple, pear, and mulberry trees, on which last the silk-worms are fed;—and they are luxuriant in all kinds of Alpine flowers and forest trees. The valley of Lucerna is the most productive. But the trade, that is there carried on, is far from extensive. One woollen-manufactory, and two tan-yards, are the only mercantile establishments. The former employs thirty men, and forty women and children: the latter four men at Bobbio, and five at La Torre, which, though the principal town, contains not a single shop of any account, and only a few of inferior character. This place is built in a most imposing situation, and contains about two thousand inhabitants. The tourist will find there a very cheap and excellent hotel.

The nature of the disturbances between the neighbouring states has rendered the Vaudois district renowned in incidents of a most interesting kind; and there is scarcely a rock, or cavern, to which some legend of a wild and romantic cha-

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<sup>13</sup> The mode of irrigation, mentioned by Virgil, Georg. 1. 108, with very little alteration, is still practised here.

racter does not belong. Every spot seems to have been an altar to heroism, and the guide continually points out scenes of deeds done long ago, at which the blood turns cold. Like the Tyrol, and Switzerland, the country of the Vaudois is classic ground, and the lust of blood and rapine have thrown an air of melancholy interest on its beautiful and secluded mountains.

‘As we walked along, M. Vertu recounted many little interesting circumstances connected with the history of the country: the inundations that overwhelmed the valley, the avalanches, or ecroulements, that had changed the face of the mountains; the chasms that had been filled up by sudden convulsions of nature, the battles that had been fought, and the deep recesses, amidst the rocks and forests, which had served as hiding-places in the days of persecution. On one spot the brave soldiers of a Protestant detachment had been hard pressed by a very superior number of assailants, and were upon the point of being obliged to retreat, when a thick fog covered the combatants, and occasioned a temporary cessation of the conflict. The Vaudois were so well acquainted with every pass, that they took advantage of the obscurity, made an unexpected detour, and attacked the enemy in the rear. The battle then re-commenced, upon the edge of a yawning precipice. The Popish party supposed that fresh troops were brought against them: their commander (Saquet) was hurled down the abyss, in the confusion of the fight, and the peasants remained masters of the field. The chasm, which, in consequence of this event, went by the name of Saquet, was filled up by a quantity of earth and stones, that rolled down from the mountains more than two hundred years ago; but the tradition still lingers over the spot, and the tale never fails the passing stranger, who seeks from his Vaudois guide the story of these mountains.’—pp. 143, 144.

But of all others the *Bric Casteluzzo* is the most renowned. It is a lofty peak overhanging Villaro, and La Torre, and is seen for several leagues. It was once the scene of a dreadful persecution.

‘To escape from such dreadful treatment, the terrified inhabitants of the commune of La Torre contrived to make a secure hiding-place, into which they might escape from the pursuit of their tormentors. Near the lofty and projecting crag which soars above Mount Vaudelin, there was a natural cavern, which, it was found, might be hollowed out to answer their purpose. It was difficult of access, and capacious before they began to work upon it; but, when it was completed, it became a safe receptacle, in which between three and four hundred persons might conceal themselves, and at the same time lay in a supply of provisions for many days’ consumption. This cavern was vaulted, and shaped not unlike an oven, with clefts in the rock, which served for windows, and even for loop-holes; and prepared with recesses, which

answered the purpose of watch-houses, from whence they might observe the motions of their assailants. There were also several chambers within this vast cave, accommodations for cooking meat, and a large fountain, well supplied with water. It was impossible to enter it, except by one hole at the top; and those who were in the secret, could only let themselves down one at a time, and by a very slow and gradual process, with the assistance of steps, or foot-holes, cut in the rock. In fact, it was like descending into a mine; and one or two resolute men might easily defend the entrance against the assault of any force that could be brought against them. Such was the cavern of Vaudelin, or Casteluzzo; but we could not explore the spot, for the quantity of snow that had accumulated in the passes that led to it; nor am I able to say what is the present state of a retreat, which was once so often resorted to.'

'But though we were unable to satisfy ourselves as to the ingenuity of the former inhabitants of this region, in an examination of their asylum in the rocks, we saw enough to judge of the industry, and clever expedients, with which the present natives appropriate to their use tracts of land stolen from the rocks and the torrents. Where the sides of the mountain would be likely to fall in, they form terrace upon terrace, in many places not exceeding ten feet in breadth, and wall them up with huge piles of stone. Upon these terraces they sow their grain, or plant vines. In the same manner they rob the Pelice of part of his bed; and when they have brought a small plot of ground to bear, they surround it with an enclosure of stones, and protect it from the violence of the waters. Amidst the ruins of former labours, among black masses of rock, on projecting ridges of the mountain, on the brink of precipices, and on the margin of the torrent, these indefatigable mountaineers hazard their hopes; and in every possible place, and on the smallest spots where a blade of corn can be made to grow, there they raise a little wheat.—pp. 144, 146.

The village of Angrogna is peculiarly beautiful in situation; and Villaro quite the contrary, but it makes up for natural grace in the excellence of its management. There is a Sunday school of seventy children, who have been instructed in the scriptures most carefully. This, like the other places in the district, has church-service four times a week; and, besides this, the pastors have the care of the sick and dying; and also preach amongst the mountains to the shepherds. This interesting mode of public worship is thus described.

'In the summer, when these pastoral people are tending their cattle at a distance from the villages, and occupying their *châlets*, or temporary cabins, upon the summits of the mountain, the clearness of the atmosphere allows the sound of the same Sabbath bells to reach them, calling them to the worship of the Creator beneath the canopy of heaven. It must be a most gratifying and impressive sight to see them hastening from different quarters, and assembling in a convenient place on the green turf, to listen to the

exhortations of their ministers, who follow them on every seventh day to their remotest pasturages. They generally select a sort of natural amphitheatre, where they may be shaded from the rays of the sun, and hear their pastor the more distinctly. A congregation, collected on such spots as these, must give rise to some of the most sublime feelings, which man is capable of entertaining. The simple and amiable character of the people, their patriarchal occupation of watching their flocks, their temporary migration, and change of settlement, their contentment and tranquil enjoyment, without any thing to vary their pleasures, the grand and stupendous scenery by which they are surrounded, and the pure air that they breathe in these elevated regions, offer endless subjects for meditation. If pure happiness can be said to exist on earth, it must be amongst these people, whose wishes are limited by their powers of acquirement, and who know of no pleasures but those which are to be found amongst their mountains. Poets and romancers have imagined, that the nearer we approach the ethereal atmosphere, the farther we are removed from the tyranny of those grosser sentiments, which bind us down to earth: and perhaps not without justice. The mountaineer is more virtuous, not only as he is removed from the vices of society, but as he is brought more closely in contact with nature, and, in that, to the adoration of the Deity; the still voice of religion is but faintly heard amidst the crowds of life, but it is loud upon the mountains, where the grandeur of the work bears a visible and continued testimony to the grandeur of the Creator.—pp. 123, 124.

The religious instruction of the people has been constantly and regularly attended to; but we agree with Mr. Gilly, in thinking that, “under all circumstances, it never was so much an imperative duty to give a helping hand to the Vaudois clergy, as at present, and to promote the circulation of Christian knowledge among their flocks, by a more regular and liberal supply of books.”

It is truly astonishing how the Vaudois have kept themselves so much apart from the church of Rome, when we consider the persecutions they have suffered, and the means that have been adopted to shake their faith. “A dilapidated Protestant church is never suffered to be rebuilt,” (p. 102.): “no Protestant can purchase or inherit land beyond the limits of the Pellice.” (p. 116.) He is obliged to observe the festivals of the Catholics, and to abstain from work; while the latter think it no disgrace to pollute the Sabbath with singing and dancing, and all manner of indecency. Besides this, the Protestant pays a land-tax of twenty and a half per cent., (whilst his Catholic neighbour pays only thirteen,) in addition to his hardy fare of chesnuts, potatoes, and black bread, earned at the humble rate of fifteen sous a day. Let the English dissenter reflect upon this statement, and then let him inquire

with himself whether he has just cause to accuse our government of injustice and oppression! Offers have been made of splendid bribes, promises of pensions, public employments, and grants of land; but "poor and destitute as these objects are, it rarely happens that an apostate can be found." (p. 154.)

The remainder of Mr. Gilly's interesting volume comprises a description of the other valleys, of the towns of Bobbio and Rora, and the stupendous break-waters of the former, built to repel the strength of the torrent, which here rushes from the mountains with inconceivable fury. Bobbio has been twice destroyed by it: situated as it is in the very heart of the most romantic part of this district, it has been exposed to the constant attacks of the stormy elements that riot at will in these magnificent defiles; and frequently the inundations have been so great, that hundreds of the inhabitants, their cattle, and houses have been swept away. The rampart was erected by the aid of Holland about one hundred and twenty years ago; and "such a spectacle," says Mr. G. "is beheld at its extreme point, as makes the whole frame shudder."

'A foaming torrent is seen rolling from the mountains, rushing with impetuous haste, and menacing the very piers on which you stand; then precipitating itself over fragments of rock, dashing blocks of stone against the wall, which is built to check its violence, and roaring as if a hundred battering rams were in motion against the jetty. Nature's horrors, and man's resolute perseverance in endeavouring to counteract them, were finely displayed on this spot; and we could judge, from the state of the torrent at this time of the year, what the Pelice must be in the season when it is swelled by continual rains, and the melting of the snows.

'But Bobbio has obtained a still more imperishable reputation from its deeds of humanity, than even from its grand work of industry, the breakwater of the Pelice. In the terrible conflicts between the French and the allied armies in 1799, the sick and the wounded of the contending forces received attentions, which were acknowledged, in general orders, by the commanders-in-chief of the French, Russians, and Austrians. But the resources of the villagers were at length so much exhausted, that the means of rendering further assistance were denied them; and, in this destitute condition, their Christian charity hit upon a scheme, which perhaps never before entered the head of persons so situated. "We cannot relieve you any longer," they said to a French party then quartered on them, "our poverty has nothing left; but since our homes can be no asylum to you, we will carry you to your own." The thing seemed impossible; how could men who were suffering under the intolerable anguish of dangerous wounds, be transported over the mountains? They could not walk, and their maimed limbs would not allow them to ride. "We will convey you on our own shoulders," was the reply of these good Samaritans of Bobbio: and they did so. They prepared litters, which an-

swered their benevolent purpose; and in this way, upwards of three hundred wounded French soldiers were carried over the Alps, and safely set down in their own country.

‘It is said that M. Rostain, the late pastor of Bobbio, suggested this most humane scheme, after having expended all he was worth in the world in aid of the sufferers, whom the evils of war had recommended to his humanity, without regard to national prejudices, or enquiring whether the objects of his pity were friends or foes.

‘This good man toiled afterwards as a day-labourer, to put bread into the mouths of his children, and soon fell a victim to his exertions. Poverty and oppression broke his heart, and the necessities of life were not to be procured at a period of his existence, when he had no longer strength to bear up against deprivations: but his charity did not meet with charity.

‘At the restoration of the legitimate dynasty, two clergymen’s widows were turned out of their habitation, in the middle of winter, to make way for a Catholic priest, who had a small hamlet assigned to him for a benefice, where himself and his woman servant were the only two belonging to the Roman church. I have reason to fear that the widow of the unfortunate and ill-requited Rostain, was one of these widows, who were so cruelly dispossessed.’—pp. 163—165.

There is also in this part of the volume much interesting matter relating to the past condition of the Vaudois; and the peculiar differences between the Popish and the Protestant ritual. The restoration of the exiles also is treated at some length; and the *guerilla* warfare betwixt the oppressed dalesmen and their formidable neighbours is handled in a masterly manner. We could, however, have spared the long parrallel which the author has drawn of the ancient Pagan, and the present Catholic, superstitions, which, though it may be, in some measure, connected with the argument of his work, swells the volume very considerably. We can forgive him, though, for the following impressive and characteristic sketch, which brings back to remembrance the magnificent passages in Childe Harold,<sup>14</sup> where the lamented bard is speaking of the Adriatic Queen.

‘Venice is the city of silence. The gondolas, or barges, gliding noiselessly along the water of the canals, are the only things which move, freighted with men or merchandize; not the sound of a wheel, nor the clattering of a hoof ever breaks upon the ear. The hum of human voices is all that is heard, and this seems to cease, when the chimes have pealed for Ave-Maria. St. Mark’s,

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<sup>14</sup> Stanza III. Canto IV.

In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier; &c.



which, of all other sanctuaries, from its dark and retiring aisles, its massy pillars, its antiquated construction, its dingy colouring, and imperfect light, is calculated to add to the effect of this evening-service, is completely filled every evening a few minutes after the vesper-bell has tolled. A concourse of people hurry in from all quarters: the merchant ceases from his half finished bargain, the young and the gay desist from trifling, the porter leaves his burthen upon the steps of the cathedral, and all that happen to be near quit their occupations or amusements, to offer up the prayer of a moment to the Virgin. The organ plays a soft symphony, while the multitude are entering, and dispersing themselves through the church; on a sudden a small bell tinkles, and every knee is bent, and every head bowed in silent adoration. Not a sound from within or without disturbs the spirit of supplication. This lasts for a minute or two. The bell tinkles again: the congregation then rise from their knees, the tapers are extinguished, and the sacred walls are soon left to solitude and darkness. I witnessed this scene several times, and never without an unusual degree of emotion. It was impossible not to honour the feeling of devotion, short-lived as it might be, which brought so many to the foot of the altar, and equally impossible not to condemn the profane system which directs the supplicant to address his prayers to the imaginary *Queen of Heaven*, and the *Mother of God*.—pp. 253, 254.

We cannot pursue him, however, in his account of the gradual change wrought in the pure faith of Christianity;<sup>15</sup> because our limits have already warned us to conclude. But we shall place before our readers a few more interesting facts relating to the Vaudois, which may serve to complete our imperfect mention of them.

Several anecdotes related by the author serve to show, that, in the midst of their poverty, the peasants of the valleys indulge no covetous aspirations; and that conscious integrity has made them too proud to beg. "We were not once," says he, "importuned by beggars in the Waldensian district." How different this, to the customs of their neighbours in France! But the truth is, that the Catholic religion is one which encourages by its very principles the use of hypocrisy, and the exhibition of beggary: and hence it happens, that, in every part of France and Italy, the traveller is pestered with so formidable a host of impudent and disgusting mendicants. It is an actual fact, as Mr. Gilly truly remarks, that the entrance into a Catholic country may easily be ascertained by the number of beggars,—who are, in general, a low, cunning,

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<sup>15</sup> The history of the miracle of St. Januarius given at p. 258, agrees so well in every particular, with that of Dr. Clarke, (*vide* *Life and Remains*, p. 116,) that a silent testimony is offered to the accuracy of each description.

wicked race of impostors. The real object of pity is generally too humble, or too proud, to take charity by storm; and scorns to disgust, when it would win commiseration. Filth, and indecency, as far as we have had opportunities of observing, are the usual attendants of the professional vagabonds.

The morals of the Vaudois are most excellent. Profane swearing, and blasphemy, are not so much as "named amongst" them; and the chastity of the young females is proverbial. The office of hangman is unknown, and the infliction of the law nearly unnecessary. Their obedience to their government is proverbial, and even their most ferocious enemies have paid them the compliment of acknowledging their loyalty. They literally "live in peace with all men," as far as it is possible. They wrong no one; but, by their conduct, show, that they do indeed follow the law of Christ. Even in the midst of their distresses, they have exhibited a meekness and a patience, which have gained them not only the praise of moderation and forbearance, but the active exertions of all the nations of Europe; except their bigoted and blinded persecutors. The remonstrances of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and England, against the shameful league of France and Savoy, attest as much: and the conduct of Cromwell and his secretary Milton<sup>6</sup> redounds as much to the credit of the people whom they undertook to guard, as to their own individual honor. And this testimony has ever been paid, under all circumstances of comparative prosperity, or of absolute affliction, to the integrity, the innocence, the honesty, and boldness of the Protestant community of the three valleys of the Vaudois. The history of Europe during the last four centuries, and the annals of the church from the time of the early Christians, have handed down the sufferings of their outcast race, and the horrid persecutions they have suffered from France, and Savoy, in intimate con-

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<sup>6</sup> We say Milton, because, although only employed, in his letters to the Duke of Savoy, to convey the sentiments of his Master Cromwell, whoever reads those letters carefully cannot fail to perceive, that he took occasion to blend the sentiments of the Secretary with the authoritative language of the Protector—circumstances which we are glad to see the accurate Dr. Symmons has observed in his admirable life of our immortal bard. (p. 230. Ed. 3.) Dr. S., in a note to the passage here referred to, adds his testimony to the antiquity of the Vaudois Church. He says they were not *Protestants*, in the sense of the term which is understood when we speak of the Reformers of Germany; but in a wider and more comprehensive meaning. "The Waldenses," says he, "asserted a much more ancient pedigree; and assumed to be of the old Roman church before it was corrupted by papal innovations." Our readers should bear this in mind. They will easily remember Milton's glorious sonnet (18) beginning;

*Avenge O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpian mountains cold: &c.*

Cromwell in one of his letters to the Swiss Cantons, names the Vaudois, or the '*orthodoxæ religionis cultores antiquissimos*:' and again, '*purioris ipsæ stirps religionis vetustissima*.'

nexion with the fearless interference of the other states of Protestant and pitying Europe. And their claim to the affection of the nations has not been unfounded. In their conduct as a people, and in their form of government as a church, notwithstanding the necessary and minor changes which have been wrought in some trivial particulars by the progress of years and varying opinions, they still retain the same features which distinguished them in the early days of Christian doctrine, and in the middle period of their sorrows and distress. They are to this day, what they have ever been, a seed sown in a barren and unfruitful soil, but one which has survived in the sun-shine and the storm, unimpaired and uninjured ; which has grown up into a tree of shelter from the afflictions of the world, and which has flourished even when transplanted by the hands of the barbarian and the spoiler ; and has brought forth fruit an hundred-fold, to the honor and the praise of Him who planted it. In France for several hundred years the Waldensian faith continued to be preached ; and Provence was illumined by the light which after persecutions have at length extinguished ; whilst beyond the Pyrenees the sound of the Gospel, undefiled by Papal superstitions, was heard by the faithful and converted Spaniard. But this success was but of short duration : yet, if abroad the glorious dawn of truth was clouded and obscured ; in the rocky fastness of the Alpine wilderness, in the glens and the desert, and in the sunless caverns where the torrent and the whirlwind reign undisputed, it has risen into the effulgence of a glorious day. And it may not be too much to suppose, that, as for so many centuries the Vaudois have kept their station and their character, under such a mass of misery, they are destined in the counsels of Omnipotence to be special instruments for the recalling of the nations to the unclouded excellence of the everlasting Word. Some, perhaps, who may read these concluding passages, may be inclined to charge us with a fanatical enthusiasm ; but we are sure, that no one who has perused the excellent work before us, can close its pages without coming to the same conclusion as ourselves, with respect to the probable importance in the events of future ages, which these now poor, and almost unknown people, are destined to support. They are evidently the remnant of that Church, which the Apostle Paul himself founded in Italy, who retired to the rocky citadels of nature, when the flood of superstition first deluged the religious world ; and it is not carrying fancy too far, to believe, that, in the daily fulfilment of prophecy, they will be seen by our descendants emerging from their gloom to a better and a brighter state. And, feeling this assurance, we most seriously and solemnly advocate the cause which Mr. Gilly has in hand.

England, herself once the abode of heathen superstition, and of worse than Pagan defilement, is free in her faith ; and there can be no one, so foolish or so base, as to deny that her political freedom has originated in that holier emancipation from the chains of error. *Protestant England* owes a service to herself and to heaven,—to shelter all who live under the same principles of faith ; and to continue that assistance which she *has* in other ages *given*, and *can now* give, to those who need her counsel and her alms. It is not likely that the Vaudois will ever suffer again what they have suffered ; the progress of learning and of civilization have done much to guard them : but they are as likely as ever to be in bodily distress, and to suffer hunger, and pain : and if, by any means, (however humble they may appear,) the branches of the tree which has survived so many centuries of storm and ravage, may gradually be cut away, the trunk and roots may likewise perish. England *must* prevent this—and she *can*. Her *national character*, her influence as a powerful, free, and independent country, and her *religious creed*, demand it of her, in a voice that must be heard ; and never may that day arrive, when the sufferings of a moral people can be heard by English ears with indifference, or disrespect ! Mr. Gilly, whose book deserves attention, and whose diligence merits our thanks, and the thanks of all his countrymen, has happily, in part, succeeded in establishing the claims of these poor people to the speedy and efficient aid of England : and we confidently hope, that ere long the bounty of Queen Mary, which has been withheld, will be properly restored. Measures to this effect are taking place in the cabinet ; and amongst certain highly favored personages of the land, some steps are in contemplation which are likely to be of great benefit to those, for whom they are undertaken. But more remains to be done ; and as some public works, such as Schools, Hospitals, and similar establishments, are required ; and as others, from want of resources, cannot be carried on, when begun, unless pecuniary assistance shall be rendered ; we hope and trust that a subscription will be commenced for the furtherance of causes so intimately connected with the finer sensibilities of our nature.

Surely the people who can subscribe their thousands for objects of general benevolence—who can amass millions for the erection of monuments, and cenotaphs—for the building of triumphal pillars and the service of a pageant—will not hesitate to render their assistance to a Protestant and suffering race, who, on every ground of public and of private interest, have powerful and peculiar claims upon the co-operation and assistance of a nation, so conspicuous for unfettered liberality. We have had no communication with Mr. Gilly, and our remarks have

grown out of our consideration of his narrative ; but we really wish that gentleman would state some feasible method of carrying on the work and "labour of love," of which he has pointed out the urgent, and impressive need.

With this conclusion, we submit his work to the particular that notice of our readers, hoping it may be productive of much good. In the Appendix will be found some very curious and useful documents illustrative of the subject ; and in the body of the book some very beautiful and chaste views from the designs of the Hon. Mrs. Fortescue ; besides two very good maps, which point out distinctly the route that leads to those secluded and beautiful valleys ; and some fac-similies of autographs. It is to be hoped, they will become better known to Italian tourists from the publication of the work before us, which, in its style, and materials, is peculiarly interesting.

ART. IX. *The Bampton Lectures for the Year 1824. Being an Attempt to trace the History, and to ascertain the Limits, of the Secondary and Spiritual Interpretation of Scripture.* By J. J. Conybeare, M. A. Prebendary of York, and Vicar of Bath Easton ; late Student of Christ Church, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Oxford. Parker. 1824. 8vo. pp. 331.

THERE is no subject perhaps in the whole range of Theological inquiry, in the treatment of which there is so much need of sober judgment and candid investigation, as that of Scripture interpretation, and more especially that particular branch of it which relates to the Spiritual, or mystical, sense of the inspired writings. That there is a more remote signification attached to many passages in Scripture, beyond that which the *literal* or *grammatical* construction may seem to convey, was, till within the last half century, almost universally allowed ; nor do we see with what consistency it can be denied by any, who admit the inspiration of the sacred volume. The errors, however, into which many commentators have fallen in respect to the *extent* of Spiritual interpretation, and the *abuse* to which it has been applied by the enemies of our faith, call for the exercise of the greatest discretion and the nicest discernment on the one hand, and for the strictest forbearance and charity on the other. It is well known that Collins, in his "Scheme of Literal Prophecy considered," has perverted this species of interpretation into the means of impugning the credibility of Prophecy ; and Sir William Drum-

mond, in his *Œdipus Judaicus*, has endeavoured upon similar principles to explain away the Mosaic account of the Fall of Man, and other Historical facts of Scripture. The Socinians, also, are continually led to pervert a doctrine, which is repugnant to their religious notions, by a false application of the proper rules of Scriptural Interpretation. They pretend that the sacred writers delight in the usage of certain metaphors and images; by which they contrive to suit every portion of the Scripture to their own preconceived opinions, be they never so contrary to the evident intention of the writers themselves. As an instance of this, we need only refer to the celebrated Unitarian Exposition of John viii. 58. *πρὶν Ἀβραὰμ γενέσθαι, Ἐγὼ εἰμι*, in which the Patriarch's name is converted into a common appellative, denoting, not the *person* of Abraham, but the *blessing* which was promised at the time of changing his name; and the verbs *γενέσθαι* and *εἰμι* are wrested from their *proper* signification of *actual being*, into a *metaphorical* designation of the respective *offices* of Abraham and Christ. By this means the following figurative interpretation of the passage is procured; "before *Abram* can be *Abraham*, i. e. the *Father of many nations*, *I must be the Saviour of the world*:" which we should think of itself a sufficient justification of Bp. Horsley's observation, than "Language is no key to unlock the mind of a Socinian."

But while the Socinians, and others, carry the mystical interpretation in some instances to a fanciful excess, there are others who comprise it within too narrow limits, and interpret in a strictly literal sense, passages which have a reference, either wholly, or in part, to matters of purely spiritual import. "Hic vero," says Rambachius, "ut in more positum est mortalibus ad extrema propendere—alii *excessu*, alii *defectu* peccant: quorum illi *sensus* arcanos et mysticos ubique fere locorum acri studio venantur, nimiumque allegoriis, satis sæpe contortis, indulgent: hi angustissimis terminis sensum mysticum circumscribunt, inque perpaucis Scripturæ locis eum agnoscunt; prout nimirum quisque vel natura affectus est, vel studiis à prima juventute excultus, vel prout magnorum viro- rum auctoritatibus ducitur." (*De Sensus Mystici Criteriis*. Sect. iii. pp. 8, 9.) It is in reference to the latter error, that Protestants are at issue with the Church of Rome, on the important subject of Transubstantiation. The doctrine is evidently founded on the application of a literal meaning to words, which are in themselves purely figurative; whereas the Church of England, with her usual wisdom, has interpreted our Saviour's injunction according to the rules of analogy, and the dictates of common sense.

In addition to those who have transgressed, either by exaggeration or defect, the great limits of Scripture interpreta-

tion, a school has lately arisen, as we have already hinted, among the German Divines, discarding as irrational and uncritical all spiritual or secondary senses whatever, and rejecting every type, and every prophecy, as idle talk and Jewish superstition. The works of Hoepfner, of Semler, and Rosenmüller will afford numerous illustrations of this doctrine, which has been ably refuted by the Roman Catholic Professor Jahn, one of the most learned and candid writers of his communion. In direct opposition to this mode of interpreting the sacred writings in a sense strictly literal, it is to be observed that the Jews themselves, did necessarily understand the ordinances of the Mosaic Law as figurative emblems, no less than ceremonial observances. The rite, for instance, by which they were initiated into the privileges of the covenant, was expressly declared, by God himself, to have a spiritual meaning: (Deut. x. 16. xxx. 6.) and, in the prophetic writings, unequivocal instances without number may be adduced of figurative expression. The marriage of Hosea,—the walking naked and barefoot of Isaiah, and the vision of Ezekiel, and of Daniel, were all symbolical and typical, and present the most direct and satisfactory answers to the theory in question. Not to mention that spiritual interpretation is expressly sanctioned by the inspired writers of the New Testament. St. Paul distinguishes the two Dispensations of the Law and Gospel by the respective terms, letter, and spirit: which should plainly indicate that the former in its literal acceptance is fulfilled by the spirituality of the latter. In regard to the argument *a priori*, it is clear that this species of Scripture interpretation is rather sanctioned and confirmed thereby, than discountenanced and rejected. In the earlier stages of society, the distinguishing feature of language has ever been metaphorical and figurative: and the Egyptians in particular, with whom the Israelites had been continually conversant, were addicted in their theology to the most extravagant system of hieroglyphic representation. In good truth, as we have had occasion to remark upon another occasion<sup>1</sup>, novelty seems to be a favourite guide of the German theologians, and we could wish no more dangerous principle influenced the zeal, with which they reject the more antiquated canons of biblical criticism, which our older divines, with far less presumption, and certainly with greater erudition and judgment, have adopted in the interpretation of Holy Writ.

Under these circumstances, few will be inclined to dispute the utility of a work, of which the object is to investigate the history, and to ascertain the limits of the secondary and spiri-

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 69.

tual interpretation of Scripture. Conducted with judgment and with moderation,—and with both of these qualifications, together with a perfect acquaintance with his subject, and a considerable depth of learning and research, Mr. Conybeare was unquestionably gifted,—such an undertaking could not be otherwise than interesting and valuable; more particularly as no such investigation has been attempted by our own divines. We perfectly agree with Mr. C., that it is both useful and gratifying to find that those opinions, which are sanctioned by the Scriptures, have received the support of the good and pious of all ages; and to trace the errors of modern times to the same sources, from which those of earlier date were derived. Thus, by avoiding the perversities of the misguided, and availing ourselves of the instruction afforded by the judicious, interpreter of God's word, we shall be enabled to escape the rocks upon which others have split, and direct our course into the haven of truth and security.

Mr. Conybeare commences his historical investigation in the Second Lecture, We have already stated that it was impossible, but that the Jews must have affixed a secondary and higher sense to a great portion of their Scriptures. Of this we find the earliest instances in the Apocryphal books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, in the former of which in particular, (ch. 18. 24.) the sacerdotal garments of Aaron are stated to be symbolical of the material, or the Archetypal, Universe; in chap. i. 14. the author seems to regard the account of the Fall as allegorical, and the same inclination to mystical interpretation pervades his detail of the plagues of Egypt. Perhaps, however, we are not fully authorized in considering these as representing the sentiments of the whole Jewish nation, prior to the era of the Gospel; as they are generally supposed to have originated with those Hellenizing Jews, who mixed with the Divine oracles the dogmas and speculations of the Alexandrian school, and can therefore only be viewed as expressing the tenets of that particular sect. A remarkable, though somewhat suspicious, document, of about the same date, is preserved by Eusebius, and attributed to Eleazar the high priest, in which an allegorical explanation is given to the different species of animals, permitted or forbidden by Moses to be used for the food of man. These earlier vestiges, however, in point of interest as well as magnitude, are far exceeded by the writings of the Alexandrian Philo, though his system is essentially the same; and he expressly refers to the *κανόνες τῆς ἀλλήγωφας*, as a standard of interpretation already established and well understood. By the adaptation of the letter to the spirit, Philo believed it to be the intention of Moses and the Prophets to lead the mind from earthly to heavenly things. In



the account of the Creation he refers not to the production of the material Universe, but to that of its pattern and archetype, as existing in, and emanating from, the supreme intellect, "the seat of the incorporeal essences of the natural elements." In man *made after the image of God*, he sees the divine *λογος*, considered as having a separate and personal existence;—and the completion of the work on the seventh day he considers as indicating nothing more than the absolute perfection of the whole. His language on the subject of the Fall renders it doubtful, whether he regarded that event in an historical or allegorical point of view: but the whole train of events from thence to the close of the historic records of the Old Testament are mixed up with more or less of his favourite mysticism. In this, however, he rarely indulges whilst surveying the moral portions of the Law, of which his expositions are generally pertinent, and sometimes energetic and eloquent. In fact, the chief error of the Philosophy of the Jewish Platonist was his earnest endeavour to conform the revealed word of God with the philosophical prejudices of his own sect.

From the age of Philo we are conducted by Mr. Conybeare to that of the Apostles and Evangelists, who refer, in the most clear and explicit manner, to the Scriptures of the Old Testament, as exhibiting in many leading features a real and intentional adumbration of the foreknown counsels of God. Nor can it be denied that in the New Testament, many things are shadowed out to us under types and analogies; for instance in the parables of our Lord; and more particularly in the symbolic nature of the Christian Sacraments. Among the Apostolic Fathers, the only traces of allegorical or scriptural interpretation are to be found in the former Epistle of St. Clement to the Corinthians, and in that which is generally attributed to St. Barnabas. From these we pass to Justin Martyr, who, though he frequently indulges in a fanciful and unwarrantable interpretation of the prophetic writings, is no where guilty of explaining away their literal and intelligible sense, with the characteristic boldness of the Alexandrian School. In Irenæus also, we must frequently condemn the want of judgment displayed in several of his Scriptural expositions: the same remark will apply to others of his contemporaries; but we are still constrained to acknowledge that the most fanciful of his interpretations are the words of truth and soberness, in comparison with the absurdities of the Valentinians, and other heretics, who rejected the Epistles of St. Paul, as savouring too much of the literal or historical sense. The principles of these seceders are reprobated both by himself and by Tertullian, the great patriarch and champion of the Latin Church: from whom we have the

following rules for the interpretation of Scripture ; “ Non semper nec in omnibus allegorica est forma prophetici Eloquii, sed interdum et in quibusdam : ” — “ Non semper nec omnia parabolæ, sed quædam et ad quosdam. ” And though frequently, in the warmth of his temperament and the fertility of his imagination, he was led into expositions contrary to his own principles, it is clear that his judgment was in favour of a just limitation in the extent of secondary or spiritual sense. The German Divines, however, have taken advantage of the want of caution, exhibited by this Father and his venerable predecessors, in tracing the spiritual meaning of Scripture ; and we cannot but commend the candour and the success, with which Mr. Conybeare rebuts the sneers and the insinuations of “ these self-named rationalists. ”

In regard to Irenæus and Tertullian, however questionable might be their expositions of many passages both of the Old and New Testament, their interpretations were strictly conformed to that system of catechetical instruction, which constituted the *παράδοσις* of the Greek, and the *regula fidei* of the Latin, church. To these succeeded the Latin School, of which the two great luminaries were Clemens of Alexandria and Origen ; men of the most extensive erudition, and the latter especially of various and cultivated talent. Freed, however, from the above-mentioned restrictions, in their Scriptural interpretations, they were frequently led into the most extravagant and indefensible speculations. Clemens seems to have regarded nearly the whole of Scripture as bearing an enigmatical or allegorical character ; nor does he hesitate to affix different interpretations to the same passage, even where the literal acceptation is of the most simple and intelligible character : extending the same principles of interpretation to the plain narratives of the Gospel. Origen derived his theory of interpretation from his predecessors in the Alexandrian School, who had adopted their system from Philo. He considers the allegorical as the only method by which the Scriptures can be rendered worthy of their divine Author, or even intelligible to the hearer : and defends the practice, in one instance, by the authority of St. Paul.

In the writings of the Fathers whose opinions have been thus briefly stated, such a body of spiritual and allegorical interpretation had been collected, before the end of the third century, as to leave to subsequent expositors the opportunity of little else than actual repetition, or direct and obvious imitation ; the subjects of mysterious acceptation becoming, of course, more numerous, as the *παράδοσις* became more copious, and more technically defined. Mr. Conybeare produces copious illustrations of the prevalence of the practice, with but

little variation, till the time of Chrysostom, and in the Latin Church between the age of Tertullian and that of Jerome and Augustus ; and concludes his fourth lecture with the following comparison of the methods followed by the Alexandrian and Latin Schools.

‘ To assert that no portion of the higher light derived from the Gospel mingled itself with their speculations, or that the bulk of their mystical comments (however little deducible from the texts to which they affixed them) was not, according to their own view of those truths, made to bear upon the great practical and spiritual truths of religion, were both uncandid and untrue. To the common Saviour of all mankind, the philosophical professor undoubtedly looked for the restitution and purification of his spiritual nature. In the cause of that Saviour he was content, equally with the more humble believer, to spend and to be spent. Of the Christian faith, therefore, and the Christian intentions of such men, it little becomes us to speak in the language of doubt or depreciation ; but as to the value of their philosophical creed, and the wisdom and safety of applying that creed to the interpretation of Scripture, we are assuredly at liberty to use our own judgment. That they were ingenious and learned, as the learning of the times went, beyond the majority of those who rejected their hypotheses, we may concede ; but the very first principles of the philosophy which they loved were, even in its best and earliest age, highly obscure, and rather laid down authoritatively and dogmatically, than proved by any regular process of inductive or analogical reasoning. In some cases they were opposed to, and in yet more uncountenanced by, the express declarations of Scripture ; and the applying them to the interpretation of that Scripture was, therefore, upon any grounds, either critical or moral, altogether unjustifiable. But the most reprehensible feature of their school was assuredly this, that their whole expository system, so far from rendering the Gospel accessible to those to whom it was expressly preached, so far from applying all inspired Scripture to the general purposes of reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, for which it was given, had an express tendency to load its study with imaginary and unnecessary difficulties, to represent its heavenly truths as perceptible in all their greatness and glory only by a few highly intellectual and studious persons, and thus to draw between the speculative scholar and the humble and ingenuous believer, a line which was not always warranted by the spiritual and Christian advancement of the one, or inferiority of the other.

‘ From this defect the earlier Latin church appears to have been much more free ; and I cannot but think that her stricter adherence to the *regula fidei*, however mischievously and injuriously exaggerated in more corrupt ages, or uncandidly depreciated in our own, had in this point an effect unquestionably beneficial.

‘ For ourselves, we have experienced and do experience daily

the value of such a standard, without the danger of its usurping the place of that Scripture, which it is its legitimate province only to interpret and to subserve; while from the intellectual self-sufficiency of the Alexandrian we may be, and are, I trust, preserved, by the certain conviction, that growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, is not of necessity commensurate or connected with a progress in the studies even most immediately allied to our Christian profession.'—pp. 161—164.

The fifth lecture opens with an admirable comparison between the opinions of Jerom and Augustin, the two most valuable of the Latin fathers, who flourished at a period when the Greek church had ceased to retain any material influence over the faith of Christians. The respective errors of each are pointed out with great perspicuity by Mr. Conybeare, together with the extent to which they respectively admitted the method of spiritual interpretation. In his treatise *de Doctrina Christiana*, the former notices a work of Tichonius, attached to the fanatic opinion of the Donatists, in which he endeavours to carry the rules of mystical exposition to a most unwarrantable excess. During the ages, however, immediately succeeding that of Jerom and Augustin, the history of this species of interpretation presents but little novelty or interest. In this period of darkness and superstition the student will find the celebrated Cassiodorus, and the Pontif Gregory, treading closely in the steps of Gregory and Augustin; and our own country produced, in the persons of Bede and Alcuin, the two most learned scriptural expositors of their age. The former of these, in his excessive fondness for allegorical interpretation, transgresses on this point the bounds of his usual prudence and judgment: but neither he nor Alcuin were led by their love for the allegorical method to waver in their faith in the historical narrative. In this respect they were far superior to Rhabanus Maurus, a learned writer of the ninth century, who, if he nowhere rejects the historical sense, speaks of it as infinitely below the value of the allegorical. During the middle ages also we find an additional impulse given to the love of mystical interpretation by the translation of the works of the Pseudo-Dionysius; which seem to have contributed not only to the growth of mysticism, but of many wild and unchristian notions. In the twelfth century, Bernard, Abbot of Clairval, a man of the most sincere and fervent piety, is deservedly celebrated for his spiritual application of scripture to the purposes of religious and practical edification. To this period succeeded one of peculiar interest; in which the revival of the Aristotelic Philosophy, and the introduction of dialectics, had a powerful effect in enlarging the scope of theological inquiry. But neither does the celebrated T.

Aquinas, nor any other of the schoolmen, appear to have objected to the validity of the unlimited allegorical interpretation which then prevailed, or to have abstained from its practice. We are not, therefore, surprised to find in the writings of our own Wicliffe, and in the opinions of the Albigenes, that licentious system of allegorizing, which has been sometimes ignorantly applied to the defence of those traditions by which the Romish Church had well nigh extinguished the doctrines and knowledge of the Gospel.<sup>a</sup>

Hitherto we have seen the literal and historical sense of scripture, almost entirely neglected amid the rage for allegorical interpretation. But the controversy with the Jews, which agitated the church during the middle ages, at length produced a set of writers who strictly adhered to the *letter* of scripture, almost to the entire exclusion of its spiritual import. At the head of these was the venerable Nicolaus de Lyra, who, though he readily admits the existence of a spiritual sense, and even the long established division into tropological, allegorical, and anagogical, strenuously maintains the paramount necessity of a previous and accurate understanding of the letter. Still prejudice was strongly in favour of mystical interpretation; although some of its advocates, and particularly the mystic Tauler, whose labours commanded the esteem of Luther and Melancthon, had lent their endeavours to purge it from the fanciful superstitions and corruptions of the Romish church. But there does not appear to have existed any sufficient learning to reduce the principles of scriptural interpretation within just and intelligible limits, till the revival of letters, when Erasmus unquestionably deserves the undivided praise of having first proposed accurate rules for the performance of this important task. In his annotations on the New Testament, he strongly reprobates the excess to which mysticism had been carried, and introduces but few instances of the popular expositions, and those chiefly for the purpose of refuting them. In this feeling he was imitated by the amiable Melancthon, and by the great father of the reformation, Luther; although from the fervour of his imagination the latter was occasionally betrayed into the admission of allegorical glosses, which we should scarcely have expected from the tenor of his abstract positions. Calvin distinctly rejected every form of the older allegory, preserving that only

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<sup>a</sup> Several recent publications might be pointed out in which this unbounded mystical interpretation is still maintained. There is a notable instance in a work entitled, "An Analysis of Christianity, containing a connected view of the Scriptures, and shewing the unity of subject which pervades the whole of the Sacred Volume." Hatchard. 1823. This work, however, with all its errors, cannot be too much commended for the Christian Spirit in which it is written.

which was either clearly or literally typical and prophetic, and introduced the Theory of *Accommodation*, of which, so far at least as modern theology is concerned, he may be fairly regarded as the first and most distinguished advocate. The following is Mr. Conybeare's account of the just system of interpretation adopted by Tyndal and our English reformers:—

'In our own country, the earlier patrons and instruments of the reformation appear, so far as we may judge from their practice, to have been fully aware, that the allegorical method of their forefathers was indeed both questionable and liable to much and serious misapplication. Tyndal, the great and laborious champion and confessor of our new built Zion, while he fully admits the spiritual application of all that is confessedly typical, condemns strongly the fourfold division of Scripture, and mystical perversion of its contents, still retained by the church of Rome; and insists no less strongly on the use and value of its literal exposition. "We may," he asserts, and it were unjustifiable to give his opinions in any other than his own language; "We may borrow similitudes or allegories from the Scriptures, and apply them to our purposes, which allegories are no sense of the Scriptures, but free things besides the Scriptures altogether in the liberty of the Spirit." He urges that these should be carefully reduced to strict conformity with the purity of Christian doctrine; and even "such allegory" (he continues) "proveth nothing, it is a mere simile." "The literal sense proveth or supporteth the allegory." He contends earnestly and justly for the spiritual and moral uses to be derived from a reasonable and Christian view of those narratives, of the Old Testament especially, which we have seen so many allegorists attempting to depreciate, if not to disbelieve. And he urges, with a force and conciseness to which no paraphrase or imitation could do justice, "God is a spirit, and all his words are spiritual, and his literal sense is spiritual."

'Such was the light, a light gradually but steadily increasing, which the study of the original languages, and the cultivation of sound and useful literature, were permitted, by the grace and goodness of Providence, to cast upon that spiritual and practical exposition of the word of life, which requires not the less of Christian sobriety and caution in the investigation of its principles, and the conduct of its details, because it is in itself undoubtedly of the highest and most vital importance to the instruction and establishment of the believer.'—pp. 245---247.

In his seventh Lecture, which concludes the historical portion of the work, Mr. C. introduces us to the opinions of more modern times; comprising into a short compass so much of interesting and valuable matter, that we fear any analysis would be incapable of doing justice to the author. He commences with a brief account of the *Philologia Sacra*

of Glassius, whose theory was afterwards adopted, with some modifications, by Waterland, who has given an exposition of it in the Preface to his *Scripture Vindicated*, in the 6th volume of the late Oxford Edition of his Works.<sup>3</sup> He then proceeds to the opinions of Arminius, and his advocate Episcopius, who do not seem to have differed from the more prudent expositors of the age. The celebrated Hugo Grotius follows, who restricted, perhaps somewhat too closely, many passages in the Old Testament which had been most generally considered as prophetic of the Messiah, to the immediate History of the chosen people, after the example of the more temperate of the Jewish Expositors. Hence he has been most unfairly accused of seeing Christ nowhere in the records of the Old Covenant:—a charge, from which he has been ably defended by Hammond. This system of interpretation was opposed by Cocceius, a man of infinite learning, and equal intrepidity, as may be judged from the fundamental principle of his Theory, contained in the single assertion, *That the Scripture signifies whatsoever it can signify, (quicquid potest significare.)* After some account of the *Theologia Christiana* of Limborch, the Socinian innovations of Le Clerc, and the somewhat too rigorous principles of literal and historical interpretation adopted by Ernesti, Mosheim, and Michaelis, we arrive at the lax and sceptical system, already noticed, of Semler and the later German Divines. The lecture concludes with the opinions of the most distinguished English Theologians, and an admirable contrast between the Schools of Hoadley and Sykes, and that of Hutchinson, to the latter of which, great as are its obvious and acknowledged defects, we are nevertheless indebted for “that Christian Spirit, which attracts and delights and edifies in the pure and affectionate ministrations of Horne, which instructs and convinces in the energetic and invaluable labours of Horsley.” p. 293.

Having furnished his historical investigation, Mr. Conybeare proceeds in his last Lecture to propose certain limitations, under which the secondary or spiritual sense of Scripture—for such a sense the Christian who allows the inspiration of Holy Writ must admit, and such a sense has been universally admitted in different forms and degrees, till within the last half century—may be retained and defended. These limitations are laid down with modesty, and with judgment; and though neces-

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<sup>3</sup> The industry and zeal with which the Sister University has of late years been employed in republishing books of sterling value, particularly those of our early divines, is in the highest degree praiseworthy. The Edition of Waterland, edited by the amiable and learned Bishop of Landaff, is a most valuable accession to the works of Hooker, Barrow, Sherlock, &c. which had previously issued from the Clarendon Press.

sarily compressed into a single Lecture, they are written at once with perspicuity and strength. We give the following observations entire.

‘ It may be further inquired, to what extent the secondary and spiritual sense of Scripture once discovered and acquiesced in, may with propriety and safety be applied to the purposes of doctrine and instruction. Wheresoever we believe this sense, upon the direct authority of our Lord or his disciples, to be inherent in any passage of Scripture, that passage becomes of necessity invested with a distinct and real argumentative value. To us indeed it may be of *subordinate* value, because for the positions so confirmed and illustrated by the inspired teachers, we have the more immediate and direct evidence of their own specific and literal declarations; but still wherever it appears that our own reasonings may be fortified by the adduction of that also which has been previously so adduced by them, we have (I conceive) a full right to demand that it should be regarded as a legitimate means of proof. And this appears to be (by the uniform admission of the ablest theologians of all ages) the utmost extent to which we can consider any secondary or allegorical sense as having a character strictly argumentative. But the degrees and shades of moral probability are, we know, very numerous; and there seems to be more than one case in which, if the great truths which we teach cannot be actually established by, they may yet derive not only much of lively and striking illustration, but somewhat even of collateral support, from such spiritual expositions of the detail, as appear to be most obviously insinuated by the typical and prefigurative character which the New Testament has *generically* attributed to certain personages and objects occupying a prominent station in the Old. There appears no very cogent reason why this extension, if I may so term it, of declared and acknowledged types should be proscribed in our attempts to instruct and edify a Christian people. With respect to those spiritual expositions which have their ground in supposed analogies, more or less plausible, with the typical and mystic character of similar objects, circumstances, or incidents of holy writ, *their* admission, (if they be admitted at all,) and their management in the application, must require much more of judgment and of caution. “ This,” (says the learned and judicious Waterland,) “ This, to speak freely my opinion, appears to be a work of such a kind, as scarcely one in a thousand will be fit to be trusted with. It will” (he continues) “ be exceedingly difficult to draw out mystical meanings with sufficient certainty beyond what our infallible guides in the New Testament have already *drawn out for us*, or have *plainly pointed out to us*.” I would add, that both the difficulty and the danger of misapplying the secondary sense become greater in proportion as we endeavour to accommodate it to any other purpose than that which is directly and exclusively of a spiritual nature—our own private and personal advancement



in the faith, the love, the knowledge, and the service of our Creator and Redeemer.'—pp. 322---325.

It had been the intention of Mr. Conybeare to annex some additional notes to the valuable work, of which we have endeavoured to supply an analysis, as comprehensive as our limits would allow. Of these the public has been deprived by his sudden and lamented death, which took place within four days after the printing was completed. The Bampton Lectures have now been delivered for the space of twenty-four years, and we do not hesitate to affirm, that the present volume may challenge a comparison with any of its predecessors, whether in regard to the novelty of the subject, the ability with which it is treated, or the assistance which it is calculated to afford to the Student in one of the most difficult, and at the same time most interesting and important, branches of Theological Investigation. With the exception of a few of the later volumes, which are certainly infinitely below the usual standard, the Bampton Lectures have now become a valuable body of critical and practical Divinity. Many of the volumes, however, are extremely scarce; and a complete set, which is rarely to be met with, is only to be obtained at a considerable expense. We would suggest it as an undertaking worthy of the University of Oxford to republish the collection, on a similar plan with that of the Boyle's Lectures, and as a companion to that invaluable Compendium of Sacred Literature.

We observe that the Bampton Lectures delivered by Archdeacon Goddard in 1823, and advertised for publication some months since, have not yet appeared.

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#### ERRATA.

- Page 17, l. 9, for 'hung,' read 'rung.'  
 l. 34, for 'th,' read 'the.'  
 24, l. 16, for 'Bachelor's,' read 'Bachelors.'  
 44, l. 39, for 'reader's,' read 'readers.'  
 45, l. 43, for 'Noster,' read 'Nostro.'  
 46, l. 32, for 'Hoüy,' read 'Haüy.'  
 65, l. 38, for 'cast-maker,' read 'cart-maker.'  
 85, l. 15, for 'Blackmoor,' read 'Blackmore.'  
 Ib. for 'latter,' read 'last.'

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# ACADEMICAL REGISTER.

OCTOBER, 1844.

## ART. I. Observations on the *ANTIGONE* of *SOPHOCLES*.

V. 588. ἦταν ἔρεβος ὑφαλον ἐπιδράμη. "*Cum tenebræ ex imo mari prodeunt*, hiscentibus sc. undis." Erf.

V. 591. Δῖνα καὶ δυσάνεμον, στόνῳ βρέμουνσι δ'—We have no hesitation in receiving the Emendation of Jacobs, which Erfurdt has properly admitted into the Text. The tragic writers seldom use a conjunction to connect Epithets; and the tameness of δυσάνεμον Δῖνα after δυσανόους πνοαῖς is sufficiently observable. Read therefore Δῖνα, καὶ δυσανέμῳ στόνῳ βρέμουνσιν,

V. 598. οὐδ' ἔχει μίαν λύσιν. The passage cited by Brunck gives no support to this reading. οὐδεμία signifies *nulla*, οὐδὲ μ' α, *ne una quidem*. Read with Erfurdt λύσιν τινά. Œd. T. 921. *ἕκας λύσιν τιν' ἡμῖν εὐαγγ' πόρης.*

V. 602. ἀμῶ. *excscindit*. Dorvill. ad Charit. p. 367. The verb ἀμῶν properly signifies *to reap*. Hesych. ἀμῶν, *θερίζειν*. Arist. Equit. 392. ἀλλότριον ἀμῶν δέρος. Its sense in this place is sanctioned by Hor. Sat. I. 2. 46. *Demeterent ferro*.

V. 604. τεὰν for σὰν. So Æsch. Prom. 168.

V. 605. κατὰσχη. The right reading is κατὰσχοι, which Dawes and Brunck reject. The rule however, to which the latter alludes in his note, and which is generally true, is fully explained by Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. §. 515. Obs. 1. and illustrated by Examples in the Miscel. Crit. p. 575. (Ed. Kidd;) τίς κατὰσχοι, signifies, "*Who could controul;*" τίς κατὰσχη, "*who is to controul,*" which is against the sense.

V. 607. ἀκέματοι. Read ἀκμητοί. Hermann de metris p. 317.

V. 608. ἀγῆρος χρόνῳ δυνάστας. Compare 1 Tim. vi. 15.

V. 618. εἰδοῖσι δ' οὐδὲν ἔρπει, is the true reading, which Brunck rejects, as disagreeing with the Strophe. But see our note to v. 607. and Comp. v. 613. supra.

V. 619. πρὶν πυρὶ θερμῷ.—Hor. Od. II. 1. 7. *Incedis per ignes Suppositos cineri doloso*.

V. 620. σοφία. adverbially for ἐν σοφίᾳ.

V. 622. τὸ κακὸν δοκεῖν κ. τ. λ. The Scholiast compares the

following verses (from Athenag. Legat. p. 106.) ἔταν δ' ὁ δαίμων ἀνδρὶ τορσίνῃ κατὰ Τον νῦν ἔβλαψε πρῶτον, ὃ βουλευέται. There is a well known proverb: *Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.*

V. 623. τῷδ' ἔμμεν. Elmsley ad Eurip. Iph. 414. (Mus. Crit. T. II. p. 288.) corrects τῷδε μέν. The construction is not unfrequent: as in v. 634. infra.

V. 631. ἰπέρτερον. *better.* Æsch. Theb. 526. Choeph. 103.

V. 632. ἄρα μὴ κλύων. The particle μὴ displeases Musgrave and Hermann (ad Vig. p. 640. Ox.) as involving an absurdity. But they seem to have been unacquainted with the force of this particle, as expressing *doubt* and *anxiety*. Œd. C. 1502. μὴ τις Διὸς κεραυνὸς, ἢ τις ὀμβρία Κάλαϊς ἐπιβράξασα; Elect. 446. ἄρα μὴ δοκεῖς Λυτήρι' αὐτῇ ταῦτα τοῦ φόνου φέρειν. Æsch. Theb. 193. ὁ καὶ τῆς ἄρα μὴ εἰς πρῶταν φύγῶν Πρίμνηδεν, εὔρε μῆχαν ἡρωτηρίας. See Blomf. ad. l. c.

V. 634. ἡμεῖς πανταχῇ δρῶντες φίλοι. Subaud. ἐσμέν. So Eurip. Elect. 37.

V. 636. ἀπορροῖς, *May you direct.* It is the optative, not the indicative.

V. 637. ἀξίως ἔσται, for ἀξίως. Adverbs are frequently used instead of adjectives after the verbs substantive. Eurip. Hec. 536. σῶγα πᾶς ἔστω λεώς. 720. εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἐστὶν καλῶς. Herod. vii. 103. ὅρα μὴ ματῆρ κόμπος ὁ λόγος οὗτος ὁ εἰρημένος εἴη viii. 60. τῶν ἐχθρῶν κατυπερθε γετέσθαι. Thucyd. ii. 14. χαλεπῶς αὐτοῖς ἡ ἀνάστασις ἐγγίγνεται. Sometimes the verb is understood. Eurip. Iph. T. Ἄλλος τὸ κείνης αἷμα. Æsch. Agam. 620. χωρὶς ἡ τιμὴ Δεῶν.

V. 638. μείζων φέρεσθαι. Read with Musgrave μεῖζον. Œd. T. 501. πλεόν ἢ γὰρ φέρεται.

V. 639. διὰ στέρνον ἔχειν. Schol. ἐνθυμεῖσθαι. *To be disposed or inclined.* Hesych. στέρνον' διανοία, φρένες.

V. 640. ἐστάναι. We prefer ἱστάναι, *statuere.*

V. 647. γέλων, Attic for γέλωτα from γέλος.

V. 652. ἔλκος. Properly, *a wound, a sore.* Hence, metaphorically, *a calamity.* Hesych. ἔλκη, λύπαι Æsch. Agam. 623. πάλει ἔλκος.

V. 653. πτύσας ὡσεὶ τε δυσμενῇ. It was a custom among the Antients to express aversion by spitting three times upon the bosom. Theoc. Idyll. 6. 39. τρὶς εἰς ἐμὸν ἔπτυσσά κέλευσεν. So again Id. 20. 12. Apoll. Argon. 4. 479. τρὶς δ' ἀπέλαιξε φόνον' τρὶς δ' ἐξ ἄγρος ἔπτυσ' ὀδόντων. Tibul. I. 2. 9. *Despuis in molles et sibi quisque sinus.* I. 2. 56. *Ter cane, ter dictis despuie carminibus.* Schutch. ad Æsch. Choeph. 194. would read πτύσας ὡς εἰς πᾶ δυσμοσῇ which is supported by the passages from Theocritus, cited above.

V. 659. ὅττα τάγγει. Read, with Erfurdt, δὴ τὰ γ' ἐγγενῇ. Porson notices the use of γε in the sense of *etiam*, in his Pref. ad Hecub. p. 37. The sense of the passage is: "If I encou-

rage even mine own relations in disobedience, those who are unconnected with me, will indeed be disorderly." See Brunck's version.

V. 662. *κάν*. Read *κάν*. It is a rule of Porson's that *κ* is never subscribed in cases of this nature, unless, when *καὶ* is united with a diphthong, as in *κῆτα* for *καὶ εἶτα*.

V. 663.—671. As these nine verses stand in all the editions, the sense is confused. There evidently can be no connexion between *τούτων τὸν ἄνδρα* in v. 668. and *ταῦδε χρὴ κλέειν*. v. 666, to which alone, in their present order, they can be referred. The passage is completely restored by Erfurdt, at the suggestion of Seidler, by an easy transposition. We must read vv. 668.—671. immediately after v. 662.

V. 666. *στήσειε*. sc. *βασίλεα*. Œd. T. 939. *τύραννος στήσουςι*.

V. 666. *ταῦδε χρὴ κλέειν*. Both the construction and the sense require *χρῆν* in the past tense, instead of *χρῆ*. *χρῆ* signifies *necessity*, *χρῆν* simply *duty*; and *στήσειε* could not stand in relation with the present. "*χρῆν* non minus quam *ἐχρῆν* in scena Attica occurrit." Pors. Sup. Pref. p. 18. D. and that the two are repeatedly interchanged is observed by Elmsley ad Eur. Herac. 959.

V. 670. *προσ τεταγμένον*, when called upon.

V. 671. *μένειν*. To sustain an attack. This word is not unfrequently used in this sense. Eurip. Herac. 744. *κακὸς μένειν δέρι*. Elect. 386. *οὐδὲ γὰρ δέρι Μᾶλλον θραχίων σθεναρὸς ἀσθενεὺς μένει*.

V. 675. *τροπὰς καταβήγγουσι*, *fugam perrumpit*; i. e. *ordines perrumpendo in fugam vertit*. The species of construction, in which the verb is followed by an accusative to which it cannot immediately apply, is not unfrequent in the Poets; in prose an Enallage of the kind rarely occurs. Trach. 849. *τέργῃ ἄχναν*. Elect. 122. *τάκεις αἰμαγάν*. So also Virg. Æn. I. 691. *Soporem irrigat*.

V. 675. *τῶν δ' ὀρδομένων*. Comp. Æsch. Sept. Th. 210. *πειθαρχία γὰρ ἐστὶ τῆς ἐνπραξιάς μητηρ*.

V. 678. *κοῦ τοι γυναικός*. "Lege *γυναικῶν* ex v. 680. et Eustath. p. 759, 39." Porson Adv. p. 172. The sentiment is ridiculed by Aristophanes in Lysist. 450. *οὐ γυναικῶν οὐδέ ποτ' ἔσθ' ἡττητέα ἡμῶν*.

V. 681. *ἡμῶν μὲν, εἰ μὴ*. Valcknaer supposes that the similar observation of the Chorus in Eurip. Phoen. 607. was borrowed from this place, as the Antigone was represented some years before the Phoenissæ.

V. 681. *κεκλέμεθα*. We have been deceived. Elect. 56. *λόγῳ κλέποντες*, where the Scholiast explains;—*κλέποντες* ἀπατῶντες, παραλογιζόμενοι, and compares Hom. Il. A. 132. *κλέπτε νόψ*. So infra. v. 1218. *ἢ θεοῖσι κλέπτομαι*. Trach. 243. *εἰ μὴ ξυμφοραὶ κλέπ-*



τουςι με. Comp. also v. 493. infra. φιλεῖ δ' ὁ θυμὸς πρόσθεν ἡρῆσθαι κλοπεύς.

V. 687. *χατέρω*. The Scholiast reads *χατέρως*. We prefer *χατέρω* which Musgrave suggests, and Erfurdt adopts. In which case the sense is: "Aliter autem recte se res habere potest." τ' ἂν is a Crasis for τοι ἂν.

V. 688. See our review of Robinson. Eurip. Elec. v. 1097.

V. 695. ἀπ' ἔργων εὐκ. 'Απὸ, on account of. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 573.

V. 696. ἡ τις τὸν ἀντὶς κ. τ. λ. Compare infra v. 29. 205. *Æsch. Theb.* 1015. et various other passages in the Greek Tragedies which seem to have been derived from Hom. II. A. 4. αὐτοὺς δὲ ἐλάρια τεύχε κίνεσσιν 'Οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι.

V. 698. χρυσῆς τιμῆς τέχην. There is no necessity for this conjecture of Brunck. We observe that Dr. Monk in his "Classical Examinations" reads *χρυσίας*, which is certainly more consistent with the usage of the Tragic writers. Eurip. Elec. 176. 192.

V. 704. ἄγαλμα. This word is here used in its primary sense, as also in v. 1116. infra. Eustath. ad Hom. II. iv. 144. and Apollonii Lexic. Homer. p. 24. "Ἀγαλμα" πᾶν ἐφ' ᾧ τις ἀγάλ- λεται. In this sense it generally occurs in Homer. Thus Od. iii. 274. πολλὰ δ' ἀγάλματα' ἀνῆκεν, ἐφόσματα τε, χρυσόν τε. 436. ὃ ἄγαλμα δεῖα κεχάραιτο Ἰδοῦσα. See Dammii Lex. Hom. p. 8.

V. 706. ὡς φῆς σὺ, i. e. τοὺς σοὺς λόγους.

V. 707-9. ὅστις γὰρ οὗτοι. The relative is frequently used in the singular, when the antecedent is in the plural; particularly when the sense is general, and does not refer to any determinate person or thing. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 475. "Confer. Sophocl. Antig. 718. 720. (707. 709.) Eur. Androm. 180. Aristoph. Ran. 714. Eur. Hec. 359. 360. Poet. apud. Plutarch. ii. p. 33. E. Eur. Electr. 938. 939. Aristoph. Eccles. 683. 684. (Eustath. p. 415.) Sophocl. Aj. 769. Electr. 1538. 9. Hel. 951. ubi *παιδὶ* vulgo, sed omnes Stobæi editiones LXXXVII. p. 500. (89. p. 36. ed Grot.) *παισὶ*. Med. 223. 224. Dict. fragm. 13. Tibull. I. 6. 39." R. P. Some of these examples are transcribed by Dr. Monk ad Eur. Hipp. 78. A similar change of number frequently occurs in N. T. See 1 Cor. vii. 36. 1 Tim. ii. v. ult. To the Latin instance from Tibullus, we may add, Terent. Eunuch. Prol. 1. *Si quisquam est, qui placere se studeat bonis Quamplurimis, et minime multos ledere, In his poeta hic nomen positetur suum.* Id Heauton. Act. 2. sc. 4. 13. *Cujus mos maxime est consimilis vestrum, hi se ad vos applicant.* See also Virg. *Æn.* 8. 426.

V. 709. διαπύχθεις, being examined, proved, tried. Schol. ad Eurip. Hipp. 989. διαπύχθει' ἐρευνήσσει.

V. 710. κῆν. Read κᾶν.

V. 712. παρὰ ῥέδρῳσι, *prope fluentia*. The student will observe an instance of the *vis ἐκτατική* of the inceptive ρ. See our review of Robinson's Edition of Eurip. Elect. v. 767.

V. 713. δένδρον. Dr. Maltby Thes. Morell. in voc. observes that the form δένδρον is never used by the earlier Poets. He would therefore read δενδρέων as a dissyllable. Comp. Hom. Od. T. 520.

V. 714. ἀντίπερυν'. *Ab ipsa stripe*. Schol. ἀντίπερυνα, ἀντίβριζα. Timæi Lex. p. 222. πρέμυν' τὸ τοῦ δένδρου στέλεχος καὶ ἔδρασμα.

V. 715. αὐτως δὲ ναὺς. Compare Eur. Orest. 697. καὶ ναὺς γὰρ, ἐνταδεῖσα πρὸς βίαν ποδὶ, ἔβαψεν, ἔσθη δ' αἰδῖς, ἣν χαλὰ πόδα.

V. 716. κάτω στρέψας, i. e. τὴν ναῦν. There are similar Ellipses in N. T. Joh. vi. 19. Act, xxvii. 15. 40.

V. 717. σέλμασιν. *Transtis*. The benches on which the rowers sat. Hesych. σέλματα τὰ ζυγὰ τῆς νεώς. αἱ κἀδεδραι τῶν ἐρετῶν.

V. 718. εἶπε θυμοῦ. "Εἶπε θυμὸν. Nec θυμῷ nec θυμῷ *iram remitte*. εἶναι accusativum habet Œd. Col. 1178. Philoet. 465." Porson Adv. p. 172.

V. 719. sq. γνώμη γὰρ κ. τ. λ. The Scholiast compares Hesiod. Op. et D. 290.

Ὁδτος μὲν πανάριστος, ὃς αὐτῷ πάντα νοήσει,  
φρασάμενος· τὰ κ' ἔπειτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἦσιν ἀμείνω  
Ἑσθλὸς δ' αὖ κακείνους, ὃς εὖ εἰπῶντι πίθηται.

Compare also Cicer. Orat. pro. Cluentio; 31. *Sapientissimum esse dicunt eum, cui, quod opus sit, ipsi veniat in mentem; proximè accedere illum, qui alterius bene inventis obtemperet*. Livy, xxii. 29. *Sape ego audiui, milites, eum primum esse virum, qui ipse consulat, quid in rem sit; secundum eum, qui bene momenti obediatur*.

V. 722. εἰ δ' αὖ. See Brunck's note. There is a similar Ellipse in Eur. Ion. 456. εἰ δ', οὐ γὰρ ἔσται τῷ λόγῳ δὲ χρῆσθαι.

V. 722. ταύτη. i. e. ἐν ταύτῃ ὁδῷ.

V. 727. τὴν φύσιν, *etatem*. Musgrave.

V. 730. ἔργον γὰρ ἔστι. ἔργον is undoubtedly used in the same sense as in the preceding line. "If," says Hæmon, "I am a young man, you are not to look to my age, but to my actions." "But," rejoins Creon, "is it an action worthy of notice, to respect the disobedient?"

V. 731. εὐσεβεῖν εἰς τοὺς κακούς. Porson adopting the correction of Valcknaer ad Eur. Phœn. 1341. observes that the Tragic writers would either say εὐσεβεῖν εἰς τινὰ, or εὖ σέβειν τινά. The distinction between the two formulæ is thus accurately marked by Blomfield ad Æsch. Agam. 329. "Aliud est εὖ σέβειν, aliud εὐσεβεῖν; quorum hoc (ab εὐσεβῆς ductum) *pie se gerere*, illud vero rite revereri significat; quare εὐσεβεῖν cum accusativo construi nequit, nulla intercedente prepositione." Of εὐσεβεῖν, with-

out an accusative, Dr. B. has given the following examples: infra v. 924. *Electr.* 308. *Trach.* 1224. *Aj.* 1350. *Eurip.* *Phœn.* 535. *Orest.* 890. In the following instances εἰσεβεῖν is followed by an accusative with a preposition: *Phil.* 1441. *Eurip.* *Æc.* 1167.

V. 739. καλῶς. ἐρήμης γ'. Remove the point after καλῶς, with Musgrave and Erfurdt.

V. 740. συμμαχεῖ. Read συμμαχεῖν, which Brunck also approves in his note. We have a similar construction, in addition to *Trach.* 1240. in *Æsch.* *Pers.* 193. ταῦτ' ἐπὶ στάσιν τιν', ὡς ἐπὶ δόκον ὄρεν, Τείχεω ἐν ἀλλήλαισι. 570. τυτθὸν ἐκφυγεῖν ἄνακτ' Αἰτῶν, ἀκούομεν.

V. 742. ὦ παρμένιστε. Porson ad *Eurip.* *Or.* 301. reads καὶ κάμιστε. The change however is not only needless, but impossible; for any designation adjoined to a noun, in the vocative case, whether by means of an adjective or otherwise, is always placed between the noun and the interjection, following the same rule which is observed with respect to the article. See *Matt. Gr. Gr.* §. 276. The exceptions to this rule are very rare, and occur only when the noun is particularly emphatic, as in *Æd. T.* 58. *Electr.* 86. ὦ φάος ἀγρόν. The true reading is amply defended by the speech of Hercules to his son Hyllus, *Trachin.* 1126. where the same expression is used.

V. 747. οὐκ ἂν γ' ἔλοις. The correct reading is that of Erfurdt, which differs only by a single letter from the reading of all the Copies. οὐ τ' ἂν ἔλοις ἥσσω γε τῶν ἀσχερῶν ἐμέ. See Porson ad *Eurip.* *Med.* 863.

V. 754. κλαίων. Read κλάων. Pors. *Pref.* p. 4.

V. 756. κωτίλλε. Κωτίλλω, *Loquor*; *Ang.* *To converse: to chatter.* *Phocyl.* ap. *Athenæum.* χρη δ' ἐν συμποσίαις κωτίλλων περιισσομένων Ἦδεα κωτίλλοντα καδόμενον οἶνοποτάζειν. *Theoc.* *Idyl.* xv. 87. παύσασθ', ὃ δόστανοι, ἀνάντα κωτίλλοισαι Τρυγόνες. Hence it signifies also *to flatter.* *Hesych.* Κώτιλος κολακευτικός, ἀπατηλός.

V. 758. τόνδ' Ὀλυμπον. See Brunck's note on *Æd. T.* 660.

V. 768. κατά. *ad instar.* See *Blomf. Gloss.* ad *Æsch.* *Theb.* 421. and *Agam.* 342.

V. 776. ὅπως μίασμα. It was looked upon as the height of barbarity among the ancients to starve a person to death. In order therefore to inflict the utmost severity of punishment, a criminal was inclosed in a chest (see *Theocr.* *Id.* 7. 78.) with just sufficient food to prolong an existence for a brief space; by which the parties, adjudging the sentence, were exposed to escape pollution:—Hence Creon also observes, 889. ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἀγνοῖ τοῦτι τήδε τὴν κόρην.

V. 781. Ἔρεξ ἀέκαστ', ἀμάχαν' Ἔρεξ. This conjecture of Hemphrys, with which Brunck is so highly pleased, is evidently

incorrect, if it be only in regard to the metre. For our own part, we can see no objection to the common reading, which is sanctioned by all the Copies. To this, however, Hermann and Erfurdt object, that no meaning can be attached to the word μάχαν; as the poet is not speaking of entering into a contest with Jove, but of the impossibility of resisting his power. But surely this of itself implies a struggle, μάχαν. To the vulgar reading κτήμασι in the following line we also see no objection, and truly the conjectures of the critics are ludicrous in the extreme. ἡμασι, λήμασι, πήμασι, ἥμασι, σχήμασι, δειμασι, &c. &c. &c. besides those mentioned by Brunck, have all been suggested with equal success, and would all make very exquisite nonsense. Still κτήματα can never be taken in the sense of βοσκήματα, as Brunck supposes, and the ordinary sense is amply supported by a passage from Propertius, Eclog. xiv. 15. in which the transitions are as unconnected as those of Sophocles.

Nam quis divitiis adverso gaudet Amore?

Nulla mihi tristi gaudia sunt Venere.

Illa potest magnas heroum infringere vires,

Illa etiam duris mentibus esse dolor.

Illa neque Arabium metuit transcendere limen,

Nec timet ostrino, Tulle, subire toro.

To the parallel from Horace, Ode iv. 13. 8. add the fragment from Phrynichus, (ap. Athenæum, xiii. 564. F.) Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυραῖς παρειῇσι φῶς ἔρωτος which Porson, (Advers. p. 136.) corrects into ἐπὶ πορφυραῖς παρῇσι.

V. 785. Compare Eurip. Hipp. 449. 1267. and Senec. Hipp. 184.

V. 786. ἀγρόνμοις ἀνλαῖς, may be rendered, in *lustra ferarum agros habitantium*, which seems to be the meaning of the passage, as we may infer from v. 349. where the epithet ἄγρωνος is applied to *beasts*. The passage is very loosely rendered by Brunck, *penetrasque te in ferarum absita lustra*. Hesychius: Ἀγρόνμων ἐν ἀγροῖς διαγόντων. We have ἀγρόνομοι, CEd. T. i 103.

V. 788. φύξιμος. For examples of a similar nature see Matthiæ's Gr. Gr. §. 416.—In respect to the sentiment compare Anacreon Od. 54. v. 4. Ὁ δὲ καὶ θεῶν δυνάστης Ὁ δὲ καὶ βροτοῦς δαμάζει. Ovid. Epist. iv. 12. *Regnat, et in dominos jus habet ille Deos.*

V. 793. νεῖκος ἀνδρῶν ξύναμιον. For νεῖκος ἀνδ. ξυναίμιον. Thus, ματρήαι λέκτρων ἄται, infra, v. 863. τὸν ἐμὸν ὠδῖναν πόνον. Eurip. Phœn. 30. Instances of similar construction abound in the Greek and Latin poets.

V. 794. ἔχεις ταραξας. See the note to v. 22.—In Plutarch we have συνταράξας πόλεμον. Aristid. p. 331. B. πολέμονας καὶ στάσεις ταραττουσιν. Vol. ii. p. 417. D.

Vv. 795. seq. This passage, which Brunck has miserably translated, should be rendered: *Vincit Hæmonem scil. manifesto sponsæ oculorum desiderium*, i. e. *desiderium oculis ejus expressum, magnarum assessor legum in imperiis*, i. e. *æquam legibus potestatem habens*. The Chorus would convey the idea of the strength of Hæmon's affection prevailing over the commands of his father.

V. 803. *πηγάς δακρύων*. This expression is illustrated by Porson in his note to Eurip. Orest. 381.

V. 804. *παγκοίταν θάλαμον*, sc. *Ἄιδου*. See v. 810.

V. 807. *τὰν νάταν ὀδὸν στείχ*. We have similar expressions in the Oed. Col. 1551. Trach. 876. Eurip. Alct. 625.

V. 813. *οἷδ' ὑμεναίων ἐγκλήρων*. The pitiful complaints with which the Tragic Heroines of Antiquity were wont to lament the prospect of continued maidenhood, may sound perhaps ungrateful to a modern ear: but when we consider the high repute in which marriage was held, and that the feeling seems to have been derived in the first instance from the fountain of revelation, we shall not think them unnatural. It is worth while to compare the following passages from the tragedians with those which we shall also subjoin from the Scriptures of the Old Testament. Infra. 917. Eurip. Hec. 416. 610. Iph. T. 220. Alcest. 327. &c. &c. Genesis, xvi. 4. xxi. 6. xxx. 1. 20. Ruth, iv. 14. 1 Sam. i. 11.

V. 814. *ἐπιθυμίδιος ἔμνος*. Anglice, *an Epithalamium*. It was usually sung by Virgins alone at the door of the bridal chamber: See the Scholiast to the *Helena Epithalamium* of Theocritus. The celebrated Epithalamium of Catullus was sung by a Chorus of youths and virgins.

V. 816. *Ἄχερ. νυμφέυσω*. Compare v. 654.

V. 820. *Ξιφείων ἐπίχειρα λαχούσ'*, *Ensis mercedem*, i. e. *ictum, sortita*. Suid. *Τάπχειρα, τὸν μισθὸν, τὰς ἀμοιβάς*.

V. 821. *ἀντόνμος*. To this word Musgrave refers the interpretation of the Scholiast, *ἰδίῳ ὅμω*, which evidently applies, as Erfurdt justly remarks, to *μόνη δὴ θνατῶν, ἀντόνμος* being properly explained by *μετ' ἐλευθερίας*.

V. 823. "V. J. Davis, ad Ciceron. Tusc. Disp. iii. 26." PORSON.

V. 825. *Σιπύλῃ π. ἄκ*. Senecæ Herc. Fur. 390. *Riget superba Tantalus luctu parens, Mæstusque Phrygio manat in Sipylo lapis*. The allusion is to the well known fable of Niobe. See Ovid. Metam. vi. 148.

V. 826. *κισσὸς ὡς ἀστερὶς*: *Like the close-encircling ivy*. Timæus in Lex. Plat. p. 52. thus explains *ἀστερὶς*. *ἣ ὁ τῷ ᾄθει ἐν κλισίῃς, ἣ ὁ σιληρὸς, καὶ ἀντίπαικτος πρὸς ὃ χρὴ ὑπεῖξαι*. The obs of Rhunken on this word are valuable.

836. *φθιμένα* is rendered *mortali* both by Brunck and

Musgrave. Erfurdt's translation, *mortuae*, is supported by vv. 840, 841.

V. 837. Upon Brunck's observation that the Attics invariably shorten the first syllable in ἴσος, Porson has the following remark in his note on Orest. 9. "Hoc de simplice ἴσος fere verum est: compositum ἰσῶδες primam producit in Æschyl. Pers. 80."

V. 845. Θήβας ἄλλας. It was usual so to designate every place, which was under the immediate patronage of any Deity, as we are told by the Scholiast to Pindar; Olymp. iii. Stroph. 2. ἔλεγον πᾶν χωρίον ἀφιερῶμενον θεῷ, καὶ πῶλον φυτῶν ῥ', ἄλλας. Cf. Elect. 5. Hom. Il. ii. 506. Of the Epithet εὐάρματος applied to Thebes we have similar instances in v. 149. supra. Pind. Olymp. 16. Epod. 5. Isthm. 8. Div. 2. Eurip. Herc. F. 467.

V. 848. ἔργμα τυμβόχωστον. Veterum tumuli, says Dr. Blomfield, (Gloss. ad Æsch. Theb. 947.) terræ aggestus erant, Anglice *Barrows*, et χῡσθαι dicebantur. Soph. Ant. 80. τάφον χῡσσοῦ ἀδελφεῖ. 1203. Καὶ τύμβον ἐρῶντα κραιφνέας χθονὸς χῡσαντες. Pollux. μῆμα, τάφος, χῡμα. In his note to v. 552. of the same play the learned Doctor corrects ἔργμα into ἔρμα, and notices a similar error in Oppian. Hal. iv. 477. πολλὰ μὲν καὶ ἡς ἐν ἔρμασιν ἦν ἐκλυσαν. Vulgo, ἔργμασιν.

V. 849. ποταίνιον. *Subiti, inexpectati*. Photius Lex. MS. ποταίνος, πρόσφατος. Suidas. ποταίνιον τὸ ξένιον, ἢ νέον. Sophocl. apud Stobæum p. 263. ἡδονας ποταίνιους Cf. Æsch. Prom. 162. Theb. 225. Chœph. 1042.

V. 851. οὐτ' ἐν βροτοῖς κ. τ. λ. Cf. Eurip. Supp. 963. "Οὐτ' ἐν τοῖς φθιμένοις, "Οὐτ' ἐν ζῶσιν ἀρῶμεν μένη, χωρὶς δὲ τίνα τῶνδ' ἔχουσα μοῖραν.

V. 855. προσέπαισας. *Impegisti*. Hesych. ἐπίπαιμα, ἐπίπαισμα, πρόσπαιμα.

V. 858. Musgrave takes μερίμνας for the accusative, without any reason. See Brunck's note. In v. 862. κλεινοῖς Λαῶδ. has the same relation to ἔψανσας πότμον, which ἐμοὶ has to ἔψανσας μερίμνας. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 392, 3. Obs.

V. 859. Musgrave considers τριτάτιστος as a superlative from πολλός, similar to the forms βράχιστος and ἐλάχιστος from βραχύς, ἐλαχρύς, with the intensitive particle τρις prefixed. And we are inclined to prefer this derivation to that of Canter, who takes it from πάλίζω, *condo*, in the sense of πολύκτιστον.

V. 867. ἀραιός. *Diris obstricta*. This word however is frequently used in an active sense. See Monk upon Eur. Hipp. 1413.

V. 872. For μὲν Musgrave proposes μιν, which though sufficiently frequent in Homer, was never used by the Tragic writers. See Velleknær. ad Phœn. 1253.

V. 874. ὑπὸ κράτος μέλει, *penes quencumque summa est potestas*. Musgrave compares Eurip. Helen. 199. 1179.

V. 875. Erfurd t renders ἀντόγνωτος by *qui ex sua tantum animi Sententia (γνώμη) unumquidque agit*. Etym. Mag. 173. 38. Ἀντόγνωτος, αὐθαίρετος καὶ ἰδιογνώμων. It may be properly rendered *Self-willed*.

V. 877. πάνθ' ἰδόν. Subaud. εἰς. So vv. 812. 822.

V. 879. λαμπάδος. Sen. Theb. 86. *noctem afferet Phæbea lampas*. Lucret. v. 403. *æternam suscepit lampada mundi*.

V. 881. ἀδάκρυτον. *Tristissimum*. So Trach. 106. The α in this and many other words is intensitive. See Valckenær. ad Theocr. Adonias. p. 214.

V. 883. See Dawes. Misc. Crit. p. 572. ed. Kidd.

V. 888. τυμβεύσει. Active for passive. So Oed. T. 967. κεύθει κάτω γῆς, for κεύδεται.

V. 904. τοῖς φρονούσιν εὖ: i. e. According to the *judgment of those who understand*, in which sense the dative is frequently used. Thus infra. 1161. ὡς ἐμοί, *according to my judgment*. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 389.

V. 907. We are not aware upon what grounds Brunck has venture to expunge the form ἡράμην from Attic usage. It occurs in Eurip. Orest. 3. 765. Phœn. 437. Iph. A. 938. Iph. T. 1201. besides the two passages in the Heraclidæ which he has taken upon himself to condemn.

V. 909. κατιδάσσοντος, sc. τοῦ προτέρου. There is a similar construction in the *Electra* 1344. The passage from Herodotus alluded to in Brunck's note is from the *Thalia*, c. 119.

V. 924. Musgrave compares Eurip. Iph. T. 682. δειλὴν γὰρ καὶ κακὴν κεκτῆσθαι. See also at v. 731.

V. 926. On the celebrated canon of Dawes, of which this line is an example, see Porson ad Hec. 509. Hermann on Viger p. 573. ed. Ox. and Kidd's excellent note in his Edition of the Miscel. Crit. p. 549.

V. 929. Erfurd t justly remarks that αὶ αὐταὶ with the article and pronoun separated, does not signify *eadem* but *ipsæ*; and consequently Brunck's alteration is incorrect. He therefore retains the vulgar reading with the change only of a single breathing, joining αὶ αὐταὶ in a crasis, ἀὐται. See Monk on Eurip. Hipp. 1005. The phrase ἀνέμων ῥιπαῖς occurs supra v. 137. Instances of a double genitive, similar to ἀνέμων ψυχῆς will be found in the Oedip. Col. 668. and in Cæsar de Bell. civili. i. 7. *Omnium temporum injurias inimicorum in se commemorat*.

V. 931. τούτων sc. ῥιπῶν. ἔνεκα is understood. The sense is, *Unless she ceases from these ravings*.

V. 936. ταύτης subaud. ὄψ. Schol. ad Arist. Eq. 839. Ταύτης ἢ τὸν τρόπον. Eurip. Med. 366. Hipp. 41.

V. 941. See Porson's Append. Toup. Emend. Suid. p. 441.

V. 942. οἷα πρὸς οἶων ἀ. π. Dr. Blomfield has illustrated this expression, in a note which Monk has introduced into the 145th verse of the *Alceſtis*.

V. 952. Musgrave and Erfurdt object to the word ὄμβρος, as completely unconnected with the rest of the passage; and we have little doubt that there is some latent corruption. Hesychius explains the word ὄμβρεϊν by ὑπερισχέειν, from whence ὄμβρος may perhaps derive the signification of *potentia, robur*; but we are not aware of any instance of its use in that sense. For our own part we think Erfurdt's conjecture, ὄλδος, far from improbable. Compare Bacchyl. fr. apud Stobæum. E. i. c. 6. p. 165. ed Heeren. Θνατοῖς δ' οὐκ αὐθαίρετοι οὗτ' ὈΑΒΟΣ, οὗτ' ἀκαμπτos Ἄρης, Ὅντε πάμφθερσις στάσις· ἀλλ' ἐπιχρῆμνται Νέφος ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλαν γὰν Ἀ πάνδωρος Αἴσα.

V. 956. κερτομῶις ὀργαῖς, *propter procax ingenium*. See v. 391. So *μανιαίς* in v. 961.

V. 958. πετρώδει ἐν δεσμῷ. Lycurgus is said to have been confined in a cave upon mount Pangæus. The tale is related by Apollodorus, iii. 5. 1. and in Homer, *Iliad*. vi. 130.

V. 959. *μανίας ἀνδρῶν μένος*. So Trachin. 1002. *μανίας ἄνδρος* 1091. ἦρθεκεν sc. νόσος. To the word ἀποστάζει there is this Gloss. in the MS. Dresd. ἀπορρέει πρὸς τοὺς αὐτὴν ἔχοντας.

V. 960. For *κεῖνος* Musgrave would read *κείνως, ita, sic*. We should rather read *κεῖνος δ'* which would connect the sense, and the metre may still be preserved by reading *ταμίενσκεν* in the Strophe.

V. 964. εὐῖαν πῦρ, *tædæ*. sc. quas Bacchæ manibus ferebant. Vide *Œd.* T. 244. Eurip. Bacch. 146.

V. 965. ἠρέθιζε, *laccessivit*. The muses are reckoned by Diodorus Sic. iv. 4. among the companions of Bacchus.

V. 970. ἀγχίπολις, *Poetice* for ἔμπολις, *indigena, incola*. The words τυφλωθέν and ἀραχθέν in vv. 973. 975. are referred by Enallage to ἔλκος.

V. 975. Erfurdt restores ὑφ' before *αἱματηραῖς* which Brunck has improperly rejected. The metre of the Antistrophe is easily made to correspond by reading *δεῶν γε παῖς* in v. 986.

V. 979. It appears to us that no convenient sense can be derived from reading, *ἐχούσας*, and referring it with Brunck to *ματρός*. We have no doubt that the Aldine reading is correct: which, by inserting the copulative particle τ' after *ἐχοντες* and pointing at *κλαῖον* instead of *ματρός*, would refer to the Phœneidæ themselves, instead of to Cleopatra, in the manner following: *flebant se ex infausto genetricis matrimonio procreatos*. The story to which the Chorus alludes is related at length in Natal. Comit. Mytholog. vii. 6. See also Diodor. Sic. iv. 44.



V. 982. ἄντασ'. Musgrave completely proves in opposition to Heath, that the verb ἀντάω, like the cognate forms ἀντιάω and ἀντιάζω may be followed by an accusative. Eurip. Iph. A. 150. ἦν γὰρ νιν πομπαῖς ἀντήσας. Hom. Il. i. 31. ἐμὸν λῆρξ ἀντιώσαν. Cf. Herod. iv, 80. 118. 121. The verb is here used in the sense of *participare*, as in the passage from Homer cited above; so that ἄντασε σπέρμα is the same as μετέσχε τοῦ σπερματος.

V. 994. δι' ὁρῶς. Musgrave compares Herod. iii. 127. ἐκ μεν ιδείης. iv. 43. ἐκ ταύτης. iv. 119. τὴν ὁμολίην. v. 106. ἐξ ἰστέρας. v. 116. ἐκ νέης. Thucyd. iii. 92. ἐκ καίως. i. 77. ἀπὸ πρώτης. Eurip. Troad. 759. δια κεῖς. The expression seems to be used adverbially for ὁρῶας, either ἰδοῦ or τρέπου being understood, since δι' ὁρῶς and δι' ὁρῶν are used indifferently. In the present instance perhaps τύχης should be supplied from v. 996.

V. 996. To the examples in Brunck's note we may add Theocr. Idyll. xxii. 6. which Erasmus has cited together with this verse of Sophocles under his adage, *In acie novacula*. See also Herod. vi. 11. Theog. 557. Φραζεσ' κίνδυνός τοι ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀμύης. So Herod. vi. 11. ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τῆς ἀμύης ἔχεται ἡμῖν τὰ πρήγματα. Hesych. ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἐπὶ κινδύνου. The following is from Eustathius p. 796. 57. ἐλήφθη δὲ ἡ παροιμία ἐκ τῶν τραυμάτων ἃ τομῆς ἤδη γίνεται. The explanation of the Scholiast upon Iliad. K. 173. is different. ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀμύης· ἀπὸ τοῦ τὰ πρήγματα ἡμῶν τρυχὲς ἤρτηται, ὃ ἔστω, ἐν ἐσχάτῳ κινδύνῳ ἐστί. In Eurip. Hel. 906. we have ἐπὶ ἀμύης simply. See Valckenær. in loco.

V. 999. Σῶκεν ὀρνιθόσκοπον. Pausanias in Boeoticis (p. 741.) mentions the οἰωνοσκόπειον of Tiresias as still in existence in his time.

V. 1002. ὀρνίθων — κλάζοντας. A similar instance of a change of case occurs in the Iliad. ii. 459. sq.—φθόγγων ὀρνίθων seems to be put for ὀρνίθας. Maltby however, under the word ἀδριέφθορος observes that the solecism may be removed by pointing thus: Ἄρνῳτ' ἀκούω φθόγγων ὀρνίθων καὶ κλάζοντας οἴστρεν κ τ. λ.

V. 1004. βοῖδος est vehemens ac turbidus alarum strepitus ideoque infaustus: cum meatus avium faustus soleret esse placidus et lenis. Itaque v. 1021. verti debet: *Neque avis turbide alis plangens faustas edit voces*. Erfurdt.

V. 1010. On these adjectives see Porson. ad Hec. 1125. Blomfield ad Prometh 953.

V. 1013. φθινον', *Evanescens*. If any part of the victim was lost or imperfect, the omen was unfavourable. On the various kind of auguries, see Potter's Antiquities of Greece. The word ὄρνια properly applied to the festival of the Dionysia, is here used of *sacrifices* in general. Hence Blomfield ad Æsch. Theb. derives the word from ὄρνη, *vehemens impetus, furor*. Hesych. Ὀρνια· τὰ ἱερά, οἱ δὲ, τὰ μυστήρια.

V. 1016. *πατελείς*. *Perfecti*. Musgrave would render it *sanctissimi*; and indeed it frequently seems to bear such a signification, as applied to the Gods and their service. *Æsch.* Theb. 111. *πατὲρ πατελής*. *Agam.* 975. *Ζεῦ, Ζεῦ τέλει*. *Pausanias* (viii. 18. 4.) mentions an Altar. at Tegea dedicated to *Ζεὺς Τέλειος*.

V. 1017. *πλήρεις ὑπ' ὀνῶν τ. κ. κ. β. i. e.* Contaminated by the food which they had torn from the body of Polynices and devoured upon them. See *infra*. v. 1040. 1081.

V. 1019. *θυστάδας λιτὰς*, *preces inter sacrificia factas*. So *θυστάδας βοῆς* *Æsch.* Theb. 255.

V. 1022, *βεβρωτες* is referred to *ἄνρις* in a collective sense. See *Matt. Gr. Gr.* §. 434. Maltby however in his Edition of *Morell's Thesaurus*, under the word *ἀνδρόφθορος* would refer *βεβρωτες* to *δεῖν*, either by transposing vv. 1021. 1022., or by inclosing the former in a parenthesis. *ἀνδρόφθορος* is not to be found in *Stephens' Thesaurus*. It occurs again in the *Philoctetes*, v. 266. where it must be rendered *Exitiosus homini*. Here *ἀνδρ. αἷμα* seems to signify *humanum sanguinem*, or rather *sanguinem hominis violentâ morte perempti*. See Maltby in *voce*.

V. 1023. In addition to the parallel cited by Brunck from *Plutarch*, this sentiment will remind us of *Pope's* line; *To err is human; to forgive divine*.

V. 1026. *ἀνάλβος* occurs in the same sense in the *Ajax*, v. 1156.

V. 1034. *μαντικῆς*, *sc. τέχνης*. So *Œd. T.* 462.

V. 1050. *ἡβουλία*. This correction of Brunck is unnecessary. *Schæfer* remarks that *μὴ φρονεῖν* occurs in the next line without the article; of which, by the way, the examples are not unfrequent. *Œd. Col.* 954. *θυμοῦ γὰρ οὐδὲν γῆρας ἔστιν ἄλλο πλὴν θανεῖν*. *Aristoph. Nub.* 482. *ἔνεστι δῆτά σοι λέγειν ἐν τῇ φύσει*, where *λέγειν* must be rendered by *Eloquence*. The infinitive is rarely used for a noun in Latin. *Persius Sat. i.* 26. *usque adeone Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*. See *Blomfield* in *Gloss.* *Æsch. Agam.* 173.

V. 1060. *τάλιντα*. i. e. *τὰ ἄρρητα*. See the next line. *Soph.* *Œd. Col.* 1526. *κινεῖται λόγῳ*.

V. 1064. *εἰ γέ τοι κάτισθι τελῶν*. *Sed probè scias te perfecturum esse*. This construction is very common in *Sophocles*. *Elect.* 298. *ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τίσουσά γε*. *Aj.* 1174. *ἴσθι πημανόμενος*.

V. 1065. *τροχὰς ἀμιλ. Ἡλιάν*. *Erfurdt* would read *τρέχους*, for which we see no reason. The passage may properly be rendered: *rotas solis circumactas*. *Schæfer* understands *πολλοὶ τροχοὶ* in the same light as *πολλὰ πτερὰ, πολλὰ χεῖρες, &c.* See *Markland. Iph. T.* p. 272.

V. 1068. *τῶν ἄνθ.* Supply *τινά*, i. e. *Antigone*.

V. 1069. Perhaps κατοικίσας is the better reading.

V. 1070. The construction is: ἔχεις δὲ ἐδάδα αὐτὸν ἄνθρωπον τῶν κάτωθεν θεῶν; *habes autem hic, contra, mortuum Deorum inferorum regimine destitutum.* ἀνίστων is rightly translated *justis privatum*: Eustathius p. 29. 37. ἀνίστως πάλαι περὶ ἐδάδου τὸ ἄτακτον.

V. 1077. κατηγγυμένους. Schol. ἀργύρῳ πεισθεῖς. Pind. Isth. ii. 11. δοῖναι ἀργυροδουσαί. Nem. x. 80. ἀργυροδόντες οὐν ἀνθρώποις φιλάλαιοι.

V. 1079. ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν; for ἀνδ. καὶ γυναικῶν. So Aristoph. Ran. 156. Lycophron. Alex. 683.

V. 1081. καθήγισαν. Hesychius refers to Sophocles as using the verb in the sense of μαίνεσθαι. The verb καθάγημι is used twice by Euripides, Orest. 40. Ion. 708., but in both instances it is joined with πύρι. See Maltby in voce.

V. 1083. ἐστιούχων. "Non de nihilo est. Foco enim, i. e. ἐστίρι, nihil fere apud veteres sanctius." Musgrave. Eurip. Androm. 283. ἐστιούχων ἀδελφῶν. In the same sense we find the word ἐφέστιος.

V. 1084. Erfurdt substitutes σοὶ for σὺν: we think properly. Eurip. Hipp. 1320., ἀρὰς ἀφ᾽ ἡμῶν παιδί. In the following verse καρδίας is to be referred to τοξεύματα, and θυμῷ must be rendered *cum ira, per iram*. In like manner we have βέλῃ ψυχᾷς, *conscientiæ stimulos*, in the Oed. T. 893. So also in the Hecuba of Euripides, 603. τοιαῦτα γὰρ δὴ τοῖς ἐνέχουσιν μάτηρ.

V. 1086. θάλασσαν. So Trach. 1084. ἰθαλλῶν ἄτης σπασμῶς. Æsch. Prom. 903: μακρὰ θάλασσαν.

V. 1089. γῆ. *that he may learn*; in which sense it is always followed by an infinitive. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 530. 2.

V. 1090. We see no reason for departing from the common reading. Erfurdt justly observes that τὸν νόον τῶν φρεῶν is a pleonasm similar to the Latin *mens animi*, which frequently occurs in Plautus, Catullus and Lucretius.

V. 1094. λακύν. Blomfield has illustrated this word in his Glossary to the Sept. Theb. of Æschylus v. 141.

V. 1102. Supply δέω before παρεμύθεον.

V. 1103. Horat. Od. iii. 2. 31. *Raro antecedentem scelestum Deseruit pede Pæna claudo.* Compare Juvenal. Sat. xiii. 100.

V. 1106. We should certainly read τὸ δρᾶν ἀνάγκη, i. e. *facto opus est*. See Hermann. ad Viger. p. 564. ed. Oxon.

V. 1107. We prefer τρέπον. So Oed. C. v. 860. ἀλλ' ἐς τί τρέψει;

V. 1116. ἄγαλμα, *decus*. See Markland ad Eurip. Supp. 367. Rhunken. ad Tim. Lex. in voce. See also the note on v. 704.

V. 1125. ἐπὶ σπαρτὶ δρᾶντες. Scholiast. παρὰ τὸν τόπον, ἐν ᾧ

ἐσπάρησαν οἱ δόντες τοῦ δράκοντος; In the place where the Dragon's teeth were sown. See Ovid's *Met.* iii. 101.

V. 1126. So Seneca in *Œd.* 227. *Gemina Parnassi Nivalis arx.* 281. *Parnassus biceps.*

V. 1127. *λυγρός, Fuligo.* Hesych. ἡ τοῦ λύχνου ἀτμός, κάπνος. Erfurdt considers *λυγρὸς στέφανος* as put for *λυγρὸς στεφανῆς, fumans flamma sacrificiorum.* See the Scholiast to the *Phoenissæ* referred to in Brunck's note to v. 1126.

V. 1142. Of the use of the infinitive instead of the imperative, See *Matt. Gr. Gr.* §. 544.

V. 1147. *δοτρων. Torches.* Eurip. *Hel.* 1145. *δόλων δοτέρα λάμψας.* Musæus 306. *δοτέρα λέκτρων.*

V. 1151. *Θουδῶν.* Dr. Blomfield has illustrated this word in his Glossarial note on *Æsch. Theb.* 494.

V. 1155. The order is: *πάρουσι δέμον Κάδμον καὶ Ἀμφίονας.*

V. 1156. *στάνα βίω. Superstitem vitam.* Compare Brunck's note to the *Œd.* T., 1528., and add to his citations *Trach.* 2. *Δόλος μὲν ἐστ' ἀρχαῖος ἀδιδράκτων φανέας, Ὅς οὐκ ἂν αἰὼν' ἐκμάδοις βροτῶν, πρὶν ἂν θάνοι τις, εἴτ' εἰ χρηστὰς εὐτ' εἰ τῷ κακῷ.* The allusion is to the well known apothegm of Solon.

V. 1158. *Horat. Od.* iii. 29. 49. *Fortuna, sævo lata negotio, et Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax, Transmutat incertos honores, Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.* *Juvenal. Sat.* vii. 197: *Si Fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Consul; Si volet hæc eadem, fies de Consule Rhetor.*

V. 1166. *τῶτων.* We have a similar change, in the *Persæ* of *Æschylus*, v. 605. *κακῶν μὲν ὅστις ἔμπειρος καρεῖ, Επισταταί, βροτῶσιν ὡς ἔταν κλέδων Κακῶν ἐπέλδῃ, πάντα δαιμαίνειν φιλεῖ.* Eurip. *Androm.* 180. *στέργουσιν, ὅστις μὴ κακῶς δινεῖν θέλει.* Compare also in the *New Test.* *Galat.* iv. 6. 7. 1. *Cor.* iv. 2. And in *Latin:* *Terent. Eunuch.* 11. 1. 19. *Adeone homines immutariet, ut non cognoscas eundem esse?* *Sallust. B. C.* 56. *Interea servitia repudiabat cujus initio ad eum magna copie concurrabant.* For examples of the opposite change from Singular to Plural see the note to vv. 707.—9. *supra.*

V. 1170. *κακῶν, nihili.* *Aristoph. Nub.* 319. *καὶ περὶ κακῶν στυγερῶν.* See Monk's note on *Hippol.* 958.

V. 1171. *πρὸς τὴν ἡδονήν. Si cum voluptate comparetur.* *Musgrave.*

1173. *αἵτιος θανεῖν. i. e. αἵτιος τοῦ θανεῖν ἐγένετο.* See *Matt. Gr. Gr.* §. 541.

1175. *ἀπτόχειρ.* See also *Porson. ad Orest.* 1038.

1177. *ἔνεκα* is understood before *φόνου.*

V. 1182. This line has given offence to the critics but for what reason we cannot conjecture. *Porson* properly understands *περὶ* before *παιδῶς*: See the *Orest.* v. 1360. So *Œd. Col.* 307. *κλύων σου δεῦρ' ἀφίξεται ταρχῆς.* *Trach.* 1124. *Τῆς*

μητρός ἦν τῆς ἐμῆς φράσων, ἐν οἷς Νῦν ἔστιν. Eurip. Hipp. 128.  
 ἔδεν μοι Πρώτα φάτις ἦλθε δεσποίνης.

V. 1184. Παλλὰδος εὐγμάτων προσήγορος. *To address my prayers to Pallas.* Many verbal nouns, whose primitives take a dative of the object, are constructed with the genitive. So Eurip. Orest. 123. νερέων δωρήματα. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 313. The construction of εὐγμάτων προσήγορος is similar to that of πῦρος πρῆσαι, and the like. See Musgrave on the Herc. Fur. 940. Hesych. προσήγορος προσκυνητής.

V. 1186. On the use of τυγχάνω with a participle, see Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 553. 4. Musgrave understands ἀνασταστῷ to mean, *quæ in aperiendo intus trahitur*, i. e. *opening inwards*.

V. 1196. Brunck reads ἐγωγε contrary to all authority, and he is indisputably wrong, as Elmsley has observed on the Heracl. 986. He has blundered in the same manner in the Ajax. 486. 678. Elect. 951. Aristoph. Ach. 509.

V. 1209. ἄσημα βοῆς, i. e. ἄσημος βοῆ. 1265. ἀνδρα βουλευμάτων. It rarely happens however that the genitive of a masculine or feminine substantive is so used. See Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 442. 4. The construction corresponds with the *Strata viarum* of Virgil. For περιβαίνει Schæfer with some probability conjectures περισαίνει, comparing v. 1214. Dr. Blomfield has learnedly illustrated the word σάλιν in his note on Æsch. Theb. 379. See also Monk on Hippol. v. 866.

V. 1210. μᾶλλον ἄσπον. For similar forms of double comparative and superlative, see Monk on Hipp. 487. and Blomfield's note on Æschyl. Theb. 670.

V. 1215.—1217. The construction of this passage is very confused, and intricate. The version of Brunck seems indeed to give the sense, but it is certainly no translation: *ipsum subeuntes ostium, soluta prius compage saxi objecti*. Maltby conceives some such line as the following to be wanting after v. 1216., to complete the sense: ἀποσπᾶσάντες, καὶ λυδοσπάρτων στέγην, which seems probable from the interpretation of the Scholiast. Schæfer would remove the difficulty by pointing after τάφῳ and λυδοσπαδῇ, referring ἀμὼν to ἀδρήσαντ' as an accusative; but we do not see that the sense is at all aided by such a construction. The word λυδοσπαδῆς, *a saxo aculsus*, is not to be found in the Lexicons.

V. 1219. ἐξ does not refer to ἡδρῶμεν, as Brunck supposes, but to δεσπότην, in the following order: ἡδρῶμεν τάδε κελεύσματος ἐξ ἀδ. δεσπότην. ἐκ is redundant in a similar manner, v. 1056. and in the Elect. 619. Instead of the reading proposed by Dr. Blomfield Æsch. Theb. 747. we should certainly retain the old reading, with a different pointing, κρατηδεῖς δ' ἐκ φίλων ἀβαλίας: in which the construction is similar to the one before us.

V. 1223. περιπετῇ, *Circumfusum*. It is seldom that the Tragic writers use the double σ in such words as τόσσοις, μέσσοις and the like in the Iambic Senarius, though these forms frequently occur in the Choral Odes. See Monk on *Alcest.* 234. In the present instance however μέσσοις is defended by v. 1236. *infra.*, and a fragment of Sophocles, from the *Thyestes*: ἐν' ἡμᾶρ αὖξει μέσσον, ὁμφακος τρόπον. See also v. 1297. *infra.*, in which χέλυσσιν occurs in a Senarius, but with Choric verses intermingled.

V. 1232. See on v. 653.

V. 1236. Read πλευροῖς. See Porson on *Hec.* 814. and *Orest.* 217.

V. 1248. The word ἀξιώσειν is never followed by an accusative, and consequently some verb must be supplied from the succeeding sentence to complete the construction. Schæffer, after Dorville, (ad *Chariton.* p. 633.) considers προτιθέναι to be understood, in the following sense: *nōn totam civitatem in societatem lamentationis vocaturam esse*. We should rather understand στένειν with Erfurdt and Seidler. ἐς πόλιν is for ἐν πόλει, *publicly*, as it is rightly explained by the Scholiast.

V. 1253. μή. *whether*. See on v. 632.

V. 1259. We altogether agree with Musgrave in reading ἀλλοτρίας ἀτης, without which there is nothing to which μνημα in the preceding line can refer.

V. 1274. ἐν δ' ἔσεισεν ἀγρίαις ὁδοῖς, i. e. *meque instigavit ad sæva facta, vel consilia*, in which sense δοῖς frequently occurs. *Pynd.* *Olymp.* vii. *Ant.* 3. *πραγμάτων ἐρθάν δέν.* *Libanius.* p. 805. ἔρῃς τὴν ἐμὴν δον.

V. 1279. Perhaps Erfurdt is right in retaining the vulgar reading, of which he gives the following interpretation, considering the words τὰ μεν—δομοῖς, v. 1279. as an explanation of the foregoing. *O Here, quàm res adversas et habens et nansciscens,—quippe alia hic præsentia ferens, alia quæ intus sunt—venire videris, et mox conspecturus esse mala.*

V. 1281. There is no reason for Canter's emendation. The particle ἢ is frequently redundant after a comparative. *Xenoph.* *Hell.* 11. i. 8. ἢ δὲ κέρη ἐστὶ μακρότερον ἢ χειρός. Thus *Virg.* *Æn.* iv. 502. *graviora timet, quàm morte Sichæi*. See *Matt. Gr. Gr.* §. 450. *Obs.* 2.

V. 1282. παμμήτωρ. The Scholiast's interpretation is remarkable. Perhaps, however, it is used for μήτηρ simply, like many other compounds in which πᾶς is redundant. The word is illustrated by *Blomfield*, *Æsch. Prom.* 9.

V. 1293. μύχως. sc. *Gynaconitidis*. The body of Eurydice is now brought out upon the stage. On the signification of the word μύχως there is a learned and useful note of *Dr. Blomfield* on the *Agamemnon.* v. 95.

V. 1302. There is unquestionably a line wanting, but the deficiency is after λέγῃς, v. 1303., and not as Brunck has marked it, after v. 1301. Erfurdt rightly observes that the same number of verses was assigned to each speaker in the Strophe and the Antistrophe. λέει κελευσὶ βα. the Scholiast properly explains by ἀνέλλυται; and βασιλεύς is to be rendered, with Brunck, *ad aram provoculata*.

V. 1303. Heath observes that this Megareus, and the Menoeceus of Euripides are the same, and he interprets λέγῃς of the *Dragon's Cave*, in which Menoeceus destroyed himself.

V. 1308. ἀνταῖον. sc. πλεγμαῖν, *hostile plagam*. Hesychius: Ἀνταῖος· πλεγμαῖος, ἐχθρῶς. Elect. 197. ἀνταῖά γε γένοντο ὀρμηθῆναι πλεγμαῖ. Æsch. Choeph. 580. πότνιαί τ' ἀγμέλαι κροδάλλων Ἀνταίων βροτοῖς πλαθοῦσι. Erfurdt prefers καίριον, which the Scholiast sanctions, and which may be supported by examples. Æsch. Agam. 1260. καίριος πλεγμαῖς τυχεῖν. 1315. τίς πλεγμαῖν αὐτῷ καίριος ὀδυσσεύς. Herod. iii. 64. ὅς οἱ καίρῳ ἔδοξε τέτυκθαι. Ælian. V. H. xii. 3. πεπρωμένον καίριον. Hesych. Καίριος· θανάσιμος. In the same manner *plaga* is sometimes understood in Latin: Terent. Heaut. ii. 4. 23. *Diu etiam duras dabis*.

V. 1310. See Porson on Phœnis. 1319.

V. 1311. συγκέταμαι δόρα. Aj. 895. αὐτῷ τῷδε συγκεκαμένῳ. Aristoph. Plut. 854. πελυφῆρρ συγκέταμαι δαίμονι. Pind. Olym. x. ὅρα τε κεκαμένῳ. Musgrave.

V. 1314. ἀπελυσας. Wakefield properly renders *se liberavit*.

V. 1319. There is no immediate necessity for Brunck's alteration. See Seidler de Vers. Doch. p. 90.

V. 1377. βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα, i. e. ἵσφ βράχιστα, ποσύτερ κράτιστα. See Matt. Gr. Gr. 462.

From the dry detail of our Classical lucubrations many of our readers are doubtless of opinion that we never condescend to smile, and that we should consider a hearty laugh a very abomination. If such be the fact, however, we can assure them for once, that they are most egregiously mistaken. In good truth we love a laugh: and having just recovered from the effects produced upon our nervous system by an over-exertion of our risible organs, almost bordering upon hysterics, sufficiently to guide a pen, we shall endeavour to communicate a portion of our merriment to such of our readers, as have taken the pains to wade through the preceding observations.

A most amusing publication, then, has just been put into our hands, purporting to be an edition of this beautiful drama, (the Antigone) done literally into English, with the addition of the Metres, the Order, the English Accentuation, and Notes, by T. W. C. EDWARDS, M. A. *for the use of Students*. Of

these we shall presently supply our friends with specimens; and if they fail of producing similar effects to those which we have ourselves experienced, their gravity must be more imperturbable, than we are inclined to suppose. But to be serious for a moment, if possible. Mr. T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. is really of opinion that "Translations are very debilitating aids, where students depend solely on them, like swimmers upon Corks." The simile is doubtless correct, considering that they are not swimmers, but those who cannot swim, who depend solely upon Corks; but nevertheless, we should desire to know, what *student* on the face of the earth, who had need of such a Translation as the one before us, would ever depend upon any thing else. Every master indeed knows, to his sorrow, the readiness with which these *helps*, as they are called,—and precious helps they are, as was once observed by a learned Prelate of certain anatomical preparations for the assistance of incipient divines in the concoction of Discourses—find their way into schools, and encourage the idleness of the pupil, by rendering it unnecessary for him to construe his lesson for himself. The dictionary and lexicon are immediately thrown aside, when the learner is freed from the necessity of using them, by having recourse to a Literal Translation.

Mr. T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. modestly allows that there may be several errors and imperfections in his work; for "what human work was ever perfect?" But, at the same time, he assures us that there are as few "as he could possibly help," and that he is "really sorry it was not in his power to do better." And to compensate for the few imperfections which are to be occasionally met with, "that there are in the translation several *beautiful* passages (whatever such pitiful snarlers and self-constituted Critics, as the uncandid and mendacious writer of a most contemptible Philippic, professing to be a review of the *Hecuba*, inserted in a recent number of a monthly publication very little read, because very little worth, may think) *beautiful*, and at the same time far from unfaithful, will not be denied by men of sound learning and sound taste." Preface, p. 8. We are sadly afraid that our learning and taste will be called in question by T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. in the preface to his next forthcoming *literal Translation*, should we profess our inability to discover any such beauties as those, to which he has thought proper to allude. Why did he not specify some particular passage? or does he wish to infer by his silence, that, where all is excellent, there can be no necessity for a specific illustration? If so, we must even confess and lament our stupidity: and, in order to escape a similar castigation to that which T. W. C. Edwards, M. A.



has inflicted upon the above-mentioned unfortunate Reviewer, we will select our promised specimen from the opening lines of the Play. The Translation, in all its charms, runs thus:—

‘O! KINDRED SELF of-mine-own-sister Isménë, is there of ills springing from Œdipus any that thou knowest, which Jupiter is not accomplishing in us-two yet alive? For there is nothing either distressful, or free from suffering,—or infamous,—or degrading,—which I have not beheld in thy afflictions and in mine. And now again what is this prohibition they say the ruler has just imposed upon the whole city?

ISMENE. To me indeed, Antigone, no tidings of friends have come, either joyous or sad, since the hour that we two were bereft of our two-brothers, slain on the same day by mutual hand:—and now—that during the present night the army of the Argives is gone, I know nothing further, being neither more happy, nor more afflicted!

In justice however to Mr. T. W. C. Edwards’s classical ingenuity, we are bound to favour our readers with a sample of his new mode of accentuating Greek, *more Anglico*. We think however, that, to render his work complete, he should also have accentuated his own literal Translation, *more Græco*. That would certainly make the Metamorphosis as perfect as any in Ovid. We select the *order*, which is given by T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. of the first lines of the Drama.

Ο κούλον ανταδέλφον κέρα Ισμήνης, άρα των κούλων άπο Οιδίπου τι ό έσθθα, όποιόν Ζεύς αύχί τέλει νην έτι ζώσαι; Γαρ έστι ουδεν ούτε αλγεινον, ούτε άτερ άτης, ούτε αισχυρον, ούτε ατίμων, όποιόν ουκ έγω ουκ επώπα τε των σου κούλων και έμων.

The present work, and a Translation of the Hecuba of Euripides, are the only performances of Mr. Edwards, which have fallen in our way: but we are informed that several others on the same comprehensive plan, are before the public. We are likewise informed that they have met with a considerable sale; particularly among the under-graduates of the Sister University, who are *cramming* for their first degree, and for whose edification they are said to be more immediately designed. This we are very unwilling to credit. Where such assistance has been used, the superficial information of the Student must be at once discernable; and no public Examiner, we should think, would grant a *testamur* to one, who had made his acquaintance with Sophocles and Euripides by means of the introduction of T. W. C. Edwards, M. A. These Translations, we repeat, are worthless, contemptible, and injurious: and we are grieved to observe that to one of them, the Hecuba, is affixed the sanction of so eminent a Scholar as Dr. C. BURNEY; at least so far as a Dedication may be received in that light.

ART. II. *Dissertatio Præmio annuo ornata, et in Curia Cantabrigiensi recitata, Comitibus Maximis, MDCCCXXIV. Auctore Henrico Thompson, A. B. Coll. Div. Joann. Discip.*

*An recentium ingenii vim insitam veterum poetarum exemplaria promoveant ?*

Ad C. Nolanum Campanellum.

SOLES tu quidem, Campanelle mi carissime, identidem à me quærere quidnam sit causæ cur veteribus poëtis tantum attribui, ut non solum eorum lectione delectari animos atque refici, verùm etiam ali atque augeri hodiernorum hominum ingenia pronuntiem ? Clamitas, indignum esse furore illo poetico, qui ad divinos afflatus quam proximè accedere vulgò existimatur, humanis opibus promoveri, poëtamque, reclamante vetere proverbio, non nasci, sed fieri. Respondeo quidem multis ; nescio tamen quo modo, quæcunque inter loquendum persuadeo, discedens aut oblivisceris, aut novis argumentis subruere conaris. Itaque hanc rem paullò adcuratius tractare constitui ; eaque argumenta quæ à te contra hanc sententiam callidè coâcervata sunt, attentius examinare ; ut, quam parùm valeant penitus explorato, argumenta tutius aggrediamur, quibus potissimùm evinci possit, antiquos poetas non solum per se præstare, dignosque esse quos voluptatis doctrinæque causâ quisque perlegat, sed eorum exemplaribus poetarum recentium ingenia, utcunque nobilia, in nobilius promoveri.

Quod a doctissimo sapientissimoque viro jampridem præceptum est, omnem orationem a definitione proficisci debere ; id nos quoque pro nostrâ parte servandum existimamus ; ne ergò Horatiana illa quæstio nobis quoque proponatur,

“ Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus,”

eos tantummodò pro veteribus habeo, quos vulgò ferè *classicos* appellamus ; poetas scilicet, qui, vigentibus utrorumque linguis, Græcè Latinèque scripserunt. Argumenti quoque nostri multùm intererit, utrumne probè intelligatur quid sit “ mens illa diviniore ” “ osque illud magna sonaturum,” quibus solis nomen poëticum nobilissimus poëta deferendum existimat. Græci, qui nunquam quidquam temerè appellaverunt, *inventorem* sive *creatorem* poëtam esse voluerunt. Is igitur poetici ardoris plurimum habere credendus est, si quis uberrimam inveniendi facultatem sortiatur ; qui autem in elatioribus atque magnificentioribus inveniendis felicissimè claruerit, is poeta nobilissimus habebitur. Poëtarum idcirco mentem Horatius, qui qualis ea esset optimè habuit perspectum, diviniorem haud dubitavit appellare, siquidem, quùm nihil sit in Numine ipso

conspicius mirabiliusque quàm rerum creandarum facultas, poetæ in hac re quasi vim divinam æmulari videntur. Adjicit "os magna sonaturum," eloquium videlicet magnificum et poëticum, argumentoque magno conveniens. Hoc ergò præcepto omne poetæ officium contineri videtur: ut feliciter inventa pro rerum dignitate versibus exprimantur.

Res igitur omnis eò recidit ut quærat, utrumne Græcorum Latinorumque poetarum lectio quidquid ad inveniendas dignèq; exprimendas notiones conferat. Elegantiam elegantium scriptorum lectione adjuvari id est, ut non dignum sit quod pluribus persequar. Potius me ad illud refellendum convertam, quod tu mihi indesinenter objicis, mentem illam diviniorē humanis rebus neque frangi neque adjuvari posse; quippe quæ aliter divina minimè vocanda esset. Poeticum afflatum à Natura, non ab arte, profectum lubens confiteor; neque disciplinā quemquam poetam extitisse crediderim, quem placido lumine Melpomene non viderit nascentem. Quùm autem cæteras omnes facultates, quas pariter Naturā donante accepimus, in melius promoverē humanis conatibus fas sit, quid obstat quo minus poetica quoque facultas iisdem augeri possit, nullus video.

Porro creandarum notionum potestas, si vim veram propriamque vocis spectare volumus, nemini mortalium obtigit; notiones enim omnes aut sensibus excipi, aut cogitando oriri, jamdiu inter omnes qui vel minimum in philosophiā profecerint, convenit. Inventorem ergo poetam appellare quàm creatorem maluerim; utpote cujus proprium sit quid in re quaque pulchri, venusti, ornati, magnificique sit, invenire; idque, aut sensibus observando; ut ii, qui cœli, maris, rurisque pulchritudinem carminibus depingunt: aut notionibus jam menti sentiendo illatis inter se meditationis vi committendis, quæ longè nobilissima inventionis pars est; unde metaphoræ, gradationes, et si quid est aliud quod poeticam opulentet et exornet. Nihil est igitur cur existimemus inventionem arte non posse adjuvari; imò vel ex his probabile videtur, magnum inventioni adjumentum allaturam poetarum proborum lectionem; mens enim notionibus sublimioribus locupletata jam altius exurgere gestit, et poeticam lætius et felicius auspicatur.

Verumtamen ut concedatur, vim poeticam disciplinā excoli acuique posse, aliter reverā accidis, allatis exemplis ostendere satagis. Homero, enim, quem antiquorum nemini conferendum agnoscunt omnes, nulla, aut saltem perpauca, præter quam coluit Musam, extitisse scribendi subsidia; maximumque illum nostratem, cui simile quidquam aut secundum nec senior neque etiam antiquior ætas peperit, veterum poetarum scriptis adjuvari non posse; quippe qui Græcas Latinasque literas aut nullus, aut certè parcè, didicerit. Quùm isti igitur, aut nullis aut levibus doctrinæ præsiidiis instructi, eo potuerint præstan-

tiz evadere, ut poetas omnes post se longissimè reliquerint; quid, ais, opus veterum exemplaribus? Hoc pacto mihi quis dixerit: "Ægypti inculta fertilitas aliarum gentium agros cultissimos exsuperat; agrorum ergò culturam Ægyptii negligant, et quicumque solo uberiore potiuntur." Quis ferret ita ratiocinantem? Sed ut verum sit, Homerum Enchespalumque<sup>1</sup> naturà summos exitisse poetas, nihilne in eorum politissimis operibus reprehendendum offendimus? nihilne invenimus, quod, si scribendi auctores ob oculos habuissent, velut scopolum vitaturi fuissent? Homerum enim subindè dormitasse, disertè fatetur Horatius; neque ullus tam ineptus Enchespali nostri fautor est, ut non fateatur plurima ab eo durè, inornatè, scabrè composita; multa gravibus eruditisque lectoribus valdè improbanda, multa auribus verecundis infesta, in ejus scriptis obvia esse. Quid igitur in causà fuisse credendum est, cur tot tamque fædis maculis splendidissimi ingenii poeta carmina alioqui perfectissima inquinaverit? Unde in gravissimis tragœdiis inepti verborum lusus, putidi sales, obscenæ sententiæ? Profectò si veteribus poetis studium impendisset Enchespalus, ut est ingenio perfectissimus poeta, neque ulli, quotquot vixerunt, poetæ conferendus, ita ob operum absolutam felicitatem et elegantiam ne in Gallorum quidem cavillationes incurrisset, nisi quod circa unitatum (quas vocant) leges peccavit: si modo id peccare est, onerosissimis vinculis poetarum ingenia liberasse. Ne ergò Enchespali opera in argumentum trahantur, ingenii vires nullum admittere adjumentum; quàm virtutes quidem ejus ab ingenio profectæ sint, vitia à veterum ignorantia.

Hæc quàm ita sint, non expectabis, opinor, ut vulgus poetarum persequar, qui viribus quidem, ut asseris, naturæ, nullisque lectionis opibus adjuti, carmina feliciter condiderunt. Quæ enim superiùs disserui etiam in hanc partem spectant. Transeam potius ad aliud argumentum expendendum, quod primo quidem adpectu validius videri potest: nam, etiamsi cætera evincam, nullis rationibus te adduci posse affirmas, ut Græcorum exemplaria Romanis vatibus parùm offecisse existimes: quàm enim Romani nullam propriam habuerint Musam, sed Græcæ tantummodò Musæ togam induxerint, negari non posse vim illam naturalem, quâ Latinorum ingenium perindè atque Græcorum audacissimos volatus capessere potuisset, imitatione fractam et debilitatam. Latinos enim satis duxisse si Græcorum exemplaria feliciùs imitarentur, læsæque Musarum majestatis arguere solitos, si quis suam ipsius viam ingredi, quàm Græcorum vestigiis insistere mallet, auderetve Naturam sequi, quod Græci, fortassis, minùs persequuti essent. Quid habiturum sit ponderis istud argumentum, ita meliùs intelligetur, si quis qualis fuerit rei poëticæ apud Romanos ante habitum cum Græcis commercium status, attentius consideraverit;

<sup>1</sup> Malo quam Shakesperium; utrumne jure, viderint eruditi.

quam nullam omnino hoc temporis fuisse nemo in his rebus versatior ignorat. Fratrum enim Arvalium Saliorumque carmina non exspecto ut justorum poematum loco quis habiturus sit; atque multo minus incondita illa quæ à militibus triumphantibus incompositè jactata, passim auctor est Livius. Majorum res gestas ad tibiam cani solitas, Tullio tradente, à Catone accipimus:<sup>1</sup> omni tamen justæ poëseos ornatu ea carmina caruisse credendum est, quum ipse Andronicus, qui, utpote Græcus, Græcâ Musâ familiariter utebatur, carmen in Dianam, referente eodem Tito Livio,<sup>2</sup> abhorrens et inconditum condiderit. Græcorum quidem litteræ non prius Romæ receptæ sunt, quàm ineunte sexto urbis conditæ sæculo; intervallum, meherculè, satis commodum ad explicandam, si qua fuerat, vim Latinorum poeticam. Non ignarus sum extitisse qui etiam explicatam existimaverint;<sup>3</sup> neque tantummodò lyricis modis omnem eorum historiam inclusam, sed nescio quod epos mirificum fuisse, unde Nævius Enniusque maximam suorum operum partem depromserint. Quum tamen ne particulam quidem splendidissimi hujusce poematis apud veteres scriptores reperire possim, quumque ea quæ a vetustissimis eorum poëtis composita ad nostra usque tempora pervenerunt nusquam non feritatem et asperitatem referant; certè meo animo nequaquam inducere possum ut politissima et accuratissima poemata à Romanis Græcarum litterarum rudibus conscripta fuisse existimem. Nullam itaque Musam ante reclusum a Græcis Heliconæ, Romani coluerunt; neque culturi fuissent, nisi Græcorum imitandorum studio flagravissent. Quoddè ergò Romani poëticam paullò minùs feliciter excoluerint, id minimè argumento est, Græcorum scripta Romanorum naturæ offecisse; sed potiùs egestati ingeniorum tribuendum, quæ nihil quidquam profecissent nisi ex ipsis illis Græcis locupletata et adaucta fuissent. Itaque, quod Horatius docet, nocturâ diurnâque manu Græcorum exemplaria esse versanda, præceptum erat ad Romanorum ingenium quàm maxime accommodatum; qui in Græcis imitandis operam feliciter navabant, Græcorum tamen auxilio destituti frangebant jacebantque.

Satis evictum puto, naturam, iis etiam rebus quæ à naturæ dotibus maximè pendere existimantur, arte adjuvari posse; neque poëtam quidem sine natura extitisse: neque omnibus numeris absolutum, nisi cui ars quoque opitulata fuerit. Omni ergo obice sublata quæ veritatis cognitioni in hac quæstione officere possit, diligentius erit exquirendum qualem quantamque utilitatem veterum poetarum studium recentioribus afferat. Quod argumentum commodè bifariam distribui potest; ut primum quæratnr, quid maximè sit rationi consentaneum; deinde,

<sup>1</sup> Cic. Tusc. Disp. I. ii.—Brut. xix.

<sup>2</sup> Liv. XXVII. 37.

<sup>3</sup> Quam sententiam tuentur Schlegel in Prælect. iii. et Niebuhr in "Romisch. schicht."

ut quod argumentis probabile fit, exemplis etiam probatum exhibeatur.

Jam superiùs demonstravimus, facultatem illam, quam inventionem appellamus, proborum scriptorum lectione egregiè adjuvari posse; siquidem nihil est quòd impensius augeat notationem copiam; quibus inter se mente commissis, exercetur inveniendi facultas. Quicumque Naturam diligit et admiratur, is jam magnâ e parte poeta est; neque enim quisquam poëta esse potest, qui Naturæ amore minus commoveatur. Hinc illud suavissimi poetæ:

“Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.”

Philosopho quidem possunt urbes esse gratiores; verum urbani poëtæ vis omnis poëtica intra mœnia urbis subsistit. Quod quidem in pictoribus observare est, id quoque in poëtis accidit. Si enim, egregii quiddam pictoris animus moliatur, non ille contentus ferè, quæ ipse viderit, accuratè simulare; Naturæ autem studiosi oculis obversabitur quid quâque in re optimum sit, maximeque conveniens; idque continuò pingendo exprimere enitetur; congestisque quæ nunquam fortè congegessit Natura, Naturam quidem non deseret, sed præcurret. Zeuxin legimus, quàm Helenæ simulacrum fortè picturus esset, ne pulcherrimam quidem Crotoniatarum fœminam omni ex parte simulare voluisse; sed, quid quæque haberet venusti eligentem, in Helenam suam transtulisse. Nec fortassis hic substitit; sed, explorato *cur* quidque arrideret, pingendo venustius fecisse verisimile est, quo perfectius opus esset. Neque istam scientiam, utcumque pictori utilem, adipisci valuisset, nisi priorum pictorum operibus diligenter studuisset. Medicæam Venerem nunquam fortassis Natura æquiparavit; nihil tamen à Natura alienum in perfectissimo corpore deprehendimus; imò naturæ potius perfectionem agnoscimus. Poëtarum eadem ratio est; non enim postulamus ut se aded Naturæ addicat poëta, ut nihil, nisi quod re quoque exstet, carminibus insit; tantum enim abesset ut ita poëta quisquam fieret egregius, ut nullo citiùs modo vim illam quâ poëta esset, omnino foret amissurus. Etiam inter ruris amœnitates deliciasque plura sordida et invenusta occurrunt; boni autem poëtæ officium erit ista omnia pro virili abscondere, neque quidquam legentibus offerre quod minus delectaturum videatur. Hinc prata viridantia, hinc flumina irrigua, hinc opacum arborum frigus, hinc cubantium collium apricitatem assumet; omnes omnium locorum amœnitates quasi eodem congerens; neque quidquam ubicunque præteriens, quod ad operis præstantiam facturum videatur. Hinc admirabilis Theocriti ars, quæ in omnibus ejus carminibus elucet; ut nihil ferè aliud egisse videatur, quàm meras delicias ex unoquoque fonte hausisse: neque enim lector (quod Virgilio Bucolica legentibus accidit) usquam à

rure amovetur; sed in minimis quoque rebus ubi terrarum sit intelligit. In personis non minus feliciter laboravit Theocritus. Agrestium mores mirè quidem simplices candidique, sed duri plerunque et inculti. Hoc vitio Theocriteæ personæ parùm tenentur; non ut unquam ad urbanas elegantias accedant, quemadmodum sæpè Virgilianæ; merum enim rus redolent; ruris tamen delicias veneresque referunt, semoto quodcunque legentium aures offendere potuerit.

Ne forem in exemplis nimius, Theocritum ideo posui, quia mihi perfectissimus in genere suo Græcorum poëta videtur. Sed quùm ille Naturam ita depingat, non ut est quidem, sed ut esse volumus, necesse est ille coram oculis habuerit quandam quasi adumbratam Naturæ imaginem, quam, penso quid in re quaque maximè placeret, sibimet ipse excoGITavit. Imaginem hancce, non solum Naturâ contemplandâ, verum etiam adhibitâ Homeri lectione, exortam, nobis in libello suo reliquit; quem si quis attentè perlegerit, converterit, imitatus sit, is proculdubio ad res agrestes canendas instructior accedet. Ut enim, qui pictor bonus esse velit, is non tantummodò naturam sibi magistram comparabit, sed etiam optimas optimorum pictorum tabulas diligenter considerabit; ita poëta, cui in suâ arte excellere curæ est, non aliter animum ad scribendum appellere debet, quàm lectis optimorum poëtarum scriptis. Quid enim stultius quam quaslibet vias ingredi, quæ quò ducant, nescimus, quùm præstò habeamus itineris doctores ducesque, qui, quò nos pervenire volumus, ipsi feliciter pervenerunt?

Satis arbitror disputatum, cur poëticus furor non omninò is sit qui externis opibus in melius non possit provehi; nunc erit quærendum, utrumne veteres præ cæteris vates hodierno poetæ evolvendi sint. Si quis erit qui ista lecturus sit, scio non defuturos qui me quasi præjudicatarum opinionum amantio-rem damnaturi sint, quippe qui nihil tolerandum existimem, nisi quod venerabile ætas reddiderit. Tantum tamen abest ut recentium opera negligenda esse censeam, ut inductiorem cum Cicerone appellaverim, cui nostra minus nota sint. Verùm, quùm de eo agatur, ut exemplaria scribentibus eligantur, ratio diversa est. Omnium, quotquot sunt, liberalium disciplinarum, elegantiumque litterarum auctores fuisse et altores Græcos, inter omnes vel levissimè eruditos convenit; ut non minùs verè quàm eleganter Horatius scripserit,

“*Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.*”

Nihil eorum poëtis suavius, nihil magnificentius; nihil eorum linguâ venustius, pressius, clarius, ad affectus quosvis exprimendos habilis.—Aliud accedit argumentum, quo nescio an validius afferri possit cur Græca exemplaria hodiernis antefe-

rantur. Ante enim inventam typographicam, qui legerent, pauci fuerunt; ñque docti quidem gravesque homines, quibus nil præter optimum arridebat. Quodcunque ergo minùs expolitum absolutumque poëtarum calamis excidebat, gravissimâ istorum sententiâ Lethæis aquis damnabatur; undè poëtæ, quùm exploratum haberent, omne quod scripturi erant severissimum horum hominum iudicium subiturum, nihil æquè timebant ac ne quàm absolutissimum opus in lucem proferrent. Inde est, quod quicquid ferè nobis Græcorum ingenium tradidit, id tale est ut omnium ætatum laudes facili sibi vindicatum sit; linguamque, quâ scriptum est, quanquam jam in hominum ore versari desiit, aded nobilitaverunt Græcorum ingenia, ut dum aliquid humanitatis in terris supererit, doctorum studiis laudibusque æternùm celebranda sit. Inventâ quidem arte typographicâ, plures legere coeperunt, at non continuò plures iudicare: multa in publicum prodibant, legebantur, vulgòque probabantur, quæ tamen, si eruditorum calculi prævaluissent, oblivionis tenebris inter nascendum damnata essent. Poëtæ, quorum interfuit quam plurimis placere, doctorum placita irridebant; et si quis famæ melioris studiosior exstitit, qui, paucis lectoribus, modò eruditi essent, contentus, imperitam multitudinem contempsit, is, ob linguarum hodiernarum vitia, seu quodcunque id fuerit causæ, præ Græcis plerunque sordebat. Latinos ideo taceo quòd Græcorum plerumque pedissequi essent; unde, quæ de Græcis suprâ disputavi, in eos fere cadunt, nisi quòd pauperior eorum lingua sit, quod etiam Lucretius sensit.

Sed videamus an, quod argumentis probabile fiat, exemplis confirmari possit. Jam si expendimus omnem litterarum recentium historiam, inveniemus omnium ferè gentium celeberrimos poëtæ antiquis scriptoribus vehementissimè studuisse. Dantes quidem, qui ob magnificum heroicumque ingenium Homerus Tuscus vulgò audit, quam antiquorum studiosus esset ex ejus Comediâ (quam vocavit) abundè constat. Petrar-cham doctissimum fuisse, nemo est qui non noverit; ut multa Latinè ipse scripserit; ut quoties Etruscè canebat, Græcam Latinamve lyram semper pulsaret. Calcerium, quem, utpote nostratem, libentiùs nomino, quis, qui suavissimum vatem unquam in manum sumserit, ignorare potest, antiquorum fuisse amantissimum? Quid? Torquatum Tassum quis nescit omni veterum scriptorum scientiâ mirificè instructum? Quid Spenserum nostrum? Quid Miltonum? Quid Graium? nonne illi universæ ferè doctrinæ laude cumulati erant?

Jam si occupas (quod de Romanis aliquando objecisti) veterum scriptorum venerationem nimiam istis poëtis potiùs obfuisse existimandam, qui, quùm ingenio egregio præditi essent, dignè quidem scripserunt; sed quùm nihil admittere operam darent, nisi quod veterum calculis comprobatum esset, auda-



ciori indoli fræna injecerunt, ne vires experiri posset; ne hæc quidem in parte non est quod contra disputemus. Nostorum temporum vitium est, criticorum regulas, quas illi tamen, observato optimorum poetarum usu, constituerunt, despectui ferme habere; quasi quodcunque optimi poetæ servandum censuissent, poetæ dedecori esse posset. Non est quin concedam, regulas aliquando suo detrimento servasse poetas; quod in unitatibus servandis mihi subinde fecisse videtur Terentius; quodque idem mirandi in Gallicis tragœdis frigoris principium et fons est. Sed hoc ob malè intellectam regularum naturam accidit; leges enim, quemadmodum in benè constitutâ republicâ, ita in poësi, ob libertatem custodiendam existunt, non ob minuendam. Ne plures afferam, Tassi, Miltonique nostri longè alia ratio est. Isti quidem non ita venerabantur criticorum regulas, vel poetarum usum, unde profluxerunt, ut semper iis se astringi paterentur; sed utile duxerunt habere quorum splendor Parnassum scandentibus præluceret. Si Græcarum litterarum rudes exstitissent, poetæ indubiè fuissent; "Paradisum" tamen et "Hierosolyma" orbis terrarum nunquam conspexisset.

Cur ita sentiam satis opinor causæ esse, quàm nostrorum temporum poetæ, certè ingeniosi, sed quos nemo propensè in veteres voluntatis arguere potest, ad limatam illam Miltoni Græque elegantiam nec pervenerint, nec pervenire curaverint. Atque utinam antè substitissent, quam Britannicæ poësi eam notam inuississent, ut verè quis pronuntiare possit, nihil esse tam insulsum absurdumve, nihil tam sordidum et abjectum, ut non idem in aliquo hodiernorum poetarum carmine legatur. Nomina proferre supersedeo, quàm ipse, quos velim, satis intelligas, mecumque omninò consentias. Sunt tamen vel hodiè, qui, meliora sequuti, meliora etiam assequuti sint.

Hæc habui, quæ de veterum studio et lectione dissererem, quibus tuo arbitrio frui. Si minus persuasero, advocati culpâ id accidisse existimes velim.

ART. III. *Dissertatio Præmio annuo ornata, et in Curiâ Cantabrigiensi recitata, Comitibus Maximis, MDCCCXXIV. Auctore Gulielmo Henrico Marriott, A. B. Coll. S. S. Trinitat: Discipulo.*

*An recentium ingenii vim insitam veterum poetarum exemplaria promovent?*

*Atticus, sive Dialogus de veterum Poetarum imitatione.*

SEDEBAMUS forte ego et Lucius Merula apud hominem cum

mihî conjunctissimum, tum ingenio perquam eleganti, Titum Pomponium. Ibi dum Pomponius nescio quid domesticarum agitabat curarum, et Merula ex ambulatione postmeridiana languidior factus conticescebat, signum ex adverso positum contemplari cœpi. Erat Apollinis simulacrum è marmore factum, egregium opus, quod Pomponius, ut est talium rerum studiosissimus, effingendum curaverat. Stabat deus, Græco ritu, sinistro pedi firmiter innixus, dextro ita levato, ut humum tangere vix, et ne vix quidem, videretur. Læva arcum tenebat, protensa quidem illa et exserta, altera adducta, et indice digito sic pollicei admoto, ut diceret nervum jam remisisse, ne dum desiisse intendentis speciem præbere. Jam vero tota corporis facies et ipse voltus suspensi erat et tamquam expectantis, dum monstri aliquid feriret perimeretque telum. Nec non mira inerat gratia cuidam sive superbæ sive indignationi in ore eminenti, qualem Pythona interficienti facile tribueres. Quo ex artificio quum oculis fructum caperem, et attentius singula collustrarem, interea revertitur Pomponius, et cœna apponi cœpta est. Et Ego, "Lautam, hercle, voluptatem, Pomponi, ex imaginis istius contemplatione cepi. Sed, obsecro, cuinam tam absoluti operis laus debetur?" Et ille, "O te," inquit, "in his rebus peregrinum! Vides exemplum tantum artis Phidiacæ, neque enim nostræ ætati Gratiæ dederunt, ut quidquam tam venustum invenirent hominum ingenia; quamvis et Canova Italus, et nostratium fortassis unus et alter, insigne documentum præstiterint, diligenti veterum imitatione quid effci possit." Hic mentis intentione alio divisa, "Quidnam," inquam, "Tite, causæ esse censeamus, cur, quum quisque in hac arte, modò aliquis esse velit, veterum, quod aiunt, magistrorum opera adeat, exque eorum longa consideratione quid sit pulchrum intelligere discat, atque inde ad id ipsum referendum se accingat; tum haud nihil ambigatur, an poetis poetarum veterum exemplaria multum afferant ad ingenii vim promovendam?" Et ille, "Rem," inquit, "moves magnæ molis longæque disceptationis; sed age, dum fames eximitur, animum quoque pascamus, utcumque potuerimus, tumultuaria hujus argumenti tractatione." Cui ego, "Per mihî," inquam "gratum fuerit," et ad Merulam conversus: "Quin tu te excitas, homo somniculose, et in re gravi atque ardua sententiam expromis? ut fias liber, aut certe libri pars aliqua; nam, si quid mens augurat veri, Macrobiano ritu cœnabitur hodie."

Jamque discubueramus, ego inferior, et Pomponius medius, et superior Merula; et Merula, ut excussi veterni fidem faceret, in medias se res protinus dedit, quum aggressurus esset Pomponius tamquam ignorantem cœpti sermonis admonere. In hunc itaque modum exorsus est. "Ut intelligere mihî videor, quantam habuerit vim quædam cum Græca Ro-

manaque vetustate familiaritas in poetis formandis post eversum Imperium bonasque artes aut extinctas aut in quoddam quasi barathrum penitus demersas; ita in hac tam clara doctrinæ undique diffusæ luce, equidem haud satis scio, quam tantam utilitatem excerpserint scripturi ex eorum voluminibus, qui, aut rudi plane sæculo, aut nequaquam ad hanc elegantiam pervecto, aut denique moribus et institutis diversis sane, et, quod nobis gratulemur, longe deterioribus, versus factitarint. Nam quidquid boni vel iterum nascentis doctrinæ auctores inde duxerint, id omne positum fuisse reor non tam in excitando uberiore ingenii proventu, quàm in opprimenda mala vitiorum segete, in solo diu inculto herbis salubrioribus immixta. Etenim fato functa Romana illa humanitate, usque adeo grassata est Getica barbaries, ut mirum in modum perversa mens hominum id pulchrum, id jucundum putaret, quod a recta ratione quàm maxime abhorreret. Ut paucis rem expediam, nescio quibus furis agitata scribentium pleraque turba sibi persuaserant, naturam furcis expellendam esse; quod quidem usque adeo effectum dederant, ut naturam jam dedicissent, et opus esset aliunde atque ex ipso animi motu naturali veram venustatis speciem ducere. Interea mira interdum elucere sollertia, mira dicendi vis, ut facile diceret, non tam destitutos esse recte scribendi facultate, quàm diligentia male sedula aversos in alia omnia abire. Quod quum assidue fieret, exorti sunt, qui, protractis in medium aliquot ex antiquissimis auctoribus situ atque illuvie diu squalentibus, commonstrarent, alias rationes cultissimis utriusque linguæ scriptoribus adhibitas esse, atque tum temporis vigeant. Capti rerum novitate, homines animum advertere, admirari, denique, ut sunt plerumque gratæ vices, impensius adamare scribendi genus, diu ignotum, quod tamen ipsum communi omnium sensu naturæque optimæ magistræ convenire videret pro se quisque. Ibi magno esse in pretio priscarum artium restitutores, laude florere earum fautores, nihil denique placere quod non esset ex antiquitate petatum. Verum enimvero quibus prosecuti sint vocibus illos melioris status conditores, quo exceperint plausu veteres dicendi artifices, quàm non male expresserint ea orationis lumina, quorum pulchritudinem avide inhiabant, optime patebit ex Angeli Politiani carmine ad Landinum misso. Quod, ut inter cœnandum his aliquod incondite sane dictis melius habeatis acroama, libet recitare." Atque ibi reclinis paullulum, et primùm quasi memoriam tentabundus, deinde etiam volubiliter voce jucundissima jucundissimos viri celeberrimi versus protulit, quibus apud recentiores nihil quidquam in hoc genere limatius, pressius, purius reperiri credo. Quo carmine Horatium sic alloquitur vir elegantissimus.

Vates Threicio blandior Orpæo,  
Seu malis fidibus sistere lubricos

Amnes, seu tremulo ducere pollice  
 Ipsis cum latebris feras :  
 Vates, Æolii pectinis arbiter,  
 Qui princeps Latiam sollicitas chelyn,  
 Nec segnis titulos addere noxiis  
 Nigro carmine frontibus :  
 Quis te a barbarica compede vindicat ?  
 Quis frontis nebulam dispulit : Et situ  
 Detergo levibus restituit choris  
 Curata juvenem cute ?  
 O quàm nuper eras nubilus : et malo  
 Obductus senio ! quàm nitidos ades  
 Nunc vultus referens, docta fragrantibus  
 Cinctus tempora frondibus !  
 Talem purpureis reddere solibus  
 Lætum pube nova post gelidas nives  
 Serpentem positus exuviis solet  
 Verni temperies poli.  
 Talem te choreis reddidit et lyre  
 Landinus, Veterum laudibus æmulus,  
 Qualis tu solitus Tibur ad uvidum  
 Blandam tendere barbiton.  
 Nunc te deliciis, nunc decet et levi  
 Lascivire joco, nunc puerilibus  
 Insertum thiasis, aut fide garrula  
 Inter ludere virgines.

“ Hæc ille,” inquit Lucius. “ Verum longius progressa est  
 sinceræ antiquitatis veneratio. Ex multis quibus uti possem  
 exemplis, unum afferre placet, minutum quidem illud, ut ta-  
 men inde intelligatur quanta imitandi libido sæculum perva-  
 serit. Alia sibi certatim poetæ nomina indere ad priscum mo-  
 rem formata, quæ auribus elegantiae amantibus gratissime ac-  
 ciderent. Erat sane res usitatissima, præsertim in Urbe Ro-  
 ma, homines stirpe peregrina ortos in eas se gentes adsciscere,  
 quæ claræ agitabant *annis*, ut ait Lucanus, *a consule nomen ha-*  
*bentibus*. Interea sordescibat indies horrida illa olim usurpa-  
 ta dicendi ratio, et nihil nisi nitore et palæstra decorum in  
 usu esse. Sed hæc illud, quod in his rebus maxime esse vitiosum  
 credo, magis magisque eminebat. Multa cum antiquioribus  
 consuetudo id effecit, ut provenirent quidem exacta ad unguem  
 pristinae orationis exempla, nec sine laude æmularetur senior  
 ætas aut Flacci curiosam felicitatem aut Maronis epicum ver-  
 borum pondus ; sed interea usque adeo jaceret inventio, ut,  
 perlectis hujus ævi scriptoribus, maximam partem nihil novi

<sup>1</sup> Fabricii Bibliotheca Latina, i. 406.

tau factum aut cogitatum crederes per terrarum orbem sæculis jam multis. Ne plura dicam, facti sunt poetæ puri putidi Quirites, summumque credebant nefas aliquid proferre, quod non merum Latium oleret. Ergo, quasi quadam compede vincta, ipsa suis a se privata viribus mens hominum hærebat; neque ultra eos terminos vagari audebat, intra quos decurrerant primi literarum auctores, ut, quamvis speciosus alicubi campus se aperiret, ibi non esset exercendum ingenium, ni prioris cujusdam orbita cespitem notasset, cui ita insisteretur ut toto ungue deflectere vitio daretur,—rem cum immensi laboris tum servilis operæ. Ipse Petrarca, grande Italiæ decus, ævo superiore ita fuit deditus, pene dixerim, stultæ veterum admirationi, ut Scipionem suum, opus ad eorum modulum accuratissime effectum, illis proponeret carminibus, quibus liberior se exseruerat vivida vis ingenii. Petrum autem Bembum, Innocentium, aliosque eorum æquales, quid memorem eundem in modum delirantes? Tandem aliquando adultior doctrinæ ætas suos quemque sensus propriis verbis exprimere permisit: atque ea usi sunt recentiores felicitate, ut, quum nihil haberent ex barbarie, quam exturbaverant superiores, tum ipsi proxime præcedentium carerent servili sua proferendi metu. Nec tamen desunt in hunc usque diem, quorum scripta opinionem mihi confirmant de non formandis poetis ex veterum exemplaribus, quum videam res maximas effecisse illos viros, utcumque suis præsidii contenti fuere; utcumque aliena ope uti maluerit, nonnihil sueti vigoris amisisse. Sumite in manus Miltonis nostri Agonisten, fabulam, opinor, veterem simplicitatem referentem. Fuisse illum virum in Græcis tragicis versatissimum, eorumque amantissimum, norunt omnes. Voluit ergo prisco ritu carmen condere, id est, ad veterum languorem componi. Quod quàm bene cesserit, videant antiquitatis fautores. Ego, quod ad me attinet, sic sentio: virum longe doctissimum dum *apolelymenon*, si diis placet, carmen sectatur, et Æschylum cum Sophocle et Euripide tamquam optimos laudat tragœdiæ scribendæ magistros, jejunum aliquid et inficetum excudisse, ut legenti nihil extrinsecus intret, quod nervos agitet. Diî boni, quàm hæc frigent ad Enchespali verba ardentia, sententiasque ex natura profectas; quamvis magna sit opinio, eum non plus attigisse doctrinæ, quàm quantum prima illa institutione potuerit! Jam vero Racinus Gallus in eundem mihi scopulum incidisse videtur, licet sic interdum scribat, ut placeat vehementissime. Qui vir quàm manu tota veterum patrocinium susceperit, perspicere est ex illis, quæ Euripidi defendendo in parte operis præmisit.<sup>2</sup> Ne vero ex his, quæ jam, ut potui, disceptavi, me Græcis Romanisque poetis ver-

<sup>2</sup> Vidend. præfat. ad Racini Phædrum.

sandis abhorrere existimetis, sic habetote. Adeundos esse utriusque linguae vates mihi persuasissimum est, non vero eo consilio, ut inde quis poeta evadat melior, sed ut mores hominum multorum videat, ita demum intellecturus, quid valeant historicorum verba, si ex poetis didicerit, quibus moribus, quibus institutis, quibus opinionibus, quid actum fuerit. In qua ego sententia quum sim, adeo non abjiciendos puto poetas antiquos, ut non tantum optimos, sed omnino omnes legere consueverim, legendosque censeam rerum annales percallere cupienti."

Hæc Merula, non, ut ego jam narro, continua orationis serie, sed per coenae intervalla, quum ipse et Pomponius satis interim haberemus corpus curare. Quum autem veluti perorata causa conticuisset Merula, tum Pomponius, "Næ tu," inquit, "festivissimus homo, qui, priusquam satis scirem, quidnam illud esset, quod in disputationem veniret, sermonem bene longum texeris, effecerisque pro humanitate tua, ut non minus animo, quam ventre delectarentur convivæ. Quum autem per mihi iniquum videtur, altera parte inaudita aliquid in his rebus pronuntiare, id mihi auctoritatis arrogabo, convivator scilicet, ut Marco nostro defendendi partes assignem, quas volenti mandatum iri ex quadam ejus perturbatione in sermone tuo videor mihi videre. Verum coena finita, ni molestum fuerit, in silvam concedamus, etenim est in eo loco sedes huic nostro non inopportuna sermoni." Quum autem assensus esset, assurrexit Pomponius et præire coepit. Inclinato in vesperam die, rubebat sol jamjam occasurus, et lenis aura, utpote æstiva tempestate, progredientium artus grata refrigeratione aspirans recreabat. In extremo deinde tramite, qui inambulando stratus erat, læti consedimus. Ut autem *mundus cali vastus*, quod ait Ennius,<sup>3</sup> *constitit silentio*, et una ubique rerum quies finitam diurnam vexationem indicavit, nos etiam aliquamdiu taciti sumus intuiti occiduum illum splendorem arborum interlucentem truncos, veriti ne naturam quiescentem verbis interpellaremus. Tandem Merula vocem erupit, et, "Quin," inquit, "Marcus noster se ad agendum componit? neque enim aquæ quantum satis fuerit datum iri arbitror, sed pastorali ritu meminerimus oportet nocti decedere." Tum ego:

"Ut familiaris hic noster, idemque hospes, hanc quasi provinciam melius ipse administravisset, ita et meipsum juvabit pro virili consuluisse poetarum dignitati, mihi ab ineunte ætate penitus dilectorum, quam, etsi extrema oratione cavit ne ex republica ejicerentur, diminutum ivit vir amicissimus. Primum igitur quandam quasi purgandi vim antiquis poetarum

<sup>3</sup> Videsis Macrob. Saturnul. vi. 2.

Lucium tribuisse, lubens agnosco, cætera exiles quosdam et tenues nimis esse voluisse, ægre fero. Quod vero ait, principes doctrinæ iterum instauratæ auctores in nimium imitandi amorem abreptos fuisse, id certe non est in animo præfracte negare. At, hercle, ne eorum error argumento sit, nequis putet veterum poetarum exemplaria sibi proponenda esse, omni contentione pervincere paratus sum. Sed omnium primùm videamus cujusmodi sit illud dictum de jam confirmata recte scribendi ratione, ut non opus habeamus ad prima quasi rudimenta reverti, et veram pulchritudinis notionem longius petere, quum in proclivi sit naturam ducem sequi et nostri sæculi opinionem. Ea vero quæ tandem sit, adhuc incertus quæro. Hic ita sententiolis splendidis et verborum tralatione insignibus orationem destinguit, ut ornatu ipsum suo laboret carmen: ille ita nudam simplicemque munditiam sectatur, ut parum a pedestri sermone absit, quæ cupit haberi poesis mera. Sic denique diversi abeunt, ut nescias ad unum aliquid revocare quæ nunc vigent scribendi genera. Quum autem ipsum te auctorem habeam, puram liquidamque scribendi venam à veterum lectione aliquatenus defluxisse, ut deinceps porro pure liquideque scribatur, nihil habeo verius, quàm *integros accedere fontes*. Si Seius vel Titius veteribus usi magistris laudem meruere, cur ego Seium Titiumque potius sequar, quàm ipsorum duces? Posse autem antiquos poetas sic adhiberi, ut imitatio carseat illo, quod notasti vitium, cùm ratio evincit, tum res ipsa monstrat. *Turpe est*, inquit Quintilianus,<sup>4</sup> *contentum esse id consequi, quod imitaris; nam rursus quid erat futurum, si nemo plus effecisset eo, quem sequebatur?* Proinde strenue se commoveant, qui huic arti dant operam, et, si tantum valuerint vires, insignem petant coronam unde nemo prius veterum laudem reportaverit; efficiantque, me non invito, ut ipsa illa, quam patres canendi tractarunt materiam, melius niteat: neque enim popularibus nostris eum impono modum, quem sibi ipse Papinius Statius, vir modestissimus, uti *ne tentent* scilicet *divinam Æneïda*, sed sequantur procul, et

—*Vestigia semper adorent.*

Interea ne recusent his abuti commodis, quæ ex antiquitate excerpi possint; et, dum imitatores esse nolunt, ut ne quis ipsos imitari velit, effectum dare. Insanientis est bona abjicere, nequid lateat intus mali. Pictores, ut opinor, summo studio adeunt, contemplantur, imitando effingunt Raphaelis tabellas: in ipso tamen illo est quod desideres: requirunt doctiores colorum quandam pulchritudinem et varietatem: verùm id non facit, ut negligant aut idearum, nam sic loqui cogit egestas

<sup>4</sup> Vide lib. x. ad init.

Latini sermonis, sublime et honestum, aut rerum magnificam adumbrationem. In hac autem orationis parte eorum libet errorem notare, qui crebram præmortuarum fabularum iterationem in veterum imitatione necessariam esse arbitrantur, aut poema veteri argumento scriptum ad veterum normam compositum existimant. Multi, quibus penitus ignota est vera veterum pulchritudo, ad nauseam usque inculcare solent *πάρας τε θεῶς πάρας τε θεῶν*, et, simulata antiquitatis specie, veterum æmulatores videri velle. Cum autem nolim pervicaciter contendere, non posse illam de diis fabulandi rationem cum laude usurpari, si adsit modus, tum certe scio id insulsissime ut plurimum fieri, et ab hominibus sic omni elegantia vacuis, ut nihil commercii cum Græca Romanave poesi mihi habuisse videantur. Id igitur ne fraudi sit quibus adsum partibus, plurimum deprecor. Porro si quis aut Agamemnona aut Scipionem dicendum sumserit, non continuo veteres æmulatur, aut quoquo modo contingit. Nostis Dactylothecarii carmen, quo Leonidæ fortia facta concelebrat. Res sane antiqua est, dicendi genus minime antiquum. Neque hic mihi videtur veteres referre, neque alius quisquam, qui tantum rem veterem nova scriptura ornandam sibi proponit. Sed ut huc revertamur, unde digressi sumus,—fateor multos ex recentioribus, et doctos quidem, dum formas quasdam studiosius servant, tamquam ad opus absolutum apprimè necessarias, insigniter peccare. Quæ res adduxit virum in his rebus perspicacissimum<sup>5</sup> ut diceret, credere se et Camoenta et Torquatam Tassum epicum carmen melius fuisse tractaturos, si Virgilium nescissent. Quod ut severius dictum puto, ita quo valeat, intelligo. Sane nihil est quod iisdem te astringas legibus, quas Virgilius sibi circumdedit, quod ad carminis formam spectat. Da vim, et vigorem, et nervos, et succum; schema, modò ne sit absurdum, parum curo. Neque hujus criminis rei minùs peccare videntur, quàm ridiculi homines, qui capite in alterum humerum deflexo Alexandri similes haberi gestiebant. Sed nullasne, obsecro, virtutes aut Camoens ille aut Tassus a Marone accepit? Nihilne boni magister adhibitus Virgilius contulit? præsertim quum judex idem Ariostum prioribus gentis suæ poetis præstitisse fatetur rite temperato Homeri Ovidiique usu. Res est incertæ conjectationis, quid aut quale scripturi fuissent illi viri exemplari sublato, quod sibi proposuerat uterque. At limam quamdam et nitorem inde duxisse video, quæ scribendi recte magna est pars. Sed optime, ut arbitror, judicabitur, quid efficere possit antiquorum notitia ex carminibus virorum maxime omnium instructorum, qui rem Musicam accesserint. In hac autem parte nimis temere latam sententiam queror,—nam in Lucio meo versutiam nolo, non credo—de Miltonis in veteres pro-

<sup>5</sup> F. Schlegel, History of Literature, vol. 2. p. 110. <sup>6</sup> Schlegel, vol. 2. p. 20.



penso animo. Insulsum quidem illud, quòd Atticæ tragœdiæ vestigiis presse nimis insistere voluit, quamquam et Agonisti insunt multa egregie disposita: insulsius illud, quòd orationem nimia religione attenuavit, et in cantibus præsertim quandam jejunitatem, et inopiam, et siccitatem induxit. Sed hoc in uno, nec primario, opere. Priusquam ad cætera progrediar, notissimum illud proferre placet:

Tres tria, sed longe distantia, sæcula vates  
 Ostentant tribus e gentibus eximios;  
 Græcia sublimem; cum majestate disertum  
 Roma tulit: felix Anglia utrique parem.  
 Partubus ex binis natura exhausta coacta est,  
 Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.<sup>7</sup>

Habetis optimi poetæ, ejusdemque non vulgaris critici, de Miltonè judicium, cui hoc felicitatis contigit, ut a laudato viro laudatus sit. Jam ad illa pro se quisque acriter mihi intendat animum, qua educatione, quibus artibus excultum fuerit ingenium excellens et sublime. Ipsis prope locis insistimus, quibus illa Miltonis humanitas diu innutrita est, nec viri celeberrimi memoria non multum adjuvatur silvæ admonitu, cujus in umbra verum quærere solebat. Viget autem, semperque viguit, in florentissima hac bonarum artium sede, veterum poetarum lectio. Ab ineunte igitur ætate volvendis, quæ prudens extulit antiquitas, exemplaribus incubuit Miltò noster. Neque ab hoc feliciter suscepto destitit studio aucta mens et roborata. Euripide quàm familiariter sit usus, facile patebit inspecto codice, quem inter Bibliothecæ nostræ *νεμεσιδα* repostum venerabundus adit priscæ elegantiae amans. Quin et ipse mollissimo carmine<sup>8</sup> significare voluit, quibus potissimum auctoribus delectaretur, neque aut Atticos tragicos aut belli Trojani scriptorem prætermisit. Hic itaque tantus vir, quàm jam consularem haberet ætatem, summaque adeo prudentia et literarum laude floreret, epicum carmen aggressus est, et ea quidem felicitate, ut, me judice, liceat de eo usurpare quod in Marco Cicerone censuit Silius Italicus: neque enim reliquisse videtur

*Par decus eloquii cuiquam sperare nepotum.*

Id certe in confesso est, recte illud numerari inter nobilissima ingenii humani monumenta. Jam id qui negaverint obrectatores non video, tingui totum opus sinceræ vetustatis colore. In partibus certe manifeste se prodit amor, quo complexus est Miltò antiquorum poetarum scripta. Neque tu, Luci, ut opinor, vel has partes ferro resecari facile patereris: ego enim, quod

<sup>7</sup> Ex interpretatione Couperi, poetæ eximii.

<sup>8</sup> Il Penseroso.

ad me attinet, valde recusarem. Unde consequi putem, optimam esse disciplinam, quæ in tantas ingenii opes erudierit alumnum. Mihi vero hæc tractanti religio est Comum et Lycidam tacitum relinquere. Como quid magis refertum ornamentis e media Græcia petitis? Como quid suavius et in suo genere præstantius? Jam Lycidas carmen est totum ad priscum dicendi genus effectum; cui licet insint quæ pugnare videntur cum recta rerum divinarum tractatione, non tamen inde magis efficitur vitiosum esse scripturæ genus, quàm cibum esse noxium, quia videlicet ita uti possis ut detrimento sit. Quota autem pars sunt illa, quæ acutis displicent naribus hominum criticorum? Millesima, ut opinor: quum interea molle illud atque facetum obvium est in omni parte nec requirenti. Jam convenire vellem, qui Racinum, perpetuum veterum assecclam, exsanguem quodammodo et gracilem reddidisse Tragediam Gallicam putat. At vero parcendum mihi ipsi censeo, ut in alia parte vires, siquid virium habeo, liberius exseram. Juvabit interea laudasse illius viri<sup>9</sup> sententiam, quem ante memoravi tamquam in Camoente et Tasso paullo iniquiorem. Is igitur, quem dico, ponit, omnium, quæ umquam in scena Gallica steterint fabulæ, optime esse conditas Cornelii, quam vocant Cidum, et Racini Athalien. In utraque docet carminis tragici onus lyræ sustinere: lyricam autem in veteri tragedia regnare, quam dum imitabantur, hunc ultimum profectus sui in re scenica gradum attigisse Gallos. Ab hac igitur parte negotium mihi non tam profligatum, quàm plane confectum esse, autumo. Transeo ad Graium Britannum, quo nemo melius nostrorum hominum in lyricis versatus fuit. Qui qua fuerit omnis antiquitatis peritia, quo amore, ex epistolis ad familiares, nam in manibus sunt, facile evincitur. Ergo qui unus poetarum Anglicorum Pindarum calluisse, et in deliciis habuisse videtur, unus in ea provincia, quam sibi ornandam selegit, optimus et est et habetur. At, credo, officit naturæ affectibus hæc institutio. Percurrite memoria, (nam quis non memoria tenet mellitissimos versus?) elegiam in cœmeterio rustico conscriptam. Hoc a natura alienum? Sed renuistis: verbum non addo amplius. Tamen doctissimum est carmen.—De illis, quos nostra tot per annos admirata est ætas, non est in animo disserere, viventibus præsertim et nobiscum agentibus. Unus nuperrime e vivis excessit. O quate voce appellem, Pyrrho, vir mirabilis in utramque partem, qui sæpe pectus meum inaniter anxisti, irritasti, mulisti, et modo me Athenis, modo Romæ, modo in Hispania posuisti! Sed piam mentem, gratum animum,—*unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse*, Pyrrho clarissime. Verùm hæc nihil ad rem.

<sup>9</sup> F. Schlegel, History of Literature, vol. ii. p. 162.

Vos autem faciles veniam dabit, bonique consuletis impetum animi, quo me abreptum esse sentio. Numquid igitur Pyrrhoni contulerunt veteres poetæ? Hospitem fuisse in Græcis poetis quis credat, qui aut Græciam florentem celebratam, aut jacentem comploratam versibus mollissimis meminerit? Sanè apud Pyrrhonem multa leguntur, quæ argumento sunt, admiratione, qua par fuit, eum esse veteres persecutum,—rectius facturus, si in alia parte illorum esset secutus sapientem animum, quod eò libentius commemoro ob ea, quibus timuisse visus est Lucius noster, nihil esse, quod imiteris, in antiquorum moribus. Nusquam veteres, quantum memini, hominem nequam admirandum proposuere. Id Pyrrho sapiissime, dum nescio quibus illecebris instruit speciosam pravitatem. Hæc habui, quæ dissererem, tenuia sane, sed ut coegerunt temporis angustiae. Quæ quum dixissem, “Agite,” inquam, “con-surgamus, *gratis est colloquentibus opinor, quemadmodum cantantibus umbra.*”<sup>10</sup>

Tum Pomponius hæc, spatiis aliquot factis antequam e silva egrederemur:—“Mihi semper verissimum est visum tam in hac quàm in mutis artibus, ut ex adyto aliquid proferam, *antiquam exquirere matrem.* Neque has, opinor, rationes quisquam oppugnatum isset, ni aut homines leviter eruditi male imitando quod optimum fuit in pessimum corrupissent, aut nullo ingenio scribentes, certe Musis parum apto, uno hoc, pro cunctis quibus opus est præsidii, nisi corruissent.

*Ego nec studium sine dicite vena  
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic  
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.*

At Enchespalum quis respicere jubeat, et jussit quidem Lucius. Verùm in avibus alendis non est habenda phœnicum ratio. Sed neque ipsi Enchespalo obfuisse fortè veterum lectio. Certe ut divinum plane est viri ingenium, ita sunt quæ reprehendas et emendata velis apud principem auctorem. Diligens autem adhibenda est cura, ut ea maxime versent poetæ, quæ maxime versanda sunt. Quo in genere, Græcos magis profuturos ingeniis promovendis judico quàm Latinos; nam mihi videntur Latinorum plerique in id vitium incidisse quod maxime cavendum censeo ipsos imitantibus; scilicet una cum Græca elegantia Græcorum quoque mores et opiniones fideliter exprimendos curasse, quod enervat debilitatque et peregrinitate quadam inficit patrium sermonem. Sed in ipsis Latinis doleo rariùs adhibitum esse, qui unus omnium dignus

<sup>10</sup> Quæ sequuntur, usque ad verba *Optare libet*, confata quidem sunt, sed non et missa Procancellario Honorato cum cætera oratione, præpediente temporis angustia, quo nimis describerentur.

est qui legatur. Caium Lucretium quantum ingenio Maroni praestitisse putem haud dicam, ne nimius videar. In philosophia quidem insanit homo, at in poesi vatem singularis venustatis, singularis magniloquentiae, agnosco, et aliis mirandum commendo: quamquam suspicari possum Marcum Varronem parem magis quam similem illi fuisse. Quod acrius dolenda est scriptorum jactura, quod ex fragmentis tamquam ex naufragio in littus ejectis colligere licet, plane aureorum. Qualem fuisse in scribendo dicamus, qui sic in quodam ejus carmine, cui Marcipor titulus fuit, exorsus est?

Repente noctis circiter meridiem,  
Cum pictus aer fervidis late ignibus  
Coeli choreas astricas ostenderet;  
Nubes aquali frigido velo leves  
Coeli cavernas aureas subduxerant,  
Aquam vomentes inferam mortalibus,  
Ventique frigido se ab axe eruperant,  
Phrenetici septemtrionum filii,  
Secum ferentes tegulas, ramos, syros.

At nos caduci naufragi, ut ciconiae  
Quarum bipennis fulminis plumas vapor  
Perussit, alte aesti in terram cecidimus.<sup>11</sup>

In Graecis etiam simile quid est, quod querar. Homerus sane primas teneat, et in primis Odyssea legatur, relegatur, repetatur. Sed interea quid tantum admisit Apollonius ille Rhodius, quem confirmare audeo unum esse vatum nostris auribus nostris opinionibus accomodatissimum. Pingit quidquid vult sic ut nihil possit esse supra: in similitudinibus exactissimas ob oculos imagines proponit: in affectibus sive mollioribus illis sive violentis praecipuus est. Quid Hercule illo clavam sibi comparante affabre magis descriptum?<sup>12</sup> Quid gemina illa ad extremum librum tertium similitudine in Gigantum caede exquisitius repertum?<sup>13</sup> Quid, o quid umquam ab optimo poeta prolatum est, aut naturae consentaneum magis, aut arte ornatus, subtili de Medea amante amaturave narratione medio tertio indita?<sup>14</sup> Dicam quod sentio. Videntur mihi recentiores in affectibus describendis epico carmine veteribus pleniore esse, et artifices magis quod ad internos attinet animi affectus, nam in re et veteres multum effecisse fateor, sed malunt actione significare quid sentiat quis, quam illa quasi cordis penetralia narrando reserare. Sed vel ab hac

<sup>11</sup> Vide *Auctores Linguae Latinae*, edente Dionysio Gothofredo MDXCV. pp. 738, 508, 509, 528, 1844.

<sup>12</sup> Vid. lib. I. v. 1187, &c.

<sup>13</sup> Vid. v. 1386, &c.

<sup>14</sup> Vid. v. 616, &c. usque ad v. 824.

parte omnes implet numeros is, quem dico, Apollonius. At, herole, in toto hoc veterum usu, ut grandiores sint profectus, aut poetas magis doctos, aut doctos magis poeticos optare libet."

Sed jam et intempesta nox, et frigidior factus aer, et vicini fluminis aura discessum maturare admonebant; et quam noctem placidam alter alteri vicissim, optassemus, diversi abivimus.

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ART. IV. *Athens. A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, July, 1824. By Winthrop Mackworth Praed, of Trinity College.*

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" High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,  
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,  
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,  
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,  
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries,—  
All these (O pity!) now are turned to dust,  
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust."

SPENSER.

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MUSE of old Athens! strike thine ancient lute!  
Are the strings broken? is the music mute?  
Hast thou no tears to gush, no prayers to flow,  
Wails for her fate, or curses for her foe?  
If still, within some dark and drear recess,  
Clothed with sad pomp and spectral loveliness,  
Though pale thy cheek, and torn thy flowing hair,  
And reft the roses passion worshipped there,  
Thou lingerest, lone, beneath thy laurel bough,  
Glad in the incense of a poet's vow,  
Bear me, oh! bear me, to the vine-clad hill,  
Where Nature smiles, and Beauty blushes still,  
And Memory blends her tale of other years  
With earnest hopes, deep sighs, and bitter tears!

Desolate Athens! though thy Gods are fled,  
Thy temples silent, and thy glory dead,  
Though all thou had'st of beautiful and brave  
Sleep in the tomb, or moulder in the wave,  
Though power and praise forsake thee, and forget,  
Desolate Athens, thou art lovely yet!  
Around thy walls, in every wood and vale,  
Thine own sweet bird, the lonely Nightingale,  
Still makes her home; and, when the moonlight hour  
Flings its soft magic over brake and bower,  
Murmurs her sorrows from her ivy shrine,  
Or the thick foliage of the deathless vine.

Where erst Megæra chose her fearful crown,  
 The bright Narcissus hangs his clusters down ;  
 And the gay Crocus decks with glittering dew  
 The yellow radiance of his golden hue.  
 Still thine own olive haunts its native earth,  
 Green, as when Pallas smiled upon its birth ;  
 And still Cephissus pours his sleepless tide,  
 So clear and calm, along the meadow side,  
 That you may gaze long hours upon the stream,  
 And dream at last the poet's witching dream,  
 That the sweet Muses, in the neighbouring bowers,  
 Sweep their wild harps, and wreath their odorous flowers,  
 And laughing Venus o'er the level plains  
 Waves her light lash, and shakes her gilded reins.

How terrible is time ! his solemn years,  
 The tombs of all our hopes and all our fears,  
 In silent horror roll !—the gorgeous throne,  
 The pillared arch, the monumental stone  
 Melt in swift ruin ; and of mighty climes,  
 Where Fame told tales of virtues and of crimes,  
 Where Wisdom taught, and Valour woke to strife,  
 And Art's creations breathed their mimic life,  
 And the young Poet, when the stars shone high,  
 Drank the deep rapture of the quiet sky,  
 Nought now remains, but Nature's placid scene,  
 Heaven's deathless blue, and Earth's eternal green,  
 The showers that fall on palaces and graves,  
 The suns that shine for freemen and for slaves :  
 Science may sleep in ruin, man in shame,  
 But Nature lives, still lovely, still the same !  
 The rock, the river,—these have no decay !  
 The city and its masters,—where are they ?  
 Go forth, and wander through the cold remains  
 Of fallen statues, and of tottering fanes,  
 Seek the loved haunts of poet and of sage,  
 The gay palæstra, and the gaudy stage !  
 What signs are there ? a solitary stone,  
 A shattered capital with grass o'ergrown,  
 A mouldering frieze half-hid in ancient dust,  
 A thistle springing o'er a nameless bust,  
 Yet this *was* Athens ! still a holy spell  
 Breathes in the dome, and wanders in the dell,  
 And vanished times and wondrous forms appear,  
 And sudden echoes charm the waking ear :  
 Decay itself is drest in glory's gloom,  
 For every hillock is a hero's tomb,  
 And every breeze to fancy's slumber brings  
 The mighty rushing of a spirit's wings.

Oh yes! where glory such as thine hath been,  
Wisdom and sorrow linger round the scene;  
And where the hues of faded splendor sleep,  
Age kneels to moralize, and youth to weep!  
E'en now, methinks, before the eye of day,  
The night of ages rolls its mist away,  
And the cold dead, the wise, and fair, and proud,  
Start from the urn, and rend the tranquil shroud.  
Here the wild Muse hath seized her maddening lyre,  
With grasp of passion, and with glance of fire,  
And called the visions of her awful reign  
From death and gloom, to light and life, again.  
Hark! the huge Titan on his frozen rock  
Scoffs at Heaven's King, and braves the lightning-shock,  
The Colchian sorceress drains her last brief bliss,  
The thrilling rapture of a mother's kiss,  
And the gray Theban raises to the skies  
His hueless features, and his rayless eyes.  
There blue-eyed Pallas guides the willing feet  
Of her loved sages to her calm retreat,  
And lights the radiance of her glittering torch  
In the rich garden, and the quiet porch:  
Lo! the thronged arches, and the nodding trees,  
Where Truth and Wisdom strayed with Socrates,  
Where round sweet Xenophon rapt myriads hung,  
And liquid honey dropped from Plato's tongue!  
Oh! thou wert glorious then! thy sway and sword  
On earth and sea were dreaded and adored,  
And Satraps knelt, and Sovereigns tribute paid,  
And prostrate cities trembled and obeyed:  
The grim Laconian when he saw thee sighed,  
And frowned the venom of his hate and pride;  
And the pale Persian dismal vigils kept,  
If Rumour whispered 'Athens!' where he slept.  
And mighty ocean, for thy royal sail,  
Hushed the loud wave, and stilled the stormy gale;  
And to thy sons Olympian Jove had given  
A brighter ether, and a purer heaven.  
Those sons of thine were not a mingled host,  
From various fathers born, from every coast,  
And driven from shore to shore, from toil to toil,  
To shun a despot, or to seek a spoil;  
Oh no! they drew their unpolluted race  
Up from the earth which was their dwelling-place;  
And the warm blood, whose blushing streams had run,  
Ceaseless and stainless, down from sire to son,  
Went clear and brilliant through its hundred rills,  
Pure as thy breeze, eternal as thy hills!

Alas! how soon that day of splendor past,  
 That bright, brief day, too beautiful to last!  
 Let other lips tell o'er the oft-told tale;—  
 How art succeeds, when spear and falchion fail,  
 How fierce dissension, impotent distrust,  
 Caprice, that made it treason to be just,  
 And crime in some, and listlessness in all,  
 Shook the great city to her fate and fall,  
 Till gold at last made plain the tyrant's way,  
 And bent all hearts in bondage and decay!  
 I loathe the task; let other lyres record  
 The might and mercy of the Roman sword,  
 The aimless struggle, and the fruitless wile,  
 The victor's vengeance, and the patron's smile.  
 Yet, in the gloom of that long, cheerless night,  
 There gleams one ray to comfort and delight;  
 One spot of rapture courts the Muse's eye,  
 In the dull waste of shame and apathy.  
 Here, where wild Fancy wondrous fictions drew,  
 And knelt to worship, till she thought them true;—  
 Here, in the paths which beauteous Error trod,  
 The great Apostle preached the UNKNOWN GOD!

Silent the crowd were hushed; for his the eye  
 Which power controls not, sin cannot defy;  
 His the tall stature, and the lifted hand,  
 And the fixed countenance of grave command;  
 And his the voice, which, heard but once, will sink  
 So deep into the hearts of those that think,  
 That they may live till years and years are gone,  
 And never lose one echo of its tone.  
 Yet, when the voice had ceased, a clamour rose,  
 And mingled tumult rang from friends and foes;  
 The threat was muttered, and the galling gibe,  
 By each pale Sophist and his paltry tribe;  
 The haughty Stoic passed in gloomy state,  
 The heartless Cynic scowled his grovelling hate,  
 And the soft Garden's rose-encircled child  
 Smiled unbelief, and shuddered as he smiled,—  
 Tranquil he stood; for he had heard,—could hear,  
 Blame and reproach with an untroubled ear;  
 O'er his broad forehead visibly were wrought  
 The dark deep lines of courage and of thought;  
 And if the colour from his cheek was fled,  
 Its paleness spoke no passion,—and no dread.  
 The meek endurance, and the stedfast will,  
 The patient nerve, that suffers, and is still,  
 The humble faith, that bends to meet the rod,  
 And the strong hope, that turns from man to God,—



All these were his ; and his firm heart was set,  
And knew the hour *must* come,—but was not yet.

Again long years of darkness and of pain,  
The Moslem scymetar, the Moslem chain ;  
Where Phidias toiled, the turbaned spoilers brood,  
And the Mosque glitters, where the Temple stood.  
Alas ! how well the slaves their fetters wear,  
Proud in disgrace, and cheerful in despair !  
While the glad music of the boatman's song  
On the still air floats happily along,  
The light Caique goes bounding on its way  
Through the bright ripples of Piræus' bay ;  
And when the stars shine down, and twinkling feet  
In the gay measure blithely part and meet,  
The dark-eyed Maiden scatters through the grove  
Her tones of fondness, and her looks of love :  
Oh ! sweet the lute, the dance ! but bondage flings  
Grief on the steps, and discord on the strings.  
Yet thus, degraded, sunken as thou art,  
Still thou art dear to many a boyish heart ;  
And many a poet, full of fervour, goes,  
To read deep lessons, Athens, in thy woes.

And such was he, the long-lamented one,  
England's fair hope, sad Granta's cherished son,  
Ill-fated TWEDDELL !—if the flush of youth,  
The light of genius, and the glow of truth,  
If all that fondness honours and adores,  
If all that grief remembers and deplores,  
Could bid the spoiler turn his scythe away,  
Or snatch one flower from darkness and decay,  
Thou had'st not marked, fair city, his decline,  
Nor reared the marble in thy silent shrine—  
The cold, ungrieving marble,—to declare  
How many hopes lie desolated there.

We will not mourn for him ! ere human ill  
Could blight one bliss, or make one feeling chill,  
In Learning's pure embrace he sunk to rest,  
Like a tired child upon his mother's breast :  
Peace to his hallowed shade ! his ashes dwell  
In that sweet spot he loved in life so well,  
And the sad Nurse who watched his early bloom,  
From this his home, points proudly to his tomb.

But oft, when twilight sleeps on earth and sea,  
Beautiful Athens, we will weep for thee ;  
For thee, and for thine offspring !—will they bear  
The dreary burthen of their own despair,  
Till nature yields, and sense and life depart  
In the torn sinews and the trampled heart ?

Oh! by the mighty shades that dimly glide  
 Where Victory beams upon the turf or tide,  
 By those who sleep at Marathon in bliss,  
 By those who fell at glorious Salamis,  
 By every laurelled brow and holy name,  
 By every thought of freedom and of fame,  
 By all ye bear, by all that ye have borne,  
 The blow of anger, and the glance of scorn,  
 The fruitless labour, and the broken rest,  
 The bitter torture, and the bitterer jest,  
 By your sweet infants' unavailing cry,  
 Your sister's blush, your mother's stifled sigh,  
 By all the tears that ye have wept, and weep,—  
 Break, Sons of Athens, break your weary sleep!

Yea! it is broken!—Hark, the sudden shock  
 Rolls on from wave to wave, from rock to rock;  
 Up, for the Cross and Freedom! far and near  
 Forth starts the sword, and gleams the patriot spear,  
 And bursts the echo of the battle song,  
 Cheering and swift, the banded hosts along.  
 On, Sons of Athens! let your wrongs and woes  
 Burnish the blades, and nerve the whistling bows;  
 Green be the laurel, ever blest the meed  
 Of him that shines to-day in martial deed,  
 And sweet his sleep beneath the dewy sod,  
 Who falls for fame, his country, and his God!

The hoary sire has helmed his locks of gray,  
 Scorned the safe hearth, and tottered to the fray:  
 The beardless boy has left his gilt guitar,  
 And bared his arm for manhood's holiest war.  
 E'en the weak girl has mailed her bosom there,  
 Clasped the rude helmet on her auburn hair,  
 Changed love's own smile for valour's fiery glance,  
 Mirth for the field, the distaff for the lance.  
 Yes, she was beauteous, that Athenian maid,  
 When erst she sate within her myrtle shade,  
 Without a passion, and without a thought,  
 Save those which innocence and childhood wrought,  
 Delicious hopes, and dreams of life and love,  
 Young flowers below, and cloudless skies above.  
 But oh, how fair, how more than doubly fair,  
 Thus, with the laurel twined around her hair,—  
 While at her feet her country's chiefs assemble,  
 And those soft tones amid the war-cry tremble,  
 As some sweet lute creeps eloquently in,  
 Breaking the tempest of the trumpet's din,—

H

Her corselet fastened with a golden clasp,—  
 Her falchion buckled to her tender grasp,—  
 And quivering lip, flushed cheek, and flashing eye  
 All breathing fire, all speaking 'Liberty!'

Firm has that struggle been! but is there none  
 To hymn the triumph, when the fight is won?  
 Oh for the harp which once—but through the strings,  
 Far o'er the sea, the dismal night-wind sings;  
 Where is the hand that swept it?—cold and mute,  
 The lifeless master, and the voiceless lute!  
 The crowded hall, the murmur, and the gaze,  
 The look of envy, and the voice of praise,  
 And friendship's smile, and passion's treasured vow,—  
 All these are nothing,—life is nothing now!  
 But the hushed triumph, and the garb of gloom,  
 The sorrow, deep, but mute, around the tomb,  
 The soldiers' silence, and the matron's tear,—  
 These are the trappings of the sable bier,  
 Which time corrupts not, falsehood cannot hide,  
 Nor folly scorn, nor calumny deride.  
 And 'what is writ, is writ!'—the guilt and shame,  
 All eyes have seen them, and all lips may blame;  
 Where is the record of the wrong that stung,  
 The charm that tempted, and the grief that wrung?  
 Let feeble hands, iniquitously just,  
 Rake up the reliques of the sinful dust,  
 Let Ignorance mock the pang it cannot feel,  
 And Malice brand, what Mercy would conceal;  
 It matters not! he died as all would die;  
 Greece had his earliest song, his latest sigh;  
 And o'er the shrine, in which that cold heart sleeps,  
 Glory looks dim, and joyous conquest weeps.  
 The maids of Athens to the spot shall bring  
 The freshest roses of the new-born spring,  
 And Spartan boys their first-won wreath shall bear,  
 To bloom round BYRON'S urn, or droop in sadness there!

Farewell sweet ATHENS! thou shall be again  
 The sceptred Queen of all thine old domain,  
 Again be blest in all thy varied charms  
 Of loveliness and valour, arts and arms.  
 Forget not then, that, in thine hour of dread,  
 While the weak battled, and the guiltless bled,  
 Though Kings and Courts stood gazing on thy fate,  
 The bad, to scoff,—the better, to debate,  
 Here, where the soul of youth remembers yet  
 The smiles and tears which manhood must forget,

In a far land, the honest and the free  
Had lips to pray, and hearts to feel, for thee!

NOTE.

Several images in the early part of the poem are selected from passages in the Greek Tragedians;—particularly from the two well known Chorussees in the *Oedipus Coloneus* and the *Medea*.

The death of Lord BYRON took place after the day appointed for the sending in of the exercises; and the allusion to it has of course been introduced subsequently to the adjudication of the prize.

ART. V. *Carmen Græcum Numismate annuo Dignatum, et in Curia Cantabrigiensi recitatum, Comitibus Maximis A. D. MDCCCXXIV. Auctore Benj. Hall Kennedy, Col. Div. Joann. et Univ. Schol.*

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε,  
ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δι'  
παῖδας, γυναῖκας—ὦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.  
ÆSCH. *Pers.* v. 408.

ἮΝΙΑ' ὡς ἔβηξε δ' ὄραν φῶς  
ἄμβροτον, δίοσδον· αἶρ' ἐφάνθη  
ἐκ νεφῶν Ἀώσφορος; ἀγλαὰ δι'  
Ἑλλάδος ἀκτῆς

ταλῶθεν, νάσους τε φλέγει, βαθύν τε  
κίλπον Αἰγαίας αἰλῆς· ἥ θεῶν τις,  
ἥ θεῶν οἷδ', οἶδα τέρας, καλὸν γε-  
νηθᾶ πρόσωπον

εἰσιδὼν Ἑλευθερίας· θεῶν  
φιλτάτα, τίς οὐ τὴν γελεῖς· λαίνοις;  
χαῖρ' ἐμοί, χαῖρ' αἰῶνι, τὸ γὰρ, δίκαιον ῥοδ-  
ωπίδος Ἀοῦς,

ἀρέν ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος, ἀσπέτοις σῶν  
δμμάτων γέλασμασιν, εὖ σκέδασσας  
ἀχλὺν, ἃ λαμπρὰν πάρος αἰῶνι κατ-  
έβρεσεν αἴγλαν.

Ἑλλάς, ἀδείαν γενέταιρα Μοῖσαν,  
εὐθνήων ἔδος Χαρίτων, στένω σε,  
φεῦ στένω· λυγρὴν τι περίξ ἔχει σε  
δίκτυον Ἄτας.

ἦ μάταν σὸν εὖχος ὄλωλεν, εἰ νῦν  
 δούλιον σαίνειις<sup>1</sup> ζύγον, ἔν τε δεσμοῖς  
 ἡμένα, τρομεῖς ὁλοφρονος μαστ-  
 ῶγα τυράννω.

ἦ μάταν τοῖς πρόσδε χρόνοις φερίστων  
 θάλλες ἡρώων τε σοφῶν τε μάττηρ,  
 ὥστε τ' ἐν μικροῖς μάλ' ἀριστερῆς ἄστ-  
 ροῖσι Σελάναι,

ἔφλεγες, γαίης μέγ' ἄγαλμα, χώραν  
 φερτάτα, τεοὶ δ' ἀνέλαμπον ἀνδρὲς  
 ἐν μάχαις ἐσλοὶ δορὶ, κἂν ἑορταῖς  
 τέκτονες ὕμνων.

ἦν τὰδ', ἦν· πᾶ δ' ἔντι; κέφυγε πάντα·  
 φῶς τεὸν στυγνὰ τις ἐκρυπεν ὄρφνα,  
 ἐν τεοῖσι δώμασιν εὐλυροὶ [στιγ-  
 ῶντι χρεῖαι·

πᾶ γὰρ οἱ πρόσθεν μελυγάρυες; πᾶ  
 αἰὲρ πρὶν ἡρώων χερες; ἠνεμοῦντα  
 πᾶ σοφῶν φρονήματα; δούλιον πάντ'  
 ἄμαρ ἀφεΐλε·

ρίμφα νῦν κόμας διὰ σὰς βιβῶντι  
 θουροῖς Φόβος τε Φόβος τε ποσσὶ,  
 λαιγυῖα συνωρίς, Ἔρις τε, δῖσδε-  
 ὅς τις ἀλάστωρ·

τίς γὰρ ἐκ Χίω<sup>2</sup> βρόμος; οὐκ ἀκούω  
 χαλκίων ὕπλων κτύπον; οὐκ ἀτέκνων  
 ματέρων ὄξιν γόνον, ὀρφάνων τ' αἰ-  
 ἀγματα παίδων;

οὐλλὰις θήγει Θάνατος χέρεσσιν  
 ἴα φοινάεντα· ποτῆξεν ὅσοις  
 δακρύων πλήρες νέφος, ὀρθόθριξ τε  
 δεῖμά μ' ὑπῆλθε

δυσδίεατ' ἰδόντα θεάματ'· ὅμοι,  
 κατθανεῖ παῖς ματρὸς ἐν ἀγκάλῃσιν,  
 ἄνδρα τὸν φιλεῦντα φίλον τε νύμφαν  
 νύξ μία κρύπτει.

<sup>1</sup> Σάβειν. Blandiendo avertere conari. Vid. Blomf. ad Æsch. Sept. c. Theb. v. 378.

<sup>2</sup> Alluditur ad cædem illam immanissimam in insula Chio a Turcis perpetratam.

ἦ σὺ τοῦτ' ἔργον, Σπάρκην, ἔδρασας  
 δύσθεον, δυσώνυμον,—οὐ τι χαίρων  
 πάνθ' ὄρᾳ τὸ Πατρός αὖπνον ὄμμα,  
 πάντα κατορθοῖ.

ἦρ' ὡς ἔνοπλος ἀνήλαθ' Ἑλλὰς,  
 ὧς μένει χαίρουσα τρομεῖτ', ἀναγνα  
 βαρβάρων ἔθνη, βλέπετ' ὡς δι' αἶθρα  
 αἰθαλέσσας

πυρφλέγει Νίκας ἀρίθλος ἀστὴρ  
 ὡς Σάμος<sup>3</sup> ναυσίστατον εἶδεν ἕβριν,  
 εἶδε νωτίσδοντα παλίσσυστον δράμ-  
 ημα τύραννον.

παντόθεν δι' ὤρεα μακρὰ γαλας  
 χαλκία σάλπιγγος ἔκλαυγε φῶνα,  
 παντόθεν γράθους κίνες ἀγρίοις λυσ-  
 σῶντι Κυδοιμῶ.

ἔκλυον κλαγγὰν Σαλαμῖνος ἀκταί,  
 ἔκλυον μύχοι σκυέοντες Οἶτας,  
 δευτέρην τ' ἐν Θερμοπύλαις<sup>4</sup> τροπαῖον  
 στήσαν Ἀχαιοί.

σεῦσθε νῦν μάχην ἔπι, σεῦσθε Ἀθαναί,  
 ῥίπτε δύσφαμον, Λακεδαῖμον, ἕκτον,  
 εἶδε τιν μέλπει τις ἑλευθέραν Τυρ-  
 ταῖος αἰοιδάν.

σεῦσθε, μὴ φοβεῖσθε τέλος προπάντων  
 Μοῖρα δὴ κακοῖσι καλῶν δὲ τιμῶν  
 οὐκ ἔφ' θανεῖν, στεφάνωμ' ὑφαίνουσ'  
 ἀφδιτον ὕμνων,

Μοῖσα<sup>5</sup> πῶς εἶδοντι δ', ὅσοι περ ἐσλοῖ  
 κάππεσον πάτρας ὑπερ' ἡποχάρμυαις  
 ἐν κλάναις; εἶδοντι μάλ' εἶδιον μάλ'  
 αἰδυμον ἕκτον,

εἶαρ ἀκροδίνιά τ' ἀνδραμόδη  
 ἐκ φίλων χεῖρ προπάρουδε κόλπον,  
 δεῖλοις τ' αἰὲν πολέκλαυτον ἄρδει  
 τύμβον ἑέρσαις,

<sup>3</sup> Alluditur ad navalem victoriam haud ita pridem prope insulam Samum a Græcis reportatam.

<sup>4</sup> Jam biennium est ex quo Turcæ ad Thermopylas a Græcis profigati sunt.

<sup>5</sup> "How sleep the brave" &c.

COLLINS.

ἔσπερα τ' ἀκρῆ παριὼν κέλειςδον  
δοχμίαν, φωνεῖ τάδ' ἔδοιπόρων τις,  
Χαίρετ' ἔσσοι, χαίρετ' ἐπ' ὀστέοις κού-  
φα κένις εἴη.—

σεῦσθ' ἐ νῦν· πᾶ γὰρ δέος; οὐ σφαλεῖσθαι,  
οὐ μὰ τὰν Δίκαν, προγόνων τε νίκας,  
οὐ μὰ τὰν Ἑλευθερίαν σκίας τῶν  
πρὶν περὶ πάτρας

εὐ τεθνακότων ἔσορῶ· ποτ' αἶρας  
ἀγλαὰν σείοντι κόμην, αἰεὶ τε  
τέκνα προσγελεύντες, ἀπ' ὀμμάτων στάσ-  
δοντι θοὰν πῦρ.

τίς δέ πως, τίς ἀμβροσίᾳ ποτᾶται  
ἀμφέπων λύραν χερί, φαιδίμας τε  
τληθεῶν δάφνα τρίχας; ἀρ' αἰδῶν<sup>6</sup>  
ἤρπασεν Ἀδης

τὸν γλυκὺν, τὸν ἡμερέεντ'; ἔσαιεν  
εὐμελὴς εἶδει χελλίς; οὐδ' αὔπνᾳ σ'  
ἥτορος φρονήματ' ἔσσωσεν, οὐ φων-  
ᾶντα σοφοῖσι

σᾶς βέλη ψυχᾶς, πτερύγων ἀέλλας  
ἀσπέτων θωώτερα; χαίρε, Μοῖσαν  
ἔξοχον στόμ' ἢ θέλες εἰσιδεῖν ἐλ-  
εῦθερον ἄμαρ

Ἑλλάδος, σκηπτρὸν τε παλαιὸν ὅμοι,  
οὐ τδ' ἦν πεπρωμένον ἀλλὰ κενόεις  
ἐν πόντοις τέθνακας, αἰεὶ τέ σ' ἀγνῶς  
ἄνθεσι μολπᾶς

παρθέναι στέψοντι κίρῳ τ' Ἀχαιῶν,  
τοῖς πάλαι κλεινοῖς ἴσων· εἰ δὲ πρὶν τι,  
θνατὸς ὢν, παρήλιπες, ἐξαλείψει  
δάκρυσιν Ἑλλάς

μῶμ' αἰετῶν.—τί γένων ἔναια;  
νῦν γὰρ αὖ μάχας ἐς ἀγῶν' Ἀχαιοῦς  
φιλτάτα καλεῖ πατρίς· ἢ καλὰν σάλπ-  
υγγος ἐνιπᾶν,

<sup>6</sup> Desendum admodum Baron. de BYRON. Cum ante Vatis illustrissimi in-  
teritum scriptum fuerit hoc carmen, hæc, permittente Vice-Cancellario, postea  
addita sunt.

ἀνέραν τ' ἰμφοῖν δῖον, πόδων τε  
 ἱππικῶν κρότον πολλὸν ἢ φασγάνῳ  
 Ἑλλάδος βλέπω στίχας, ἣ βλέπω στίλβ-  
 οντα δι' αἶθρας

ταλόνθεν σαμεία, κέαρ δ' ἔσθον  
 ἄλλεται βλέπωντι· τί μῆρ; τὸ μέλλον  
 ὑψόθεν κραίνει Θεὸς Ἑλπίδος ὧς ἦν  
 ἀλλὰ γέλασμα

πίστον ἦ, τάχ' αὖ μεγαλύνόμες τιν,  
 Ἑλλὰς, ἐν φάει καθαρῷ πρόσωπον  
 ἐμφανεῖ Νίκαι, τάχα τιν πτέρων θε-  
 αῖσιν ἀμύλλαις,

εὐδίαυ στάσασα, γελεῦσ' ἐρανόν,  
 ὠραῶ παῖς Ἀσυχία ποθέρῃει,  
 εἰ φίλα τ' Ἑλευθερία, θρόνῳ χαίρ-  
 οισα παλαιῷ.

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ART. VI. *Carmen Latinum Numismate annuo Dignatum, et in Curia Cantabrigiensi recitatum, A. D. MDCCCXXIV. Auctore Benj. Hall Kennedy, Coll. Div. Joann. et Univ. Schol.*

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*Aleppo urbs Syriae terrae motu funditus eversa.*

O ALMA tellus, suavè rubentium  
 Mater rosarum<sup>1</sup>; si tua languidum  
 Myrteta delectant Amorem,  
 Si patrios Cytherea fluctus,

Quondam et sacrarum fulgida Cycladum  
 Delubra linquit, si Paphon et Cnidon  
 Cyprique permutat recessus  
 Sole tuo, Syriisque lucis;

Non te silebit, cara Cupidini  
 Et cara matri Musa Cupidinis,  
 Non templa et insculptum per urbes  
 Marmor, odoriferasque cedros,

---

<sup>1</sup> Syria, sive *Suristan*, "rosarum tellus," a Suri, rosâ quâdam pulchrâ et delicatâ, nomen mutuata est.



Et nigra palmis culmina debito  
 Fraudabit hymno. Sed gravior chelyn  
 Deposcit invitam Camœna,  
 Flebilius modulata carmen.

Non alma semper per Syriam quies,  
 Et mite cœlum regnat, et urbium  
 Illæsa majestas : maligno  
 Quos gremio malefida tellus

Celet furores, fragmina moenium  
 Pronæque turres, templaque funditus  
 Disjecta non leni fragore, et  
 Lapsa tuæ monumenta famæ,

Beræa,<sup>2</sup> testes ; cum Syriæ decus  
 Stravit furenti Parca rapax manu,  
 Mæstisque velavit tenebris  
 Pollicitam meliora lucem.

At non supinis omina civibus,  
 Non luctuosum præcinit diem  
 Mystes ; neque instantem ruinam  
 Visa modis simulachra miris,

Nec fulgurantùm proelia nubium,  
 Nec vox prophetæ dixerat. Inscia  
 Quid<sup>3</sup> vesper insurgens pericli,  
 Quas populo meditetur iras,

Carpis profestæ delicias breves,  
 Beræa, lucis. Jam cecidit calor,  
 Alamque prægnantis Favonî  
 Tardat odor, riguique pascunt

Arbusta rores ; dum<sup>4</sup> calami melos,  
 Et lene circà murmur apûm sonat,  
 Cantuque vespertina mulcet  
 Ambrosio Philomela dumos.

<sup>2</sup> Haleb sive Aleppo antiquissimo nomine Chalybon dicta est, sed ab Alexandri militibus Beræa.

<sup>3</sup> Primus idemque gravissimus terræ motus vespere contigit.

<sup>4</sup> " Now upon Syria's land of roses

Softly the light of eve reposes :

• • • • •

And then the mingling sounds that come  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum

Nunc et domorum<sup>5</sup> culmina civium  
 Stipant catervæ ; seu teneram senex  
 Inter puellarum coronam,  
 Aut pueros operum solutos,

Fallit venustis tempora fabulis,  
 Ludo innocenti deditus et joco ;  
 Seu nympha, fragranti capillos  
 Uda rosâ, patrioque nardo,

Molles querelas audit amantium,  
 Fictosque luctus, dum citharæ manu  
 Expromit erranti susurros,  
 Voce leves comitante chordas.

At cur profundo cuncta silentio<sup>6</sup>  
 Latè quiescunt ? quæque per humida  
 Nuper susurrabat rosâ,  
 Aura tacet, nec odor alâ

Oblectat almâ prata Favonius,  
 Nec sylva frondes commovet ? Aspicias  
 Ut foeta caligo procellis  
 Ingruat ? ut tenebrosus horror

Celet diei lumina ? Dum loquor,  
 Terrestrium certamina gurgitum  
 Grassantur, et tellus sub imo  
 Murmurat exagitata fundo.

Quò, Musa, quò me proripis ? Audio  
 Raucos tumultus, mistaque virginum  
 Matrumque lamenta, et ruentùm  
 Per plateas fremitus virorum :

Fœda et cruentâ tabe cadavera,  
 Et saxa diris lapsa fragoribus,  
 Ædesque contemplor caducas,  
 Et subito patulas hiatu

Of the wild bees of Palastine,  
 Banquetting through the flowery vales,  
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods so full of nightingales."

T. MOORE. *Lalla Rookh*.

<sup>5</sup> Satis notum est, Orientales in domorum culminibus dormire et spatium so-  
 lere.

<sup>6</sup> Hujusmodi ferè motuum præcursor est altum silentium. Vide descriptio-  
 nem motûs illius, quo diruta est urbs Olisippo, apud librum cui titulus, *Davy's*  
*Letters*.

Orci cavernas. En, caput horridum  
Ut Terror altè luridus erigat !

En, ut triumphali per umbras  
Torva ruat Libitina pennâ !

Heu, strage prægnaus irreparabili  
Nox ista fugit. Fòrs iterum decus,  
Celsamque murorum coronam,  
Et veterem sine labe formam

Urbi redonet candidior dies :  
Sed quis carentem conjuge conjugem,  
Orbæque soletur parentis  
Spes profugas, lacerumque pectus ?

Mane est : per urbis reliquias vagans  
Quid nunc, viator, conspicias ? Atria  
Deserta, deformesque vicos,  
Et mutili monumenta saxi,

Et dirutarum ingentia turrium  
Fragmenta passim, et voce carentia  
Delubra, quæ circa ferarum  
Turba petit rabiosa prædam,

Aut indecoro pulvere sordidum  
Putret cadaver. Sed modò virgines  
Hic inter, et dulces choreas,  
Et liquidos fidium susurros,

Ludebat, igne et deliciis novæ  
Fervens juventæ : nunc aliud solum  
Lustravit, ignotumque littus  
Non tepidâ fruiturus aurâ,

Non fabulosi saltibus Elysî,  
Et sole puro, et mollibus osculis  
Sinuque Nympharum, et perenni  
Vere tui, Mahumeda, cœli.

Sed quò vagaris ? Nec vetitam decet  
Tractare chordam, Musa, nec omnia  
Fas scire. Supremus recludet  
Ista dies, sua cum sepulchrum

Reddet, tubarum murmure territum,  
Flammæque diâ ; cum freta fervida  
Imæque fundamenta terræ  
Quassa trement graviore motu.

Præsaga rerum funeris. Impius  
Arcana coeli quærere desinam,  
Tractusque mortali negatos  
Exiguus violare pennis.

ART. VII. *Epigrammata Numismate annuo Dignata, et in  
Curia Cantabrigiensi recitata Comitibus Maximis A. D.  
MDCCCXXIV. Auctore Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Trin.  
Coll. Aluma.*

*Scribimus indocti doctique.*

VERE novo, quo prata tepent, ardentque poetæ,  
Et citharæ, et celeres suave loquuntur aquæ,  
Serus Apollinea sternit se Daphnis in umbra,  
Et parat intonso thura precesque Deo.  
“Phoebe pater, dum tanta cohors te poscit amatque,  
Dum rapiunt laurus tot fera labra tuas,—  
Dum totoque foro, totaque impune Suburra,  
Bacchantur tristes, esuriuntque, chori,—  
Dum resonant Aganippeo loca cuncta tumultu,  
Templa Deum, montes, antra, macella, casæ,—  
Dum nihil est nisi—‘chara Venus!’—‘formose Cupido!’  
Angor, amor, cineres, vulnera, mella, rosæ,—  
Quid valeat tanta Daphnin secernere turba?  
Unde novo discat Daphnis honore frui?  
Quid faciam ut propria decorem mea tempora lauru?  
Dic mihi, quid faciam?”—dixit Apollo,—“tace!”

*Scribimus indocti doctique.*

Οἱ σοφοὶ οἱ τ' ἄσοφοι πάντες μάλα μουσοποιῶσιν  
ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐν τούτῳ κείμενον ἄνδρα τάφῳ  
ἢ ἄσοφον καλέειν, ἢ χρὴ σοφὸν, ἔβουλα πάντων,  
οὐδὲν γὰρ γράψας ὀφείλει εἰς Αἶθρην.  
λάμβανε προῖκα, Χάρων, τὸν νευρότατον προσκίπτων·  
μοῦνος τῶν θνητῶν οὐ κατάγει κιβάρην.

ART. VIII. *Senarii Graci, Premio Porsoniano quotannis  
proposito dignati, et in Curia Cantabrigiensi recitati, A. D.  
MDCCCXXIV. Auctore Benj. Hall Kennedy, Coll. Div.  
Joann. et Univ. Schol.*

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SHAKSPEARE,

MERCHANT OF VENICE. *Act 4. Sc. 1.*

PORTIA. ANTONIO. SHYLOCK.

POR. OF a strange nature is the suit you follow,  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you; as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger, do you not? *(to Ant.)*

ANT. Aye, so he says. POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant here.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Idem Græce Redditum.

ΠΟΡΤΙΑ. ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ. ΣΤΑΛΚΟΣ

- Π ΟΡ. ΤΗΠΕΡΦΥΤΑ τιν' εισάγεις δίκην, γέρον,  
 ἀλλ' ἔνομος γὰρ ἐστίν, ἥν στείχεις, ὁδὸς,  
 οὐ τῆσδ' ἐσ' οἷός τ' εἰργαδεῖν νόμοι πάλεως.—  
 σὺ τῶδ' ὑπόδικος, ἔμπορ', εἴ;
- ΑΝΤ. φησὶν γ' ὁδε.—
- ΠΟΡ. καὶ συμβολαῖα ταῦτα συμβαλεῖν λέγεις;  
 ΑΝΤ. λέγω· ξυνέβαλον, οὐδ' ἀπαρνούμαι τὸ μῆ.  
 ΠΟΡ. Ἐβραῖε, σὺ δ' οὖν τόνδ' ἐποικτείρειν πρέπον.  
 ΣΤΑ. ποταῖς ἀνάγκαις; τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ σαφῶς φράσον.  
 ΠΟΡ. οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης οἶκτος, ἀλλ' εὐφρων ἔφυ,  
 στάζει δ' ὅπως ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ χλωρὰ δρόσος  
 φίλῳ βρέχουσα τὴν ἔνερθ' αἶαν πότῳ.  
 δῖς ἐστι χρηστός· ἐξ Ἰσου γὰρ ὠφέλει  
 τὸν δόντα, τὸν λαβόντα θ'. ὑψίστοις αἰεὶ  
 ὑψιστος ἐμπέφυκεν· εὐθρόνους πλέον  
 πρέπει μοναρχοῖς ἢ στέφος χρυσήλατον·  
 σκῆπτρον μὲν ἀρχῆς μαρτυρεῖ θνητοῦ κράτη,  
 τιμῇ ξύνεθρος, παντελεῖ τ' ἐξουσίᾳ,  
 ἐν αἷς ἀνάκτων ἔμφοβον κεῖται σέβας·  
 οἶκτος δὲ κρείσσων τῆσδ' ἔφυ σινηπταυχίας,  
 ἐν γὰρ τυράννων καρδίαις ἔχει θρόνον,  
 καὶ τῶ ξύνεθρός ἐστιν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Θεῶν·  
 καὶ τῆρικαῦτα πάντα τῶν θνητοῖς κράτη  
 μάλισθ' ὁμοῖα γήγνεται θεῶν κράτει,  
 ὅταν ἔνιν οἶκτον πλεῖστα συγκιράθῃ δίκη.  
 σὺ δ' οὖν, λέγων περ ἔνδικ', εὖ τὸδ' ἐνταί,  
 ὅδ' οἶνεκ' οὐδεὶς ἔνιν δίκη σωθήσεται,  
 ὅσον περ εισαρώμεν ἥλιον βροτοί·  
 ὅτ' οὖν τὸ Θεῶν ἐν λιταῖς αἰτούμεθα  
 νέμειν βροτοῖσιν οἶκτον, αἰδ' ἡμᾶς λιταὶ  
 πάντως διδάσκουσ' οἶκτον ἀλλήλοῖς νέμειν.  
 καὶ γὰρ, προφανῶν ταῦτα, βούλομαι λόγων  
 τῶν σῶν, Ἐβραῖε, τοῖνδικον παρηγορεῖν·  
 οἷς ἦν ἐπίσπῃ, τοὺς δικάζοντας πάνυ  
 ψῆφον δικαίαν χρὴ κατ' ἐμπόρου φέρειν.  
 ΣΤΑ. εἰς κρᾶτ' ἐμαυτῶ· τάργα ταμαυτοῦ πέσοι·  
 οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν νόμον χρῆζω μόνον,  
 τῶν συμβολαίων ἐνδοικον τίμημ' ἐμῶν.

# UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE,

FROM JUNE 26, TO OCTOBER 31.

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## CAMBRIDGE.

### I. DEGREES CONFERRED.

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#### DOCTOR IN PHYSIC.

Thomas Watson, Esq. Fellow of St. John's College.

#### BACHELOR IN PHYSIC.

Edward Beck, Esq. of Jesus College.

#### MASTER OF ARTS.

Colin Alexander Campbell, of Trinity College.

#### BACHELORS OF ARTS.

James Packe, Fellow of King's College.

Peter Still, Fellow of King's College.

John Hey Puget, of Trinity College.

Henry Rich, of Trinity College.

J. A. Trenchard, of St. John's College.

Robert Ousby, of St. John's College.

Rice Davies Powell, of St. John's College.

Edward Ventria, of St. Peter's College.

John Ward, of Christ College.

John de la Condamine, of Christ College.

Rev. Robert Wm. Scurr, of Magdalene College.

B. Weaver, of Sidney Sussex College.

John Osmond Deakin, of Downing College.

Henry Browne Long, of Downing College.

Stephen Donne, of St. John's College.

The Right Rev. John Jebb, D.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, Lord Bishop of Limerick, has been admitted *ad eundem* of this University. The Learned Prelate was presented by the Public Orator.

The Rev. Dr. Moore, of St. John's College, Oxford, Vicar of St. Pancras, Middlesex; the Rev. Wm. Hughes, M.A. of Magdalen Hall; and Henry Rolls, of Balliol College, Oxford, have been admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

### II. PRIZES ADJUDGED.

The annual Prizes of 15 guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best Dissertations in Latin prose, have been adjudged as follows:—

Senior Bachelors—*An recentium ingenii vim insitam veterum Poetarum exemplaria promouent?*—Henry Thompson, St. John's College; and Wm. Henry Marriott, Trinity College.

Junior Bachelors.—No Prize adjudged.

## III. MISCELLANEOUS UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. William Gifford Cookealey, of King's College, has been admitted Fellow of that society.

Charles Peers, Esq. formerly of St. John's College, is appointed Recorder of Wallingford, Berks.

W. Empson, Esq. M.A. of Trinity College, Barrister of the Inner Temple, has been appointed by the East India Directors to succeed Sir James Mackintosh, Bart. as Law Professor at Haylebury.

The Rev. John Henry Sparke, Prebendary of Ely, has been appointed Chancellor of that diocese, in the room of the late Dr. Compton.

The following gentlemen are elected Fellows of Trinity College:—Thomas Babington Macaulay, Henry Malden, Frederick Field, and George Biddell Airy, Bachelors of Arts.

We perceive that the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel College have commenced their intended improvements. The new building is to consist of eighteen sets of rooms, and will complete a second court, towards Emmanuel-lane. We are assured that the rooms are to be ready for occupation in October, 1825.

The hall, which is to form part of the magnificent edifices at King's College, is commenced.

The annual prize at Caius College, for the Latin oration on the different improvements in physic since the time of Dr. Caius, has been adjudged to G. F. H. Greenhalgh, M. B. of that society.

The marble bust of the lamented Dr. E. D. Clarke, by Chantrey, is now placed in the vestibule of the University Library, among those fine specimens of ancient sculpture which that celebrated traveller brought from Greece. The bust bears a more striking resemblance to Dr. Clarke in his earlier years, than after his constitution had been impaired by unremitting application to scientific pursuits. With respect, however, to the exquisite beauty of the sculpture there can be but one opinion, as it not only equals the other works of Chantrey, but adds one more wreath to the numerous and well-earned laurels of this eminent artist.

At a meeting of the subscribers for erecting a Statue to the late Right Hon. W. Pitt, held at the Thatched House Tavern, on Friday, the 18th of June, Marquis Camden in the chair, it was proposed by the Lord President of the Council, seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and unanimously resolved—"That the surplus of the fund, after defraying the expence of the Statue in Hanover-square, as resolved at the former meeting on the 11th inst., be applied to the erection of a handsome and appropriate building at Cambridge, connected with the University Press; such building to bear the name of Mr. Pitt.—That the Committee be desired to take the necessary steps for carrying into execution this resolution."—At a meeting of the Syndicate appointed by the University "to consider of the practical improvement of the town of Cambridge," the Vice-Chancellor read the above communication from the Marquis Camden, upon which it was agreed, that a grace be offered to the Senate to appoint the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Webb, Mr. Croft, and Mr. Whewell, a Syndicate with power to purchase houses, or leases of houses, for the purpose of making exchanges with the proprietors or lessees of the houses between Silver-street and Mill-lane, fronting towards Trumpington-street; the sum to be so expended not to exceed 5000*l*. At a Congregation subsequently held, a grace to the above effect passed the Senate.

It is the intention of the Professor of Music in our University to give Concerts (by permission) both in the October and following terms.

Messrs. George Osborne Townshend and Walter Blunt, of King's College, have been admitted Fellows of that Society.

The following gentlemen are elected Barnaby Lecturers for the year ensuing:—

*Mathematical*—Rev. J. Lodge, M.A. Magdalen College.

*Philosophical*—Rev. E. Bushby, M.A. St. John's College.

*Rhetoric*—Rev. T. Greene, M.A. Corpus Christi College.

*Logic*—Rev. H. Kirby, M.A. Clare Hall.



The following gentlemen have been elected University Officers for the year ensuing :—

## PROCTORS.

Rev. Thomas Dickes, M.A. of Jesus College.  
Rev. Henry Tasker, M.A. of Pembroke Hall.

## TAXORS.

Rev. John Lodge, M.A. of Magdalene College.  
Rev. Hastings Robinson, M.A. St. John's College.

## MODERATORS.

Rev. John Warren, M.A. of Jesus College.  
Rev. Temple Chevallier, M.A. of Catherine Hall.

## SCRUTATORS.

Rev. Wm. G. Judson, M.A. of Trinity College.  
Rev. Thomas Greene, B.D. Corpus Christi College.

## PRO-PROCTORS.

Marmaduke Ramsay, M.A. of Jesus College.  
Rev. Henry Kirby, M.A. of Clare Hall.

The following gentlemen are appointed the Caput for the year ensuing :—

The Vice-Chancellor.  
Rev. H. Godfrey, D.D. President of Queen's, *Divinity*.  
Rev. J. W. Geldart, LL.D. Trin. Hall, *Law*.  
Thomas Ingle, M.D. St. Peter's College, *Physic*.  
Rev. J. C. Edden, M.A. Trin. Hall, *Sen. Nov-Regent*.  
Rev. W. F. Wilkinson, M.A. Corpus Christi, *Sen. Reg.*

The following gentlemen have been appointed Examiners for Classical Honours in the Lent term 1825 :—

Rev. John Graham, M.A. Fellow of Christ College.  
Rev. T. Shelford, M.A. Fellow of Corpus Christi College.  
Rev. James Scholesfield, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College.  
Rev. Henry Law, M.A. Fellow of St. John's College.

The following gentlemen are appointed to conduct the previous examination of Junior Sophs in the ensuing Lent term :—

Rev. John Graham, M.A. Fellow of Christ College.  
Rev. T. Shelford, M.A. Fellow of Corpus Christi College.  
John Hutton Fisher, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College.  
Rev. Edward Bushby, M.A. Fellow of St. John's College.

Lord Viscount Fordwich, eldest son of Earl Cowper, the Hon. Charles Dundas, son of Viscount Melville, and the Hon. F. Ryder, son of the Earl of Harrowby, are admitted of Trinity College.

The Hon. Horatio Powys, son of Lord Lilford, and the Hon. Richard Le Poer Trench, son of the Earl of Clancarty, are admitted of St. John's College.

The admissions at most of the Colleges exceed those of last year.

Select preachers to whom the Sunday afternoon turns at St. Mary's Church are assigned for the following months :—

1824. *November* . . Mr. Simeon, King's.  
      *December* . . The Master of C. C. C.  
1825. *January* . . . Mr. Whittaker, St. John's.  
      *February* . . The Master of Trinity.  
      *March* . . . Prof. Turton, Cath. Hall.  
      *April* . . . Mr. Hughes, Emmanuel.  
      *May* . . . Mr. Rose, Trinity.

# OXFORD.

## I DEGREES CONFERRED.

### DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. James Ingram, President of Trinity College.  
 Rev. Richard Hewitt, of Brasenose College, Rector of Westhorpe,  
 Suffolk, and incumbent minister of Lever, Lancashire.  
 Rev. Wm. Wilson, Fellow of Queen's College.  
 Rev. Thomas Knox, Brasenose College.

### BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.

Rev. Walter Haynes Bury, Fellow of St. John's College.

### BACHELORS IN MEDICINE.

Charles Joseph Bishop, St. Mary Hall.  
 In the same Congregation also a License was granted to enable him to  
 practise in Medicine.

### BACHELOR IN MUSIC.

Benjamin Blyth, Magdalen Hall.

### MASTERS OF ARTS.

Rev. Wm. Williams, All Souls' College.  
 Rev. Wm. Lee, Brasenose College.  
 John Edward Gray, Oriel College.  
 Rev. T. Finlow, Fellow of Wadham College.  
 Robert Gordon, Esq. M.P. Christ Church, grand compounder.  
 Rev. John Sargeaunt, Christ Church, grand compounder.  
 John Jackson Taberdar, of Queen's College.  
 Rev. Joseph White Niblock, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Rev. Primatt Knapp, Fellow of Magdalen College.  
 Cyril George Hutchinson, Student of Christ Church.  
 Rev. Henry Thursby, of Oriel College.  
 Rev. Charles Medhurst, of Corpus Christi College.  
 Wm. Fanning, Magdalen Hall.  
 John Horatio Lloyd, Fellow of Brasenose College.  
 John Joseph Ellis, Fellow of St. John's College.  
 Benjamin Holford Banner, Fellow of St. John's College.  
 Henry Arthur Woodgate, Fellow of St. John's College.

### BACHELORS OF ARTS.

Rev. W. Fanning, of Magdalen Hall, incorporated from Dublin.  
 Thomas Mason, of Christ Church.  
 John Sloper, of Queen's College.  
 Thomas Noel, of Merton College.  
 Francis Edward Baker, St. Alban Hall.  
 James Walter Cary, Magdalen Hall.  
 Charles James Hutton, Magdalen Hall.  
 Thomas Stuart Lyle Vogan, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Thomas Moseley, St. Edmund Hall.  
 Thomas Lathbury, St. Edmund Hall.  
 George Henry Stoddart, Queen's College.  
 Henry Griffith, Jesus College.  
 Edward George Boys, Worcester College.  
 Stephen Wilkinson Dowell, Worcester College.  
 Henry Cary, Scholar of Worcester College.

K

Frederick Oakeley, Christ Church.

Edward Trafford Leigh, Brasenose College.

Frederick Webber, Pembroke College.

Henry Linton, Demy of Magdalen College.

George Ives Irby, Balliol College.

The whole number of degrees in Act Term was, D.D. 7; D.C.L. incorporated 1; B.D. 8; B.C.L. 1; B. Med. 1; M.A. 83; B. Mus. 1; B.A. 89; Incorporated B.A. 1; Matriculations, 83; Regents for the year, 209.

## II. MISCELLANEOUS UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Robertson, Commoner of Exeter College; Mr. T. P. Hutton, Commoner of Balliol College; Mr. Hughes, Mr. Pilkington, and Mr. Wetherell, have been elected Demies of Magdalen College.

Mr. Richard Tawney, B.A. of Trinity College, and the Rev. Samuel Harropp Knapp, B.A. of Merton College, are elected Fellows of Magdalen College.

Mr. R. G. C. Fane, the Rev. Joseph Cox, and the Rev. R. M. White, Demies of Magdalen College, have been admitted Probationary Fellows of the same Society.

James Garbett, B.A. of Brasenose College, is elected Fellow of Queen's College on Mr. Michel's Foundation, and John Atkinson Fulton, Exhibitioner on the same Foundation.

George Hawkins, M.A. Scholar of Corpus Christi College is admitted Fellow of that Society.

The Duke of Wellington's two sons, the Marquis of Douro and Lord Arthur Wellesley, are entered at Christ Church.

Rev. John Phillips Roberts, B.A. and Chaplain of New College, is appointed a Chaplain of Christ Church, by the Dean of that Society.

At the Visitation of Abingdon School, Mr. Wm. Robert Browell and Mr. George Wm. Mahon, were elected Scholars of Pembroke College on the Foundation of Thomas Teasdale, Esq.

Mr. G. W. Heathcote has been admitted a Fellow of New College.

Mr. W. Goddard, B.A. Scholar of Jesus College, has been elected a Fellow of that Society.

Saturday, July 10, the last day of Act Term, the Rev. Septimus Collinson, D.D. Provost of Queen's College, was unanimously re-elected Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity on the expiration of two years.

Thursday, October 7, the nomination of a Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year, by the Right Honourable Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, was approved in full Convocation; after which, the Rev. George Wm. Hall, D.D. Master of Pembroke College, resigned the Vice-Chancellorship; and the Rev. Richard Jenkins, D.D. Master of Balliol College, was invested with that office with the usual formalities, and nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz. :—The Rev. George Wm. Hall, D.D. Master of Pembroke College; the Rev. John C. Jones, D.D. Rector of Exeter College; the Rev. George Rowley, D.D. Master of University College; and the Rev. Ashurst Turner Gilbert, D.D. Principal of Brasenose College.

George Hawkins, M.A. Scholar of Corpus Christi College has been admitted Fellow.

Mr. Henry Wier White, Commoner of Jesus College, has been elected Scholar of that Society.

At a Convocation, for the purpose of electing a Clinical Professor, in the room of the late Dr. Wall, Dr. Bourne, late Fellow of Worcester College, and Aldrichian Professor of the Practice of Physic, was elected without opposition.

James Garbet B.A. of Brasenose College, has been elected Fellow on Mr. Michell's Foundation, Queen's College.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. C. LIPSCOMBE, D.D. late Fellow of New College, Oxford, has been consecrated to the Bishoprick of Jamaica; and the Rev. W. H. COLERIDGE, D.D. late Student of Christ Church, to the Bishoprick of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands.

II. ARCHDEACONRY.

The Rev. H. LAW has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Richmond, in the Diocese of Chester.—Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

III. CHANCELLORSHIP.

The Rev. J. H. SPARK, M.A. Prebendary of Ely, Registrar of the Diocese, &c. &c. &c. has been presented to the Chancellorship of the Diocese by his Father, the Lord Bishop.

IV. CANONRIES.—PREBENDS.

The Rev. J. BULL, B.D. has been appointed a Canon residentiary of Exeter; Patron, the Bishop. G. B. MARRIOTT, Vicar of Eynesford, Kent, has been preferred to a Minor Canonry in Canterbury Cathedral. J. C. Matchet, M.A. of St. John's College Cambridge, to a Minor Canonry in Norwich Cathedral.

Rev. D. WILSON, M.A. of St. Edmund H. Oxford, to a Stall in Rochester Cathedral.

T. H. WHITE to the Priest Vicar's Stall in Lichfield Cathedral; Patron, the Dean. J. B. COPLESTON, M.A. to a Prebendal Stall in Exeter Cathedral; Patron, the Bishop. E. GOODENOUGH, D.D. Head Master of Westminster School, to the Prebendal Stall of Warthill in York Cathedral; Patron, the Archbishop. T. H. MISEHOUSE, M.A. to the Prebend of South Grantham in Salisbury Cathedral; Patron, the Bishop. W. HEWSON, Vicar of Swansea, to a Stall in St. David's Cathedral. R. JENKINS, D.D. to the Prebend of Dinder in Wells Cathedral; Patron, the Lord Chancellor. R. HOLDSWORTH, Vicar of Brixham and Townstall to a Prebendal Stall in Exeter Cathedral; Patron, the Bishop. Rev. J. STILL, LL.B. to the Prebend of Stratton in Sarum Cathedral; Patron, the Bishop.

V. LIVINGS.

N. B. Those livings marked \* pay no First-fruits.—C. V. implies that they are entitled from their clear yearly value to the benefit of the Augmentation Acts.

R. Rectory.—V. Vicarage.—C. Perpetual Curacy.

Preferred.	College and University.	Preferment.	County.	Diocese	Value in King's Books.	Patrons.
Arundel, W. H.		Cheviton, Fitzpaine, R.	Devon.	Exon.	37 6 8	W. H. Arundel.
Barbe, St. R. F.		Stockton.	Wilts.	Sarum	18 2 1	Bishop of Winchester
Badeley, J.		Blewbury, V.	Berks.	Sarum	* 16 6 10½	Bishop of Salisbury.
Biggs, T. H.		Dormington, V.	Heref.	Heref.	* 4 6 8	Hon. E. Foley.
Carew, T.		Hacombe, R.	Devon.	Exon.	25 0 0	Sir T. Carew, Bt.
Clapp, J. C.		Culsten, R.	Wilts.	Sarum	7 14 2	Lord Chancellor.
Chichester, J. H. J.		Arlington, R.	Devon	Exon.	13 18 1½	J. P. Chichester, Esq.
Cholmesley, H. M.A.	King's, Camb.	Hemstead, R. can.	Norf.	Norw.	* 9 6 8	King's Coll.
		Lessingham, R.			* 6 0 0	

Preferred.	College and University.	Preferment.	County.	Diocese	Value in King's Books.	Patrons.
Cobbold, E. M.A.	John's, Camb	Watlington, R	Norf.	Norw.	14 16 8	T. B. Plestow, Esq.
Elliott, J. M. A.		Peebles	Linc.	Linc.	Not in Char.	
Empson, R. B.A.		W. Butterwick, C.	Pemb.	St. Dav.	* 6 0 0	Lord Chancellor.
Evans, J.		Penhedw. Llan.	Pemb.	St. Dav.	* 4 6 6	Lord Chancellor.
Fenton, S.	Oriol, Oxf.	Fihangel, R.	York.	York.	* 4 15 10	T. D. Bland, Esq.
Fetton, W. C.		Fishguard, V.	Devon.	Exon.	2 4 2	Rev. B. Marshall.
Fortescue, W.		Cawthorpe, R.	Devon.	Exon.	26 0 2½	F. F. Gunston, Esq.
Freke, T. M. A.		Myrnet, (St. G.) R.	Somer.	B. & W.	C.V.	
Gate, J.	Magd. Camb.	Loddiswell, V.	Heref.	Heref.	2l. 13s. 4d	F. Freeman, Esq.
Gipps, H. B.C.L.		Taunton, St. James, V.	Dorset	Sarum	14 10 0	R. Goodden Esq.
Goodden, W. J. B.A.		St. Peters, V. and	Berks.	Sarum	* 8 6 8	Lord Chancellor.
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\*.\* The reader will perceive that the running title from p. 47 to 52 is incorrect. From p. 47 to p. 51 the title should be '*Carmen Græcum*'; and for pp. 51 52, '*Carmen Latinum*.'

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